

GELITECH

- SIDES -

EPISODE 10

SHROOMS

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SHROOMS

Goddess, I can't believe I actually let them talk me into signing up for this, Daia thought to herself as she mucked her way through the dark faorest mire, vainly hoping for an easy afternoon's harvest. A whole month. A whole, goddess forsaken month! Dammit. I'm such an idiot sometimes!

The slender, olive skinned tiyanni was heading east, away from the little treehouse encampment where she and the other harvesters in her group were required to live for the duration of their contracts. Unlike the nervous newcomer, most of the girls were colonists who'd spent most of their adult lives ankle deep in mud, searching out the highly valuable aphix odangi mushrooms that bought them both the prospect of considerable wealth as well as the promise of deeply unpleasant peril. Each succulently sweet, mature odangi stalk would net the picker a hundred credits, and each

successfully trip out into the swamp could net a dozen or more. Against that lay the very real possibility of falling victim to the virulently transformative powers of the phallic mushrooms' defensive 'spoo'.

There was no way to avoid the shroom spoo. If you wanted to pick a stalk, you didn't have any real choice but to take a good squirt of it. But where on one's naked body it was allowed to splatter, and how much the resulting fungal growth could be allowed to grow before it began to insinuate its substance into its new host's body were things that could only be learned by experience. Those who learned fast survived to become full time harvesters, or escape to some far less perilous occupation. Those who didn't learn quickly fell victim to the fungus, and never returned.

Daia carefully followed the sheen of murky water that marked the well worn path that she'd been assigned. Several centimeters of slimy, reddish brown mud lay beneath. This cold, briny smelling muck oozed up between her toes with each step. There was something about its particular viscosity that make it feel particularly

unpleasant. This certainly wasn't helped by the fact that it was also somehow managing to slowly make its way up her lower legs, forming a thick, wet coating that glistened in the few little rays of sunlight that managed to filter down through the high, thick forest canopy.

The tiyanni had watched the colonial girls slather their naked bodies in the distinctly uncomfortable ooze before they'd gone off into the swamp. They'd said it would help protect them from the shroom spoo. Daia hadn't really believed them. Nor had the other tourists. It just looked like something they were trying to get the newcomers to do just for a deeply perverse laugh. A slick, muddy hazing ritual of sorts, intended to convince the inexperienced to approach their quarry without the required level of caution, no doubt leading to reduced competition with those who failed to see through the game before it was too late.

I wonder how far I have to go before I find these mushrooms, Daia thought as she looked around at the massive tree trunks and the twisted roots that began to close in around the watery path, transforming it from a single clear path into a veritable maze of paths, pools, and the occasional

patch of raised dirt where a long since fallen tree had once stood, or where another was about to sprout. But so far, there was no sign of the creamy white patches of fungal mass, or of the pale blue phallic shafts that grew atop them. *I haven't seen a single one. And this place is so damned confusing! I'm going to get lost if I go much further!*

Fortunately the increasingly nervous tiyanni didn't have much further to go. Off to the left, she spied a collection of pale blue stalks that seemed to form one large, neat patch. She began to advance through the maze of twisted tree roots toward it, though she still wasn't quite clear on just what she was actually supposed to do when she got to it.

Daia hadn't been provided with any real instruction on harvesting odangi. All she knew was that she had to snap a mature stalk off at the base and put it in her basket. That and she shouldn't let the things spray any of their sticky spoo between her legs. Or on her face. Or, heaven forbid, actually swallow any of it. And using it for the sort of intimate purpose that its shape so boldly invited? That was absolutely beyond the pale of consideration!

That was it. That was all she'd been told, and it wasn't much. And it certainly wasn't nearly enough to guide her in harvesting the things from such a large patch without getting completely soaked in shroom spoo.

As the anxious tiyanni advanced toward her quarry, she saw another little mushroom patch to her right. And then another to her left. And then another. And another. Before she knew it, she was practically surrounded by them.

“Oh... wow!” Daia murmured as she looked around at the dozens and dozens of inviting mushrooms who all seemed to be inviting her to come closer and let them cover her body in their foul fungal ejaculate. “They’re... they’re everywhere!”

The patch that she'd first noticed had been upon a broad mound, rising about a meter above the swamp's watery surface. Now that she was closer, she could see that it wasn't so much one single patch, but a densely packed collection of small patches with little paths running between them, almost daring her to see what would happen if she

wandered into the middle of all those potently virile fungal phalli. Being as completely inexperienced as she was, she couldn't help but think of rushing in and grabbing as many as she could, as quickly as she could. They were just mushrooms, after all. Surely they couldn't respond to her presence very quickly. Could they?

Daia looked around at all the other odangi patches. The majority of these were tucked in close to the trunks of the massive trees which surrounded the mound, though a few were right out in the open, atop smaller mounds that poked up out of the slimy mud. These latter patches seemed like the easiest to pick for a novice, having only a few mature, peril filled stalks each. On the other hand, they were right out in the open, and the mushrooms themselves weren't the only peril close at hand.

The tiyanni had heard of mushroom zombies, of course. They were what happened when one got too much odangi spoo on their bodies. Or got it splattered onto the wrong places. Lumbering masses of leafy humanoid fungus, adorned with pheromone emitting blooms, and generally quite

insistent that interlopers share in their fungus-bound life experience.

“I really hope I don’t find one of those things,” Daia muttered as she looked around for a patch that wouldn’t leave her quite so exposed when she bent down to pick the stalks. Down to her right was a small patch with five mature stalks, tucked into the crook between a tree trunk and one of its twisted, protruding roots. It seemed like a much safer spot to try her luck.

“That looks like a better place to start,” she thought aloud as she stepped around the root to take a closer look at the mushrooms themselves. “Now...”

Without any warning, the biggest of the mature mushrooms bent toward Daia. The tiny, slit-like opening atop its tip relaxed.

Spluuuurt!

“AIEEEE!” the tiyanni shrieked as she felt the cool, sticky shroom-spoos suddenly splattering all over her knees and lower legs before she could

even register that the mushroom was about to ejaculate on her. She staggered back and tried to rub the thickening fluid off, but it was no use. It had instantly adhered to her skin, and all she managed to accomplish was to spread the sticky goo all over her hands and wrists. “Oh... oh... fuck! FUCK!”

There was nothing Daia could do but watch as the shroom spoo solidified into a lumpy coat of slightly-bluish, off-white fungal matter. She bit her lower lip and shifted about anxiously as a strange, fizzy, almost prickly feeling washed over the surface of her skin wherever the fungus adhered to it. This was followed by a strange smoothness that felt like she’d had fancy moisturizing lotion massaged into her skin rather than having it splattered with mushroom spoo. It felt... pleasant. Almost too pleasant, like it was already working to convince her that letting it spread over her entire body, transforming her into a mushroom zombie, might actually feel good.

“Dammit,” she huffed as horizontal ridges began to grow from the surface of the fungus on her lower legs and wrists. Their slowly expanding

edges shimmered with surreal iridescence in the uncertain, swampy daylight. “It’s... it’s...”

The badly shaken tiyanni took another step back and forced herself to take a long, deep breath. Never in a million years had she expected the odangi mushroom stalks to be nearly so quick or dexterous. She hadn’t had even a moment’s chance to react, let alone actually do anything tangible to avoid getting quite thoroughly spooqed. So far as she could see, there was just no way to avoid it. At the very least, she was going to get her arms and legs completely covered. But too much more than that, and...

Daia cringed at the thought of what might happen if the fungus managed to find its way into certain places, or even just come to cover enough of her body. There didn’t seem to be much choice but to take the risk though. Clearly, if she planned on actually picking any of the stalks, she was just going to have to endure getting splattered all over with their musty, semen-smelling effluent and hope for the best.

Despite the unpleasant conclusion, it wasn’t *entirely* unexpected. She’d seen plenty of pictures

and videos of of odangi picking colonial girls before. Every one of them involved girls have-coated in layer upon layer of leafy, iridescent fungus, grinning from ear to ear after a successful trip into the swamp. Whether they were grinning on account of the money they were making off each of the stalks they'd collected, the very pleasant feel of their fungal 'attire', or something else that the tiyanni had yet to discover, was an open question, and one she still wasn't quite sure she wanted to discover the answer to.

"It's okay," Daia tried comforted herself as she took a step back toward the little odangi patch. "All the girls get lots of fungus on them. It comes right off in the deshroomer. As long as I don't get too much..."

This time, Daia actually saw the mushrooms move. All five of the mature stalks aimed their tips toward her, and this time a few of them were aiming quite a bit higher than her lower legs. Instinct took over, and she turned away from the quivering mushrooms just as they unleashed their copious loads onto her legs and back.

Sploort! Sburt! Spluuuurt!

Daia gasped hard as the cool shroom spoo completed its coating of her lower legs, splattered half-way up the back of her thighs, and all over her mid and upper back. She cringed as the splatter was followed by that eerie tingle, and then that perfect, sensual smoothness. “Dammit!” she hissed as she quickly came to the conclusion that giving the fungus time for a third go at her was probably a very bad idea. If she was going to pick them, she was going to have to pick them quickly. “Dammit... dammit... dammit!”

Daia glanced down at the fungus and dropped to her knees, grabbing at the big, mature stalks as quickly as she could. One after the other, she snapped off in her fungus coated hands, and she thrust them into her basket without much regard to how much more shroom-spoo she was managing to squeeze out onto her arms in the process. “Dammit. I got them. I got them all. Thank the heavens!”

The tiyanni grabbed at the tree root and struggled to get up from the thick mud that seemed to suck on her legs, trying its hardest to keep her kneeling there in front of the little fungus

patch. A strange thought of staying there until the other stalks matured and covered her with their own ejaculate crossed her mind. It was ridiculous, of course. By the time they matured, the fungus already growing on her body would have long since covered her and turned her into a mushroom zombie.

It took a few long minutes, but Daia finally managed to free herself from the muck. She twisted to one side and plopped her round rump onto the smooth, unpleasantly cold tree root beside the odangi patch. Her newly acquired patches of fungal growth were already forming their own ridges. The feel of the light, yet stiff, fungus across her shoulder blades made her feel strange. It didn't really restrict her own movement, but it moved very much as if it were a part of her own body, fixed upon her spine, and ever-so-slowly edging its way up to the base of her neck.

“Five. Only five of these dammed shrooms,” Daia grunted as she took stock of the slowly growing fungus upon her arms and back. “Only five. It’s going to be embarrassing to go back with so few. But... heavens, this stuff. It’s growing all over me!”

The tiyanni could actually see the fungal matter slowly spreading over her skin. Little filaments grew from the edges, slowly forming webs, than themselves slowly closed up into a solid coating. Patches grew toward one another, threatening to join together into a solid coating. And they grew toward those places where she was told the fungus should never be allowed. Those openings in which it could become entrenched, rendering it irremovable, and making her transformation into a mushroom zombie inevitable.

“At least it feels kind of nice,” Daia sighed as she looked back to her little basket with its five mushrooms and prominent biohazard labels. It felt much more than just ‘kind of nice’ now. It felt genuinely good. So much so that she found herself not really caring how far it spread, as long as it didn’t spread to those delicate places from which it could never be extracted. “And I can’t go back with so few. I just can’t. It’s not growing all that fast. Maybe if I can find another patch with just a few. Enough to fill my basket half way. That should be enough for my first time doing this.”

The tiyanni stood up and reached down for her basket.

Schluck. Glurp. Blup.

Daia froze. Something was behind her. It was close. Very, very close. Was it one of the other mushroom pickers? Or was it...

“Well, well, well,” the interloper purred. “What *do* we have here?”

Daia sighed. It was just one of her fellow pickers. She started to turn, to scold the woman for startling her, but found herself held in place by two fungus coated hands on her shoulders. Three fingers and a thumb. Fey’li. “Hey! Would you...”

“Come on sweetie,” the fey’li giggled as she forced the startled tiyanni to sit back down onto the tree root. “Relax. Enjoy the ambiance. The smell. The sweet, sweet smell. It smells so nice, doesn’t it?”

Daia took a deep breath with the full intention of letting loose on the fey’li. Something in the air changed her mind. It was subtle. Insidious. A hint

of spice. A faint waft of something warm and meaty. A soft touch of distant floral notes. And something... something that she just couldn't find a name for.

“Mmm,” the fey'li purred as she rubbed the tiyanni's shoulders. “It smells as good as your beautiful coat of odangi feels, doesn't it?”

“I... what the... what the hell?!?” Daia sputtered as she turned to look over her shoulder. “What the... the...”

The tiyanni gasped as she found herself being held down by a creature that looked for all the world like a mushroom zombie. But it wasn't quite a mushroom zombie. At least not yet. The face of the cougaress was still largely free of fungal growth, as was the lower half of her broadly flicking tail. The rest of her body, however...

Daia couldn't help herself but stare into the colorful, vertically split blooms of fungus that grew upon the fey'li's breasts. Another, larger such bloom grew forward from between her legs. Everywhere else was covered with rumply, iridescent ridges. Everywhere else besides her

head, which was surrounded by a mesh-like web of spore structure, and capped by a relatively flat, shoulder-breadth mushroom cap that was a very glossy pale blue.

“Get off me!” the tiyanni huffed. “I’ve got to... I want to enjoy this... I mean... I... well... just... just go be a zombie someplace else, will you?!?”

“I know you want to enjoy it,” the fungus covered fey’li cooed, leaning in until the blooms upon her chest began to rub awkwardly against the growing fungal ridges on Daia’s back. “And I’m going to help you.”

“I don’t need... I don’t... I... uh... what do you mean?” the tiyanni replied. Something about that strange smell was making her feel very, very weird. She knew she should have found the almost-zombie terrifying. She knew she should be doing anything and everything that she possibly could to escape its grasp. But it was just so much easier to sit there and inhale the monster’s bizarre odor and look at those pretty blooms on its tits. So much easier and, with each successive breath, so much more pleasing to the sensibilities.

The fungus covered fey'li chuckled. "Don't you wanna know what it *really* feels like?"

"I... uh... maybe?" Daia replied. Again, she knew exactly what the creature meant. There was no doubt in her mind about that. Nor was there any doubt that she should probably be refusing. Or resisting. But on the other hand, it already felt so good. Why shouldn't she let it grow a bit more? They'd told her that the fungus generally didn't invade a picker's nipples. If she let it cover her breasts, would she get her own pair of pretty blooms? How would they feel? Would they feel as good as the rest? Or... would they feel even better?

"Well then," the fungal fey'li purred. "Take a deep breath. Stand up. Because, well, I'm gonna make you feel absolutely incredible!"

Daia took a deep breath and hesitated. She really, really, *really* didn't want to be turned into a mushroom zombie. At the same time, she just couldn't help but really, really, *really* want to know what being covered in fungus felt like. Was it all going to feel as smooth and silky as it felt on her arms, legs and back? Was it going to feel even

better the more it covered? And what about those magnificent blooms? Surely they must feel amazing!

The tiyanni took another deep breath and stood up. She just had to know.

The fungus covered fey'li drew her captive away from the picked odangi patch, toward another that was also tucked in close beside a tree trunk. "This is gonna be so much fun. It's gonna feel so good. You just wait and see!"

Daia couldn't help but notice that the fey'li's fungus coating had grown down her tail until only about a quarter was still free. She could see little threads beginning to grow over her face as well. She wondered if the fungus had somehow delayed its victim's total zombification in order to snare her as well. It seemed unlikely. Unless, of course, it was somehow insinuating itself into the fey'li's mind, and using her brain as its own source of 'intelligence'.

"Here we are," the fungal fey'li purred as she stopped her captive in front of the pristine fungal patch. "Oh... this is going to be so much fun!"

Daia looked down at the eight mature stalks. Was she just supposed to step forward and let them spray her with all their shroom spoo, all at once? Or was she...

“AH!” the tiyanni gasped as her captor bumped her knees forward from behind. She fell forward onto the hands and knees, and before she knew it she was staring straight down into the waiting fungal phalli.

Splot! Spluuuurt! Splooooooort!

In an instant, Daia’s face, shoulders and chest were completely covered in shroom-spoo. It was in her ears. In her nose. In her mouth. It tasted salty, with a faint undertone of roasted beef, and a tingly, soapy tang that made her want to spit it out. But she didn’t. Because she couldn’t.

The tiyanni squirmed and tried to get up and she fungus solidified around her face and chest. She couldn’t see. She could barely hear. For a moment she thought she couldn’t breathe either. But as the fungus solidified, it became porous and

foam-like, allowing air to pass freely into her lungs.

The fungal fey'li rolled her captive over, presenting the back of her head to the shrooms as they ejaculated for a second time.

Daia wiggled and shuddered as she felt the new mass of fungus solidify around the back of her head and merge into the fungus already on her back and arms. This fungus was already growing around her sides to merge with that which was covering her chest. Only her upper thighs and abdomen were left free of the growth, but she had no doubt that this would soon be rectified by her captor.

The tiyanni barely noticed as her captor pulled her away from the fungal patch and laid her down upon a particularly large, flat tree root. Her mind swam with the wonderful tingly sensations as the fungus solidified and grew upon her body. The smooth, silky sensation that followed was no longer merely pleasing. It was positively pleasurable, like the most wonderful of high class skin treatments, taken to an impossibly exquisite extreme.

One pair of places were, for the moment, left in a state of constant tingly arousal. Daia could feel the blooms growing upon her chest. They felt snug upon her modest breasts, holding them just so, like a perfectly custom fitted bra. Each of the bloom's colorful leaves felt like a faint, rumply ridge upon her chest, and their central clefts seemed to tug ever-so-gently upon her perky little nipples.

The captive tiyanni panted through her foamy fungal gag as her captor began to take liberties with her prostrate body. Fungal fingers caressed her firm tummy. They slid down over her hips. Further toward her thighs. Smoothly. Gently. Arousingly.

Daia continued to huff and pant as the fungus grew around her head, forming an expanding maze of spore structure while the first shiny patches of her eventual cap began to form over the top of her head. *It feels so good*, she thought as the fungus slowly spread up her thighs, down over the small of her back and tummy. Any lingering thoughts she might have had about being transformed into a fungus zombie were washed out of her mind by the fungus as it spread down

her throat, and up into her sinuses. As on the surface of her skin, it all tingled a bit, and then went so wonderfully smooth. *This feel so perfect. So perfect. So... so...*

Fungal fingers slid down between the helpless tiyanni's legs. They began to toke at her womanly folds. Press into that spot that made her delicate flesh sing. For a moment, her mind swam as the old, familiar source of sexual pleasure crashed into the new. The fungal smoothness was a kind of sexual pleasure now. A different kind of sexual pleasure. Pure, unfettered arousal of the flesh. Not just the tender pink flesh in a specific, deeply intimate place. An arousal of all the surface of her body, brought about in by her formerly unthinkable fungal copulation. And an arousal which demanded consummation without further delay.

Daia quivered upon the tree root as the fungal fingers pulled away. For a moment she was left to steep in the blissfully smooth, wonderfully aroused feel of the fungus as it slowly spread its filaments up her thighs, and down over her bellybutton. Her ability to form words was gone, buried under the increasingly intense sensations

that filled her mind. Indeed, everything was pure sensation to her now. Pure sensation, and desire to finish what had been started.

The tiyanni shuddered as new squirts of mushroom spoo splattered between her legs and all over her belly. No doubt her captor was responsible. She didn't mind. The faster she could feel the fungus covering every single millimeter of her body, the better.

The new fungus solidified as the fungal fey'li pulled her captive from the tree root and forced her to stand.

More fresh shroom spoo splattered over Daia's rump and thighs. Before she knew it, not a speck of olive flesh was left open to the air. The last tingles of fungal solidification pricked at her skin. The deeply sensual, intensely sexual smoothness that covered her became all-encompassing. Indeed, it became more than just all-encompassing. It became all-consuming.

The fungus encased tiyanni just stood still as the small fungal ridges which were growing over much of her body spread out and formed layer

upon layer of iridescent leaves. The blooms which so snugly held her breasts aloft were joined by third, much larger bloom between her legs. Its vertical leaves hung upon her pelvis and the soft flesh between her legs, sliding and rubbing into her folds with every little movement in her legs.

The brownish, sponge-like spore structure that completely encased Daia's head became firmer, locking her head in a neutral forward position. Atop grew the shoulder-width cap, bluer and perhaps even a bit shinier than that of her captor. And as it grew, her mind slipped further and further into a state where all that existed were sensations and the most basic of primal instincts.

Daia began to feel all tingly again. The fungus was insinuating itself into her flesh, filling her with countless little threads by which it could control her now puppet-like body. Her skin merged with the fungus that covered it, allowing her to feel its surface as her own. It felt dull. Distant. Except for those three blooms, which felt wonderfully aroused.

The new mushroom zombie shambled away from the place of its creation. Puffs of potent

pheromones found their way from within her blooms, each bringing with it a magnificent burst of pure, mind bending pleasure. Fungal orgasms, courtesy of the new organs which had now spread into and subsumed the intimate flesh upon which they'd first grown.

To the creature once called Daia, these constant pulses of fungal pleasure had combined with the feel of her dull fungal body to form the entirety of her new existence. Physical sensation without thoughts, provided by a body that, for all intents and purposes, belonged to a completely different living organism. An organism that desired only one thing: to find other mushroom pickers, and make them into new mushroom zombies. Mushroom zombies that would one day dissolve to become new patches of odangi, thereby completing the fungus' cycle of life.

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COMING NEXT MONTH...*