

# GELITECH

XINTA TEMPLE REBORN

EPISODE 1

- TOURISTS -

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### TOURISTS

There was a certain, unmistakable smell in the air. It came borne on a cold wind from the west. A damp, earthen odor that seemed completely out of place amid the hustle and bustle of the big city. It was a sign. An omen. A clear declaration by Mother Nature of what was soon to come.

The clouds had been growing darker by the hour. The first, hesitant drops of rain had already begun to fall. The surrounding city grew eerily silent as their light patter echoed among the ancient stones of harsh black granite. Their tender touch spread a perfectly polished sheen over the massive, angular shapes. The sparkling lights of the city glittered upon the smooth, wet faces,

highlighting the little crystals embedded within the stone, an even mix of clear quartz and vivid purple amethyst.

The dark, foreboding edifice had always seemed to linger on the edge of reality. Even when dry, its stone appeared to draw the very light from the air around it. But now, as mid-afternoon began to look more like midnight, the temple's nine massive obelisks looked as if their rain-wet surfaces were becoming gateways to another dimension, holes in reality which the eyes of mere mortals strained to comprehend.

Equally difficult for mortal minds to comprehend was the sheer scale of the sacrifice which had once occurred within the temple's menacing obelisks. No one really knew how many had simply vanished from the mortal realm within their black granite masses. How many millions had been cast, according the ancient stories, directly into the embrace of the Nine Heavenly Hells by the temple's purple slime 'magic'? One

hundred? Two hundred? According to the physical evidence, enough to wear away the hard granite steps leading into the monuments a dozen times over, at the very least.

*This is so damned boring, Kyah quipped to herself as she followed the lazy flow of fellow tourists up a short flight of newly resurfaced steps and onto the low platform which surrounded one of the ancient temple's eight lesser obelisks. All she does is talk. There are hardly any exhibits. What's the point of it all?*

The lavender skinned, elf eared ashiri certainly had cause to be annoyed. The brochures had been full of titillating suggestiveness about what had taken place within the ancient temple walls, many millennia ago. Full of hints about what might still be found in its darkest recesses. Lurking. Waiting for the right moment to come back to life. To consume all that might wander within reach of its magical purple slime powers.

So far, however, all that Kyah had seen was a bunch of bare workshops and bland bedchambers where the temple servants had once lived and worked for their key'vin'ta masters, or mistresses, as the case happened to be. There had been nothing exotic or mysterious about it all. Nothing even remotely stimulating of the imagination. And no real sign of all that purple slime that was supposed to be biding its time, in wait for some new power to take control of it.

The only thing even remotely titillating about any of it was the fact that she, and all of the other women visiting the temple were required to do so completely in the nude. The tour guide had said it was 'traditional servant's attire day' or something like that. Apparently, key'vin'ta servants weren't allowed to wear clothing. The fey'li didn't seem to mind. Or the mitanni. But everyone else seemed just as awkward and embarrassed as she was.

Kyah began to wonder if any of the other tour groups were having a more interesting time of it

all. It was clearly a very busy day at the temple, despite the looming storm. Each group consisted of six to eight visitors, led by a lone tour guide. Her group's tour guide was clearly one of the less lively ones, and didn't seem particularly invested in anything they'd come across so far. Not that there had been all that much to become invested in.

*Dammit, Kyah thought as the sparse raindrops to began to get larger. We'd better not get stuck here! It wasn't supposed to start raining for at least another four hours!*

The morning forecast had definitely said the storm wouldn't be starting in earnest until at least the early evening. There should have been plenty of time for a full tour of the temple, an early dinner, and a nice, slow walk back to the hotel before things got too intense to safely be out and about. Now, it seemed, the storm was nearly upon city, four hours early. With all the benefits of

modern technology, how could the forecast have been so wrong?

*Are we seriously going to get stuck in this yawn-fest for two whole days?* Kyah wondered as the guide directed the group into the tall, obelisk shaped portal that led into the obelisk's interior. It was dark as dark could be. She could make out a raised platform in the back of the tall interior chamber, but that was about it.

Lightning flashed off to the west, illuminating the temple in a momentary, and deeply unsettling sort of blue-white glow. A roll of distant thunder soon followed, rumbling its way through the city before echoing about among the temple's hard granite structures. A less grounded mind might have heard it as the thunderous speech of some dark god, coming down from the heavens to command his following to commit unspeakable acts in the temple's deepest, darkest recesses. The ashiri couldn't help but wonder if the ancient

key'vin'ta who'd built the temple had done something to create that effect on purpose.

A shrill *whoop whoop* followed close after the rumble of thunder. The leading edge of the storm proper was approaching the neighboring city of Runai. It was time to find shelter, and stay there until the storm had passed.

Kyah groaned to herself as she followed the others into obelisk. The storm was still at least twenty minutes away, but the guides didn't seem very interested in helping them find some more sensible place to take shelter. Indeed, they seemed almost giddy at the prospect of a long stay inside the completely inadequate structure. So too did many of her fellow tourists. In fact, it almost seemed like they'd planned for it.

“This is gonna be so much fun!” one of the leopardess tourists giggled to a friend. “I'm so glad we made it in time!”



“Yeah, huh?” the friend, also a leopardess, replied. “Five more minutes and we’d have missed our chance!”

Kyah certainly didn’t share the fey’li’s sentiments. Her mood certainly didn’t improve when it became quite clear that the guide had no intention of hurrying things along. If they didn’t get out of the tower before the storm swept in, then it surely wouldn’t be safe to go out until it was all said and done. It was just plain crazy. Where were they supposed to sleep? Were there even any sanitary facilities? Surely they weren’t going to be expected to...

All of a sudden, the displeased ashiri found her tour group of six being split in half. The tour guide directed the latter up some stairs and onto the elevated platform. She and the two giddy leopardesses, however, were directed toward the center of the chamber and onto a strange depression in the floor that looked almost like a fountain of some sort. The outer edges were raised

by about ten centimeters, while a larger ridge in the center was raised by just over half a meter. In the middle of this was a meter wide hole that led down into pitch blackness.

The hole in the middle of the depression was matched by one in the high ceiling overhead. A dull purple light illuminated the area above, and then another area above that. And another. Exactly how many chambers might be located above the obelisk's ground floor was impossible to tell, but clearly there was more to the structure than first met the eye.

“Go ahead and sit down,” the tour guide cooed as she joined the others on the raised platform. “Get comfortable. In a few moments, the lift will descend, and you'll be able to gaze upon on the temple's eight grant mechanisms by which the ancient key'vin'ta drew forth the power of their captive's soul energy in order to energize the central obelisk and its series of transdimensional lenses. While you're doing that, I shall show the

others where you all will be spending the duration of the storm. Once you're done, you'll swap places."

"Awesome!" the first leopardess giggled.

"This is so much fun!" the second replied.

Kyah reluctantly sat down along with her fellow tourists. *Finally, something interesting*, she thought as the platform began to feel a bit wobbly beneath her. *Woah... this... this isn't...*

The ground suddenly gave way beneath the confused ashiri. At least, that was how it seemed. The lift, so far as she could tell, wasn't actually attached to anything. Nor was it gravity-anchored like a modern free-lift would be. It rocked back and forth, only a few centimeters each way, in an undulation that shifted its axis a few degrees with each wobble. To say that the feel of it was disconcerting would have been a considerable understatement.

*Thanks the divines I don't get motion sickness,*  
Kyah thought as the lift slowly dropped down  
through a short shaft and into the pitch black abyss.

“Oh... wow!” the second leopardess exclaimed  
as a purple light beneath the lift platform  
illuminated the square chamber into which they  
were now descending. “That’s... that’s...”

“Awesome!” the first sputtered with unabashed  
delight at the sight.

It took a few moments longer for Kyah’s less  
sensitive eyes to adjust to the strange lighting.  
Once it they had, the ashiri found herself gazing  
upon an array of large, oval half-bubbles which  
covered all four of the chamber’s walls. They  
looked as if they were made of opaque glass,  
though exactly what color they might have  
actually been was impossible to tell in the dim  
purple light.

The half-bubbles were all arranged in a very precise vertical pattern consisting of rows of four, in between which were partially overlapping rows of three. Each of the four walls were indistinguishable from one another. Besides their vast number of perfectly identical lumps, they were devoid of any other features. There was nothing to suggest exactly how the whole thing worked, and no sign at all of the sorts of enticingly erotic purple slime ‘magic’ hinted at in the highly suggestive brochures.

“Those are all purple slime, aren’t they?” the first leopardess said as the lift kept descending. “Every one of them... can you even imagine? A girl inside every one of them, getting their soul sucked into the Heavenly Hells to power the temple!”

“And as soon as they go, another one comes to take their place,” the second said. “I didn’t believe it when they said that millions were brought here to get their souls sucked into the Hells... but...”

yeah. Look at all of them. And this is just one of the eight!”

“Do you think it’s true?” the first asked. “That when lightning hits the obelisk... that the purple slime re-energizes and sucks up anyone who’s inside?”

Kyah looked at the leopardess with a distinct sense of alarm. Granted, the storm was still probably about twenty minutes away. Surely, they wouldn’t be floating around down beneath the temple for that long. But still...

“Did you just say that this place will suck your soul out if lightning hits hit?” the ashiri asked.

“That’s what everyone says,” the second leopardess replied. “And it happens really often too. Every time there’s a storm tour like this. Goddess, I’d pay to be able to watch it happen! That would be so awesome, wouldn’t it?”

“Yeah, but wouldn’t we have to actually be in here when lighting struck?” Kyah inquired. “Wouldn’t that mean that we’d be the ones getting our souls sucked out?”

“Well... yeah,” the second leopardess responded with a shrug. “But if you want to see some things, well, I guess you just have to risk getting into them yourself, right?”

Kyah rolled her eyes. She’d always heard that fey’li curiosity often outweighed their survival instincts, especially when it came to anything that might be considered passably erotic. Clearly, she’d heard right.

Seeing where the ancient was more than enough for Kyah. She had absolutely no interest in finding out what being a key’vin’ta captive was really like. Not on a personal level, at least. But if someone else wanted to show her using their own body as the example, she definitely wasn’t going to complain.

The lift kept descending, passing a seemingly endless series of solidified purple slime ovals. Whatever initial fascination Kyah might have had with the featureless shapes was quickly wearing off. *No wonder the tour guide was so boring, she thought to herself as she watched the glistening half-bubbles pass. Even in the middle of the place where the key'vin'ta sacrificed all their captives, it's just as plain and boring!*

“Wow, this is really deep, isn't it?” the first leopardess murmured as the lift platform continued to descend. “How far down are we going to go?”

“Not much further, I hope,” Kyah responded with a frown. She was starting to wonder if the whole thing was timed to ensure that they'd still be in the chamber when the storm reached the temple. Perhaps the whole lightning thing was just a story, but if it wasn't... “You don't think they're



trying to make sure we're in here when lighting strikes, do you?"

"Probably," the first leopardess giggled. "But that's all part of the fun, isn't it?"

Kyah was about to respond with a comment about their very different ideas about the definition of fun when a strange, fizzy sound buzzed through the dimly lit chamber.

"What was that?" the second leopardess asked.

"I don't know," the first replied. "Weird, wasn't it?"

"Lighting?" the second inquired.

"No," the first responded. "I don't think so. The storm's still..."

The fizzy sound filled the chamber. This time it was quite a bit louder. It also lasted considerably

longer. Kyah looked around. Nothing seemed amiss, although...

*My eyes must be playing tricks on me*, she thought. For a very brief moment, it had looked as if a very faint column of purple light had shimmered down from above, through the hole in the lift platform's center, and down into the darkness below. By the time she'd noticed it, however, it was already fading away. *Dammit. I could have sworn...*

There were a few seconds of near perfect silence. Then the fizzy sound roared into the chamber like a waterfall of hissing electric static. A column of vivid purple light sliced down the center of the chamber. It flickered and flared before settling into a stable beam of hissing purple energy.

“What the...” Kyah sputtered in shock as she shifted away from the platform's center. There was little room to move, however, and she found

herself gripping the raised outer rim of the wobbly platform with one hand, but too reluctant to move the rest of herself toward the edge by more than a few centimeters.

“Wow!” the first leopardess exclaimed, staring wide-eyed into the stream of alien energy. “That’s... that’s incredible!”

“But what does it mean?” the second leopardess asked. “Do you think it means the temple is...”

“Oh... oh wow,” the first leopardess interrupted. “The purple slime! It’s... alive!”

Kyah looked away from the hissing energy, toward the walls of the chamber. All of the half-bubbles were now glowing with the same purple luminescence as the energy stream. Ripples flowed over their surfaces as they transitioned from solid to liquid. They began to undulate. Those nearest the level of the platform even

seemed as if they were stretching out toward the three women sitting upon it.

“What... what’s happening?” the first leopardess stammered as the lift platform suddenly stopped its descent.

“I... I don’t know,” the second responded with a look of mixed confusion, amazement, and nervous anxiety fixed upon her face.

Whatever was happening, Kyah was quickly coming to the conclusion that she didn’t want any part of it. She carefully peered over the edge of the platform in hopes that some means of escape might present itself. Her hopes were almost instantly dashed. There were only more of the glowing purple slime bubbles, and beyond, at the very bottom of the vast chamber, was an upward facing pyramid shape.

The pyramid’s tip was the source of the energy beam. Or perhaps it was the receiving end. It was

impossible to tell. All that was for certain was that the only entrance into the chamber was from above, and unless the platform suddenly decided to head back up, there was no escape.

*Goddess, I hope this is just a show!* Kyah thought as the nearest of the purple slime bubbles began to seem quite intent on leaving their places on the walls and jumping onto the platform. The wobbled. They wiggled. They stretched. And then...

Time seemed to slow to a standstill. Kyah could see the thick tendril break through the surface of one of the bubbles. It flew toward her with such speed that she couldn't have avoided it if she'd been given the chance to try. All she managed to do was get up on her knees and turn away from it.

Kyah's jaw dropped as she saw another tendril of slime wrap around the first leopares's waist and bodily lift her up off the platform. The second was not far behind her friend. Exactly what the slime

was going to do to them, that was something she really wanted to know. But, just as the tendrils began to reel in their feline prey, the stunned ashiri found herself in the midst of her own very slimy ensnarement.

Thick, cold wetness pressed into the small of Kyah's back. It instantly adhered to her violet skin, ensuring that there would be no escaping its grasp. "AaaaaaaAAAH!" she cried out as it oozed around her sides and down her back. It took only a few short seconds for it to completely wrap around her waist. In an instant, she was being lifted off the platform, and being pulled back toward the purple slime bubble form which the tendril had come.

"Oh... oh... ohno... ohno," Kyah sputtered as the tendril leaned her forward. Her feet pressed into the surface of the bubble. For a moment it seemed as if the slick, rubbery feeling surface wouldn't give way. Then, with a loud, wet pop,

she was in up to her knees. “Ah... oh... oh shit... oh shit!”

Kyah barely had time to process what was happening. It took barely a second for her to be pulled in up to her thighs. In another second, the slime was pressing up between her legs, and sliding over her womanly folds. There was a sharp flash of strange, alien... something. She became instantly aroused in a purely physical, purely sexual way. It took less than a second before she felt as if she was on the precipice of erotic release.

“Oh... oh goddess,” Kyah sputtered as the intense physical urge to mate rapidly overcame whatever willpower she might have mustered toward some effort to escape the slime’s grasp, no matter how vain it might have been. “Can’t... ah... ah... just... can’t...”

Kyah was soon into the slime over her hips. The slime was into her as well. She’d hardly felt it go in, but now as the tendril surrounding her waist

merged back into the slime bubble, the slime began to throb inside of her. It didn't feel like sex. It didn't make her any more aroused that she already was. It just held her there, at the edge of an orgasm that she just couldn't seem to achieve.

More slime was now pressing all up and down her back. It bound her arms behind her, and wrapped around her neck. It tugged on her hair, pulling her chin up, while it shifted her into a forward leaning position. Her legs and arms felt like they were dissolving away into a strange, wet, blissful nothingness.

Kyah wanted to moan, but no sound came out of her mouth. She'd stopped breathing altogether. Her heart had stopped beating as well. The nothingness that her limbs had become seemed to be spreading out from her throbbing double-penetrations, dissolving her from the inside out.

There was nothing Kyah could do but hang there within the slime, perfectly still and staring



straight across the chamber with a slack jaw and an expression of blissful erotic terror on her face. She was dead. But she was also still very much alive. The slime was keeping her in this half-state. It had to, if it was going to harvest any energy from the connection between her mortal body and her immortal soul that resided in some higher-order dimension. And to do that, it was going to keep her at the cusp of orgasmic release for as long as it could.

Kyah didn't understand how she somehow understood what was happening to her. She just... knew. Had the slime somehow communicated this to her? Or was it some deeper power within the temple?

Kyah could feel the flow of energy. It was a spiral. A whirlpool that came from some place beyond comprehension, and ended in her physical brain. The stronger it became, the more confused her thoughts became. Memories began to mix in strange ways as the sheer power passing through

her began to reconfigure neurons in unpredictable ways.

No matter how much Kyah's mind was blended and reshaped, the pure physical arousal stood at the very forefront of her living stream of consciousness. It was the only thing that she could clearly understand. Arousal, and the consummation that would give her pleasure beyond mortal belief.

Another whirlpool was beginning to form. A darker whirlpool, leading down into some incomprehensible abyss. That was the path she wanted to take. The path of erotic release, descending into eternal bliss.

As the new whirlpool grew within her mind, the old faded away. The slime just couldn't resist her primal need to pass through orgasm. The old whirlpool snapped away from her brain. Intense muscular contractions pulled at her pelvis and abdomen. All the confusion in her mind was

washed away in a wave of pure, unbridled pleasure.

What remained of Kyah's body melted into the purple slime as the mind blissfully spun about as it fell into the darkness. The world became nothing, even as some semblance of order returned to her mind. Memories returned. Thoughts became familiar and coherent. But something was different. Something had changed.

Kyah no longer had any sense of self preservation. No survival instinct whatsoever. She didn't need any of that, of course. She was dead, after all. Wasn't she?

A new world seemed to be forming around the ahsiri. A world of shapes shrouded in mist. Strange shapes. Moving shapes. Sounds of horror. Sounds of pleasure. Voices. And one, darkly effeminate voice which seemed to rise above the others.

“It would seem that the old temple has brought us a new plaything,” the voice slithered directly into Kyah’s mind as her felt her body begging to re-form amid the mist. “What pleasure does it find most vile, hmm? Do we keep it as it is and give it to the sensual beasts who disgust it the most? Or to we give it a pleasurable shape which it finds monstrously horrid? Or do we let it wander until fate decides for it? Decisions, decisions...”

Kyah fell to her knees on a patch of soft, warm sand. She didn’t know what to do. Or what to say.

“Such a pretty little one, isn’t it?” the voice cooed. “Such a delicate little mind. Let’s let it wander, and terrify itself into something more suitable for its purpose. That would be fun, wouldn’t it?”

All at once, the voices vanished. Kyah was alone in the mist. Alone with who-knew what else. Alone in the Nine Heavenly Hells, where she was fated to spend an eternity of pleasurable horror,

-serving its otherworldly denizens as little more than a toy.

*I can't believe this place is actually real, Kyah thought as she stood up and headed into the densest part of the mist. Well... I'm going to get fucked by demons one way or another, aren't I? I guess there's no point in putting it off, is there?*

THE END