

# GELITECH

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- SIDES -

EPISODE 9

IT'S A ZOO

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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**BY SHETIRA ANWAE**

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## AT THE ZOO

Sho'ra chuckled as she watched the squirmy tigress dangle among the dozens of horizontally hanging cocoons that the worms had collected along one side of the completely unprotected exhibit. She just couldn't help but find considerable amusement in the rather buxom fey'li's incredibly disgusting predicament. The worms were covering their captive's wiggling body with their sticky, smelly spittle. This goo rapidly expanded when it was exposed to air, forming a soft, breathable encasement in which their helpless victim would undergo a deeply unpleasant sort of metamorphosis.

The dusty-lavender, ram-horned mitanni toyed with the pendant that hung from a silver chain around her neck. The delicate cage held an eight sided die made of black glass. Each side was deeply engraved with its own symbolic glyph,

each of which had some different meaning to those enlightened in certain, less well known matters of mitanni culture. Even for those so enlightened, the proper time and place to roll such a die was a matter of considerable debate, however, though once rolled its outcome was never, ever to be questioned.

One didn't simply purchase such a thing. Only the prelates of certain temples had the power to impose them upon random visitors, who were expected to live by their rule, mitanni or not. They could also be found, almost always left behind when the fate dictated by their roll forced the parting of ways. The mitanni regarded such a discovery as being no different than being handed a die by a temple prelate, and many of the die in circulation have been handed down through many generations of owners over the centuries.

Sho'ra's die had come to her in the latter fashion. She had discovered it while exploring the ruins of an old mine during a hiking trip into the desolate Takari Mountains of Del'tari Beta. The discovery had left her rather less than enthused, in more ways than one. For starters, she was obligated to pick it up, and live the rest of her life in the

shadow of the possibility that she might find her fate dictated by it. Perhaps worse, its presence in the mine made it clear that something was present that might compel her to cast her lot to fate before she'd even had a chance to think about how it was going to affect her life.

Now, for the very first time, Sho'ra found herself wondering if she had an obligation to take the die out of its silver cage and roll it along the exhibit's waist high concrete barrier. She hadn't done anything to put the tigress in her current predicament, let alone done so in order use the woman for her own personal entertainment without having the courage to join her. Nor was the tigress expressing any objection to her predicament which might obligate the mitanni to attempt to help her, or at least join her and offer comfort in sharing in her experience.

Instead, the tigress seemed quite pleased with herself, despite the horribly disgusting ministrations of her malodorous captors. She was smiling, and giggling, and behaving for all the world like being covered in stinky worm spittle was the most fun she'd ever had in all her life. Perhaps it was, assuming she'd been living her life

in a barn somewhere beyond the reach of modern civilization. Or, perhaps, there was something to the whole, vile mess that wasn't obvious to the uninitiated eye. Was it possible that being cocooned by these sticky, slimy worms actually felt far more pleasant than it smelled? Was it possible that it might actually be desirable to experience? Perhaps even... fun?

Sho'ra's turned to look at one of the older, dryer looking cocoons. The head end had split open, and a drizzle of thick, yellowish mucous was starting to drizzle onto the ground. The mucous was quickly followed by the head of a newly created worm. A deeply corrupted, bestial organism that had once been a sapient humanoid captive, just like the giddy tigress. And... just like the mitanni who was gazing upon the scene with deeply disgusted fascination.

Therein lay Sho'ra's conundrum. One of her faith's fundamental tenets was that one's existence as a sapient being was merely a temporary opportunity to comprehend the depth and breadth of creation. A moment of lucid awareness of the creator's power before being reduced to some baser, more primal existence. A more fundamental

sort of organism, mindlessly existing to serve some useful purpose in nature, a purpose lost on those who's sapience was allowed to continue in defiance of divine will.

The idea had existed in mitanni faith since time immortal, but it had only become something that every mitanni was expected to experience when their people had been enslaved by the ancient key'vin'ta. It was then that everyone was expected to eventually find their fundamental existence through transformation and absorption into the mystical purple slime, to be cast into an afterlife in the Nine Heavenly Hells, where they might experience a far baser experience in service of those who'd found their way into the Hells through less artificially induced ways.

After the key'vin'ta extinction, and the loss of access to purple slime, the mitanni developed their own dogmas and methods in order to ensure that all would experience 'reduction' within the mortal world. Any physical transformation would do, so long as it reduced both body and mind into a more primitive state. Each was empowered to choose their own method, or allow the temple prelates to choose it for them. And each was expected to do

so before they reached the age of two hundred local, or two hundred and twenty-three Imperial Standard years. At that age, the temple prelates would impose something they knew the defiant soul wouldn't find pleasing, as it was regarded as defiance of the creator's will to refuse to seek out reduction for one's self.

The only exception to the rule was carved out for those like Sho'ra. Her fate was dictated directly by her maker's will, spoken through the roll of her eight sided die. She could go on living as long as she could, so long as she faithfully rolled her die whenever the conditions dictated. It was a boon, wrapped in a curse. And that curse was so vague that one could probably argue that it applied to almost all situations. But what about this one?

It was clear that Sho'ra was in the presence of a potential reduction of her existence into something primal. It was clear that she could choose whether or not to be reduced in that fashion. But it was also clear that to be reduced here would fly in the face of divine dictate. She was supposed to become something wild. Something that would live as a part of nature, unfettered by the conditions of sapient mortal existence. Living in a zoo, and



existing only to help other curious interlopers experience reduction was hardly a natural kind of living. Unless...

Sho'ra frowned as she pondered the most pertinent of questions that would decide whether or not she was obligated to roll her fateful die: Was removing herself from the reproductive pool of an increasingly overpopulated world enough of a justification to consider it an act which would enhance the natural world by sacrificing sapient existence? If the answer was no, then she could just stand and watch the worms encase the tigress without the slightest bit of guilt. If the answer, however, was yes, then she was obligated to roll the die and accept whatever result might come up.

To say no to the question was the traditional approach, and increasingly out of fashion in a modern world that saw the acceptance of non-mitanni participants in the old faith. To most, however, the answer was now yes. And doubly so for someone who was actually enjoying watching someone else who was well on their way to reduction, even if she wasn't mitanni.

Sho'ra shook her head as she pondered what divine displeasure might find its way to her if she didn't take the die out and roll it. Karma always seemed to strike those mitanni who failed in some way to comprehend their maker's desire. Several of her friends had passed by suitable, pleasant forms of reduction in their lives, only to find fate taking them suddenly, and very unpleasantly, into a reduction process of particularly vile nature not long down the road. Granted, they weren't doing a thing to avoid such fates. That would have been against mitanni nature. But still.

As Sho'ra thought more, she began to realize that the die was just as much an escape route as it was a finger pointing directly to reduction. If she rolled, and it decided in her favor, then she was free to stand there and enjoy watching the worms slather their spit all over the tigress as long as she liked. Then again, if she rolled at all, then she'd have to keep rolling every time she looked at each of the zoo's other exhibits. Unless...

The mitanni came up with a bargain. She'd roll the die once for the whole zoo. If the traditional reduction glyph came up, then she would enter the worm pit without hesitation. If the road forward

glyph came up, then she would assume that she was to roll at the next exhibit. Then she would do the same for each, until another glyph came up, or her maker directed her into one of the exhibits.

Sho'ra opened her pendant and took the die out. She rolled it onto the concrete barrier. It clattered and tumbled, but before it had a chance to settle and declare her creator's intent, it hit a tiny bump and fell over the edge, into the exhibit. It fell to the base of the barrier and landed unseen with a loud, slimy splatter.

“Dammit!” Sho'ra hissed as she leaned over to see where it had landed, and which face was most upright. She could see it in the puddle of yellowish mucous that covered the ground of the exhibit, a puddle that was much deeper than she'd imagined. She could see the black die amid the goop, but she couldn't see what it had decided.

There was only one option, of course. Sho'ra was just going to have to enter the exhibit and slosh through the goo to see what her maker intended. “To the Hells,” she muttered as she got up onto the barrier and slid her legs over the edge. There was a gate a ways down the barrier for guests to access

the worms, but she didn't want to take her eye off the die, losing track of it, and having to really get herself all covered in the goop. "Well... here goes nothing..."

Sho'ra splashed down into the stinky, yellowish mess. The thick mucous was ankle deep along the barrier, and looked like it might be quite a bit deeper as it approached the wall of cocoons. It was now immediately clear to the mitanni that the worms which had looked like they'd been slithering through a shallow layer of goo were actually swimming through the pool of it, and quite dexterously at that.

The mitanni grimaced at the thought of being so much as brushed by one of the swimming worms as she bent down to try and see which of the die faces was upright. She couldn't. The slime was just a bit too opaque. For a moment she hesitated, before deciding the best thing to do was to carefully pick the die up and keep it correctly oriented until she could see which of the glyphs she was to obey.

Sho'ra reached down and lifted the die up as carefully as she could. The slime that now coated

her fingers would have made it hard to hold onto anything, let alone something so small. Still, she somehow managed to get it into her palm without changing its orientation, and began to slowly lift it out of the slippery muck.

“AAH!” the mitanni yelped as something slid along the backs of her ankles before starting to wrap itself around them. The die went flying off toward the cocoons as she fell over backwards into the thick mucous. Globbs of goo splattered everywhere as she landed in a particularly deep spot. In an instant, she was covered from head to toe in the heavy mucous. It seemed to push its way into every crease and crevice, entirely of its own accord.

“Oh! OH! Yuck!” Sho’ra moaned as she found herself focused entirely on the fact that the foul goo was now all up in her everything, and there was nothing she could do that wouldn’t just push it in deeper. Who knew what nastiness it contained and what might, at the very moment, be making its way inside of her to do hell’s-knew-what. “Oh! Nasty! Just... auuugh!”

The mucous coated mitanni had no time to contemplate how she was going to get up amid the slippery slime, let alone try to find her precious die. The worms crowded around her, pressing against her body as she tried to sit up. First one, then another, slithered atop her, forcing back down into the smelly goo. They weren't just intent on keeping her wallowing in her mucous bath, either. They forced her legs to stay together, and her arms to stay at her sides.

“Stop! I need to find my... oh! OH!” Sho’ra exclaimed as the layer of mucous immediately surrounding her body began to feel just a little bit thicker. By the time she realized what was happening, it was too late to do anything about it. “No! No! NO!”

Sho’ra’s body was trapped within a thick layer of firm, yet stretchy gel. The encasement was almost total, leaving only her face free to express her shock and displeasure at her sudden, and entirely unexpected manner of captivity. It hugged every millimeter of her naked flesh, and pressed quite firmly into her soft places, making every move and wiggle an act of subtle self-induced arousal.

“You... nasty little...” the mitanni hissed as the worms began to turn her and push her feet first through the slime, toward the wall of cocoons. She could feel every shove between her legs, and it made it difficult for her to focus on any plan of escape. “Oh... ah... you... oh... dammit! Stop making me feel... so... ah... oh!”

Sho’ra looked up toward the captive tigress who’s cocooning had proceeded almost up to her shoulders. She wondered if the woman had been snared in the same fashion, and been compelled to feel the same involuntary stimulus.

The captive tigress grinned and giggled, even as the worms slathered their spit all over her shoulders and around her neck. It wouldn’t be long before they started on her head, but the prospect didn’t seem to bother her enough to draw her attention away from the worms’ latest plaything. Her deep hazel eyes locked with the those of the struggling mitanni. “Keep wiggling!” she softly huffed as the first bits of worm spittle splattered on her chin. “They really seem to like it!”

If there was anything that Sho’ra didn’t want to hear, the fact that the worms might actually like

her futile struggles was certainly fairly high up on the list. She wasn't about to give up, no matter how pointless her attempts to escape her gelatinous bondage seemed to be. Not until she'd found her die, and seen what fate it had decided for her. A roll that was interfered with had to be re-rolled, of course. The die had been re-rolled, albeit rather unintentionally. But it had been re-rolled. All she had to do was to find it.

Obtaining the decision of the die seemed an utterly pointless desire, seeing as the local 'nature' had already made the decision for the squirming mitanni. Or were they just carrying out the die's decision? Was it the original decision, or was it the second? How could she even know, if the worms wouldn't release her?

As the worms pulled her feet up onto the mass of solidified worm spittle beneath the other cocoons, Sho'ra began to wonder if there was really any point in worrying about her lost die, no matter how obligated she might have been to fulfill its desires. Regardless of how it had landed, it *had* decided her fate, in an indirect way. It was her obligation to retrieve it that had led her into the worms' lair. And that had led her into their smelly,



sticky grasp. If that was the case, then she might as well give in and let them have their vile way with her.

Sho'ra chose to give in. Not that she had much choice, of course. No sooner than she'd been dragged in among the other cocoons than she was being raised up by thick threads of glistening spittle. These shrunk quite rapidly, lifting her up into the thick of the collection of cocoons about four feet above the spit slathered ground. She couldn't see the captive tigress from where she'd been bought, but she could only imagine how the woman might be reacting to having disgusting worm spit slathered all over her face. Surely, she couldn't actually find it enjoyable, no matter how much every movement made that spot between her legs tingle.

The worms continued their work on the mitanni without pause. They began at her feet, and covered her with a whitish mucous that expanded into a thick coating on contact with air. It squeezed her legs with gentile firmness, and made her feel quite comfortable, despite the horrible stench. Upward they progressed, covering her with far greater rapidity than they had the tigress. Were they

worried that she might find some way to escape? Or were they just giving her all of their attention now that there was no one watching who might also desire to join in the ‘fun’?

Sho’ra barely had time to consider her wormy-squirmy future as the cocoon was built up over her chest and shoulders. “Fuck,” she muttered to herself as the creatures spread the encasement up around her neck. She gagged as spittle sprayed over her face and around the back of her head. She closed her eyes and winced as the world went dark. Barely another moment passed before the cocoon was complete.

*Shit. What’s going to happen to me now?* Sho’ra thought as she found herself obligated to breathe through the foul smelling material of her worm-spit cocoon. *What’s... what’s... oh... ah... ah...*

Sho’ra’s head swam. The world spun around her as she fell into a very strange sort of sleep. She couldn’t move. She couldn’t see. She couldn’t hear. But she could feel, and in a way that seemed to bend the rules of space and time.

For a short while, nothing seemed to happen. Sho'ra floated aloft in a snug little dream where all was silky sweet and right with the world. Then she began to feel strange. Her body was melting. So too was her mind. Her thoughts and memories floated away into nothingness as her flesh melted away into a liquid mass that felt like cool, gelatinous nothing.

Another short interlude passed before the ex-mitanni's liquid mass began to form into something more solid. Slowly, her new worm body developed within the comfortable captivity of its cocoon. With it, her empty mind developed anew, in a fashion to match her new shape.

No sooner than her new body had fully formed, the worm's cocoon split open, and her perception of the passage of time suddenly snapped back to reality. She slid out into the slime that covered the zoo habitat floor, with only one thing on her bestial mind: finding new subjects to cocoon, and thereby reproduce.

*ANOTHER EPISODE  
COMING NEXT MONTH...*