

# GELITECH

SHEITRA & SHAWI

- COSPLAY PERIL PART 3 -  
**- THE BIG GAME -**

## **THE BIG GAME**

It's dark. The only illumination comes from the eerie green force fields that separate the spectator seating units from the playing field. It's barely enough to let me get a sense of the sheer size of the cavernous space within Anwae Arena's walls, let alone to see the obstacles that stand between me and the opposing team's own fortress zone.

My eyes are drawn to the few late arrivals who are rushing to get settled into their seats. I watch one particularly giddy looking elf-ear as she plants her cute little rump onto one of the big, very comfy looking seat. No sooner than she's settled in than the seat's glistening black biogel begins to liquefy and spread over her lithe, naked body in a thin, neck to toe coating.

I can't help but envy that pretty little ashiri. Her coating of biogel is just temporary. Just like my bug suit was supposed to be. Well, unless she purchased the biogel suit upgrade, that is. Or she gets picked to join a team during the mid-game events. Or gets hit with a pellet during the periods when the force fields momentarily drop to up the sense of personal peril. But, chances are she'll be fine. Unlike me. I don't have a chance in hell of getting out of this on my own two feet.

Our sorry excuse for a squad is, to say the least, absolutely hopeless. There's me, with my two woefully short ranged pellet projectors. There's a silver-skinned girl just like me, who seems even less enthused with the current state of her body than I am with mine. Then there's a tigress with some sort of biogel sprayer on each arm. To make matters particularly discouraging, we have the four formerly Team Pink 'kissers', who's only offensive capability is their gooey clear biogel spit and kiss. And then, of course, is my hopelessly

naive lioness, who is about as woefully suited to lead us into battle as can be.

Our opponents for this particular match are Team Rust. Their highly diverse membership hails from the distant Zova Drift Prefecture. I can hear them in the distance. Talking. Shouting. Laughing, even. I wish I could share their enthusiasm for the coming battle, but the sheer hopelessness of our position makes that quite impossible.

I gaze up at the smoothly curved columns that run down the center of the arena floor. Each pair together has a vaguely vulvic form to the space between them, narrower at the bottom and bulging open toward the top. Together, all these columns support the network of raised, interconnected platforms that form a bridge across the sunken center of the playing field, the so-called 'pit'. Covering these platforms, and the pit floor itself, are a myriad of obstacles.

The vertical green panels that separate the regular seating areas light up, revealing the configuration of the arena floor. I take stock of the obstacle maze that we're expected to navigate on our way to Team Rust's home base. It doesn't take long for me to see that my pessimism is fully justified.

The biggest obstacles are the selection of shipping containers that have been spotted around the floor in various orientations. Among these are countless chunks of battered, reinforced concrete. There are lots of barrels too. Some of the latter are empty. Others might have hidden biogel weapons or biogel ammunition cartridges. Still others might be filled with biogel, and rigged to splatter it all over the place if they get hit with enough biogel pellets. And then there are the traps...

Though I can't see them, the rules state that there are to be between between twelve and thirty-six well concealed biogel traps spread out among the obstacles. From experience watching matches,

the number seems to run toward the higher end of the scale in most arenas. Many of the traps will convert their victims into liquid biogel for later, and no doubt very creative, re-use, captive soul and all. Others will simply glisten their victims. A few might even turn their victims into biogel monsters to roam the floor, hunting former friend and foe alike. Just the idea of being turned into more of a biogel monster than I already am sends a shudder down my spine. I try to find something else to focus on, lest I get myself all worked up over it.

I look over my shoulder at our team's fortress zone. There are numerous terraces. These are all connected together with bridges and open, moving platforms that run up and down the terrace faces in a regular pattern. Atop all these is the central tower, at the peak of which stands the 'portal'. It's through this that one of our opponents must pass in order to claim the most prestigious, and monetarily rewarding type of victory. Few matches ever get that far, however.

Typically, when a Biogel Games team is clearly losing, they'll 'surrender' in order to preserve membership for the next match. It's not that anyone has trouble filling the newly empty slots, of course. It's to preserve experience. Not that that's an issue when it comes to our particular 'squad'. We're just cannon fodder.

A chime echoes through the arena. The big white spot lights slowly come on, joining the green lighting to cast the whole space in a bright, only slightly yellow-greenish glow. For the first time, I can see everything clearly enough to get a sense of what it would take to cross the arena floor and assault the opposing fortress. It's one thing to see it on video. It's entirely another thing in person. Paths that are so clear when viewed from above are invisible at eye-level. To me, it's all just a jumble of obstacles. I wouldn't even know where to begin, let alone which way might be the best.

Of course, that's why our Team Captain is all the way up the fortress tower, isn't it? She can see things more clearly. Even then, the massive columns block her line of sight down the middle of the arena, hiding many of the crucial platform connections that cross from one side of the elevated maze to the other. Maybe she'd be better off leading from the front, but what do I know? I'm just a walnut-brained bug-butt.

\*beep\* \*beep\* \*beep\* \*beep\* \*beep\*

The match is about to start. I still don't know what I'm supposed to do. I don't think anyone does.

\*beep\* \*beep\* \*beep\* \*beep\* \*beep\*

I'd bite my lip with anxiety if I had a lip to bite. Instead, gooey crystal clear biogel sputters from my rubber pussy-mouth.

\*DING\*



---

Shawi jumps over the concrete barrier and heads straight for the nearest bridge that leads up onto the elevated platforms. I mindlessly follow, along with the rest of our pathetic little squad. Charging into battle is the last thing I want to do, but I have no choice. I lack the means to make those decisions for myself. I can only follow, and obey.

For some unfathomable reason, I can still think clearly, though. Perhaps that's an oversight on Shawi's part. Or perhaps she wants me to somehow be able to have fun doing what my walnut-brained body is doing, despite my lack of control.

At any rate, it's just as well that Shawi made us move, even if my opinion on the direction taken isn't particularly positive. No sooner than we had all made our way to the bridge than the first huge gob of biogel 'cannon fire' came splattering down right where we'd been standing. If we hadn't run toward the maze of potentially protective obstacles

on the bridges, we'd have almost surely all been glistened before the match had even really begun.

My misgivings about our direction of travel quickly begin to seem justified. I haven't the slightest idea what Shawi thinks she's doing as she sends us all charging down the clearest, most obvious path through the collection of barrels, boxes, and chunks of reinforced concrete that are densely scattered all over the bridge. She's trailing behind the rest of us now. No doubt she wants to be able to watch what sort of sexy biogel fate befalls each of us before she gets to experience her own. I don't blame her, really. Watching girls get done up is where all the fun of these matches is, isn't it?

The raven haired tigress is the first to fall, though not to Team Rust. That's no real surprise, of course. The obvious path is the most likely to be trapped, after all. Her rubber-buggy feet suddenly stick to the glossy black floor and she tumbles forward onto her hands and knees. No

sooner than she's down than she begins to slowly descend into the shiny surface, bubbling and gurgling sweet rubbery buggy somethings all the way.

I'd gasp if I could. I really don't know what to think as her body is absorbed into the invisible sheen of black biogel on the floor. Staring at her shiny rubber-buggy ass as she wiggles and squirms her way down. As her body is converted into liquid black biogel, and dribbled down onto the floor of the arena 'pit' below.

It's only going to take a half a minute for her to vanish, but that's far too much time for us to all stand here in the open and watch. There's no safe way across the trapped section of floor, though, so we all head off in different directions through the nearby obstacles. That's just as well, as our rivals have been just as quick to advance onto the bridges. The first tiny globules of black biogel begin to hit the blocks of concrete around us,

making little \*pock\* sounds as they strike the hard surfaces.

It would be pointless for me to try to cover my comrades' advance with my depressingly short ranged biogel pellet projectors. The Team Rust girls are all much too far away at the moment. And honestly, I'm really not too keen on trying to get much closer to them. We're in the obstacles, and fairly well concealed. Better to let them come to us.

Then again, our team's advance across the other bridge is making considerable headway. The much larger force of rubber bug-butts is almost at the first crossover between the two bridges, just about midfield. If we can't get just as far, the Team Rust girls can get behind them and cause all sorts of trouble.

Shawi presses us forward, to no good end. The first to get sniped is the rough avarri, falling to the floor as she suddenly and rapidly transforms into a

generic looking sexified rubber butt-butt doll. It's always so much fun to watch on a video screen, but it's so very different in person, and so close. One moment, they're there, the next moment, they're just objects on the floor. Living objects, yes, but still. I can only imagine what sort of person is going to buy a sexified rubber rowa doll during the post-game auctions. And what they're going to do with them. And what they're going to do with my rubber rowa ass if Shawi doesn't get some common sense in that kinky little head of hers, and quickly.

Common sense doesn't come easily to my beloved lioness. At least not when there's anything kinky involved. The tigress with the biogel spray projectors is the next to fall. She's no so much snipes as she is splattered with a flurry of biogel pellets at close range.

Now there's no more time to think. No more time to contemplate how to best approach the problem that's rapidly developing in front of us.

Our little group was the only one to charge out onto this bridge. Our rivals, however, have decided to put far more effort into securing it, and the clear path it might offer into our home fortress zone.

All of a sudden, there's a flurry of yelps, shouts and little biogel pellets flying through the air. At least a dozen Team Rust girls are coming up to support their 'scout' that took down the tigress. Only one of the longer range pellet machine guns from our home fortress is trying to stop them, with little effect and such bad aim that we're at almost as much risk of being hit as our rivals.

The Team Rust girls seem to take the ineffective fire as a direct challenge. Perhaps even as encouragement. They move past the obstacles with ease and determination until they're practically on top of us. Down goes the slender ashiri. Down goes the busty leopardess. It's just Shwai and I now. Shawi, I, and Team Rust.

I'm barely aware of what I'm doing now. I see shiny black shapes. I shoot at shiny black shapes. Somehow, miraculously, I actually manage to hit three of them before they notice me. But they don't fall to the floor and transform into faceless biogel dolls like gelfighters usually do. No. Instead, they transform into new rubber bug-butts and immediately fall under Shawi's mental control.

Their rubber bug hands can't hold and fire their former weapons, and just like the former Team Pink girls, their transformation doesn't provide them with substitutes. Now, however, that's far less of a liability. Their sudden transformation and switch of sides proves them with the advantage of targets close at hand. Familiar targets whose skills and inclinations are known, and exploitable.

I don't have time to watch what happens as the three new bug-butts chase after their former comrades. One of the Team Rust girls has jumped over the block of concrete that I've been hiding



behind, apparently without knowing I was there. She lands right on top of me, and we tumble together, in a complete tangle, onto the floor.

In the first moments of the struggle, the deep violet ashiri manages to lose her weapon. It goes clattering well out of reach. One would think she'd do the typical thing and just give in to the inevitable. No. She wants to wrestle. To try and delay me until her friends can save her. And given how dismal things have been for us poor bug-butts so far, chances are she's going to succeed.

The ashiri grabs me by the wrists and try to keep me from being able to plant a pellet in her shiny black biogel suit at point-blank range. I struggle as hard as I can, but I just can't seem to get free of her iron grasp. Where's Shawi when you need her, with her pokey-transformy staff?

I have no idea where my lovely rubber bug-butt of a lioness is. I'd give her a yell for help, but I can't anymore, can I? Out of sheer frustration I

begin to burble and sputter. Clear biogel sprays out of my rubber pussy-mouth and all over the Team Rust girl's face.

The ashiri gasps as her glistening black coating begins to change into the same rowaform shape as my own rubber bug body. It only takes a few fleeting moments for her to transform. For her to come under Shawi's thrall. To spit her own gobs of clear biogel into the face of the one who'd transformed her. And then... she was gone. She had jumped up and ran off after her former companions, just like the rest had done.

Shawi *finally* makes an appearance now, slowly following after her new acquisitions. I get up and begin to follow her, forward again, toward the Team Rust fortress zone.

---

I honestly can't believe we've made it this far. It's all been such a blur of running and ducking and spraying streams of little black gobs of biogel at Team Rust girls. I don't have any idea how many I've hit, simply out of desire to not become a bug-butt sexy-time doll. Half a dozen? Maybe a few more?

It doesn't really matter, of course. All that matters is that we've made it to the end of the bridge without mishap. At least without mishap to myself or Shawi. A few of those Team Rust girls we turned into rubber bug-butts managed to find traps or get plinked by their former teammates, but who cares about them? They're not *really* Glitter Purple girls, are they?

Speaking of their former teammates, the only thing now separating us from their fortress zone are the last few obstacles on the bridge. They're also the only things separating us from the periodic flurry of biogel pellets that Team Rust is using to try and keep us in our hiding spots. The

longer they can do that, the more likely it is that their more successful gelfighters down in the pit can find a way to get behind us, or into our own fortress zone. As far as I can tell, that's the only way they have any chance to win. Otherwise...

Despite my former misgivings, I'm starting to feel just a bit excited at the prospect of turning all those Team Rust girls in their fortress into new rubber bug-butts. There *will* be an opening to charge right in eventually. They don't have unlimited ammo for all those weapons. They'll start to run out and then...

I look around at our 'new' squad. There are fourteen former Team Rust girls in addition to Shawi and I. Without weapons, they're little more than cannon fodder, of course. *We're* little more than cannon fodder. I'm nearly as weaponless as them. My chest is practically flat. I've pumped out all that biogel in my efforts to survive, and there's no refill in sight.

It's obvious that we're going to be the distraction for the better endowed bug-butts on the other bridge. Painfully obvious. If our Captain insists on us just charging in before they've run out of ammo, of course. And the mental vibe I'm starting to get makes me feel like she will be insisting. And soon.

I'm really not too keen on finding out what someone wants to do to by sexy-bug-butt-doll body once its auctioned off at the end of the match. But it *is* going to be auctioned off. That much I can foresee. There's no other possible end result of all this.

The sounds of battle coming from down in the pit are getting louder. At first I'm worried that it means Team Rust is getting the upper hand. It takes a few moments for me to realize that it actually means they're being pushed back toward us. They're losing on all fronts. Soon there won't be a single one left outside their fortress that hasn't been given a shiny new bug-butt.

I can feel the urge to advance. To head into the hail of rubber pellets and draw all the fire so the ‘real’ gelfighters can take the Team Rust fortress. Shawi can clearly feel it as well. So she...

A loud chime rings. A time-out has been called.

Of course. It figures. Team Rust calls a time-out just as the climax is about to begin. They’re just trying to put us off our game, aren’t they?

The seconds tick past as we all wait to find out what the deal is. The Team Rust Captain is consulting with the referees. Has our team done something in the pit to warrant a sanction?

No. They haven’t. A bell sounds. Team Rust has conceded the match rather than face a devastating total loss.

“We won?” Shawi murmurs as the urge to assault the Team Rust fortress fades. “Oh, wow. We won! We made it! How awesome is that?”

Awesome indeed. Well, awesome for a few moments, until reality sinks in. Yes, we survived this total blur of a Biogel Games match. But that doesn’t mean we’re free. We’re permanent parts of Team Glitter Purple now. They own us. And if they want us on their active team, playing matches until the hand of shiny biogel fate catches up with us, then that’s what we’re going to do. For weeks. For months. For years, if it comes to that. And there’s no way out of it.

If I can find any consolation in all that, it’s the fact that all these Team Rust girls are now Team Glitter Purple girls just like me. And like Shawi. We’re all in the same rubber-buggy-boat.

“See! I told you this was going to be fun,” Shawi giggles as the Captain of Team Rust starts her way down from the highest level of their

fortress to capitulate to, and congratulate her opponent.

Whatever you say, Shawi. Whatever you say.

If I recall correctly, it's customary to offer 'compensation' to rowa teams in the event of a capitulation. The Team Rust Captain has picked two of her gelfighters to accompany her to the official capitulation. A pair of new bug-butts doesn't seem like much of a compensation to me, but what do I know? My brain is the size of a walnut.

Must to my surprise, and a bit to my consternation, our own Team Captain focuses on Shawi and I, rather than the descending Team Rust girls.

"Well, well, well," she says, smirking at me. "See what fixing that mouth of yours can do for your focus? It seems that you've managed to



acquire more new Glitter girls for us than anyone else this match. It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

I wouldn't really know what to say, even if I could say anything. It's definitely hard to believe, though. Surely the better endowed gelfighters would have caught far more.

"I wasn't expecting nearly as much out of you," she continues. "And I'm honestly not expecting all that much in the future. But... a win is a win, and for almost highhandedly wiping out Team Rust's main bridge assault, I think perhaps you should be rewarded for your trouble, hmm?"

"Rewarded?" Shawi asks on my behalf.

"Yes," the Team Captain chuckles. "You see those two girls Team Rust is bringing to us as an offering?"

I nod.

“I’m going to let you be the one to kiss them,” she says with a broad grin. “You just make sure to put on a show of it, hmm? And after the post game is finished, assuming you can keep your ass from getting voted into the Hall of Fame, I’m going to let you and your friend take them home with you.”

“Take them home?” Shawi asks with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes,” our Team Captain replies. “Your new job is to take over the ‘cosplay’ shop and recruit for the team. At least until we return for our next match here. Then we’ll see how many bods you’ve managed to get in suits. And how many you’ve gotten to stay in them until they’re fully transformed into new gelfighters.”

“Awesome!” Shawi chirps.

Awesome indeed. I think. But again, what do I know? I’m just a walnut brained rubber bug-butt.

“Now, you,” our Team Captain says, turning back to me. “Come with me and we’ll see how good of a kisser you are...”

*THE END.*