

Trapped

Commission for Kauko
Written by Shetira Anwae

Kauko ducked behind the concrete barrier and pondered her next move. It wasn't going to be pretty, that was for sure. She was cut off, alone, and running out of options. If she didn't manage to think of something fast, she was going to be toast. Glistening, black, living rubber toast.

Team Aqua seemed to be everywhere. That wasn't really all that big of a surprise, of course. Completely dominating Team Pink was their favorite pastime, after all. They certainly weren't about to let this particular opportunity pass them by.

The pretty, maneless cheetah poked her nose around the side of the barrier. It was instantly greeted with a virtual rain of little black pellets that splattered all over the barrier, and the maze of obstacles behind it. *Dammit!* she thought as

she pulled back, barely managing to avoid a well aimed shot that flew past only a few centimeters from her retreating muzzle. *Too close!*

Kauko took a deep breath and reminded herself that no good could come of exposing herself, even for a moment. All it would take was one hit, and her neck to toe coating of glistening black biogel would rapidly subsume her. She would be transformed into a barely animate, yet still living, biogel 'gummy' doll. Stripped of all outward identity, she'd end up looking exactly like every other female gummy. At the end of the night, se'd be tossed into a bin with all the other gummy casualties, to be sold of as an erotic novelty. That was the last thing she wanted to happen. But at this point, it almost seemed inevitable.

The cheetah looked behind her. The rest of the elevated platform's obstacles were much larger than she one she was currently hiding behind. They would certainly provide more protection. At the same time, crawling to them would have just been going deeper into the trap. It was a dead end. There'd be no way out. Team Aqua would come and pop a pellet into her ass and it would be all over in an instant.

Kauko grimaced as she tried to decide what to do. She could stand up and graciously let Team Aqua finish her off, or she crawl back and try and put up as much of a fight as she could with her little short range pellet pistol, and the three shots she had left in it. Not quite willing to give the Aqua girls an easy time of it, she chose the latter option and hoped that they wouldn't notice and rush in to catch her with her ass up in the air.

The cheetah crawled along the glossy black platform surface as quickly as she could. The pistol in her hand certainly wasn't helping, but if she didn't take it along with her then the whole exercise would have been completely pointless. Pellets began to hit the big obstacles all around her. The Aqua girls had definitely noticed.

There was nothing for it. Kauko got onto her feet and ran, half-bent over to the nearest of the blocks. Pellets rained down all around her. Miraculously, none of them managed to find their mark, despite Team Aqua's notoriously effective aim.

"Oh... that was lucky," the cheetah panted as she quickly moved to slip around the next block in line, right by the railing that separated the platform from the deep open 'Pit' level of the arena floor. It was offset from the first just enough to prevent any of the approaching Team Aqua girls being able to see where she'd gone. Perhaps it would be just enough of a trick to get them into a position where she could pick a couple off before they finally took her down. "Just need to confuse them a bit. Make them hesitate. And then..."

Kauko yelped as something grabbed both of her feet, causing her to drop forward onto her knees right by the railing. Her pistol flew off to one side, bounced on the floor, and over the platform edge while her momentum continued to carry her forward. She reached down with one hand to prevent herself from faceplanting.

"*Shit!*" the cheetah hissed as she found her shins completely stuck in the floor. So too was her steady hand. She was trapped, snared by one of the arena's most insidious traps: an impossibly thin layer of highly reactive biogel that blended perfectly into the glossy black floor. A sheen of

biogel, as it were, and one that most certainly wouldn't ever be letting her go.

Kauko knew in an instant that it was hopeless. There was no escaping a sheening trap. There was no avoiding its potentially transformative effects. All she could do was patiently wait for it to slowly convert her body into living liquid biogel, and dribble it down into a puddle on the floor below.

The cheetah flexed her legs and pondered the wash of intense nothing that was starting to flow over her feet, her shins, and even her trapped fingers. She looked down beneath her, and watched as they all began to dissolve into the biogel sheen's obsidian surface. "So this is what it feels like," she whispered to herself as she thought of all the times she'd seen teammates get sheened before, and wondered just what they had felt. They'd felt this weird kind of nothing. It didn't feel good. It didn't feel bad. It just didn't feel.

Kauko sighed. She'd been hoping for something that felt a bit more interesting, at least. This... well, there didn't seem to be any point in dwelling

on it any longer than she had to. She shifted her weight back and tried to push her legs down into the blackness as fast as it would take her.

The smooth, silky voice of the Arena computer wafted its way directly into the cheetah's ear as her thighs slowly began their descent into the sheen, and the nothingness beyond. "Your audience would like you to perform for them," it whispered. "Would you be so kind as to do what they ask?"

Kauko looked up toward the seating with considerable surprise. "Uh... yeah. Maybe. I guess," she replied, for no other reason that she didn't have anything better to do with the little time she had left in her current body. She'd never heard that they were allowed to request things of the gelfighters, let alone gelfighters in the sort of highly compromising position as she was in. It seemed almost uncouth. But at least it gave her something useful to do.

"Thank you," the computer whispered. "They want to lean forward and place your other hand into the sheen."

Kauko hesitated. *I won't be able to move at all if I do that*, she thought as her thighs continued their descent into black nothing. *Then again, does it really matter?*

The cheetah smiled at the nearby audience and put her free hand down into the sheen. It immediately passed through all the way up to her palm.

"Now lean forward," the computer instructed, "until your chest presses into the sheen. Lay into the sheen. Let it take you all at once. That is what the audience has voted. Thank you, and enjoy your sheening!"

They seriously voted for me to do this? Kauko thought to herself as she shifted what she could of her weight onto her arms. *Dammit. I hope they aren't voting on who gets my liquid ass after all this is done.*

The cheetah gasped as she found the sheen coming up fast toward her face. Her arms had so little resistance passing into the gel that her dangling breasts were mushing into it before she had a chance to react. Her nipples tingled for a

moment before disappearing altogether. Her warm, tender tits soon followed, treating the their owner to the astonishingly weird sensation of those sensitive organs progressively vanishing from front to back.

Kauko held her breath as the whole of her front pressed into the sheen. She arched her back and did everything she could to keep her head up. Her tummy started to disappear, the line of nothing advancing down toward her pelvic bone, and then on to her womanhood. Her clitoris tingled sharply as the nothing approached. She started to feel horny.

"Uh... oh... oh... oh!" the cheetah huffed as the nothing lingered for a moment just shy of her now thoroughly aroused little pussy. Then, all at once, it was gone.

Oh... oh... wow... wow! Kauko thought as her whole abdomen began to slide down into shiny black oblivion. Before she knew it, her torso had slipped so far through the sheen that she was almost up to her chin. *Uh... oh... ah... to hell with it. To hell with it. Just... just get it over with. Just...*

The cheetah didn't want to wait any longer. Her neck was sore, and there just didn't seem any point in delaying the inevitable any longer. She took a deep breath, and pressed her chin into the sheen.

Kauko's lower jaw dissolved away in an instant. She leaned her head forward, as her ribcage vanished up to her shoulders. Her whole face passed down into the blackness. Her sense of smell vanished. Her sense of taste. Her vision. And, as the sheen pulled her whole head and what was left of her back downward, her hearing as well.

All that the cheetah could feel now was her long, biogel clad tail. She furiously wiggled it about in desperate yearning to be freed from the last vestiges of the life that no longer mattered. To be freed from all its restrictions. Its sensations. Its worries. To pass fully into the blackness, and truly know what it was like to be living, conscious nothing.

Kauko couldn't hear the riotous cheering as her twitching tail slid down and down until just its

curly little tip was flipping back and forth over the surface of the sheen. And then, after a few fleeting moments of continued butt-snake defiance, it too vanished into the blackness. All that was left of the lovely cheetah gelfighter was the black goo that slowly dripped from beneath the platform, and the slowly solidifying puddle that it had created.

What would become of that puddle was a mystery to the disembodied mind that now floated in dreamy bliss within its glistening black mass. There were so many possibilities. So many shiny black things that she might be made into. Only time would tell which would be chosen for her. She could only wait, and hope it was something interesting. Something that she could enjoy. Something... sexy. Just like the cheetah that she had once been.

THE END