

# GELITECH

SEASON 2 - EPISODE 12  
**MANY PATHS**

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

# **GELITECH**

SEASON 2 - EPISODE 12

## **MANY PATHS**

**BY SHETIRA ANWAE**

© 2022 SHETIRA ANWAE, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

This version (GT027AR3BT) for distribution only via the author's own accounts on:

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/anwaecreations>

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/shetira>

Do not redistribute through via any other website and/or means without the explicit written consent of the author.

Email: shetiraanwae @ gmail.com

## **MANY PATHS**

Hours had passed. No one had bothered to ask her any more questions. No one wanted to hear her story. It was too dangerous for anyone to know more than they already did, Dr. Kidan had said. The best that Chyka could do now was to go back to her normal life and do what she could to forget about it all.

That was patently ridiculous, of course. How could the little snow leopardess possibly even begin to forget about everything that had happened to her? How could she forget what she'd become? What she was? She couldn't simply make that all just go away, could she?

All the same, Chyka had little choice but to remain silent and pretend that everything was

perfectly normal. That she was still the same petite little snow leopardess librarian that she'd been before the whole mess had begun. Shi's Key'vin'ta Society cult was still a grave danger. The only way for Chyka to be safe was to do everything she could to ensure that they never learned about her role in their downfall. All she could really do, of course, was to keep her mouth shut and try to keep her distance from everyone else involved.

It was the latter bit that the little snow leopardess worried was going to lead to trouble. She might be able to stay away from the other principle actors, for the most part, but she was General Riyalli's granddaughter. That was something she could never change. And the moment any surviving members of the cult started to associate that name with their misfortunes...

Chyka had to wonder just how long it would take before trouble finally found her. It really was only a matter of time before they came looking for

her grandmother. And it was only a matter of time before they decided to use the little snow leopardess as bait to get at her. Unless Admiral Sarva got to them all first. But how much time would that take?

The little snow leopardess had at least been gotten away from the scene without being noticed by anyone who might be a threat. She'd been slipped out of Gelitech via the subway shipping platform beneath the Gelarium and spirited away in a track inspection car operated by trusted personnel. Before long, she'd stepped out of a nondescript doorway and into the late evening bustle of Old South City's busy Fleet Street. Except... there was no bustle. There was almost no traffic either.

“Strange,” Chyka murmured as she looked around to get her bearings. The air smelled damp. Earthy. Almost electric. A loud roll of thunder filled the air. “A storm? I didn't think there was

one in the forecast. Or was there? What day is it even? I don't even know. This is all so... so..."

Chyka glanced upward as a bright flash of lightning momentarily lit up the dull, cloudy sky. Her eyes were instantly drawn toward the towering edifice of Xinta Temple, just visible through a space between a couple of Fleet Street's mixed use luxury highrise buildings. She wondered what was going on up there, as the Admiral's soldiers were working to separate the cult from the tourist guides and other workers who, no doubt, had little to do with the cult besides sharing an address.

Strangely, the little snow leopardess found herself totally blind to the temple and what was going on inside of it. This, despite the fact that her key'vin'ta powers should have allowed her to see everything that was happening within its dark, imposing walls. At some point, and completely unnoticed, her connection with the temple had faded away, leaving her feeling as if she were

somehow partially blind. That her eyes just weren't seeing things they should.

A shudder ran down Chyka's spine as she crossed the six-lane avenue, with its broad, tree-lined median. "It's like it never happened," she muttered, shaking her head with confused consternation. "Like none of it ever happened at all."

The little snow leopardess could now see her her destination, a tall, softly illuminated luxury highrise just down the street. A warm beacon of art-deco safety among the harshly judgmental white light of the street. A place where she could rest, relax, and hide away from all the worries that were starting to pile up in her mind.

Mimarri Tower was hardly the sort of place where one would expect a lowly university librarian to live. It's luxurious suites were intended for successful, well paid folk who worked in far more prestigious fields. People who had the means

and desire to pay rent rather than accept more modest, albeit free, universal housing. In Mashiva, the latter usually meant former military housing in South City, or big city apartment life in the New City. Of course, universal housing came with all sorts of caveats. Quite a few preferred less pleasant, paid accommodations in the Old City just to avoid the hassles.

It was the Old City where Chyka had first rested her head when she'd come to Mashiva as a student with a fiercely independent streak. After all she'd been through during her life in Dari, all she wanted to be was to be on her own, with no obligations to anyone. But, her grandmother had different ideas about what sort of woman her granddaughter should be. Or at least what sort of woman she *shouldn't* be. So, after a year of coaxing, she'd let herself get packed off to her grandmother's suite in Mimarri Tower, and had lived there ever since.



Chyka wasn't really sure what to think of her grandmother at this point. Not after she'd learned about her secret role at Dari and her complacent complicity in all its misery. The more she thought about it all, the more she was convinced that her grandmother could have ended all of mess with Shi before it had even begun if she'd done something about Dari. If she'd exposed it and forced everyone out and secured the whole place so Shi couldn't have used it in the way that she had.

It seemed so unlike the General turn such a blind eye to it all. All to keep her 'mission' secret. But what was her mission, really? She'd been sent to monitor the ancient natural reactor, but clearly she hadn't done all that great a job of it, had she? That was so unlike her, and it made the little snow leopardess begin to wonder...

A light mist began to fall from the clouds, prompting Chyka to pick up the pace in hopes of getting home before it started to rain. She was

only wearing a sport top and shorts. The last thing she wanted to do right now was get a soaking.

Again, thunder rolled through the sky, followed quickly by a bright flash of lightning. The little snow leopardess ran toward the warm white light as she began to hear the sound of rain coming from several streets off to the west and approaching quickly. The glass door slid aside just as the first big drops began to patter down on the concrete sidewalk. She darted inside and into the comforting glow.

Chyka basked for a moment in the countless little glimmering points of warm white light that shone from amid the artistic fissures in the gray, faux-stone walls of the small, rather high-brow looking lobby. She didn't linger long, however. Her thoughts were turning toward her big, luxurious bed with its wonderfully heavy silver comforter and silky blue sheets.

---

Chyka couldn't fall asleep. It wasn't the pounding of the rain on her bedroom window that was keeping her awake. Nor was it the thunder that rolled long and loud two or three times a minute. Nor was it the lightning that lit up her room almost as brightly as the sun. No. Those things were, in a strange way, comforting to her.

What was keeping the little snow leopardess awake were all the things that had become so familiar and natural, and yet had somehow, in the past day or so, faded away. The vestiges of her biogel wives that had been so obviously present the previous night were all completely gone now. So too were her powers as a key'vin'ta priestess, despite the fact that only twelve hours ago, she'd been able to use them without any effort at all. In fact, she couldn't even remember what she'd done to access them. What act of will she'd used to call

her staff. It was all completely gone, again, just as if the whole affair with Ki'su had never happened.

And then there was the biogel. Even Omega. Try as she might, she couldn't cause the blackness to coat her body. She couldn't surround herself in its protective barrier. Indeed, she couldn't feel it within herself at all. Her body was flesh and blood again. Flesh and blood and completely helpless against whatever torturous villainy any survivors of the Shi cult might cook up if they ever found out that she'd been the one who'd triggered their downfall.

To make matters far, far worse, the little snow leopardess found that she couldn't even call out to Omega to help her if something bad happened. Omega was just... gone. Gone as if she'd never been a part of her. Of it. Of the Unity. Was the Unity even real? Or had she just dreamed it all up?

Despite the familiar warm bed, and the comfortingly heavy covers, Chyka felt naked.

Completely and utterly naked. There was nothing left to protect her. Nothing left that she could use to protect herself. She began to feel afraid. Afraid of the world around her and all the horrors that she hadn't needed to care about. One mistake. One wrong thing said to the wrong person. One moment of distraction in the wrong place. And then...

The little snow leopardess rolled over and stared at the little bedside controller that had long served as her gateway to bedtime entertainment. She needed a distraction to get her mind away from all of those thoughts of what had been. Or what might have been if the cycle hadn't been broken. There was only one sort of thing that could distract her at times like this. The same sort of thing that seemed sure to combine with her decreased inhibitions and lead to no good end.

Chyka tapped a button on the controller. A holographic video screen shimmered to life above the base of the bed. It spread to cover the whole

width of the bed, and nearly the whole height from the bed to the ceiling.

The little snow leopardess rolled onto her back and settled her head into the softness of one of her big, plush pillows. Her entertainment computer was configured to anticipate the direction of her bedtime needs by correlating her viewing to her physiological responses to each video. As a result, it displayed a well curated menu of strange, kinky, and erotically enticing selections sure to pique her interest.

Chyka perused the computer's offerings with unsettled curiosity in hopes of finding something particularly well suited to getting her mind off her current situation. The usual offerings, appropriate as they were, just weren't going to help. She needed something different. Less overtly sexy and more... strange. Perhaps even a bit on the erotically disgusting side. Something long, and nasty, and exhausting, that would stick in her mind

so firmly that she'd be free enough of other thoughts to hopefully get some sleep.

“Show more that are... I guess... kind of disgusting,” Chyka murmured. “Or maybe just visually unpleasant. But still kind of sexy. Thirty minutes or more. Popular. Not scripted.”

A new selection of videos were displayed, still well curated to her interests and inclinations, but shifted to the less visually pleasant. There were no selections of mere sexual nature now. Most were focused on physical transformation of one bizarre alien sort or another, and none of them were of the particularly pleasant looking sort. That wasn't to say they weren't pleasant feeling, however, or at least interesting to the subjects. They wouldn't be fun to watch otherwise.

Chyka perused the first few options on the list. *Worms at the Xenozoo*, she thought as looked at the first option. *Three hours of girls being cocooned, with time-lapse transformations and*

*newly transformed worms breaking free from their cocoons.*

The little snow leopardess frowned. That was going to be bizarre and certainly rather disgusting, but didn't sound like it was the sort of live, real-time thing that generally got her motor running. She looked to the second option.

*Surprise Shriveling, Chyka read in silence. Girls get enticed by an ancient von'kir artifact on public display, and get shriveled at random with no warning and no way to reverse it.*

That was maybe a bit more interesting to the little snow leopardess, but still didn't quite fit the sort of nastiness she had in mind. The third option, however...

*Homeworld Rowa Transformation Orgy 3494, Chyka read with increasing curiosity. Join dozens of tourists to Rowa Prime watch each other face their mandatory and extremely messy rowa sex*



*and transformation into lesser rowaform servant creatures at their end of their stays on the world.*

For a moment, the little snow leopardess hesitated. She listened to the rain pounding on her bedroom window and pondered whether or not she was in the mood for girls being transformed into insectoids. Insectoids the likes of which she was very personally familiar.

It didn't take any effort at all for her to picture the rowa in her mind. Especially the little worker-drones. Their buggy looks. Their unpleasant smell. Their pawing hands. Their tugging at her clothes as she tried to make her way to and from work in the tunnel that connected the library to the subway station.

Thus far, Chyka had proved quite immune to their efforts to get her to join the ranks of Mashirowa Hive. But, given the significantly decreased inhibitions that she'd acquired during that now largely lost part of her life, she had to

wonder if something like a video might actually push her just enough in the wrong direction. Just enough to get curious about just how frisky the bugs would get. Just enough to let them take her clothes off. And of course, nudity was consent. And that meant...

“Fuck it,” Chyka muttered to herself. “It doesn’t really matter, does it? I could become a bug and the whole world would just go on as if I’d never existed. It might even be kind of nice to not have to make decisions for myself.”

Again, the little snow leopardess hesitated. Was it really wise to tempt fate like that? Then again, it wasn’t like the rowa were in her apartment, waiting to take advantage of her erotically induced moment of particular weakness.

“Rowa Orgy 3494,” Chyka finally ordered. “Play it.”

---

The menu faded, replaced by a very plain looking title screen. That then faded into a widely panning view of a large rowa hive chamber. All of the surfaces were made up of twisted shapes, some made up of off-white, grub-like segments, others of black chitin, and others of flexible black sinews. Dozens of insectoid appendages poked out from random places, while a nearly equal number of glowing, yellowish-green pustules illuminated the room.

There was only one visible entrance to the chamber, an orifice of thick black flesh the form of a two and a half meter diameter sphincter. The camera focused on this as it opened. The chamber was filled with leathery rubbing sounds as the broad passage beyond was revealed. Slowly, and very hesitantly the dozens of naked women therein began to enter the chamber.

There was something about their poise, expression, and other body language that tickled Chyka's fancy. They'd clearly all gone to the rowa homeworld knowing that all visitors were required to join the home hive at the end of their stay. Knowing and understanding exactly what that was going to mean when it finally came to pass were two entirely different things, of course, and it looked very much like none of the women in the group had given it much thought until they'd been gathered up to be transformed.

A short, barely audible hiss came from the controller on the bedside table. Synthetic pheromones filled the bedroom air, carefully composed to match the mood of the video. It took a fey'li nose to really appreciate their ability to enhance the experience of an erotic video, and Chyka's nose was particularly sensitive to their mood manipulating qualities.

The little snow leopardess could feel a sense of the women's collective nervousness. She could

also feel a sense of the hive's drive to 'procreate' with them all. A drive that was represented by pheromones whose sole purpose was to reduce resistance by making the subjects of that drive irrepressibly horny.

Not one of the women in the hive chamber had the ability to resist. Not the fey'li, who represented more than two thirds of the group. Not the ashiri. Not the mitanni. Not any of the others. They were all starting to feel aroused. And so was Chyka.

Chyka's pulled her legs up and bit her lip as she watched the women try to resist the involuntary arousal that was forcing itself upon them. That was forcing itself upon her, thanks to her impulsive purchase of a PheroStim unit for bedroom, and her equally impulsive decision to set it to 'unrestricted'. Her hands slid down between her legs. She began to toke upon her clit with her fingers. She was getting moist down there. And the video hadn't even really begun yet.

There were half a dozen ‘mounds’ within the chamber. Formed of grub-like segments and endowed with a number of insectoid limbs each, it was fairly clear that these were meant to be the mechanisms of the womens’ transformation. The latter gazed upon these structures with considerable suspicion. Chyka gazed upon them with considerable anticipation. How long would it take before one of them got close enough to get snared? Or get curious enough to give in and offer themselves up to start the transformation orgy?

*Jumie would have loved to watch this, Chyka thought as she watched the deeply hesitant women as they pondered the mounts upon which their bodies were to be completely and utterly corrupted. She was just so into all the rowa stuff...*

The little snow leopardess couldn’t help but think about the time she’d been out, and Sakie had somehow talked Jumie into taking a swig or two from a can of ‘bug juice’. She’d come back just in time to find the leopardess up over her tits in bug-

bod, a strand of thick rowa semen stretching from her chin to the can. She'd looked looked so perplexed and confused by what was happening to her body, but was trying to hard to pretend that she was liking it. The whole thing had looked so strange, and so unpleasant, and so absurdly cute...

Chyka chuckled softly to herself as she remembered the four days that she'd let Jumie remain as a rowa worker before 'fixing' her. The normally quiet leopardess had found the thing so unpleasant that she hadn't stopped talking about it for hours. She'd liked absolutely nothing about being rendered sexless, and leathery, and small, and having her mind reduced to slavish servitude.

Of course, she just couldn't help herself but start watching all sorts of videos showcasing other women becoming rowaforms of all sorts. She couldn't help herself but get horny and get off as she watched their bodies transform. And not a single week later, she just couldn't help herself but open a second can from the six-pack that Sakie

had ordered... just to experience the utter disgust of being transformed into a nasty, mucous-spitting, pussy-faced bug all over again.

Watching Jumie's bug-play had been so much fun. She'd absolutely hated every moment it, but something about the feel of the transformation itself piqued just enough of her erotic curiosity to keep her coming back. By the time of the final cult crisis, she'd gone through five of the six cans, and had actually asked Sakie if she was going to get more.

Now it was the women in the video who's turn it was to become bugs. Finally, a tigress fey'li got brave enough, or maybe just horny enough, to straddle one of the mounds. The insectoid appendages wrapped around her body, holding her captive atop it. Segmented phalli, slathered in buggy pre-cum poked out of hidden orifices. The hovered for a few long moments, threatening their subject's helpless ass, pussy, and mouth.



Chyka inhaled sharply and waited in deeply aroused anticipation as the tigress quivered in the mound's unyielding grasp. A pair of chitinous 'fingers' stretched out from the appendages that held her head down. They pulled at the edges of her mouth. Her muzzle opened. The phallus hovering in front of it slid inside.

The little snow leopardess began to rub at her clit as the other rowa phalli pressed into the tigress' pussy and ass. All three began to thrust and lubricate their captive with salty, slightly soapy tasting pre-cum. The whitish mucous oozed and splattered from her firmly pounded abdominal orifices, and bubbled in thick gobs from her well filled mouth.

Chyka couldn't even begin to imagine what it would be like to actually be the tigress. To be trapped and triple penetrated by a monstrous alien beast with no concern whatsoever as to whether or not its captive was enjoying its ministrations. The closest she'd ever gotten was with her dual-dildo

robo-toy, currently concealed in its hidden alcove beneath her bed. She'd once set it to 'sex her to sleep', an act that had resulted in it grabbing her by both legs and fucking her in both holes for three whole hours before she'd finally more or less passed out from exhaustion.

As she rubbed herself toward a nice, hard orgasm, the little snow leopardess wondered just what sort of buggy fate the tigress was going to face. Exactly what sort of transformation she was going to experience depended entirely on which phalli ejaculated, and what the relative ratios of ejaculate were between them. Just, or mostly, in the mouth would mean a worker. Pussy would mean a worm. She couldn't remember what the rest of the possibilities were.

The tigress seemed to convulse. Cum squirted out from her pussy. Copious gobs of whitish goo splattered all over the tail end of the mound. Less voluminous dribbles of semen oozed from her ass and her mouth. The phalli immediately withdrew,

leaving the cum sputtering tigress to wiggle and shudder as her transformation began.

Chyka couldn't resist the urge to rub herself with fury as she watched the fur around the base of the tigress' tail vanish into a leathery, off-white skin. This transformation spread up, and down, and around. Her anus smoothed over, as her wildly twitching tail was slowly absorbed up into her back. She shuddered as her pussy smoothed over and visible, grub-like segments began to form. She squirmed as the change spread down her legs, and began to fuse them together. It flowed up her chest, flattening her breasts into nothing and absorbing her arms into her sides.

The little snow leopardess pressed herself to the precipice of erotic release as she watched the tigress' feet merge and her new worm body begin to shrink and reshape itself. As the tigress' nose morphed into a nubby little clit. Her muzzle became soft, vulvic folds, while her cheeks became hard, chitinous, nubby 'mandibles'. Her

ears flattened away. Her eyes seemed to fall back into her head, and were covered over. Her whole, body twitched. It was done.

Chyka was done too. Firm, orgasmic thumps took hold of her abdomen as she dug into her vagina proper. Hot, sticky mucous covered her fingers. She exhaled sharply and stared up at the ceiling for what seemed like an eternity. She felt good. Very good. But her mind still turned to what had been.

*I wish she was here to lick all this up, the little snow leopardess thought. And I could lick her all up. And we could be so happy and have so much fun.*

Chyka looked back to the video. Some of the women were now touching the new worm as it wiggled its way along the floor, rubbing up against them and sputtering pussy-mouth mucous all over their legs. Most were completely disgusted by with it. Just like Jumie had been. And just like

Jumie, some just couldn't help but be curious enough to want to feel it for themselves.

*Why couldn't I? the little snow leopardess asked herself. What's stopping me from trying? We could still be together. Maybe. Some day. And we could lay here and let the bot fuck us while we watch bug videos. And maybe...*

*Chyka bit her lip. The things I know. I could... I could do anything. Anything. There are so many choices. So many paths I could take. But... but I have to have her. I just... have to. Even if it means...*

*The little snow leopardess took a deep breath. If she wants to get herself a cute little bug butt for real this time, then so will I. And if we can't find a way out of it like we had before... then so what? We'll be little bug butts together forever. And we'll like it.*

Chyka smiled to herself as she returned her full attention to the video. “I might as well get myself nice and ready for it, shouldn’t it?” she murmured as she watched one of the mounds take hold of a very uncertain looking, lavender skinned ashiri. “Really nice and ready.”

The little snow leopardess took another deep breath and turned back to bedside controller. She tapped a bright pink button. A door opened beneath the base of the bed. The robotic toy, with its half-dozen padded grabbers and dual-dildo abdominal simulator appeared. She smiled at it, as it waited for her command.

“Robo-toy,” Chyka ordered. “All limbs restraint. Video synergy. Fuck me to sleep. Begin... now!”

*TO BE CONTINUED...*