

GELITECH

SEASON 2 - EPISODE 9
HOLY HELL

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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HOLY HELL

Chyka stopped one step short of actually entering Xinta Temple's second lens chamber. Confusion gripped her mind as she tried her level best to make sense of what she was seeing. A dozen or more glistening black biogel bodies littered the floor. But... these were not smooth, sexy gummies. They were shriveled, almost skeletal, like biogel versions of the living dead.

“What... what's going on?” Chyka sputtered in utter disbelief as she looked up to lock eyes with none other than Matron T'myne. “What... what happened here? And.. why are you all...”

“Naked?” Matron T'myne replied with an angry scowl and a gesture around the chamber at the two dozen other Gelitech models and staff who

were standing within the chamber along with her. “We were all very sincerely hoping that *you* could enlighten us!”

“Our biogel suits just melted away!” one of Gelitechs newest models, a tall, slender leopardess called Kaimie sputtered.

“And then the puddle just... just...” another Gelitech model, a sable skinned half-ashiri called Si’anne stammered.

“Evaporated!” a third model, an olive green scaled kilaan exclaimed.

“But that’s...” Chyka responded with stunned skepticism, despite the fact that she too had clearly been subjected to the same thing. She looked from one woman to the next. They were all just standing there staring at her, naked as naked could be. Many of them looked frightened, and their periodic glances down at the skeletal gummies made the cause all too clear.

“Impossible?” Tashie growled as she lowered the short framed automatic biogel pellet gun and snarled. “It’s even reverting biogel body mods! It’s crazy! Crazy!!!”

Chyka was left doubly startled by the sudden ‘reappearance’ of the tigress who’d seen to her recruitment into the Gelitech ranks, not to mention her copulation with the first of her several biogel wives. The tigress was completely back to her normal self, despite the purported impossibility to reversing the sort of nearly total body mod that she’d been subjected to. At the same time, and much to the little snow leopardess’ puzzlement, the tigress didn’t seem even remotely happy with it. Had she really been enjoying life as a nearly mindless, sexless servant? Or did her displeasure have more to do with the one that was standing beside her?

“You all told me that such a thing was completely impossible!” Ri’dae, the violet mitanni

who'd shared the tigress' mind blunting, iridescent pink biogel transfiguration. "It is not fair that she gets to walk and talk again after so badly losing! It is not fair at all!"

"You lost too!" Tashie snapped, poking at her peril-play opponent. "And you're walking and won't stop talking either! It's all fair and square!"

"I demand a rematch!" Ri'dae snapped.

"Girls!" Matron T'myne snapped. "There will be more than time enough for a rematch later. If there is a later. There's far more important matters at hand right now! Dr. Mika... tell Chyka what you think is going on."

"As far as I can ascertain under the extremely difficult circumstances," Dr. Mika began with far more than her usual grumpy flatness, "Shi has somehow managed to cause the dissolution of Omega biogel from the body of anyone who has had more than a passing association with you. At

least in the general locality. The purpose, no doubt, is to neutralize our influence on matters.”

“Why not just glisten us all then?” another Gelitech model, a modestly proportioned lavender ashiri called Oyami asked.

“Because our conscious minds would become part of Omega,” Dr. Mika replied. “By stripping us of our biogel, Shi has completely parted us from Omega, and prepared us to be subsumed by her own, Old Three Core gel.”

“How is she going to manage that?” Chyka asked with a raised eyebrow. “Is she still confined to Dari? What’s going on up there?”

“She’s still confined, as far as we know,” Dr. Mika replied. “But her... zombies...”

“Zombies?” Chyka questioned as she finally stepped into the chamber to take a second look at

the inanimate skeletal gummies. “Is that what these things are?”

“I don’t know how, but all of the Old Three biogel gummies have come to life,” Dr. Mika responded with a deep frown and far more exposition that was necessary given the circumstances. “They’re shambling, semi-liquid monstrosities who’s only solid structures are their firmer internal ‘skeletons’. Their biogel drips away, leaving the harder internal ‘bones’ more visible, giving them the appearance of the walking dead. But... that dripping and oozing allows their virulently active substance to be transferred by touch.”

“Oh, goddess! It was horrible!” Kaimie groaned. “It just spread right over them and the next thing they were zombies too!”

“Thus far these zombies have only seen fit to pursue our own group, only zombifying others who’ve accidentally gotten in the way in the

process,” Matron T’myne observed. “Omega liquid reactive biogel has proven effective at neutralizing them so far, but we were only able to grab a limited number of pellet projectors and ammunition before we were forced to flee.”

“I’m afraid they’re going to start zombifying anyone they can get their biogel on,” Dr. Mika noted with an even deeper frown. “It’s going to be the only way they can overwhelm us from all possible angles.”

“We have managed to block ourselves here in the main obelisk,” Matron T’myne stated with a deeply displeased tone in her voice. “We have a fair number of the fully automatic Biogel Games pellet projectors, but only so much ammunition to go around. If the zombies are able to break down the makeshift barriers... we will not last very long!”

“That... shouldn’t be a problem,” Chyka noted with a vicious little smile. “We may only have so

much biogel, but we have plenty of purple slime. If we can't glisten them, then we'll send them straight to the Hells."

"Ta'ti'ak'ah!" Ki'su exclaimed from behind one of the chambers guardian statues. "That is the spirit! But..."

"But what?" Chyka asked.

"Mi'da'nu," Ki'su answered, shaking her head as she drew a dusty old key'vin'ta staff from her hiding place. "We are the temple's only priestesses and you... you are needed to activate the temple's greater powers."

Chyka couldn't help but wonder where Ki'su had found her new staff. There weren't any other intact examples anywhere in Mashiva. If there had been one in the temple, surely the cultists would have found it. Unless they were too well hidden. Perhaps they had been hidden in such a fashion

that only a properly ordained priestess could access them?

In the end, it didn't matter where Ki'su had gotten her staff. Even a pair of priestesses weren't going to be able to guard more than one entry point. If there were enough zombies, even one priestess to a passage wasn't going to cut it. Every target would require at least a few moments' concentration, but all it would take to zombie a priestess was one errant droplet of zombie biogel sent flying through the air unseen, and virtually unstoppable.

"We need more priestesses," Chyka stated. "But we don't have staffs. And even if we did... I... I don't feel right asking..."

Ki'su responded by pulling another staff from her hiding place.

“Where... where did you get that?” Chyka demanded. “Don’t tell me you can just make staves whenever you want to!”

“Ki’mu’pa,” Ki’su replied. “The high priestesses of the energy obelisks left them behind when they joined their slaves to help power the temple in the final moments of my whole people’s descent into the Hells.”

“Okay... but...” Chyka began. She hesitated. How could she possibly ask anyone to become a Xinta Temple priestess? It was almost surely a permanent commitment and it was going to require...

“No buts,” Matron T’myne declared, reaching out to take a staff from the smiling key’vin’ta. “We have no other realistic choice. We only require your blessing to join the ranks of Xinta Temple itself.”

“I... I just... I just can’t,” Chyka sputtered. “If it was just about asking you to become priestesses and that was that... that would be one thing. But... I know all of your. You’re all important to me. Some of you are going to have to be sent straight to the Hells for the others to become priestesses. I just... I just can’t ask that.”

“You do not have to,” Matron T’myne said as she took hold of the staff. The purple slime gems at its head immediately began to glow. “The acts have already taken place, thanks to souls willing to have themselves cast themselves into the abyss in order to save this world from the evil of Shi. You have priestesses. You need only to accept them into your Temple.”

Chyka was completely taken aback. She didn’t know what to say. What could she possibly say?

“Ru’ma’mi,” Ki’su cooed as she handed the other staves. “With your blessing, the high priestesses of the energy obelisks shall be myself,

T'myne, Jumie, Sakie, Nenya, Tachi, Sey'li, and Li'sho.”

“Tachi? She was... and... who's Li'sho?” Chyka asked, confused by reference to one who she thought had been left behind in the ghost infested abyss, and to another the likes of whom she'd never heard of before.

“Tachi got spit out of the biogel along with the rest of your spouses,” Dr. Mika stated with a puzzled look on her face. “I would assume that means circumstances at Dari required you to absorb her.”

“They did,” Chyka replied. “But... what about this... Li'sho? Who's Li'sho?”

“A tourist we rescued from Shi's zombies down in the temple park,” Matron T'myne noted, shaking her head at the pleased little key'vin'ta. “She repaid us by carrying Ki'su up the road into the temple. I cannot fathom why, but Ki'su

became quite smitten with her, and somehow managed to talk her into becoming a priestess.”

“Mi’tu’mi!” Ki’su giggled. “Big, cuddly panda mama! So soft! Like big warm pillow! Mmm!”

“Okay,” Chyka sighed, shaking her head and wondering if this meant that she’d acquired yet another wife. “Whatever. Now...”

“I trust you have some manner of a plan,” Matron T’myne stated as the sounds above became more hushed. “I fear that we are running out of time.”

Chyka turned to look at the slime demon, to Ki’su, and then back to T’myne. “I... I think I do...”

“Ni’pa’ta!” Ki’su triumphantly declared. “I told you!”

“That’s... that’s madness!” Dr. Mika stammered in shock. “There must be another way to use the powers here. You can’t possibly do...”

“The inevitable?” Matron T’myne noted with a deep sigh. “The moment that Chyka took possession of this place, it became not a matter of whether, but when.”

“That doesn’t make it any more appropriate!” Dr. Mika snapped. “There must be other options!”

“Other options? What other options?” Matron T’myne replied. “You heard what Sarva said before we were forced to flee by the zombies. The only other option is to blow the whole Dari valley to bits and hope Shi gets spread around so to such a degree that her biogel freezes again. Can you even begin to imagine the massive levels of radioactive fallout? It is going to cover the whole region from Dari to Mashiva to Ki’an! Its either that or risk a multi-gigaton level neutronium detonation!”

“So you want to just throw all common sense to the wind and see what happens when we completely unleash the power within this temple?” Dr. Mika growled. “Who knows what might happen? Who knows what powers it might give Chyka? Powers that she might not be able to fully control? What if we all get absorbed by the purple slime and sent to the Hells?”

“What does it matter?” Matron T’myne replied. “We have already gifted our souls to an all consuming entity once. One that could use our bodies as it pleased with our consent in the moment or without. One that could give our bodies to other beings, mundane and monstrous, to use as they pleased, whether we might enjoy it or not. How are the Hells any different?”

“Do you really want to get sent straight to the Hells?” Dr. Mika questioned. “Really?”

“If a few more of us being cast into the Hells is what it takes to save everyone else on this planet, then so be it,” Matron T’mayne replied, “To the Hells I shall joyously go.”

“No one needs to go to the Hells,” Chyka replied. “We just need to be careful.”

“T’mayne! Matron T’mayne!” a terrified voice shrieked down the stairway from above. “The zombies! They’re trying to break in! There’s... there’s so many of them!!!”

“Dammit!” Matron T’mayne hissed as she started for the stairs. “We’re out of time!”

“Let’s go!” Chyka ordered, gesturing toward the upward staircase. “Everyone to the first lens chamber! Now!”

Chyka couldn't help herself but hesitate, despite the increasingly disturbing sounds coming from the ground floor of the main obelisk above. The throne of Xinta Temple stood before her. It was a vaguely seat shaped chunk of vividly black granite with little shimmering striations of purple gobzite running through it. That alone wasn't enough to give her pause. Instead, it was the shape that had been carved into the seat.

Into the throne had been carved a shape that make it looked almost like the rock wasn't a throne, but instead half a hold in which some manner of humanoid statue was to be cast. To the little snow leopardess' considerable consternation, the figure wasn't even remotely the size or shape of the key'vin'ta who it had been presumably been crafted to seat. Instead, it seemed almost perfectly sized for a certain petite fey'li, complete with hole behind the posterior to accommodate, and perhaps entrap, a bit fluffy tail.

The hesitant royal priestess could hear the sounds of cracking wood coming from above. More alarmingly, she could smell the scent of natural latex rubber coming from... somewhere. Was it filtering down from above? Or was it coming up from below?

Chyka turned to the only guardian who'd been left behind with the two dozen relatively helpless Gelitech models who, along with Dr. Mika, had remained in the first lens chamber. "You," she said to the slime demon. "You're a demon. You're immune to the biogel, aren't you? And you can use purple slime to fight, right?"

"Of course, my holy mistress!" the slime demon giggled.

"If any zombies try and get in here, do whatever you can to stop them," Chyka ordered. "Don't let them get to me. And don't let them get to the rest of the girls here. Do whatever it takes!"

“I will try, my regal mistress,” the slime demon replied. “But... I am not a goddess. I cannot stop them all.”

“You just have to delay them long enough for me to do... whatever it is I’m about to do,” Chyka responded.

“Good luck,” Tashie said as the little snow leopardess turned back to the throne.

“Thank you,” Chyke replied as she glanced over her shoulder to see the tigress readying her pellet gun. “We’re all going to need it.”

Chyka removed her purple slime skirt and let it drop to the floor around her feet with a light, tingly clatter. She reached back and pushed the tip of her puffy, snow leopard tail into the icy cold, downward curving hole. Then she slowly, and very gingerly, settled down into the perfectly fitting leg and rump depressions on its surface.

For a moment, the royal priestess held her breath as she found herself feeling far too chilly to be comfortable. The tube into which she'd inserted the whole of her tail seemed to curl down under the seat, fully surrounding it within the mass of the throne. It felt... wrong. But it also felt strangely, very disconcertingly right.

Chyka did her best to settle down and search for any sign of energy flow through the throne. Through the temple. Through herself. There was none. Yet.

Chyka took a deep breath and leaned back until she was firmly fitted into the depression along the throne's back. Her head came to rest upon a vein of purple gobzite that ran up the center of the throne's back. This instantly flared to luminous purple life. Moments later, the rest of the throne's gobzite inclusions flared to life as well.

The little snow leopardess gasped as both her flexible purple slime top and her bikini bottom

liquefied and began to spread. Wherever this stimulatingly tingly layer came into contact with the throne's flaring veins, it merged with them, fixing the helplessly squirming snow leopardess in place. There was nothing that she could do to control the process, let alone to stop it. She was completely at the mercy of whatever hidden powers that the temple contained.

Simply wearing the royal regalia, and being in such direct and constant contact with its various masses of active purple slime had been unsettling enough. One moment of lost control and it would have instantly consumed her. If she'd still been a being of biogel, there was at least a chance that she'd have gone back to Omega in the even of an accident. A chance that she'd be given another opportunity to live as normal a mortal life as a geldancer could. Without the biogel, however, there were no second chances. One lapse of awareness and she'd be on a one way trip to the Hells before she could react.

It had felt so real. So direly perilous. So... nearly inevitable. But now...

Chyka wanted to scream as the purple slime spread down to her toes and up over her muzzle. She wanted to cry out as the zombies charged into the chamber. As her slime demon servant melted one after another into puddles of purple slime. But the zombies kept coming. There was no way for the demon to stop them all.

One of the models ran forward. She had one of the groups three biogel pellet guns. She also had a bit too much courage in using it.

Pock! Pock! Pock!

One zombie solidified and dropped onto the glistening black surface of the lens. Then another dropped. A third zombie, however, managed to slap the poor azure ashiri on the shoulder with its skeletal, goo slathered hand.

The ashiri shrieked as the sticky splatter of biogel began to eat into her as it spread out from the gob on her shoulder, and from the little droplets that had landed on her chin and chest. As her flesh was converted into biogel, so too were the affected areas transformed into the form of a dripping, oozing, goo slathered biogel skeleton. She gasped as it spread over her head. She shuddered as it wiped her beautiful face from mortal existence, replacing it with a shimmering black biogel replica of her skull. She writhed as it spread down toward her feet.

As a matter of sheer luck, the new biogel zombie managed to send her pellet gun clattering back toward the throne, and into the reach of Kaimie. She, at least, had the sense to stay back and shoot from what distance the chamber allowed. Her first target was the new zombie, who fell onto the lens with a loud, rubbery thud virtually the moment her terrifying transformation had finished.

That rubbery thud echoed through Chyka's mind as the purple slime covered her eyes. It flowed over her head and merged into the vein behind it. Uncontrolled power saturated the whole of her delicate mortal body. Try as she might, there was nothing she could do to blunt it. To redirect it. To guide it to some useful end.

Chyka's heaved as the tingle became a sharp, stabbing static. It felt like it should have been painful beyond the limits of mortal pain. Countless sharp needles penetrating her body from every possible angle. A torturous grinding of her flesh into a mass of lifeless meat. But...

It wasn't painful at all. There was an unnatural silkiness to all those needles. They went in smooth, and felt almost... pleasant as they went about their horrid work. Of course, they weren't needles at all, were they?

A wash of warm *something* spread into Chyka's captive body. She felt light. Heady, as if she was

rising up out of that mortal body and into... something. Someplace. Someplace incomprehensible to a mortal mind. But... her mind wasn't quite mortal anymore now, was it?

Open the cascade, came the slime demon's words, directly into her holy mistress' mind. *Open it now!*

Chyka knew that she needed power to open the temple's transdimensional portal cascade. She couldn't use the little power that came from within herself. She needed more. Far more. Need became desire and desire was all she needed.

The royal priestess could somehow see the purple gobzite gemstone that formed the lower tip of each of the temple's eight energy vertically mirrored obelisks flare to life. Within each of these obelisks, a beam of pure, alien energy shot upwards from the gem, which protruded into the structure's interior. It was in these lower chamber where the temple's massive arrays of capacitors

lined the walls. All eight of these arrays now pumped their stored energy into rising lances of transdimensional power.

Within each obelisk, a beam of energy shot up through the middle of the lift platform which was used to carry captives into the lower chamber to be absorbed into the soul capacitors. From there, it rose through the 'wells' in the middle of each level within the surface portion of the obelisk. These levels were where the temple priestesses and their personal mi'ah had once lived, and where they would once again live if Chyka somehow succeeded in her goal to stop Shi.

From the living levels, the beam shot up into the gem atop the energy obelisk, which then flared to life itself. A twinkly, mist-like condensation began to form around the tip. It quickly began to glow in and of itself, before spreading in a swirling cloud toward the tip of the temple's massive central obelisk. As the mist began to surround the central obelisk's tip, the huge purple

gobzite gem there flared to life, and fired a searing beam of energy down toward the first of the glistening black lenses below.

There had been no warning to those who were struggling to hold back Shi's zombies in the ground level of the obelisk. The defenders had been pressed back by the growing number of intruders, a number that was being continually reinforced by the effects of the zombies' virulent touch. They had been forced to retreat down into the two mirrored stairways that led down around the edges of the lens. In order to cover the retreat, several of the braver pellet gut equipped ladies had stayed behind. In doing their best to bring down as many zombies as they could, they'd been forced to stray onto the lens surface, followed closely by the zombies who were intent on adding them to their ranks.

Two of the women, along with several zombies, were caught in the beam itself. In an instant, they had become purple slime. In another instant, the

sheer amount of power flowing through their now liquid masses had caused them to explode, sending little droplets of highly potent, super-energized slime all over the vast chamber. Those that landed on living flesh had little effect, fizzing out and solidifying almost immediately. Those that came into contact with the active zombies, however, had the effect of instantly causing them to collapse into puddles of slime.

A very different fate would befall the three more brave defenders on the lens, along with a dozen solidified zombies and three more than were still standing. The moment the beam of energy had struck the surface of the lens, it began flex. Ripples flowed outward from the center, causing everyone standing on it to fall. The lens began to soften. It became a thick, sticky gel to which its panicking victims instantly adhered. They began to sink into its surface, yelping, shrieking, and struggling all the way down until...

There was nothing Chyka could do to save any of the snared souls from their fate. Those who'd been hit by the beam, or those zombies who'd been hit by the results, were already in the Hells, cast about randomly among its horrifyingly pleasurable layers. Those who had descended into the lens... those were hers to decide. Hers to damn, if that was one's view of things.

Chyka didn't care about the zombies. It wasn't that they weren't worth caring about. Chances are, not one of them had become what they were willingly. A number had been Gelitech staff who'd fallen in battle. Perhaps they'd even been her friends. Certainly, they were worth consideration.

But... Chyka couldn't tell the zombies apart. Whatever qualities a mortal might judge other mortals by weren't the sorts of qualities that she could perceive in her current state. She could only see the luminous darkness within each. The desire for the forbidden. For the terrifying. For the unthinkable. In short, she could only tell how

accepting each one might be to the terrifyingly wonderful desires of the Hells' dark mistress.

Whatever had happened to their minds during their transformation into zombies, their descent into the lens hadn't been quite enough to separate it from the individual inclinations of their immortal souls. There was only a vague sense of desire to experience the unthinkable. That was hardly enough for Chyka to judge. She let them fall into the whirlpool, and down into the first layer. Into Key'vin'ka. The hub. They could sort themselves out from there.

The others, however, were distinct. She didn't know their names, but she had a fair idea who might be who. Their fates were more difficult to judge. Should they be sent along with the zombies to choose their own fate in the Hells? Or...

Chyka became aware of something very special about Xinta's nine lenses, and her power over them. True, she could send anyone who was upon

any given lens directly to that layer of the Hells for an eternity of horrific carnal bliss, but... she didn't have to send them as fodder for the heavenly demons and vile angels. If they served as guides in the capsules, she could give them the gift of becoming one of those monstrosities, serving the Nameless Goddess in one layer or another, doling out horrors and pleasures in equal measure instead of being compelled to receive them.

In times long past, only key'vin'ta had been given such honors. But the Key'vin'ta Empire no longer belonged to the key'vin'ta. It belonged to Chyka. And she was more than happy to give such honors to anyone who she found to her particular liking.

As a celebration of her newfound power over souls, Chyka decided to send all of her Gelitech friends into guide capsules. They came down through the lens and into the first lens chamber as little glowing sparkles. These floated and flitted about the chamber, dancing around the still

battling combatants before dashing to random soul capsules upon the walls. From these capsules came new sprites, who darted down into the surface of the second lens, even as those trapped upon it began to sink into its surface.

These new souls were all no doubt key'vin'ta. Chyka had no particular connection to them, but had enough sympathy for their long captivity to send them down to the next level. From there came new souls, which she again sent to the next. Again, and again, the souls cascaded downward, until the last darted into the ninth lens, to become monstrosities serving at the very side of their Nameless Goddess in the Hells' lowest, most intimate layer.

The zombies on the surface of the second lens Chyka sent off to the second layer of the Hells. Key'va'na. The infinite desert. Who could possibly know what fate they might endure? It didn't matter. Not even the fact that at least one of

those zombies had been one of Chyka's bravest defenders.

Chyka was hardly aware of how deeply corrupted her newfound power over souls had made her. She just didn't care about anyone or anything, so long as she could watch them spiraling down into the sensuously inviting abyss. Every soul sent on its way brought with it a wave of wondrous, utterly euphoric physical pleasure. The less she thought about each soul, the better it felt as it descended in the Hells, a fact that soon corrupted her to the point where she was ready to reach out and try to snare new souls, just to feel them as she cast them into the abyss. It was supremely glorious, but it could not last.

As the last wave of pleasure faded, Chyka was left to contemplate the totality of her metaphysical existence. In times long past, she would have been one among a network of many connected high priestesses. Each would always be there, able to communicate feelings and impressions instantly

through space and time. It had only been when they were dressed in their respective temples that they had been able to communicate clearly, and to offer their royal high priestess the glorious feel of each soul that they sent spiraling down into the Hells.

Chyka would have been snared in the throes of continual pleasure upon pleasure, day in and day out, without end, regardless of whether or not their royal mistress was dressed in her temple or not. She wouldn't have needed Xinta for that. Nor would she have needed Xinta to hear or direct her loyal priestesses. She only needed a temple to feel the wonderful euphoric power of sending souls directly to the Hells herself, and to manipulate temples greater powers in ways that no ordinary high priestess could even begin to imagine.

Now, in this modern time, Chyka was alone. She could sense that other temple, Qut. It was quiet. Empty. Just as it should have been. It had always been meant as a backup. An alternative to

Xinta, lest the lesser races somehow manage to take control of the Empire's heart.

Chyka could also sense Key'von Rock. There she could feel the power that slithered its way through time. It existed then. It existed now. And it existed beyond. It felt all the same to her. It was a strange thing. An alien thing. But it was a thing that she found rather... familiar.

Chyka could feel the web. The nodules. The countless natural and artificially formed chunks. They were everywhere on Maria. And everywhere else too. It was all purple slime gobzite. It was all... her!

Nothing had changed about Chyka's mortal body. But she had a new sort of body in addition to it. A metaphysical body that seemed to live on the edge of normal space and time, not quite in the real world, but not quite beyond it either. It was like a lump in the connection between her immortal soul and mortal body. Neither here, nor

there, but steeped in the best qualities of both potential states.

Purple slime gobzite was also neither here nor there. It took a very different form in the mortal universe, but where it crossed over to the next, its form meshed perfectly with Chyka's. They had become one and the same. The little snow leopardess, and the sum total of all purple slime, everywhere.

All purple slime, including one particular mass, deep beneath Dari, who's combined biogel and purple slime power was now in the process of corrupting the biogel of the Destiny Omega, it's crew, and even Omega itself. Slowly, tortuously, everyone aboard the ship was having their biogel revert into that of Shi's core. Their bodies were all transforming into the same sorts of zombies as those that were attacking Xinta, but it wasn't taking moments. Or even minutes. It was taking hours, and hours, and hours. Hours for everyone to realize what was happening, and to face the

horrific fact that not even their biogel goddess, Omega, could seem to stop it.

Chyka could feel Shi using the energized purple slime to keep her biogel substance active. She could feel Shi using her mastery of the biogel to keep the purple slime from consuming it. And... she could feel Shi using the interaction between them to manipulate space and time in order to strip the Omega from the Omega biogel, and replace it with Shi. Soon, the prime soul of Omega would just be another soul enslaved to Shi's will, along with every other soul which Omega contained.

The more Chyka gazed at the flows of energy, the more she realized that Omega, and even Shi, were exactly the same sort of organism that she was. The same sort of... higher life form. Each was a being who's connection between their mortal bodies and immortal souls had become meshed with their individually tuned masses of biogel. The shape of that mesh was very close to that of purple slime. So close, in fact, that their

edges seemed almost to rub up against one another.

It wouldn't take much for one mesh to get caught up upon another. For the weaker to get snared by the more powerful. The substance of one would become the substance of the other. There was nothing any mortal soul could do to stop it.

Thanks to her ability to draw vast amounts of energy from her purple slime, Shi had become far more powerful than Omega. But she was haughty. Arrogant. She didn't just want to force every part of Omega to experience her favorite fetish transformation. She wanted them to know every moment. Every, excruciatingly long moment. To feel the hours and hours of terror as they faced the fact that they were becoming mindless slaves to the one they had planned to destroy.

To keep this going for so long, Shi was sacrificing the other souls within her mass. The

souls that had helped her attain such power. They were useless to her now. Useless save as a means to obtain a bit of extra power, just to ensure her eventual victory. Down into the Hells they spiraled, doomed ghosts who screamed and clawed at those left behind, desperately trying to keep hold on what little was left of their mortal lives.

Chyka found the conflict almost... amusing. She also found Shi's favorite fetish, so forcibly inflicted, much to her personal liking. Indeed, just about any sort of unthinkably vile transfiguration was much to her liking at this point. The more vile, yet pleasurable, the more she liked them. It was the very essence of the Hells, brought into mortal reality in smooth, silky, sensuous biogel.

Shi may have had power, but it absolutely paled in comparison to the power that Chyka now wielded. Purple slime gobzite was everywhere, and in such masses that even if every living organism in the universe had been converted into

one mass of biogel, it still wouldn't give that biogel mass power over the little snow leopardess. At any point, she could just subsume the biogel. Subsume Omega. At least that was how it seemed to her in the moment.

Back then, she'd been horrified by the prospect of being able to use biogel to entrap all of the world's souls before sending them all together into the Hells at once. Now, however, the idea that it might actually be possible was positively exhilarating. Omega would snare countless souls. And then she would snare Omega. And with that unimaginable power, she could even snare the Nameless Goddess, and take control of the Hells themselves!

Chyka took hold of the purple slime within Shi's biogel mass. Into this, she directed the power of Xinta Temple. The barriers that Shi had managed to form between the biogel and the powers of the slime faltered. The barriers thinned.

They stretched. And then... they dissolved away into nothing.

The whole of the Dari river valley trembled as Shi's biogel mass was instantly transformed into liquid purple slime. It only took a few short moments for the many souls within to spiral away into the abyss. A few short moments before Shi was left alone, caught on the brink of following the rest. But... Chyka had no intention of letting her go. She had other ideas.

The purple slime mass beneath Dari began to solidify as the change in material substance allowed the tons of neutron absorbing material to finally mix into the liquid and have an effect on what was left of the Dari natural reactor. The temperature dropped precipitously, causing cracks to form. These cracks admitted water from the Dari river, water that was still cascading down into the remains of Brightstone mine. This generated steam, and the steam brought radioactive reaction byproducts to the surface.

Chyka wasn't quite sure why, but her ability to sense her gobzite body in detail was fading. She could feel something strange there in Dari. Again, biogel was touching her. Biogel. But not Shi.

It was quickly becoming obvious that Chyka's power was fading. All that energy stored up from errant tourists who'd dared a descent into the energy obelisks since the temple had come back to life was running out. She still had one thing left to do, however. She had deal with Shi.

Chyka didn't want Shi to get off so easy as she might with a one way trip to the Hells. No matter how horrific her eternity might have been, it still would have been pleasurable beyond belief. That just wouldn't do.

The little snow leopardess wanted Shi to know what it was like to be stripped of herself and made into an unquestioning servant. She wanted to make Shi into a slime demon. But could she?

Shi's essence blinked through space until it found the surface of Xinta's first lens. Chyka held it in the vortex, refusing to let it descend, just as she'd done to the laboratory assistant in the Rad Lab. Unlike the lab assistant, Shi struggled to escape. Struggled to enter the vortex, where she no doubt new that pleasure, no matter how unthinkable disgusting, awaited. No matter how much she fought, however, her captor was just too powerful to overcome. She began to change. To be reduced. To be enhanced. And then...

The new slime demon rose up from the surface of the first lens, into the chaotic aftermath of the zombie battle on the temple's ground floor. Unlike the lab assistant, this new demon bore no resemblance to its previous self. In fact, it was perfectly identical to the fey'li demon in every way. No one would ever know who it had been. Nor would it ever have the satisfaction of any of its former body's unique qualities.

The beams of energy that rose up through the energy obelisks began to fade as their power was finally spent. The mist that brought that power to the central obelisk vanished. So too did the beam that powered the cascade.

Xinta Temple's nine lenses solidified. The purple slime coating that surrounded Chyka pulled away from the throne and shrank back to the sport top and bikini bottom. She opened her eyes. She rose up from the throne.

"Goddess... what am I? What have I done?" Chyka stammered as she took a shaky step forward. The world was blurry. It began to spin. The little snow leopardess fainted.

TO BE CONTINUED...