

GELITECH

- SIDES -

EPISODE 13

THE MESA

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

GELITECH SIDES

EPISODE 13

THE MESA

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

© 2022 SHETIRA ANWAE, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

This version (GS013DCLL4) for distribution only via the author's own accounts on:

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/anwaecreations>

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/shetira>

Do not redistribute through via any other website and/or means without the explicit written consent of the author.

Email: shetiraanwae @ gmail.com

THE MESA

The conical mass of twisted, intertwined tendrils of volcanic obsidian rose up from the surface of the dusty mesa like a writhing demonic beast poised to lash out and devour the body and soul of any interloper who dared to fly too close. No less than sixty meters in height, it glimmered with numerous patches of cool white luminescence, spread around around the whole of the horrific edifice in four disturbingly level tiers. While many of these irregular patches were small and opaque, a few were larger and seemed to be translucent, inviting potential victims to come closer and get a better look at what strange, alien structures might be located in the voids beyond.

Close alongside the terrifying monstrosity, a perfectly level patch of bare stone stood out amid

the highly irregular, slightly sloping upper surface of the mesa. By the powers of some unseen eldritch force, this very particular area was completely clear of the ruddy, iron rich dust that seemed to cover everything else. It was ringed with little dots of dull red light, while a cross of luminous amber slowly pulsed at its very center.

The casual observer would find it quite easy to liken this oddity to the sorts of luminous beacons that so many terrifying deep sea predators developed as a lure to attract unsuspecting prey directly into their waiting mouths. This comparison was reinforced by a short, rough path through the rubble that ringed the alien monstrosity's base, connecting the clear area with a particularly large patch of ground level translucent luminescence. Countless bare footprints covered the surface of the path, though not one faced away from the beast. They all lead into that patch of light, bearing silent witness to the voracious creature's astonishing rate of success.

A hot, dry wind howled across the high mesa. It came from the southwest. It was a sure sign that a violent sandstorm was soon to come. Such events were all too common in the V'k'n't Valley, in the deeply arid region of Gorgenna. Though they might blanket the valley in up to a foot of dust and sand, they would rarely overtop the former volcanic core upon which the beast was perched. That was just as well. No one wanted to stay in a hotel without a nice, year round view, and the view from this particular hotel was particularly spectacular.

The mesa stood in the very middle of the long V'k'n't Valley, a lone igneous edifice among a vast field of parallel mountain ridges. In the distant past, when the ancient volcano had first been formed, the valley had been located beneath a vast inland sea. As geological time passed, the waters had drained away, leaving behind a lush river valley, whose rushing waters had worn away the flanks of the long dead volcano, leaving

behind nothing but its dense, erosion resistant igneous core. Those waters themselves had long since vanished, drained away into vast subsurface aquifers by a planetary crust fracturing event who's origin and nature have been lost to the mysteries of time.

It might well be hard to imagine anyone surviving in such a foreboding, intensely arid place, let alone thriving. A closer look around the valley offered surprisingly ample evidence to the contrary, however. Where there was a history of water coverage and geothermal activity, there was sure to be ample mineral intrusion among the various layers of volcanic and sedimentary rock. These formed rich veins which included ample quantities of valuable minerals such as iron, tungsten, silver, gold, and virtually every other valuable element necessary for the development of a technologically advanced civilization.

Everywhere around the valley was clear evidence of mining activity. Waste rock and

tailings piles could be found virtually anywhere one looked around the windswept walls of the valley, and adjacent to these could be seen the remains of countless adits, shafts, and open stopes which showed just where the valuable ores had been extracted from deep beneath the surface. Foundations for ore mills, smelters, and other buildings were dotted here and there, while the long since dried out and crumbling remains of wooden structures could be spotted by the particularly observant. A few steel head frames still stood, though only a single, relatively modern looking example could be seen among the small collection.

Countless narrow paths crisscrossed the terrain despite the frequent sandstorms, suggesting that at least a few dozen of the mines weren't quite as abandoned as they might have outwardly appeared. These all originated from particularly large mine portals, capable of accommodating at least two lanes of large mine vehicle traffic. Clearly, whatever activity had once been taking

place on the surface had been moved completely underground. All that the mines needed to was to send their goods to a central collecting point. A warehouse from which the mined mineral riches could be distributed to factories and turned into useful, and profitable, goods.

While it might have looked quite solid from the exterior, the V'k'n't mesa was honeycombed with countless passages, chambers, and halls. Those near the valley floor were reserved for storing the mineral bounty of the area, pending its shipment to the more populous and industrialized of the world's many subterranean cities. Above the warehouse chambers were the machinery and utility spaces which were used to keep everything within the mesa running and in good order. Above these were the hangars where small cargo carry vessels would dock to take on the produce of the mines and offload goods ordered by the mesa's residents, who lived in the remaining levels between the hangars and the surface.

Several thousand native gorgons called the V'k'n't mesa home. They lived in the maze of corridors, private apartment chambers, public baths, and communal halls which were all carved from the living rock in an architectural style resembling that of the monstrous hotel which jutted up from the mesa's surface in so bizarre and intimidating a fashion. Coated in a thick, black lacquer, these thirty levels of deeply unsettling form were unlike any of the typically spartan mining towns found on other worlds. Luxurious almost beyond belief, virtually every want and need of the miners and support staff who called the mesa home were seen to by the community collective, and everyone was regarded as an absolute equal, irrespective of position of rank in the administrative hierarchy. That wasn't to say that the gorgons of the mesa's need were always easy to fulfill.

In particular, one dietary matter was invariably problematic. Despite the world's technological advancement, the people of Gorgenna were

inevitably subject to conditions of near famine with respect to normal dietary fulfillment. Extracting sufficient water from the underground aquifers to guarantee sufficient food supplies would inevitably cause geological problems on a worldwide scale, possibly even exceeding the effects of the fracturing event which had rendered the planet so horribly arid in the first place. The gorgons were well equipped to deal with this, though. They were capable of replacing a portion of their diet with energy extracted from the life essence of others.

Since the beginning of recorded gorgon history, the people of Gorgenna had become accustomed to the idea of sacrificing themselves for the good of their community, allowing themselves to become sources of life essence sustenance when food supplies became insufficient for their community as a whole. Even in modern times, many who provide this form of sustenance are native gorgons. For communities such as that within the V'k'n't mesa, where almost everyone is

essential to the continued success of the operation, that option just isn't available.

For the acquisition of new life essences to feed upon, the people of V'k'n't had to rely largely upon luck. Luck and the sort of good marketing that preyed upon the naive willingness of prospective tourists to engage in otherwise unthinkable acts, just for a chance to do what might otherwise be considered impossible. Few dared to lay eyes upon the world of Gorgenna in person, as that invariably meant becoming food for the natives, either deliberately or by accident. But market that as an exotic, once in a lifetime opportunity to experience all that the world, and its people, had to offer, and they would come. And come, they did.

T'n'ss bit her lip and waited her turn in the line. It was that time of the month again. The massive airship K't'w'n had delivered a fresh batch of

passengers who's aerial grand tours had come to a conclusion at V'k'n't. The town had paid quite handsomely to 'sponsor' this particular trip for the guaranteed delivery of its guests, who were rumored to be a particularly enticing selection of the classier, generally more risk-averse sort. They had potential. Sweet, juicy, soul sucking potential. Only time would tell if they would end up delivering.

The new guests were just about finished with their five days of obligation free relaxation. They had been steeped in the twisted obsidian ambiance, and saturated with continuous, subtle, even subliminal, messages of sensuous acceptance of their now inevitable transition from living person to living object, and from living object to living source of sustenance. It was now time for them to fulfill that end of their arrangement, and give up their souls to repay the hospitality that they'd been so freely given.

If the tall, well endowed, and very naked gorgon had any particular thoughts on exactly what sort of guest she was hoping to set her luminous, purple eyes upon, she had no particular inclination to share it with her companions. So many of the others were so obnoxiously obsessed with physical appearance. On the sorts of ‘artistic qualities’ that would be most suitable to complement their existing décor. It was hard to know if they were actually serious, or if they were just mindlessly parroting the marketing to keep up appearances, and keep themselves from saying anything that might interrupt the seemingly unending supply. After all, who knew what would happen if visitors knew the whole truth? Would they keep coming if they understood that all any gorgon really cared about was how they tasted?

T’n’ss waited for the skinny gorgon ahead of her to pick a titanium tag from deep inside the first of two plain, terracotta vases. It was an old tradition that went back a few hundred years, to the beginning of her people’s interactions with

visitors from other worlds. The intent was to provide impartial fairness to the process for both gorgon and guest alike, though for most of the initial, less than completely voluntary guests, fairness was purely semantic. Things were different now, of course, and the completely willing guests were waiting well out of gorgons' faze until their appointed moment. Each had been given a number, to be selected at random from the second vase, but first each gorgon had to learn whether or not they would be getting a guest from this particular group. For that, they had to pick from the first.

Only those who had received a guest from one of the past three groups were obligated to pick from the first vase. Those who hadn't would go straight to the second. Those who had gotten more than one in the last thee groups wouldn't get a chance at all, unless there were enough guests to allow for it.

T'n'ss hadn't gotten a new acquisition in the last two groups, so she reached into the first vase and pulled out her titanium tag. It was annodized in a purple hue. Her 'serpentine' prehensile tentacle 'hair' quivered with delight as she smiled at the affirmative result. Consumed by a sudden feeling of nervous anticipation, she immediately took a step forward and thrust her hand into the second vase. Out came a silver tag with the number four-twenty-two, written in the twisting, almost random looking gorgon script.

There was no hesitation. T'n'ss strode straight to the bank of special elevators whose sole purpose was to take gorgons up to meet their new acquisitions, and to bring the results back down to the subterranean town once all was said and done. She quickly stepped into number four, as her selection was to be found on the fourth floor of the hotel, in room twenty-two. The door closed behind her. Up the elevator went.

T'n'ss stood before the oval door of the hotel room. She stared into her own reflection upon its finely polished black surface. There was only one thing left for her to do before she entered the room. She had to suggest a pose in which the guest might best present herself. Or himself. The gorgon didn't know anything about the guest, and wouldn't until the moment the door slid aside.

The guest didn't actually have to offer themselves in the requested pose. They could offer themselves however they wanted. It wasn't considered very polite to refuse, however, so most did exactly what was asked of them.

T'n'ss thought of her private chamber, and the quartet of dark granite pedestals that were placed two to each side of her luxuriously huge, softly pillowed bed, and its shimmering, blue silk sheets. Of the three kneeling subjects who held the lantern bowls. The lantern bowls who's dim, flickering flames soothed her to sleep every night of the off

weeks, as she rested away the effects of the previous week's difficult work, nearly a thousand meters below the valley's surface. There was one space that needed to be filled, waiting for its new occupant to hold a lot that fourth flame that she was so sorely missing. That new occupant that was waiting on the other side of the hotel room door.

The increasingly giddy gorgon reached out to the small control panel beside the door. She didn't need to do anything fancy with the settings. Kneeling, with hands out to receive the lantern bowl. It was her saved default pose. She selected it. The guest would have a couple of minute to look at the request, with its example images, and take the pose. Then the door would open.

T'n'ss didn't really care what her new acquisition might look like. All she cared about was the power of his or her life essence. Her current three were all of the lowest sort. Plain marble, in varying states of decay owing to her constant, albeit very careful sucking on their souls.

Only one of these had come to her the usual way. The other two she'd acquired privately, in exchange for a very carefully, and very covertly arranged tour of one of the older, and therefore unoccupied mines.

As a matter of the community collective, it wasn't generally considered particularly sporting to obtain visitors in such a sneaky way, but no one really cared. While it might not have been sporting, such visitors who sought to see bits of the world away from the formal tours were very much fair game to anyone who sought to acquire them. Whether or not the guests in question actually got what might have been promised in exchange was usually considered irrelevant.

T'n'ss had played fair with her special guests, despite not having any obligation to do so. She'd showed them what they wanted to see, hobbling her own potently transformative gaze with a pair of standard miner's video spectacles, which offered a perfect view in the subterranean darkness

without requiring any actual light source. Then the two cute ashiri sisters had showed her what she wanted to see. Naked. Kneeling. Hands forward. And then she looked into their eyes.

A chime sounded, snapping the gorgon back to the present. The door slid open with a soft hiss.

Before T'n'ss was the large bedchamber that had served as her guest's abode for the past few days. Surrounding it were various alien egg shaped pods, each of which had some specific function of which the guest might be inclined to avail herself of. Bathing. Relaxation. Entertainment. Even pleasure. As with everything else in the hotel, all of these were covered with twisted tendrils of perfectly polished obsidian blackness.

The only splash of light in the bed chamber came from the broad window above the bed. This was perfectly transparent from the inside, and offered quite a stunning view to the west, where

the mountain ridges cut across the landscape from north to south, and seemed to go on all the way to the horizon. The sheets on the bed were silver and gold, adding a bit of metallic color to the room, but the comforter on top was just as glossy black as everything else.

T'n'ss nose wrinkled at the faint, pheromonal scent that wafted into her nose. It was something she'd never smelled coming from a waiting guest before. It was subtle, but there was no mistaking it. Her guest was aroused. Very aroused. And it was the sort of arousal who's accompanying scent made it quite contagious.

The gorgon gazed in wonder at the leopardess fey'li who was kneeling upon the little, four centimeter high posing platform at the foot of the bed. How could she possibly be so horny when she had to know that she was going to be permanently transformed into a marble statue the moment the door opened. Or at least she would

have been turned into a statue if her eyes hadn't been closed.

“Op’n yor ey’ss,” T’n’ss softly requested in her best, heavily accented common.

The leopardess bit her lip. “Can I smell you first?”

T’n’ss was taken slightly aback. Her guest was so horny it was starting to make her feel tense between the legs. She was keeping her eyes shut, and for what? So that she could smell the body that she would so soon be feeding?

“Please?” the leopardess asked with soft earnesty.

“Wye?” T’n’ss responded with more than just a bit of befuddlement. Was this leopardess horny because she had that petrification fetish that seemed to common among guests? Or was it actually possible that this leopardess was horny...

for her? Or was it just gorgons in general? Or the idea of gorgons in general? All of those options seemed quite ridiculous, but...

“I’m just... curious,” the leopardess replied.

T’n’ss didn’t really understand, but if that was all the leopardess wanted, then it seemed harmless enough. “Eye... s’poze,” she assented as she walked up to the where the leopardess was kneeling. She really didn’t know anything about the fey’li or their culture. How close should she stand? Close? Or should she be touching?

The closer the gorgon got to the waiting fey’li, the more aroused she felt between the legs. The more aroused she felt between the legs, the more curious she became about the fey’li whose pheromones were causing it. On a pure, random whim, she decided to see just how interested in her the fey’li really was. She stepped onto the little platform and pressed her abdomen into the waiting nose.

“Mmm,” the leopardess purred as she rubbed her nose on T’n’s lower belly. “You smell so nice.”

The gorgon bit her own lip as the fey’li went lower, down toward her pelvis and that soft, increasingly moist place that was rapidly becoming the focus of most of her attention. The nose bumped into the very front of her soft, feminine folds. It pressed against her well hidden clitoris.

“Ah!” T’n’s gasped as a sudden surge of arousal took hold between her legs.

The leopardess giggled. “I’ve heard that licking a gorgon between the legs will turn me to stone just like your eyes. But... slower.”

T’n’s stepped back. It was true, of course. But it just seemed so... uncouth.

“It’s okay,” the leopardess responded with another giggle. “I want to see what you look like, even if it is just for one little moment.”

T’n’ss took another couple of steps back from the little platform.

The leopardess shifted back into the upright kneeling pose, and offered her hands as if for a torch bowl. “Is this how you want me?”

T’n’ss took a deep breath. “Yiss,” she replied, even though she was still quite curious about why the fey’li was still so confoundedly aroused. As much as she wanted to know more, there was really no place for treating a guest as anything more than a source of sustenance at this point of the process. She had already indulged the woman enough. “Op’n yor ey’ss.”

The leopardess opened her eyes. At first, she gazed down at the gorgon’s feet. Her eyes slowly wandered up her legs, and caressed the subtle

spots that ran up her outer thighs. They paused between the gorgon's legs, where her nose had poked into the soft folds, and where a little strand of glistening mucous dangled in evidence of her own physical arousal. They continued up her belly, and over her perky, well endowed chest. Up over her shoulders, with their own subtle speckles, and the writing tentacle 'hair' that dangled over them. Up to her softly smiling face, and the deep purple eyes that...

Ssscrrrrrrrrrrrrrack!

The wave of petrification consumed the leopardess. It spread out from her spine, transforming her body so quickly that the only evidence that she was aware of the event was a brief quiver in her eyes before they themselves were turned into stone.

T'n'ss gasped as she gazed upon her new living statue. Everyone had been expecting a bit extra out of this particular batch of guests, for sure.

Never in a million years had anyone imagined it would include so potent a soul as this one. And to think that she, of all the gorgons, would be the one to take possession of it!

The marble which the leopardess had become was no common white with gray inclusions. Not even remotely so! The base stone was a gray so dark it would have looked perfectly black were it not for the polished obsidian of everything else in the chamber. All throughout it were a web of sharply defined, golden tan inclusions. While it was by no means the rarest of all the kinds of marble a gorgon-petrified subject a visitor might become, it was still so rare that not one had ever been seen on the V'k'n't mesa!

T'n'ss had never had anything more than the most common types of captive soul before. Given her insatiable taste for soul energy, they rarely lasted more than six or seven years. This one, however. This one would last her at least five or six hundred years! Assuming she lived that long,

of course. All things considered, that wasn't entirely out of the question. But that was a contemplation for another time. For now, she had to get her new acquisition into its place in her apartment.

The gorgon reached out and tugged on the statue's extended hands. The platform, previously firmly attached to the floor, floated free. Without any particularly effort, she pulled it out of the hotel room, and toward the waiting elevator. It would be long before it was occupying the empty pedestal in her bedroom, but she just couldn't help herself. She reached out with her mind and latched on to the captive soul within the stone.

T'n'ss wrapped her mental lips around the nipple of the leopardess' soul and began to suckle. Euphoric energy flowed through her body. It was heady. Rich. More like dessert than a proper meal. And it gave her same deep, primal satisfaction as she felt from a mouthful of smooth, creamy milk, freshly suckled from a fellow gorgon's breast.

The gorgon had no way of knowing just what the captive soul was feeling as she drew upon its milky life essence energy. Nor did she care. All she cared about was the magnificent flavor. Because that was all that mattered. And that was all that ever would.

*ANOTHER EPISODE
COMING NEXT MONTH...*