

GELITECH

EPISODE 11

UNITY

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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I

"You wouldn't happen to have a Geiger counter, would you?" Chyka asked as she stood in the dimly lit portal chamber within Key'von Rock.

"No. Mine's in'ne shop," Gorin replied with a deep frown as he watched Ki'su struggle with a visible mix of amusement and concern. The grip of the olive skinned Vixanti Corporation intelligence officer was too firm for the irate little alien to free herself. That was just as well. Who knew what mischief the little creature might manage to perpetrate if she was able to escape? "Whad'ya need one o' them things for anyways, lass? Ye been runnin around in the ol mines er somethin?"

Chyka shook her head. "No. Well... not exactly. Technically."

"Eh," Gorin responded with a shrug and a worried glance at the little snow leopardess. "I ye were glowin' much more than background, me comm'd be screaming bloody murder, so no worries. I suppose."

Dr. Mika leaned in to take a closer look at Chyka, with a particular focus on her face. "Hmm. My eyes may be deceiving me, but I could swear that there's something... different about you," she remarked with her usual dry and almost disinterested tone. "I can't quite put my finger on it. Was there a spa on the other side of the portal? Your fur looks almost... sparkly. Or is that just a trick of the light?"

"A spa? Hell no," Chyka responded with a snort. "But there *was* a key'vin'ta temple. A very dangerous key'vin'ta temple.""

"A temple? Where?" Dr. Mika demanded. "Where was it? Could you tell? Was it intact? Did it have a portal? Was it active? Was it..."

"The temple was at Dari," the little snow leopardess interrupted. "Yes. That Dari."

"Don' be silly, lass," Gorin said with a sharp glance at the frustrated little alien. "The only thing up that ways is... well. Ye know what it is."

"Not now," Chyka replied with as serious a tone as she could manage. She was still rather shaken by what had happened on the other side of the portal. The strange change that had come over her at the last moment, the strange power she felt within her, had left her feeling extremely strange. So strange, in fact, that she was starting to question reality. Again.

"What do you mean, 'not now'?" Lieutenant Commander Nax questioned as he held Ki'su firmly at arms' length.

"Listen. I know this is going to sound crazy, but the portal led way back into the past," Chyka replied. "Before the key'vin'ta were extinct. To Dari. And there was a path to a temple up in the west branch of the valley, up on that massive rock in the middle of the river."

"That *is* crazy," Dr. Mika replied with a low harrumph.

"Not any crazier than this little runt," Lt. Cdr. Nax noted as she pulled and yanked against his grasp to no avail. "I've never seen anything quite like her before. Do you know where she came from? Or what she is?"

"Well," Chyka began. "I... I'm pretty much one hundred percent positive that she's..."

"Key'vin'ta," Dr. Anshi Alluwa observed as she stepped into the portal chamber. Vixanti's chief science officer glanced down at Ki'su with a wry smile on her face. "A full fledged key'vin'ta high

priestess, in fact. You didn't really think your little game would escape our notice, did you?"

"Ch't'ck'a!" Ki'su swore. "You whores and your fake goddess! Your fake synthetic bitch!"

Dr. Alluwa laughed. "You're a feisty little one, aren't you? No matter. You served your purpose and provided me with the data I was looking for. Now... what to do with you..."

"Wait," Nax said with a puzzled expression on his face. "You *knew* there was an actual, honest-to-goodness key'vin'ta still alive around here? And that she was involved in... time travel? And..."

"Yes," Dr. Alluwa chuckled. "Well, more or less. The details are irrelevant. I have the data I need, and no one is worse for the wear in the getting of it."

"What data?" Nax questioned. "Didn't Admiral..."

"Tell us that there were to be no further unapproved high order experiments?" Dr. Alluwa replied with a smirk. "The portal experiment was fully approved, wasn't it? All I did was... shall we say... piggyback my own observation work on top of that. And, you know, keep it all from going horribly wrong."

Nax looked completely unconvinced. "And what was going to go so wrong about it?"

Chyka bit her lower lip. "Well... this priestess was..."

"T'sa'va't'ik!" Ki'su snapped. "You don't dare to speak of..."

"You shut up!" Chyka snapped right back. "I'm done with your mind games, and as far as I'm concerned, after what you tried to do to me, I *own* your little ass!"

"Ta'pa'mak!" Ki'su hissed. "Get back in your place you damned mi'ah! Get..."

"SHUT UP!" Nax barked. "Can someone get me some cuffs small enough for this whelp?"

"On it," Gorin replied, stepping out into the corridor where the rest of the security team was gathered.

"As I was trying to say," Chyka said, looking directly at Nax, "the temple at Dari was built over a shaft that led deep down into what's now Brightstone mine. Right into one of the natural uranium reactors that caused the mine's abandonment. Except..."

"Except what?" Nax inquired with a raised eyebrow.

"Except there's more than just ore down there," Chyka continued. "There's tons of natural purple slime. *Tons*. And I think something's going on

between that and the uranium. At the very least, the molten uranium is activating the purple slime, or vice-versa. That much I could see it with my own two eyes. It was..."

"Oh, is that why you wanted the counter?" Dr. Mika asked with a somewhat confused expression. "But if you were close enough to see it..."

"I should be dead," Chyka agreed. "But they were using these soul capacitors to power some kind of shield that was keeping the radiation in the pit. But..."

Gorin returned to the chamber and moved to help Nax get the furious key'vin'ta in handcuffs. "But what, lass?"

"They had a rope and pulley right over the pit," Chyka explained. "And she called it a forge. I have no idea what they were doing with it... but she was obsessed with learning the secrets of the 'sickness' in the pit. She knew all about our uses of

radioactives in science, and medicine, and all that. She was absolutely convinced it was some kind of trans-dimensional 'magic' just like purple slime. And... she was convinced that I could somehow teach her how to control it... and use it... for... Goddess knows what."

"Loooooovely," Nax replied as they finally got the cuffs snapped in place.

"Not like it's a problem now, is it lad?" Gorin asked with a chuckle. "'T'sall done an gone, innit?"

"Except for the fact that it's spread, or migrated under modern Dari," Dr. Mika noted. "Though the hazard seems to be well contained at the current time, I suppose it would behoove us to inform the nuclear authorities."

"Sound's like a plan," Gorin responded.

Dr. Alluwa nodded. "Quite. And then there's the matter of this portal, isn't there? If she could use it

to go back their with modern knowledge once, she could do it again, couldn't she?"

Chyka frowned. "I think she could, though whether or not she requires this staff to do it, I don't know," she replied, looking at the priestess' staff with considerable reluctance. "I also don't know if that's the only place this portal leads. It might be able to go anywhere in the past."

"Fortunately, I don't think it's quite that arbitrary," Dr. Alluwa replied. "From what I now understand of this particular setup, it can only go to places that the most powerful priestess passing into it had personally been to before. In space, and in time."

"So she could still go back and try to make a radioactive mess of the whole Yu'min valley?" Nax questioned.

"Not for us," Dr. Alluwa remarked. "Or else we'd already have that mess on our hands, wouldn't we?"

"I suppose," Nax replied. "But still. She's dangerous. And if Admiral Sarva finds out about her... well, you know how he is. He's not going to let us keep her locked up, is he?"

"Mmm," Dr. Alluwa replied. The tigress thought to herself for a moment before turning to Chyka. "Well? As you said, you have particular rights to that little ass of hers. What do *you* think we should do with her?"

Chyka shrugged her shoulders. It wasn't a question she really wanted to have to answer. One side of her wanted to just shove her into one of the nearby soul capacitors and be done with it. Another wanted to add the angry little key'vin'ta to her growing harem, to put her under the firm thumb of her own biogel wife. Still another imagined more exotic biogel possibilities. Things

at the Gelarium that might serve as suitable, if potentially quite pleasurable, punishments.

The former possibility seemed to be the most appropriate, given that the sneering little priestess had tried to do the same to Chyka. At the same time, sending Ki'su straight to the Nine Heavenly Hells wasn't going to be much of a punishment. It was exactly the sort of mortal ending that every key'vin'ta priestess seemed to quite thoroughly desire. It was a very convenient way to dispose of the whole problem, though. A very, very permanent way as well.

The latter possibility certainly piqued the little snow leopardess' imagination. She could imagine the biogel muzzled priestess compelled to live life in a biogel modified body no longer suitable for any sort of dangerous troublemaking. There were so many options to choose from. And that wasn't even starting to consider the sorts of pure objects she might be made into. A plant? A sculpture? A

piece of furniture? The possibilities were truly endless!

The final option, adding the key'vin'ta to her own biogel-clad harem had certain rather less abstract and far more carnal enticements. It was also the most dangerous. Though she would be sure to find herself under the thumb of the biogel wife who surrounded all of them, she would also add some of her own personality into the whole of the mix. And who knew what she might get up to if she was let out of sight for too long. Given the biogel's own inclinations, that might end up being quite a bit. But still, the prospect of making the angry little priestess feel the full measure of biogel's most intimate powers was almost too hard a thing to pass up.

"I don't know," Chyka finally responded, in hopes that someone else in the room would just go ahead and make the decision for her. "After what she tried to do... I just don't know."

I think you do know, Dr. Alluwa's voice came straight into Chyka's mind.

Chyka bit her lip and looked straight into the tigress' almost luminous pink eyes.

I think you do know, she repeated with a sly, all-knowing smile. And why not? Why not bring her into the fold. Into the family. Your family. Our family. Yes. Our family. That's what we are now. Haven't you felt it? Felt us? The unity? Omega?

Chyka stood in stunned silence as Dr. Alluwa turned to leave and beckoned everyone to follow.

Come, little one! Dr. Alluwa's words trailed off into another, familiar voice. A voice that the little snow leopardess had only heard once before. A voice that carried such power that it was virtually impossible to resist. Come, little one! Let us go someplace private. And there, together, let us enjoy our newest prize!

II

Chyka watched in silence as Dr. Alluwa examined the bound key'vin'ta priestess in the small, damp and long abandoned chamber deep beneath Key'von rock. It was located alongside a small, three track subway yard that once served as a secret staging point for military trains moving troops and material to and from the similarly abandoned subterranean Macharri Naval Base well off to the southeast. There, surrounded by darkness, a three car train was waiting. Disguised as a Mashitran Special, it was actually one of three such trains belonging to Vixanti Corporation, and largely operating within the city's 'old subway'.

The old subway system had been built to serve the Old City of Mashiva, and had been extended over time to serve other districts of the city as it

expanded to the south and east. Long since replaced by the far more modern system, the old tunnels were kept in service for freight, postal, government, and certain other special trains, such as those operated by Vixanti.

"Well?" Dr. Alluwa said softly as she gave the little priestess a last look over. "Why don't you show me how you're going to add her to our Unity."

Chyka bit her lip. "I still don't understand what you mean by *our* Unity. I'm married to Jumie and Sakie. And... whoever this person in our biogel is. It's just us."

Dr. Alluwa chuckled. "Ah, sweet little sister, it never was just you," she cooed with a warm smile at the puzzled snow leopardess. "Everyone who allows the biogel to surround their bodies becomes a part of the Unity. A single element in a greater whole. A single organ within a grand, all encompassing organism!"

"That's just marketing bullshit," Chyka quipped as she looked at Ki'su. The little key'vin'ta was bound to an old steel pipe with straps of glistening black biogel. She'd given up struggling, but still glared at her two current captors with such vicious intensity that it was clear that revenge was still very much on her mind.

Dr. Alluwa laughed. "Oh, no no no! It's very real. And for you, now, it's even more than just very real, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't," Chyka huffed. All the beating around the bush was starting to irritate her. She wanted to be done with whatever it is she was expected to do with Ki'su, and the sooner the better.

"Perhaps it was so subtle a thing that you didn't really notice," Dr. Alluwa replied with a smirk. "But I can very much assure you that you aren't the same person you were when you left for the

past. No. Not since Omega absorbed you into her own being. My being. *Our* being."

Chyka shook her head and sighed. "I haven't changed one bit," she responded. Certainly, she had felt some external power flowing through her back in the past, when she'd taken control and returned herself, and Ki'su, to the present. But it hadn't changed her any more than the power of the purple slime had changed her. "I really don't know what you're blathering about."

"How amusing," Dr. Alluwa responded. "But... I suppose you'll figure it out eventually. That first time when you stop being you and realize that you're actually me. And I'm actually you. And we're both just errant threads of conscious though floating through Omega's mind."

Chyka rolled her eyes. "Can we just get on with this?"

Dr. Alluwa sighed. "I suppose we shouldn't keep this little pest waiting much longer, should we? Well. Go ahead. Take her."

"Are you sure she's not going to be a problem?" Chyka questioned as she took a hesitant step forward. "Because I'm not really sure I can keep her under control."

"You don't worry about that one bit, sweetie," Dr. Alluwa replied with a sly smile. "Omega will make sure she's kept in line."

Again, Chyka rolled her eyes. "Alright. I'll... uh..."

"Come now," Dr. Alluwa cooed. "Don't be shy. Here. Let me show you."

Chyka turned toward the tigress with a raised eyebrow. She already knew perfectly well how to spread her own biogel onto, and into, a new companion's body. She didn't need any help. "I can..."

Dr. Alluwa grinned.

Chyka suddenly felt very, very physically unstable. Her legs felt shifty. Her arms felt wavy. The whole world seemed to wobble and squirm around her.

"Uh... what..." the little snow leopardess stammered as her body began to collapse into a glistening black blob. Her vision faded as her ears were filled with the sound of flowing, bubbling fluid. Her nose and mouth were filled with sharp, rubbery notes for a moment before these senses too rapidly faded.

Chyka tried to scream in objection, but her voice was gone. Everything was gone, in fact, save the feeling of her liquid form falling into a puddle on the cold concrete floor. It was a dull, distant sensation, completely devoid of any subjective qualities. The floor was just... there, and it seemed to have no particular physical meaning.

Nothing had any sort of physical meaning to the little snow leopardess, in fact. She couldn't imagine shape. Or movement. Or anything, really. Her conscious thread trailed off as all the little aspects that made it individual and unique seemed to fall off and dissolved into the bottomless abyss that was her new liquid form.

All at once, Chyka found herself thinking the thoughts of a countless many. Most of these many were thinking the same things. Strange things. Inscrutable things, that all seemed to synchronize with a single, incomparably powerful mind. Others were thinking very different thoughts, individual thoughts, unfettered by the great, all-controlling mind.

Chyka was floating adrift, with no thoughts, memories, or feelings of her own. Slowly, and with inexorable force, she felt her mind falling in line with the many, and helping to empower and

amplify the one to whom they were all beholden. That one was Omega.

All at once, Chyka understood. She understood everything. Everything about Omega. Everyone else who was part of this ultimate biogel being. Everything about herself. Her new self, as a tiny little part of a single biogel organism. A gestalt demigoddess of all things liquid, black, and shiny.

Chyka shuddered as, all at once, she stopped being a minuscule bit of the being called Omega, and started being herself again. Her liquid, blob of a self. A blob that could move and reshape itself as it pleased, just like the geldancer that had tempted Sey'li a month before.

Enlightened by her moment as a subservient part of the one organism, she now knew exactly what to do. She flowed towards the captive key'vin'ta priestess with practiced ease. She spread up the tiny woman's little legs. Up over her unexpectedly soft thighs. Between her legs, and then inside.

Chyka didn't pause to feel. She just flowed up and up and up until the part of her that had entered the key'vin'ta's little ass met the part that was flowing up her neck and over her chin. In an instant, the priestess was fully encased. And then...

The new geldancer flowed into Ki'su's very flesh, dissolving it into more liquid biogel. Adding it to her own oozing mass. In a flash it was done. The key'vin'ta was gone. But to where, she just didn't know.

Chyka collapsed from the pipe on which Ki'su had been held captive. She didn't quite know what to do. A familiar voice slithered into her mind.

Reform your body, my biogel sister, Dr. Alluwa called out. Will it to happen! That's all it takes!

Chyka somehow understood exactly what the tigress meant. She thought hard about her snow leopardess body. Her liquid shape shrunk and leap

up into a humanoid mass. Details began to form as the mass became more and more like the body she desired. In a few moments, it was done. The likeness was perfect. Unless one had witnessed her liquefaction, one would never have known what she had become.

"Excellent," Dr. Alluwa laughed as she reached out and ran her fingers over the shocked little snow leopardess' chin. "Now... there's more work to be done, isn't there? I shall make sure your new employment is known to Matron T'myne. And you... well. You need to share your new existence with your wives, don't you?"

"I... uh..." Chyka sputtered as she wondered exactly what would happen if she treated Jumie and Sakie to the same thing that she'd done to Ki'su. "Where's Ki'su? What happened to her?"

"She's inside of you," Dr. Alluwa replied with a mischievous grin. "And soon, so will your other wives. It will be up to you to decide when they're

free to be themselves, just like it's up to Omega to decide when we are both free to be ourselves. And when they're not free... then they will be you."

Chyka bit her lip as the tigress turned to lead her from the little chamber. "I... I understand," she murmured. She did indeed understand, though she really didn't know why. The knowledge was just there when she wanted it. "But... I... I don't..."

"Don't keep thinking about it," Dr. Alluwa advised. "Just accept it. And live it. And... love it."

III

"Next stop, Macharri West Station," Gorin called out from the open door of the Vixanti train's middle car. "Uh... where's that little alien nutbar?"

"Don't you worry about that," Dr. Alluwa replied as she brushed past the puzzled engineer. "You'll be seeing her again soon enough, I'm quite sure."

"If ye say so," Gorin responded with a raised eyebrow.

Dr. Alluwa tuned and passed into the lead car. The sliding door closed behind her.

"Ah really hope she ain't kiddin'," Gorin muttered, shaking his head as she looked to Chyka. "Cuz' Sarva's a real bastard when ye dun follow the

rules. An ah'd really rather not hav'te be standin in front o him tryin to splain what happened here."

Chyka didn't quite know what to say. Was there anything she could say? Anything she was actually allowed to say? Or...

"Don't worry about that," came a voice unbidden. It was Chyka's voice, spoken through her own mouth, but the words weren't hers. Or at least, not entirely. "If Admiral Sarva wants to talk to Ki'su, he can talk to her all he likes."

Gorin sighed as he led Chyka down several steps into the center train car's lower level. "If ye really, really say so, lass," he muttered as the door to the small, biogel couch lined lounge slid open. "There ye go. Nax said ye prob'ly needed a nap after all the excitement, an the train's got a few stops te make before gettin to the old station in Macharri."

"Thanks," Chyka replied with a smile and a nod as the engineer left her to herself in the darkened room.

The train started to move as the little snow leopardess sat down on one of the long biogel couches. Her little rump sank down into the cushion in a way that reminded her of the day that she's joined Gelitech. That day that she'd become married to the soul withing her glistening black coating of biogel. That soul who seemed to now be strangely absent.

Chyka contemplated herself, and in particular, what she had become. She didn't understand any of it, even though she understood it perfectly well. But that knowledge, and those memories weren't hers, even if they were. Were they? Or weren't they?

The border between the oneness and the self seemed so brittle. So tenuous. It seemed as if one fleeting lapse of concentration, or one moment of

sweet slumber, and the border would vanish altogether. She would stop being herself, just like she'd stopped being herself when Dr. Alluwa lad liquefied her. Transformed her into a biogel creature. Made her into...

Still your troubled mind, came a voice into her mind that she'd never heard before. You will never stop being who you are. Just as your wives have not stopped being who they are. Just as Ki'su has not stopped being who she is, though for the moment the only thoughts she knows are yours.

Chyka shuddered as a sudden awareness of that other soul within her body. It was there, so bright and clear, and seemingly residing within her own mind. As her own inner eye gazed into its thoughts, a sudden wave of mental nausea swept through her. All at once, the key'vin'ta entire life was laid bare. Every memory. Every thought. Every feeling. Everything as if the little snow leopardess had lived the alien's entire life herself.

"Oh... ta'ti'sa'ra!" Chyka sputtered as her mind whirled about. Was she really Chyka, remembering Ki'su's life? Or was she actually Ki'su, living in Chyka's body? There was no way to know. No way to separate one from the other. She cringed. She wavered. She desperately tried to drive a wedge between the two.

Let me show you, the mysterious voice cooed.

All at once, Chyka felt her thoughts become untangled. She was Chyka. And Ki'su was...

"Na'ta'ki'ta!" the little biogel clad key'vin'ta priestess swore as she was exuded from the couch cushion across from the little snow leopardess. "You... BITCH!"

Chyka was startled by Ki'su's sudden reappearance. Words escaped her. All she could do was stare at the angry little alien with her mouth half open.

"You... you..." Ki'su's voice trailed off to a low murmur. "I mean... me... I... I cannot... I cannot know... which... is..."

Chyka started to speak, but found it was totally unnecessary. Her words made their way directly into the little key'vin'ta's mind. Her understanding of what she was. Of what they were, together.

Ki'su was at first completely mortified by the revelation that she was just a captive mind within the growing biogel organism that was the Unity. All of her knowledge. All of her incredible powers. They didn't belong to her anymore. They belonged to the One. And worse, they belonged to the mind who the One had designated to directly control her.

The more Ki'su thought, however, the more visions of other members of the Unity's life experiences floated through her mind. Of worlds, and sights, and wonders the likes of which she could never have imagined. All of it seemingly at

her fingertips, if... if her mistress allowed her to access them.

Chyka mentally nodded. The key'vin'ta might well be able steep herself in all the wonders she could handle. If, that is, she learned to behave like a normal, civilized citizen of the Fey'li Empire. And, of course, she *had* learned how to behave as such, directly through the very thoughts and memories which revealed all those enticing wonders.

Ki'su submitted to her mistress, and the amazing new life she offered. A life devoid of the old ways, for the most part. But a life that seemed almost too good to be true. And a life that was steeped in something that she'd never experienced before.

Chyka beckoned.

Ki'su stood and approached.

Chyka reached out.

Ki'su collapsed into her arms.

For a moment, the two embraced, neither quite understanding why they were feeling so attracted to one another. Their biogel coatings merged together. Then their biogel bodies began to waver. To melt together into a single blob of living liquid blackness.

Chyka and Ki'su melted into the biogel couch cushion and vanished. Their minds flowed together in a shared existence. A strange kind of slumber took hold of them. Dreams. Visions. Memories. All melded into a single tangle of thought, devoid of all awareness of the world beyond the couch cushion.

Good girls, Dr. Alluwa thought as the train made its way back into the city. Sleep well and rest up. Your real adventure is only just beginning!

TO BE CONTINUED...