

# **GELITECH**

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- SIDES -

EPISODE 14

**LAST RESORT**

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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**BY SHETIRA ANWAE**

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## LAST RESORT

Sho'yune yawned. She was tired. Far more tired than her day's lack of activity gave her any obvious reason to be. Who knew that lounging around all day could be such hard work?

The pleasantly soft and cuddly looking red pandi plopped herself down onto the pastel blue mass of jiggly gelatin that served as the resort room's bed. A colorless gelatin pillow invited her to rest her head, close her eyes, and steep herself in the private chamber's very particular sensory stimulating ambiance. Fruity scents. Thick, sloppy, liquid sounds. And that strange, almost hypnotic aura that made even the most thoroughly grounded of souls to start feeling a bit less... solid.

Sho, as her friends were wont to call her, laid back. She savored the feel of the cool, soft gelatin pressing into her back as she willingly accepted the pillow's compelling invitation. She closed her eyes, and began to ponder upon just how perfectly the resort's builders had managed to craft such a specific and carefully composed combination of stimulus that neither she, nor anyone else who dared accept the free stay, could help but find their minds being directed in a very specific, very singular direction.

The red pandi had known exactly what she was getting into when she'd booked her two week stay. That part of the mind bending game had never been a secret. Facing the constant, and constantly reinforced temptation was just the price that one had to pay for the chance to access the astoundingly incredible produce which served as the resort's real means of making money. It was the only way. And, according to just about everyone who'd escaped the temptation to tell the tale, it was more than worth the risk.

Sho opened her eyes and looked around the room as she settled in for yet another nice long nap. Everything around her was made of gelatin in one form or another. The ceiling was a deep, almost opaque sort of purple, filled with little luminous silver sparkles in imitation of the night sky. The walls were covered with a more liquid sort of gel, strips and blobs of backlit color that shifted, twisted, and flowed in seemingly random patterns. The dark blue couch was as soft and jiggly as the bed, while the nightstands and wardrobe were made of a much more solid dark blue gel. Only the floor was made of conventional material, in this case dark gray slate tiles, heated from beneath to make barefoot walking more comfortable for the guests.

All of the resort's guests were expected to be nude at all times. In fact, it was a custom on Zembax that all guests were to denude indoors. This unusual tradition came from a not-too-distant time when virtually all visitors to the world were

hostile in one form or another, attempting to exploit the otherwise pacifistic natives for personal gain. A nude guest was a guest who couldn't harm their host, after all.

Although such threatening times had passed, the custom of nudity for all guests remained. This did nothing to discourage the new sorts of visitors who flocked to the world's particularly exotic pleasure resorts. They were more than happy to take off their clothes, and keep them off, just for the chance to surrender themselves to the impossibly wondrous organisms of pure physical pleasure that the natives were all too pleased to provide.

Sho again yawned. She looked toward the one wall that was clear of furnishings, and devoid of any intruding features. The room had no obvious doorway, only a curtain of flowing gel that separated it from the large courtyard, with its open sky and magnificently sensuous gel pool. All one

had to do was touch the sheet of gel, and it would open up like a big, wet, squishy sounding curtain.

It was from the gel pool that the red pandi had just come. She'd spent at least a few hours lounging in the sun, and enjoying the thick, sloppy mess that seemed to vibrate in a barely perceptible, rhythmic fashion. She found it soothing, in a very strange way. The longer she bathed, the more comfortable she became. And the more comfortable she became, the less she could discern where she ended, and it began.

Sho sighed. There was no escaping it. Everything, everywhere, was focused on making her feel like she was on the cusp of losing her sense of shape. Her sense of definite physical form, and along with her it physical form itself. And it was all doing a disturbingly good job of making her feel like she might actually enjoy it.

The red pandi couldn't help but shift her eyes to the gold and silver pod that was half-embedded in

the gel wall opposite the courtyard. The pod was crafted of brightly polished silver, with a scattering of golden accents. The visible portion consisted mostly of the sliding door through which one might dare to enter, if one were so inclined to give in to the resort's gelatinous temptations. Most of the door was a window, allowing others a view of the pod's effects on those within.

Embedded in the wall next to the pod was a silver and gold dispenser. To its overhead nozzle was fitted a large crystal sphere, somewhere between the size of a volleyball and a small beach ball, mounted on a simple golden base. It was into this that the pod's final produce would be dispensed, the very produce who's pleasures attracted tourists like Sho, and which made the resort so profitable among the natives.

Two more of these crystal spheres were present in Sho's room. One stood upon each of the two nightstands to either side of her. Both were about three quarters filled with undulating blobs of



transparent slime. No doubt these were former guests who'd given in to temptation. Or perhaps they were captives taken in days past, their hostile intentions neutralized by a far less than willing application of the process. That was what the natives had specifically developed it for, after all.

The blob to her right was a pale pink in color. To the red pandi's understanding, that meant that whoever they'd been, they had been of barely above average physical quality, without much in the way of the kind of social standing that seemed to make certain individuals more desirable to the natives. To the left was a somewhat more intensely colored yellow blob. This one was what the natives would consider above average in all qualities, though not noteworthy enough to give it a high value on the world's demanding market for such living status symbols and toys.

Both of the blobs had already proved to be just a bit more than Sho could handle. She didn't know whether or not that was just how they were, of if

she'd been given a particularly assertive pair. They would just straight up and latch on to her body, and go at her with wild abandon without any regard to what she might have wanted, or expected, them to do. Only when they were good and ready would they release her, and at that point it she was almost too exhausted to usher them back into their spheres. And if she'd forgotten to activate each orb's auto-retrieve, or didn't get them back in quickly enough herself, they'd just latch back on and start all over again.

“Maybe that is why I am always so tired,” the red pandi sighed. “But... it just really does feel so good.”

Sho took a deep breath. Did she really want a nap? Or had she become so ensnared by the little blob's purported telepathic abilities that her body was just giving her all the signals to get her into bed, just so she'd have a reason to let them have their way with her again?

“I really do have to wonder,” she murmured as she looked over at the patiently waiting yellow blob. “They always seem so... enthusiastic. Do they really like to touch my body? To play with it like they do? What must it feel like to them, wrapping around the whole of my hips... and my bum... and between my legs... feeling it all... all at the same time.”

The red pandi couldn't deny that she was slowly sliding down a very slippery slope. She wanted to reign in her imagination, but all the conditioning she'd faced over the course of the past eight days had been far more effective than she'd ever imagined that it could have been. She simply had to try to imagine what the blobs felt when they hugged her and had their way with her willingly helpless body.

Warm. Soft. Curves. Creases. Clefts. Tight. Wet. Quivering. Flexing. Writhing. Shuddering. Pleasure. Pure, unadulterated pleasure!

“Oh,” Sho moaned as the wild sensory images in her mind turned into a much more concrete sort of arousal in her body. Her hand wandered toward the button on the bottom of the yellow blob’s orb. “I really do wish I could know what it is like.”

As her outstretched fingers hesitated before the orb’s controls, the red pandi’s eyes shifted to that perilous gold and silver pod embedded within her bedroom wall. “I wish... but... I... I do not know. I could. But...”

Sho withdrew from the pod and got up from the bed, feeling oddly and quite pleasurably refreshed. Was it from the burst of adrenaline that had resulted from the imagined pleasures of being one of those sexy little blobs? Or was there something else going on? Was something else prompting her to go to the pod and toy with the idea of stepping into it?

The red pandi hesitantly bit her lip as she approached the enticing pod door. As she looked

into her own reflection in the darkened window that revealed virtually nothing about the pod's interior. Why was she doing this? Why was she letting herself get so close to the point of no return?

As much as she wanted to say to herself that it was all conditioning and manipulation, she couldn't. Conditioning and manipulation like this only really worked on those who were already receptive. Already curious. And if you weren't already curious about what it might be like to actually become a little blob of pure ecstasy, then you weren't going to travel all the way out into the frontiers to visit a place like this.

“Of course I *want* to know” Sho whispered to herself as she stood in front of the recessed sliding door and contemplated the pod's lone control. “But... do I *need* to know...”

The red pandi stared at the golden button. It was slightly raised above its silver housing, just to

the left of the pod door. There were no markings. No instructions. Nothing whatsoever to explain its function.

The pod only had one function requiring a guest's personal input, of course. That was to open the door. If no one stepped inside after a preset time had passed, then it would close itself. And if someone did offer themselves to the machine's transformational ministrations, there were no settings to be set, and absolutely no reason whatsoever to stop the process once it had begun. At least, that was how the natives saw it.

“I do not actually have to step inside,” Sho murmured as she reached out to press the golden button. “I just... want to see what it looks like. That is all.”

There was a soft click as the very solid feeling button pressed inward, locking into a position level with its silver housing. A quick series of low, metallic thunks, followed, like the retraction of the

studs which might be found locking the door of a safe or vault in place. There was a momentary soft hiss as the door's seals relaxed, before a humming electric motor rolled the thick door away to the right.

Sho wasn't quite sure what she'd been expecting to see inside of the narrow confines of the alien machine, but the sight that now greeted her was as much deeply unsettling as it was somewhat anticlimactic. There was nothing exotic or alien about the mass of tubes, pipes, and other sorts of liquid manipulating structures which covered the walls. From these came a rhythmic whooshing, complemented by a periodic bubbling, with an odd, slushy slopping acting as an occasional counterpoint.

In the center of the recessed floor, if it could even be called that, was a raised ring which formed the rim of a pool of clear slime. This undulating mass was the only source of illumination within the pod, glowing with a soft

white light that seemed to pulse with borderline-hypnotic power. It drew the eye and, no doubt, along with the eye came the feet of anyone who dared to gaze upon it for more than a few fleeting moments.

The red pandi was already one short step away from giving in to curiosity, and she knew it. She averted her eyes and looked up to the pod's high, domed ceiling. There, many of the tubes and pipes came together in a single spherical connection. Another pipe hung down into the pod from this connection, ending in an open cone that invoked the mental image of a vacuum, waiting patiently for her to enter the pod so that it could suck up her liquefied body and pass it into the machinery to undergo some process known only to the divinities in heaven.

Again, Sho took a deep breath. The air that entered her lungs had a strange new quality to it, a heady sharpness infused with a soft, vanilla sort of sweetness. She began to feel comfortable with the



pod. Far more comfortable than her own already overly curious inclinations ever would have led her to be.

Feeling comfortable with the machine wasn't the same as wanting to enter it, of course. The red pandi took a step back and wondered if it was actually the smell that was making her feel like the pod was something perfectly normal. Like it was just a simple piece of furniture placed in a room to be used with as much casual indifference as a chair or table.

“Oh, goddesses divine... how I do so want to know what it feels like. Just once. Just for a little while,” Sho murmured as she stood and stared into the inviting opening. “But there is no just a little while, is there?”

There would be no going back if she stepped past the threshold. Once the pod door closed, her existence as a warm, soft, incomparably cuddly pandi woman would come to a very permanent

end. Her future as a blob of pleasure would be final. Absolute. But... would she even care at that point?

“Would I?” Sho pondered aloud. “Would I care what I used to be?”

The red pandi didn't really know the answer to that question. But she did know one thing. If she was transformed into a zuka, she wouldn't *need* to care, because she wouldn't have a care in all the world. Her existence would be nothing but resting and wrapping herself around the bodies of willing partners and driving them crazy with astoundingly intense pleasure.

“Goddesses divine... should I?” Sho asked. “Should I... try it? Should I actually try it? It is just so... so inviting...”

The divine goddesses didn't offer her any clear answer. Or perhaps they already had. Chance had led her to come to this place. Chance and a sudden

outburst of uncharacteristic curiosity brought upon by watching all those videos that's she'd stumbled upon while trying to find instructions for the proper use of crystalis therapeutic slime for furred individuals. Videos that had brought out something deep inside of her that she hadn't known existed. Something deep. Something carnal. Something that was now right on the very border of becoming irrepressible.

Sho wavered. She began to wonder if there was really any other point to traveling all this way. There were so many other places to satisfy one's desire for mind bending pleasure. So many other places where one could steep their bodies in sweet, sexy slime of one sort or another. But here... the only reason to come here was the availability of transformation. Transformation into the slime that pleasures others. And what was the point of coming to someplace where such a transformation was made so quick and easy to accomplish if she didn't actually intend to partake

of it, even if she hadn't been aware of her deeply hidden desire when she'd booked the trip?

“I really want to,” the red pandi murmured as she took a step back toward the pod. “That is why I came here, is it not? It must be. Why else would I?”

Another moment of indecision washed over Sho. She pondered the life she seemed to close to leaving behind. The mountain forest monastery, with its babbling brooks and magnificent vistas. The daily chores that seemed to consume so much of her time. The many Sisters with whom she shared so many things, and who made life such a wonderfully enjoyable experience.

But... the red pandi couldn't just return to that life now. In booking her trip away from the monastery, she had set herself upon a Path. There would be no going back until she'd made good upon the goals of a Path. Until she'd done

something to uplift lives in the place she'd chosen as her Destination.

Zembax wasn't a Destination that any rational Sister of Ka'wai would ever contemplate. Not that anyone tried to stop her. Her Sisters were more interested in seeing how she intended to uplift a group of native aliens who seemed to have only one off-world source up uplifting. If nothing else, the prospect that she might feature in some future video seemed to amuse them to no end.

Sho had never taken the prospect seriously. She'd had a different plan. She knew that the natives were quite keen on gaining the cooperation of those who might spread word of their desire for more guests to become zuka, and their male equivalent zuxa. Who better than a Sister of Ka'wai?

At least, that had been the plan. But she'd have to finish her stay at the resort before she'd come into contact with anyone who might be in a

position to accept her proposal. That was when they tried to coax the surviving stragglers into letting themselves be transformed just before departing. But it was becoming quite apparent to the red pandi that she was never going to get that far.

She could barely keep herself from stepping straight into the pod now. Even if she managed to pull herself back from the brink, she still had six more days. Six more days steeped in gelatinous pleasure, trapped in the presence of the machine she could barely resist. It seemed impossible.

“I suppose there is no point in putting it off, is there?” Sho asked softly as she slid her toes along the slightly elevated lower rim of the pod’s still open doorway. “I just cannot help myself, can I? I simply *must* know what it feels like!”

Sho took a deep breath, bit her lip, and stepped into the pod.

There was no real place to stand inside the machine. She did her best to step onto the narrow rim of the little pool of luminous clear gel. None of the machines she'd seen in the videos looked anything like this one. Perhaps she was supposed to step *into* the gel?

Without even the slightest bit of warning, Sho was pulled off her feet and into the air. By the time she realized what had happened, she was floating above the little pool of gel, facing open pod door. For a brief moment, nothing else happened. Then the door hummed closed. The seals hissed. The locking lugs thumped back into place.

The machine began to throb. The liquid sounds became louder and stranger. The fur on her feet began to stand on end. Her toe pads began to tingle.

“Oh, goddesses!” Sho gasped as her toes and the bottoms of her feet began to feel cold and wet. She began to pant as the wetness began to feel

sharp. Fizzy, even. Then it began to creep up her legs, flowing through her fur in a deeply unsettling way. “That feels... that feels... awful!”

It was nothing like the videos. They’d all been gasping and moaning with pleasure as the clear glowing slime slipped so sensuously over their bodies. This was anything but pleasurable. At best it was uncomfortable. If it kept on going, she had no doubt that it was going become nauseating by the time it got all the way up her legs.

The red pandi had a hard time imagining that anyone would actually enjoy the feel of the fizzy slime as it coated their body, dissolving their fur, and making them look like a luminous, borderline orgasmic angel of some sort. Now anyone could be aroused under such circumstances was beyond her. Then again, she wasn’t exactly trying.

There was really nothing else to do to distract her from the increasingly uncomfortable slime as it made its way up over her knees. She reached



down with one hand and began to toke upon the very front of her fluffy folds. Much to her considerable surprise, her womanhood reacted as if the part of her mind responsible for sexual pleasure was completely divorced from the part that was almost completely consumed by the discomfort caused by the slime. Completely involuntarily, her legs squeezed together with each press and rub. Intense muscular tension took hold as her fingers rubbed harder, and pressed deeper into her dripping-wet womanhood.

Sho began to pant harder as the sharp juxtaposition between deep discomfort and glorious arousal did things to her mind that made her feel less and less like a sapient being and more and more like a mindless beast driven purely by physical sensation. She could barely form rational thoughts. Of the few that flashed through her mind, only one would come out as a nearly involuntary vocalization, a last, huffing and gasping expression of a mind trying to comprehend what was happening to it. “So this is

what it is like... to have your mind turned to jelly...”

Primal yearning filled the red pandi’s mind as the slime slithered up her thighs. Harder and harder she toked. Deeper and deeper she pressed. First with one hand. And then with both.

The slime slid up between her legs. Over her fingers. Into her folds. Even the pleasure was fizzy now. But it was a strangely pleasant kind of fizzy. It felt nice. Very nice. The discomfort was forgotten. All she could feel was the pleasure now.

Time itself seemed to twist and bend as the slime pushed its way upward. Thought it flowed at a consistent rate, to her it seemed to hesitate and jump ahead in a random fashion. The further it progressed, the harder she tried to arouse herself to the point of orgasmic release. But the harder she tried, the further the slime seemed to jump. Complete desperation took hold as the cool, fizzy slime reached her neck. The it was halfway up her

face, forcing her to close her mouth as she gasped for air. Then it was up over her eyes. And ears. And the top of her head.

Sho couldn't breathe. The slime was asphyxiating her. She didn't care. All she cared about was what was going on between her legs. She began to feel dizzy, but the yearning for that final moment, that final orgasm, was all-consuming. One toke. Two tokes. A sudden surge. Three tokes. A wave of pleasure cresting. One more... one more and...

The first pulse of orgasm brought with it no merely mind bending euphoria, but a sudden sense of uncertain shape. The second pulse flowed through her form like a wave, making her edges ripple and undulate. The third brought with it a sudden clarity of consciousness, and an intense awareness that the red pandi's body was dissolving into slime from the outside in. The fourth...

She could only imagine that it sounded just like it had in all those videos. That loud, sloppy pop, as her shape suddenly collapsed into a floating sphere of roiling slime. In that instant, every last vestige of the body of her birth was gone, and with it almost every shred of evidence that she had ever come to Zembax, and existed there as anything other than a thing of slime.

The blob barely had a chance to figure out her new body before it was sucked into the pipe dangling from the ceiling. There, she could feel her shape being torn asunder, separated into a dozen or more distinct quantities, each of which seemed to be dragging some part of her conscious mind along with it. For a few moments that would have been terrifying if she wasn't already in such an uncertain state, her mind was, quite literally, rent asunder.

Each part of the blob's still living mind would experience something different as the mass of slime carrying it underwent its own unique sort of

distillation. Everything that was no longer required of each component was evaporated, while those that were useful were concentrated to greater intensity. A few new traits were added, to enhance the final product in interesting and unique ways.

By the time that the blob regained its full state of awareness, it was no longer even remotely recognizable as the woman it had once been. It was a truly bestial creature who's only desire was to wrap itself around a warm, living body and compel it to feel intense physical pleasure. What memories it retained were only those useful to its purpose, and even these had been distilled into forms that were focused entirely on facilitating the enticement of living bodies, and the temptation of those bodies into offering themselves as new zuka.

The blob had not quite yet become a zuka itself, however. It had to undergo one final distillation. One final process that would cement it into its new form, and prevent it from growing and posing a

danger to those whose bodies it would soon pleasure.

The blob began to shudder and throb as flashes of exotic energy burst through its mind. Each flash illuminated a greater existence. An incomprehensible web of shapes, twisting through countless spatial dimensions. Winding through all these shapes was a single, fleeting thread. A thread that attached to the blob's mind at one end, and to the other... that, the blob could not possibly comprehend.

As quickly as it had begun, the shuddering and flashing stopped. The blob was squeezed through a narrow tube, before falling into a spherical vessel. An orb. Its new home.

The orb was the entirety of the new zuka's physical world. There was nothing else. Nothing at all. But the new zuka didn't care. The new zuka didn't have the ability to care. It just existed,

sitting happily in its own exotic aura. Its own fundamental energy, which pleased it immensely.

Time had no meaning to the new zuka, but even then the opening of its new home seemed to come quite soon after it had been created. It could feel a slender hand pressing into its surface. A slender, furry hand. A slender, furry hand with a living soul in charge of it.

The new zuka adhered itself to the intruding hand and began to wrap itself around the attached arm. It flowed up the arm, over the shoulder, and around the warm, gently heaving chest. Soft breasts with firm, erect nipples aroused the new zuka. Its fundamental energies burned brighter. Its exotic powers flowed into the magnificent creature upon which it clung.

The red pandi Sister of Ka'wai named Sho had once thought that she might convince the natives of Zembax to let her help recruit new zuka as a way to fulfill her current chosen Path. No doubt

she would have found it rather appropriate that the creature she'd become would be endowed with a selection of abilities about as well suited for the purpose as they could possibly be. As she moved downward from the warm body's chest to her goal between the legs, the new zuka ate away at her subject's inhibitions. As the new zuka wrapped herself around her subject's legs, she vastly enhanced the mind bending qualities of the physical pleasure imparted in that tender place.

The new zuka had no inhibitions about where and how deep it delved into its now quite helpless subject. Such was its nature that no matter where it explored, the process would be cleansing to its subject. Thus, the new zuka was more than happy to entrench itself within both of the available orifices, as deeply as its subject's body would allow. And, being a fey'li, its subject's body proved to have some very unexpected qualities to that regard.



No doubt the woman the new zuka had once been would have been surprised at just how much this fey'li subject's tail end could accommodate. They weren't a species particularly known for enjoying that kind of copulation. No doubt she would have been quite astonished at how deep the fey'li vagina could be stretched as well. And the lack of any resistance to entry into her womb... and beyond.

Then again, perhaps the woman that the new zuka had once been would have been at least somewhat cognizant that the fey'li had evolved to be able to engage in successful sexual relations with almost anyone, or anything, they might be inclined to make an attempt with. The new zuka, however, didn't know anything about that, despite being very able to appreciate just how much its subject seemed to enjoy such a complete filling.

As the new zuka settled into its subject's body, it brought yet another of its special abilities into play. Not merely content to offer its subject

completely disinhibited, intensely enhanced carnal pleasure, it now soothed its subject into a deep meditative trance. With every slimy stimulation came a wave of pleasure. With every wave of pleasure came a sharp inhalation, soon followed by a euphoric gasp. Inhale. Gasp. Inhale. Gasp. Inhale. Gasp.

The hypnotic rhythm seemed to go on and on. Through arousal, through crescendo, and even through release, only the volume of the fey'li's vocalizations gave any indication of where on the cycle she happened to be. Over and over again, the cycle repeated, as the new zuka was steadfastly determined to drive its subject to total exhaustion. The last thing it wanted to happen was to be put back into its orb before it had a chance to make use of its final, and most compelling ability.

It wasn't long before the fey'li, in her entranced state, drifted off to sleep right in the middle of her fifteenth orgasm. It was time for the new zuka to let its subject's body rest. But its subject's mind...

The fey'li had only one dream. One, amazingly realistic dream. She dreamed of floating within the chamber. Her hands were between her legs. She was consumed by pure, unadulterated pleasure, and covered in cool, wet slime. Orgasm. Orgasm and then... pop. Liquefaction. And then the dream ended, leaving in its wake a deeply entrenched desire to know what the next sensation was. What it felt like to actually become a zuka. It was with this desire that she eventually awoke, still in the new zuka's embrace.

The new zuka, sensing that its work was done, flowed up its subject's body, down her arm, and back into the orb. It wouldn't be long before the fey'li was a new zuka herself. And then there would be another to tempt. And then another. And then another, ad-infinitum. There was no way to know if the woman the new zuka had once been might have found pleasure in that prospect, but to the new zuka itself, there was nothing in the whole world that could have possibly pleased it more.

*ANOTHER EPISODE  
COMING NEXT MONTH...*