



RAVAGED By The

Dark Elves

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And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

~ Revelation 5:13

CHAPTER 1

Audrey was a witch. Or at least she pretended to be one. So was her friend, Tammy. The imminent earthquake neither expected was about to make them forget about being witches.

She and her friend were shocked out of their emo-phase in high school into the real world. Life became cruel and harsh and not all about them. People didn't care if they were sad. No one looked concerned over their comb-overs. No one looked twice when they pouted.

Audrey thought, Yikes. Life is harsh. My father used to say, "Life is hard and then you die."

They didn't know what to do. They tried being goth without the piercings. That didn't work, either. People looked at them like they were freaks.

Audrey had to drop out of college the very first year when her pouts and approach didn't get her good grades. I thought all teachers were supposed to be sensitive and outcome-based?

She waved the bottle of wine at Tammy. They were hiking up the hill in the early evening to their favorite witch-cave. "I wonder if the wine has more power than your book?"

Tammy had bought a Book of Spells from Amazon. All about Wicca. She had bubbled that they were getting into something very old and powerful.

Audrey had tried to tell her friend that Wicca wasn't old at all – that it was a conglomeration of practices taken from different sources and concocted by someone in recent history.

Her friend didn't like that at all. Accused her of being religious.

Audrey let it drop; she didn't really care.

Tammy was giddy. "I want to try the love spells first."

Their little town outside of Idaho Falls did not produce much in the way of love interests. Most of the boys their age had grown poorly into the shock of real life. Their texting didn't make them manly and their gaming successes made no difference out in the adult world.

Audrey thought the boys had it worse.

They reached the clearing in the trees right next to the cave.

The so-called men her age either retreated behind their earbuds and pretended they were still cool or they joined the Army – if they hadn't been stupid enough to cut themselves. Army didn't take those kinds of scars.

Audrey sighed. I guess I could still join the Army. Ugh, pushups. She dropped her carry bag down. It held their blanket, matches, candles, and her pack of cigarettes, carefully hidden as if she still weren't old enough to buy them.

Tammy was the cutesy type of blonde. Audrey envied her friend's blonde hair. But Tammy wasn't beautiful; she had no boobs.

Audrey wasn't happy with hers, either, but at least she filled out a b-cup. And while her black hair had been great when she had been in her emo phase, now she thought it was dull. No excitement. Just like their lives.

Before she could say she would gather some twigs for a small fire, a strange rumble permeated the air.

Tammy looked around. "More of those strange booms?"

The Idaho Falls area had experienced a large range of booms that seemingly came from underground. Rumors flew. It was the government fracking for oil. No, it was the government digging bunkers. No, you tinfoil freaks, it's just the weather. No, it's just your imaginations, you stupid psycho-fucks. The arguments were endless.

Audrey shook her head. "That's not another boom—"

The ground heaved under them in a way that seemed wholly unnatural.

The ground shouldn't be moving! What's wrong with this picture?

Trees made cracking sounds and a rumble filled the air. Stone shifted and cracked. Then the rumble seemed to recede. The ground still moved slightly as if on water.

Both girls had their hands out, trying to find a way to steady themselves.

Tammy's eyes were wide, her powerful book dropped and forgotten. "Was that an earthquake?"

Audrey almost laughed with relief, though still stunned. "Yes, I think so." She tried to sound braver. At twenty-four I need to act like the adult I am. I'm no longer a kid. "Yes, definitely an earthquake."

Her friend picked up her book. "Should we go back down—"

Audrey frowned. "Why? To get online and gossip about it?"

Tammy snatched her pad out of her pocket. "I'll text some friends."

She rolled her eyes. "I thought we were going to leave all that behind?"

"I'll just be a moment." Her head was already bent over the screen and she was typing away.

I'll drink the bottle myself because now you won't move for another hour. Have to respond to this, then that, then send more, and OMG and shit. She scrunched up her face and went to set her bag down in the cave.

It wasn't really much of a cave. It was barely a hollow, but over time animals or people had deepened it and flattened out the floor. It only went in fifteen feet at the most, narrowing until whatever rock formed the cave met another layer of rock coming up out of the ground at its crazy angle.

Audrey glanced around. Some other group had been up here. There were a few chip bags to spoil the natural feel of the wilderness. I'll burn those. Why can't people burn their own garbage?

She got the fire going. Tammy was still hunched over her stupid pad outside, in the same spot. "Are you coming in?"

"Mmm." Fingers moved on the tiny keypad.

"Thought you had some hot spells to try."

"Be right there." The only thing that moved was her fingers.

Audrey rolled her eyes and shifted her shoulders. Her back itched. She looked straight up in her best "ohmigod" look but there was no one to see. Tammy was still texting.

Her friend said, "Yep, an earthquake. They felt it down there, too."

Great job determining that, Sherlock. She shifted her shoulders again and then looked back. Something was different about the cave. She picked up a larger twig and held it in the fire.

Tammy said, "Tina got the job at Pizza Hut."

Thrilling. She sighed. I need a better job. Working as a cashier at the gift shop was not thrilling at all. Tina would at least get free pizzas.

She stood with the lit branch and held it towards the back of the cave. A little bit of trash, but nothing else... Her gaze rose to the rock in back. Thrust up however many millions of years ago when the mountain and hills were formed, the rock had endured burnings from overeager campfires, drawings and stuff thrown at it. It had endured weather and time.

There was an enormous fissure running a jagged line down the back of the cave. "Oh. My. God. Look what the earthquake did."

"Hmm?" Her friend's tone barely registered interest.

"Come look at this."

"Hang on."

Audrey rolled her eyes. "Is it possible you could live without texting or is it required for you to breathe?"

Tammy came in, frowning. "Don't be such a bitch. I was just talking to—" Her

eyes went wide. "Wow."

"Yeah," said Audrey. "That's a huge crack."

Her friend looked up and seemed to shrink in on herself. "Maybe it's not safe in here."

"I think it would have collapsed in the earthquake if it was going to."

"I've always heard not to play in the mines—"

"This isn't a mine, Tammy." She pointed up. "That's an enormous rock. It's not going anywhere."

"I hope you're right."

She shook her head. She moved closer to the crack. It was maybe five inches wide at its largest break. She held the twig over it. "This is one huge rock."

Tammy hugged herself, her pad forgotten. "What if it falls?"

She coughed in indignation. "Where's it going to fall?" But she sort of felt the panic that her friend did. Not that the dumb rock would fall – it wasn't going anywhere. But she felt panicked because any kind of change was so upsetting. Their lives were not what they had expected. They were supposed to be emos forever, conquering the world and pouting all the way.

Reality had other ideas.

Even something like this, a simple fracture in a rock when they had become used to its solidity created waves of panic. Should they call someone? 911? The Forest Service? The newspapers? Their neat and orderly lives had crumbled in the face of adulthood and the split in the rock made them all too aware they had no control.

She peered closer. "Look at this. Is that some kind of algae or something?"

"What?" Tammy still sounded scared. "Algae grows in water."

"Or fungus or something? It's glowing."

Tammy came close. "Ew. Glowing? Gross."

They crowded at the crack, trying to see into it.

Audrey pointed. "Can you see it? That glow? Or is it my twig reflecting?"

"Put it out."

Audrey tossed the half-burned twig into the small fire. Then she stepped back to the back wall.

Tammy said in the flickering firelight, "There is a glow. I wonder if it's like swamp gas or something?"

Audrey said, "In a cave?"

"You know what I mean. Like it glows and maybe it's toxic."

Both girls stopped.

Audrey whispered, "Did you hear voices?"

Both looked to the mouth of the cave.

Tammy said, low, "I heard something."

Audrey crept to the front of the cave. Lights from town twinkled up at her through the trees. The air was still and she heard nothing. Straightening, she moved back to Tammy. "Nothing out there."

Tammy nodded in the firelight. "Maybe someone hiking by."

Audrey let out a frightened shriek that echoed through the cave.

Tammy jumped up, her hands wiggling in fright at her throat – her answering shriek quavering and echoing with Audrey's. "What? What?" She pressed herself against Audrey protectively.

She pointed. "That glow moved!"

Tammy said, "What?"

"The glow! It moved!"

"Is it a ghost?"

A creepy feeling washed down Audrey's spine. But she went still, her heart pounding in her chest. She squinted at the back of the cave. Then she pointed. "Look."

She and Tammy moved a few steps toward the crack. Some kind of glow was indeed moving back there. She whispered to her friend, "Maybe it's a mineshaft and there's workers back there."

"On a Saturday night?" Tammy was shaking her head.

"It's the only thing that makes sense." She walked forward and close to the crack. There really wasn't much to see; it wasn't a straight crack. "There's light back there, or something. And it's moving. Come look. Put your eye there."

Tammy took her place. She tilted her head to bring both eyes into play but then tilted back. "Yeah, you're right. Must be some kind of mine. The light seems..."

"What?"

"It looks red or purple. I can't tell which." She made a sniffing sound. "There's a smell coming from the rock. Kind of odd."

A very slight scuffle behind them had them both turning.

And screaming.

CHAPTER 2

Several figures crowded the mouth of the cave. They looked like they were wearing black hazmat suits. Visors came down over their eyes and they all held low intensity lights aimed at Tammy and Audrey.

Tammy clutched at her. "It's Bigfoot!"

Audrey was clutching back. "Aliens!"

Her friend shook her in her grip, her voice frantic. "Chupacabra!"

They screamed together.

The figures raised those lights.

That's when Audrey realized they were attached to the ends of guns. Her eyes went wide. "Wait! Are you military? Police? We're just campers! We were going to drink some wine. We're not doing anything."

One of the figures motioned. "Krek."

Audrey said, "Kirk? What? That's my father." Hope rose in her.

The lights moved, shifting.

Audrey saw them turning something on the rifles. The lights grew brighter. The light was a reddish purple.

One of the figures came close, quickly, and reached out a gloved hand.

Her face was gripped roughly and turned up. Then Tammy's. The figure said, "Madanya."

"What do you want?" her friend said. There was fear in her voice.

The figures began speaking in a language Audrey didn't recognize. Is that

Russian? German? Polish?

The first one that spoke sliced his hand in the air. He looked back over his shoulder. Then he turned back. "Terektes. Rov kodos skee. So ak pret."

Audrey said, "What?" She turned to Tammy. "What language is that?"

Tammy said, "You're asking me? I think it's Russian."

"Weren't they training foreign troops over at—" She cut off in a strangled cry as she was yanked up by her hair.

So was Tammy.

Audrey's eyes went wide. This is so not good. Panic flooded her again.

The soldiers began tearing at their clothes, ripping and shredding.

This can't be happening! She screamed. "Help! Someone help—" A backhand scrambled her senses. Her blouse was ripped from her. So was her bra. A knife came out and she thought she was dead. But it went down and sliced into her hiking shorts. With a savage yank, her panties were tore from her, the elastic scoring a bruise in her hip.

Tammy fared no better. A single slap sent her into whimpers. "They're going to rape us."

But the men weren't removing their own clothing.

Audrey flinched as a gloved hand grabbed her arm, twisting it so it was palm-up. A very odd and wicked looking knife flashed in the light and she screamed again. A burning fire erupted in a line across her palm.

Her hand was gripped roughly and shaken. She could feel blood welling out of the cut. The man was shaking her blood onto the torn clothing. Her voice was nothing more than a frail quiver. "What are you doing?"

The shaking didn't stop. "Dobid, madanya."

Tammy's face was streaked with tears as her hand was shaken in the same

manner, spattering blood onto her shredded clothing.

A soft cloth was pressed into Audrey's cut hand and she was suddenly propelled to the front of the cave. What's going on? I'm naked. Is this an abduction? Some mountain men and I'm going to breed for their inbred family? Disappear and be sold as a sex slave overseas?

She was moved to the side and hustled up the hill behind the cave. She tripped and fell twice, but was yanked up by her hair. She resolved not to fall again.

Tammy didn't seem to grasp the wisdom of cooperation. She kicked and screamed the whole way. "You bastards! Fuck you! Eat shit! Let me go!"

A threatening growl from the one dragging her. "Dobid, madanya." Harsher.

Tammy was struggling fiercely. "Don't you talk Russian to me you commie bastard. You're in America. Speak English!"

One of them said, "Joep reeka nan sov supik."

They all laughed.

Audrey was shocked to hear a female laughing amongst them. Or maybe it's a transgender or pre-op or a tweenie, or a...

She was held still on top of the cave. It was a spot where she and Tammy had sat looking out over the town below.

Someone please be looking up here with binoculars or a telescope or something. Get a YouTube of this. Someone please.

One of the figures held out something.

No wait a minute. Like, I'm naked. Whoever's looking, don't post this on YouTube. Definitely not.

A small purplish light flashed in his hand.

Audrey gasped. A very faint purple light stuttered around their group in a circle on the rock.

Tammy was still struggling, but then stopped. "Is this some kind of ritual?"

"Jek," said the one with the light.

"Sorpa," said the rest as one.

A shift of the one's hand with the light and the stuttering light at their feet swirled faster, finally becoming smooth. It rose.

Audrey looked up in a panic. Is this where I get sucked up into the mothership and anally probed for the rest of my life? What's so special about my ass they need to probe it for so long?

Audrey's world and senses shifted - sideways, twisting, scattering, and overwhelming her. A numbness filled her and she knew not where she was.

When she gained a sense of feeling, she was on her hands and knees. Her stomach was heaving and her head swimming. She emptied out the tuna sandwich she had eaten for dinner.

One of the men with her made a sound of disgust. He said, "Neek sa."

A couple of the others grunted.

Approaching footsteps were hard, commanding.

Audrey coughed and looked up into the eyes of evil.

CHAPTER 3

The man before them wore black boots that did not appear to be leather, though they had a sheen like polished leather. His pants appeared to be black cotton. His shirt was of the same material, stretched over a broad chest.

That's where Audrey couldn't make sense of her senses. She seemed disconnected, as if her brain wasn't catching up with what was going on. Their mouths moved but the sound came seconds later. It was like watching a badly dubbed Japanese Godzilla flick.

She couldn't trust her senses. No. What man had pale skin with purple tones? What man had blazing blood-red eyes? What man had flowing and luscious black hair?

He was talking in words she couldn't understand.

Hey, maybe the hair part's not so bad. She closed her eyes and she felt a little better. She heard harsh words in whatever Russian dialect they were speaking. Russian eskimo? Russian Slavs? Russian Indians? Do the Russians have Indians? Russian babushkas? Is babushka a race?

More words.

A light blazed above, casting a magenta glow around them. Her skin tingled very suddenly.

She was yanked up again by her hair. That's it. She twisted on the one holding her and punched.

Her fist connected with the man's face and that's when she realized he had lifted his visor. He had the same pale skin and blazing red eyes.

She gasped.

He shook her like a ragdoll, anger in his eyes. "Krek, madanya."

"Don't call me drek, you moron." She launched a knee into the man's groin. He gasped, eyes bulging.

The woman laughed from behind her.

Audrey paid her no attention. How dare you shake me like some chew toy. She slapped the man, hard.

The woman laughed harder.

She tried to turn to tell the woman to mind her own business when she froze in surprise. Audrey had never thought another woman could be called beautiful, if an evil woman could, but this one was the image of everything she might have thought was beauty.

Long black hair, as long as the man's, shone with a silky light. Her face was the same pale with purplish tones. Her eyes blazed red. And she made Audrey feel ugly.

She was shoved from behind by the man she had kneed. Tammy was thrust forward by the one holding her. She became aware of her surroundings, then, realizing she had never seen anything of the like except maybe in extreme gothic art.

They were in a dimly-lit corridor. A polished stone floor of black was underneath them. Walls of some kind of magenta stone rose straight up but then arched in graceful curves over their heads.

Grabbing her attention and rooting her in spot was an alcove on the left. A statue was there, shifted slightly on its base as if it had been disturbed. It was of a man riding a dragon, his sword lifted high. The statue was interesting but wasn't what had stopped her.

The group stopped with her as she looked at a huge crack running down the wall. Two pale men were talking behind the statue, looking at the crack in the wall of the alcove and making motions as if discussing how to repair it.

The crack from the cave. We're on the other side. That's why we saw purple light. We're inside!

She was moved forward again, if a little less roughly.

The man who had greeted the group led the way, his hair flowing wickedly and wrongly behind him.

No man should have such beautiful hair.

Another rush of footsteps from ahead produced more shock to her senses. Audrey shook her head. Striding towards them was another beautiful man, hair flowing - damn you! – but with some kind of short ringlet crown on his head. Behind him was a scantily clad woman that again made Audrey feel ugly.

The man approached. "Madanya?"

"Yay," said the man behind her – the one she had slapped.

Audrey raised her eyebrows. Finally speaking English? What a relief.

The man with the ringlet glanced at Tammy but turned his attention to Audrey. He made a sound that she guessed was appreciative, or hungry. "Bel moda."

The beautiful woman in her black scanties snorted.

Uh oh, the universal sign of disdain and jealousy.

The man's finger reached up and lifted her chin gently. His lips parted and he gazed down at her with hunger. His smell was very unusual – a mixture of stone and spice and metal.

Audrey found her heart beating suddenly very rapidly. She blushed.

A small smile played across the man's face. "Bel moda, Rendo." His gaze wandered down her body. "Duze samptov veeli own."

The man holding her from behind tightened his grip.

What's going on? Why do I get the impression I'm getting owned?

The man behind her sounded fierce. "Oh meelo so madanya! Oh samptov krossov own!"

The man with the ringlet looked up sharply, a scowl on his face.

More words crossed between them until Ringlet motioned them beyond. Beautiful Scanties glared at her as she passed.

What did I do?

They were escorted along a long hall, doorways here and there. Ahead she could see an opening in the hallway. It ran along and on the right opened into a gallery with a balustrade.

The sight knocked the breath out of her as if she had been punched.

She looked over the balustrade into an immense and well-lit cavern of purples, reds and blues. Buildings from the most extreme gothic art she had ever seen rose up from the ground fifty feet below. Pale men and woman of all kinds, strode along beneath them.

It was a city.

CHAPTER 4

She was held by two new men in similar outfits while the men in their black hazmat suits entered a room for a few moments.

The two men scowled suspiciously at her and Tammy. Both wore a silver sword on their sleeves.

Police. "What is this place?"

The two men looked at each other and shook their heads. They looked back at the girls, same scowls on their faces.

Yep, police.

The door opened and men filed out, followed by a beautiful woman.

Why does everyone have to be so much prettier than me? Then she realized these were the figures in the hazmat suits.

"Where are we?"

No one answered. The two policemen led the way while the former hazmat team of stupidly beautiful men and a woman escorted them.

This must be a nightmare.

Tammy looked very scared. "How do we get out of here? I have to go to work tomorrow."

"Send a text that you'll be late."

"My pad was thrown down with my clothes. I can't."

Audrey, for once, wished they had something as simple as a pad for a quick SOS text. But she was feeling peevish. "How will you survive?"

A couple of the men with them spoke in their odd Russian dialect. Laughs from all of them, including the two policemen.

Tammy pouted. "It's not funny. What if they kill us?"

"Don't worry, someone will pick up your pad and take good care of it."

Tammy sniffed.

Audrey immediately felt bad. "I'm sorry."

They were taken into a large room that was dark.

One of the police said, "Radani," in a particularly loud voice.

Lights blazed, reddish in hue. It looked like some kind of medical room. Four tables were situated under lights.

Audrey said, "Oh no."

"What?" Tammy sounded panicked.

"This is where we get anally probed with vicious instruments for the rest of our lives."

Her friend gasped. "That doesn't sound cool."

They were forcibly pushed down and strapped to the tables, except they were face-up.

Tammy was crying. "Are they going to experiment on us?"

She felt fear herself, but didn't know what to say. "I don't know. I don't know. Maybe SWAT will come and rescue us."

"SWAT? Are you kidding?"

The men and one woman left the room, except for two.

They seemed to wait for a long time. Audrey wasn't sure. A half hour? An hour? Maybe.

The door opened and shut. A very handsome man with outrageously beautiful silver hair nodded to the two in the room.

The one she had kneed said, "Madanya sok groos katonda."

Silver grunted. "Voll poostah wah?"

The man she had kneed nodded!

She lifted her head in surprise. "You nodded!" Then she made the motion.

His eyebrows drew down in confusion, but only for an instant. A smile lit his eyes and face that could have melted her heart in any other situation. He nodded again.

Her arms were strapped down but she could move her hands. She pointed to her leg. "Audrey."

The man raised an eyebrow while the other man looked at him quizzically.

"Audrey," she repeated, pointing at her thigh.

"Oddree," he said.

"Audrey." She smiled, hope filling her.

He looked at her for a long two seconds, then said, "Rendo." He pointed to his chest.

"Rendo," she said, smiling. "Audrey."

He grinned, but he did not come closer. He was staying by the door with the other man.

Rendo nudged the other one and spoke rapidly. He made a motion with his chin.

The other one's eyes lit up and he gave a crooked grin. He thumped his chest, looking at Tammy. "Viso."

Audrey didn't see Tammy react. She looked very scared. Her hopes deflated. "We'll get out of this Tammy, I swear. Your captor said his name was Viso."

Her friend looked at her. "What?" Her eyes were red from crying.

"His name is Viso." She motioned with her head.

Tammy's lip quivered but she wasn't timid. Her shout was desperate and filled with fear. "My name is Tammy! I'm Tammy! Let me out of here!"

Audrey looked down. She did not want to look at the two men.

Silver was leaning over both of them looking at them with the practiced eye of a doctor. He was muttering in whatever language they were speaking. His eyes also blazed an unnatural red. He produced a hand-device that closed their hand cuts with a brilliant red light.

He moved away, opening a cunningly hidden cabinet. It was filled with instruments and gadgets.

Silver shook his head. But he pulled something from a small and cramped shelf. He was talking, as if explaining something to the two men at the door.

They looked at each other and said nothing.

Silver shook his head. He carried the thing over to Tammy.

She struggled in her bonds.

The thing in his hand looked like some kind of crown. He set it aside and pulled on some kind of cart. A smooth flat piece of slate was tilted on it, looking like a finely-crafted Flintstone's version of a computer monitor.

One of the men asked a question at the door.

Silver threw his head to the side without looking at him. Then he said a couple words. He moved over to another cabinet-looking structure and opened two doors. His finger moved as if he were scanning the equipment. He chose something that looked like a gun.

Audrey's eyes got big. Oh no, we're gonna die.

He fiddled with it. There were knobs and facets to it that suggested missing

things. Finally, Silver nodded. He threw his head to the side again and said to the men at the door a series of words that caused both to laugh. He then picked up a long stone box and approached Tammy.

Setting all these things on the movable cart, he touched the slate. It winked into life almost exactly like a computer monitor.

Silver fussed with the cart, moving it back and forth until he was satisfied with its placement. Then he lifted the crown device.

Tammy freaked.

Silver frowned in disgust. "Ten, krekto madanya." He tried to place the thing on her head.

Audrey said, "Tammy, I don't think it's meant to hurt us."

Her friend looked at her, wild-eyed. "What?"

"I think it's a scanning device. Like an MRI or something."

"What? Oh..." Tammy settled back, her eyes still red and suspicious.

Silver raised an eyebrow at Audrey, but nodded.

Her friend flinched but nothing happened.

Silver hummed! He was looking intently at the slate as images popped up and symbols crossed the screen – if it was a screen.

Sure looks like one. Audrey shook her head in wonder. Stone? Wouldn't that be heavy?

Silver frowned and then looked into the long box he had selected. He pulled out an amber thing that looked like a flat hexagon. He attached it to the crown device on Tammy's head. It snapped into place with an audible "click."

"Go owed suntav stoko," Silver said. It had a stereo quality of sound, as if from the man's voice but echoed from the crown.

Tammy looked up at him.

He frowned and tapped a pen-looking device on the screen. Then he switched out the amber chip for another. "Go owed suntav stoko."

Audrey wondered what was going on.

He repeated the process, switching amber chips. "Go owed suntav stoko."

One of the men at the door said something, to which Silver did not respond. Selecting another chip, he did the same. "Go owed suntav stoko."

Tammy looked over at Audrey and shrugged.

Don't look at me. I dunno what the fuck they're doing.

Silver scowled and replaced the chip with another. He said, "Alert I when understand you."

Audrey gaped.

Tammy's eyes widened. "What? Me? I understand you! What's going on? Let us go!"

Silver frowned, he looked intently at the slate monitor.

The two men at the door looked surprised.

Silver said, "Patience-wait." He fiddled with the gun device and pointed it at the chip on the crown. Then he said something totally nonsensical.

Tammy shook her head no, vigorously. "No, I can't understand."

Silver scowled deeper and made some adjustments to the gun. He aimed it at the chip and clicked some button on it. "Is this better now more?"

She smiled brightly. "Yes, I can understand better."

"Perfection?"

Tammy looked hopeful for once though her face fell. "No, not perfect."

Silver actually smiled. "Name is yours Tammee?"

"Yes! My name is Tammy. Tamara Watson."

"Myself Cromfol physician."

Tammy looked confused.

Audrey said, "I think he means Doctor Cromfol."

Silver paid her no mind.

Tammy said, "Doctor Cromfol?"

The man smiled and squinted at the monitor. Then he nodded. "Yes." He made a few more adjustments to the gun, glancing back and forth at the screen. Then he aimed it at the crown. "This does sound better, now?"

Her friend nodded. "Mostly, yes."

He made a few more adjustments. "Tell me of how you come here."

Tammy spilled her guts. The Wiccan book, the cave, the hazmat suits, her shredded clothes...

Doctor Cromful was making adjustments and tapping the monitor the entire time – almost as if he wasn't paying attention to what was being said. Abruptly he stood and pulled the device off Tammy's head.

He spoke to the two at the door and Audrey's hopes fell. She couldn't understand him.

Tammy looked confused and hurt.

The doctor walked over to the wall where a stone device sat on a bench. Buttons and flat areas on it suggested something more than just a fancy-shaped rock. He inserted the amber chip into a slot and tapped a series of buttons. One of the flat stone areas lit up like a computer monitor. He said a few words, but to whom, Audrey did not know.

He was bent over the stone thing for a few minutes, tapping, watching, and pushing buttons. Finally he shrugged and shook his head. He flashed a smile

over to the two men and said something in their language.

Audrey missed the device on Tammy's head. Whatever it had done, they could both understand him. Now they were as good as deaf again.

Doctor Confrol turned, a thin stone slab in his hand. He carried it gingerly over to a rolling metal table. He set it carefully down and began passing instruments under a brilliant purple light. Then he rolled the tray over to Tammy.

She said, "What's going on?"

The doctor made a soothing motion with his hand. Then he picked up a nasty-looking blade.

Tammy's eyes went wide.

The doctor paused, a look of resignation and weariness on his face. He put down the knife and instead picked up some other gun-looking device. He gently lifted Tammy's right earlobe and pressed the gun to her neck.

There was a tiny hiss and Tammy's head rolled to the side.

Satisfied, Comfrol picked up the knife and began cutting into Tammy.

Audrey began to panic. "Are you going to kill us?"

The doctor ignored her. He plucked something small from the tray with what looked like tweezers and bent back over Tammy's head. Then he picked up yet another gun device and aimed it under her ear. A red light burst forth and Audrey swore she could smell burning flesh.

Comfrol leaned back. Then he glanced at Audrey. Moving the cart over to her, he nodded down to her. He held up the gun device that had knocked out Tammy.

Audrey knew what he meant. She frowned and shook her head.

He tossed his head to the side and adjusted something on the gun. Then he placed it to her neck and pressed a button. A tiny hiss was followed by an immediate numbness in the right side of her neck. She even had trouble swallowing.

She felt, sort of, Comfrol cutting her. Her eyes widened. She felt a few seconds later something being pushed into her skin. It made a full-feeling that immediately sent jolts of shock through her system.

He selected another gun device and aimed. A brilliant red light almost blinded her right eye in its peripheral vision. She smelled her flesh burning.

She drew in breath to scream or moan or cry out in panic, but then he was done. She left her mouth open, unsure what to do next.

Comfrol frowned over her. "Does the maiden understand me?"

She blinked. "Yes... Yes, I do."

Rendo at the door said, "The doctor did it, Viso. I'll admit now he's worth more than healing cuts."

"What did he do to Tammy?"

Comfrol scowled. "She'll awaken."

Audrey said, "When do we get to go home?"

The men and doctor went silent.

She said, "What? You aren't going to anally probe us, are you?"

The two men at the door scowled with hatred. The doctor looked offended.

Rendo finally said, "You are maidens. You now are with us."

She started to rub the spot where the device had gone into her skin.

Comfrol reached out a hand. "Do not touch the area of healing. You might irritate the process and cause rejection."

She frowned. "You're not going to let us go?"

Comfrol tapped his monitor and tilted his head. "The language is yet not perfect. I had believed it was." He picked up the gun-thing and made more adjustments. Then he stalked over to the stone machine and worked on it.

Viso said, "Tammy seems very afraid."

Audrey looked at him. "If you were abducted, wouldn't you be?"

Viso and Rendo looked back and forth. "The language is yet not perfect."

Comfrol growled something unintelligible.

Viso and Rendo chuckled.

More adjustments and Tammy stirred.

Her friend mumbled and said, "What?"

Audrey said, "They cut your heart out."

Viso and Rendo laughed.

Tammy tried desperately to look down at her chest. "What did they do to it?"

Audrey rolled her eyes. "They ate it."

No laughter. In fact, all three pale men scowled.

She said, "Did I say something wrong?"

Viso said, "That is an evil thing."

"Oh, sorry. Didn't mean to twist your panties in a bunch."

Viso snorted, then covered his face. Rendo laughed, throwing his head back.

Comfrol shook his head and made a final adjustment. Then he aimed the device at Tammy's area of insertion. A light and then he was moving over to Audrey. Again a light and the tingle in her shifted somehow. He leaned up. "That should do it. If you find a few words that give you trouble, come back and see me."

Audrey made a half-hearted struggle. "Do we ever get out of these restraints?"

The doctor smiled and released her. Then he released Tammy. He looked over at the pair at the door. "They're all yours."

Audrey looked curiously at the two handsome men with red eyes. They almost bounced on their feet like little kids.

Viso came over to Tammy and helped her up, holding her hand as would a gentleman.

Rendo came over to Audrey and held out his hand.

Audrey scowled. "What's going on here, anyway?"

The man looked confused. "We're making you ours."

"What?"

"Is there a problem with the translation matrix?"

The doctor looked over irritably.

Audrey said, "We're to... belong... to you?"

Rendo straightened. "Of course. You are maidens."

Audrey scratched at her neck. "Doctor, get this thing out of me and put me back in the cave."

Comfrol was shaking his head and restraining her hand. "Don't scratch that."

Audrey's voice was loud. "I'm not going to be owned!"

Tammy wailed. "What's happening?"

Viso shushed her and tried to hold her protectively.

Rendo looked crestfallen. "I may not have legal claim yet, but I wanted to make you mine."

Audrey fumed. "Like some little pet?"

The man's eyes lit up. "Yes."

She huffed in rage.

Rendo's face fell again, but grew determined. "I will make you mine."

"Why? For your toy?"

"Yes." He picked her up and slung her effortlessly over his shoulder.

Audrey burst out. "How dare you! Put me down."

Tammy followed in Viso's arms.

Audrey beat on the man's back. "You filthy weird brute. This isn't fair!"

CHAPTER 5

Audrey was slung down onto a bed in a strange room. The mattress sank in surprisingly deep. She almost felt as if she were being swallowed by whatever it was that was the bedding. "What's going on?"

Rendo began stripping. "I will claim you and make you mine. After, no other will have you."

"What makes you think I want you?"

"I will claim you, then you will be mine."

Audrey rolled her eyes. What is this, Neanderthal mentality? Her eyes briefly registered the man's muscled chest as he removed his clothing in a feverish rush.

Okay, maybe not so briefly.

Rendo's form was a swimmer's body of lean muscle and no typical fat blob-rolls so many "men" sported they called muscle. The man was beautiful, not just in the face, but in his body, too.

Audrey gasped when he removed his pants. His penis was thick, fat, and suggestive. She grew wet just looking at it. Holy wow like shit and shit. She clamped her legs shut – not to deny him, but to deny herself that her pussy had so easily responded to the man's beauty in all forms. Especially that amazing-looking penis.

He looked at her curiously. "Am I ugly to you?"

She laughed. It wasn't a short laugh. The insanity of the situation fueled her incredulity until it was hysterical. She tried to catch her breath. "Some impossibly beautiful man stands naked over me and asks if I think he's ugly? Someone wake me up, the pain of laughing hurts too much."

His eyes softened. His smile broadened. "You think I am beautiful?"

She had no words. She tried. She kept motioning at him but sputtering instead of saying anything. "Pssh. Pfff. Phah. Pbbbt." She knew she sounded really stupid.

He pounced forward, putting his face close to hers. "No one has ever said something so nice to me."

She could see his penis hardening, growing. Oh my goodness. "No one?" She breathed deeply, inhaling his stone-spice scent. It reminded her of the man with the ringlet, if a little different.

"None." He moved on top of her and her legs parted with a mind of their own.

He gripped his shaft and used it to play with her folds.

She gasped, feeling tightening coils of lust wind harder in her. No one has so effortlessly gotten me into bed—

His push was forceful. Her wetness aided him. Her eyes popped open all the way as his hardness filled her, stretching her and filling her deeply.

"What. The. Fuck."

He paused. "What? I think the language matrix still is not right."

She convulsed with a single laugh. "Uh, nothing. I mean wow. Or..." I sound totally stupid. But this is totally amazing. Unlike anything I've ever felt.

He moved again and the delicious sensation of that hard sex moving within her made her hips move with him.

This is shameless. She closed her eyes. Her breath was caught in her throat as she relished a feeling so unlike the panting twenty-second exertions of Josh Findler with his boring condoms.

Rendo moved in and out of her smoothly and the sensations were so heavenly that she found herself moaning uncontrollably.

Maybe this isn't so bad. At least I'm not being slapped. This is... wonderful.

Her bliss was short-lived.

Rendo tensed up and groaned heavily, sinking all the way in.

She felt his hot seed flood her inside. That was it?

He panted. "I am sorry. Normally I can last a lot longer. But you are so beautiful and feel so good—"

"What?" Wait, whaaat?

"I could not help myself." He laid on her, resting on his elbows, gazing down at her in wonder.

"Wait. Back up."

He looked confused. "You want me to get off?"

"No." His penis was still erect and strong and throbbing in her. No, not yet. That feels good. "No, I mean go back a second. You said I was beautiful?"

He laughed. "Yes, very."

"No one's ever said that."

He smiled. "So we both have new experiences. It is a fortunate day."

"So what is all this about owning?" Her mood fell as the reality of her presence here overcame her.

He leaned up and rolled off to lay at her side. His fat cock lay on her thigh. "You are to stay now. You are a maiden. I took you and I will register you as mine."

"Don't I get to go back home? I have a job. My mother and father will wonder where I am."

He was silent a moment. "I have heard that maidens often say these things—"

"We're not the only ones?"

"There are a few here in this sanctuary, but only a few."

"Why can't we go home?"

"Drakevs cannot allow the world to realize we still exist."

"Drakevs? What's that?"

He frowned. "The implants still needs some adjustment. A human term from history is 'dark elves.' Though our term is a contraction of dragon elves. We can see the doctor later."

"Yes, how is this thing that I can understand you?" She started to rub beneath her ear.

"No, no. Do not do that." He smoothed her fingers away. "The doctor can explain it better, but the implant alters your brain patterns to synchronize chemical expression."

"Huh?"

He smiled. "Maybe the doctor can explain it better."

She frowned. "So I don't get to go home?"

He shook his head and had the decency to look sad about it. "Your government knows we exist. If we were to make our presence known to the world, your governments would surely exterminate us. So we hide."

"Our governments know?"

"Yes. When they find one of our sanctuaries, they destroy it. Our numbers dwindle, but we are still here."

"I can't believe our government would—"

"They build bunkers, deep. Sometimes they break through into one of our sanctuaries. The fighting is very brief. They have bombs against which we have no defense."

She shook her head. "You're toying with me."

He looked confused. "I think I know what you mean, and no I am not. I will show you tomorrow."

"Wouldn't it be better if the world knew you existed?"

He shook his head. "Your government would use it as an excuse to call for genocide against us. Threats to mankind. The few we have captured talk of it."

Audrey went quiet. Would the US government really keep something like this secret? Wipe them out as they find them? She knew the government was turning more and more against its own people. Wave a constitution and you were considered suspect by the FBI. And suspect meant you could be dangerous. And dangerous had to be dealt with. Rendo made sense. "Why don't you fight back?"

He shook his head. "There are not enough of us. There are maybe a little over four hundred sanctuaries left. We used to have over a thousand."

"What if they come here?"

He shook his head firmer. "They dig beneath towns. We are safe here. Too high for their liking."

Hopes of being rescued fluttered away. "Oh."

He settled into a sitting position. "Come, I will bathe you."

CHAPTER 6

Audrey stepped down into the warm water. It looked like a cross between a tiny swimming pool and a Jacuzzi. Tiled walls lined the area and the water was dark, but warm.

Rendo followed her down. From a ledge he picked up something that looked like a rock. He settled behind her and strong hands began rubbing the rock over her shoulders. He scooped water and wet her hair.

She closed her eyes, the delicious feel of his hands running through her hair and over her skin. Wow, Josh never did this.

The rock he had created a foaming soap-like substance. It had that spicy rock-steel smell she smelled on him and the others. Her skin tingled with delight.

He was slow and sensual; she relaxed and let him wash her.

Awakening from her sleep, she rolled over in bed. Rendo was gone.

She pouted, wondering what it would have been like to wake up next to a real man for once in her life. She got out of the soft bed and looked at the dresser. On it was a slate tray with intricately carved handles. A small parchment there of some indeterminate material had some writing on it. "Owe madanya," it said. The writing was angular and slanted to the left. Her implant immediately knew it meant "My maiden."

There was a brush there and a small folded pile of clothing.

She smiled. She brushed out her hair and looked in the mirror, though it was like no mirror she had ever seen. It was rock, with some kind of coating on it that reflected her image in three dimensions. She actually reached out and touched it to make sure she wasn't seeing someone else.

He thinks I'm pretty. No, that wasn't right. He thinks I'm beautiful. Her hair only

came to her shoulders. Her bangs were short over her blue eyes. Her hair was nowhere near as long as the few women she had seen. Did he think it was her hair, being so different? Or her eyes? Blue instead of red?

She picked up the folded clothing. It had an odd feel, sort of like a cross between wool and cotton. She held it up and looked at it critically. It looked like little more than a shift or a sleeveless t-shirt.

She put it on. It fit well enough though she felt as if her ass was hanging out. Turning in the mirror, she could see it was, barely. A hint of buttcheeks made up her mind she wasn't going anywhere.

There was a chiming click at the door.

Audrey hadn't spent much time looking at Rendo's home. It was a simple thing of just three rooms. Some kind of meeting room she would think of as a living room with what she assumed was a kitchen on one wall. A bedroom and a bathroom. There was no toilet. She had at first thought it was primitive. There was a stone bench with a hole in it. She had prepared herself for smell, but there had been none. Through the hole, water rushed by, constantly.

His rooms were done in black and red and a deep gray. It had a very comfortable feel to it. Mementos or trophies, she wasn't sure, were all around the place. But she didn't have time to look at them. The door slid open with the sound of chalk on a chalkboard.

Standing there, hands clasped behind his back with a smoldering look in his eyes was the man with the ringlet. Beautiful Scanties was behind him, glowering.

He quirked a mischievous smile. "Maiden. Come."

"I... Uh..." What do I say? Rendo has had me? "What? Where?"

Ringlet stepped into the room as if it were his own. Though he glanced around as if he had never been inside. "One does not question the Crown Prince of Drakev Nottern." But he said it without rancor. His eyes were on hers, hot and hungry.

She froze, feeling his animal magnetism. She trembled.

He circled her once, close. His scent was intoxicating. "Has Rendo possessed

you?"

"I think so, yes." Her heart beat wildly.

He stood in front of her, closer. A finger reached up and brushed seductively across her lip. "It is no matter. He has not had time to register you, yet. Though I believe that was why he was not at his post this morning."

The skin of his finger was gentle and hot. She swallowed, a heat blossoming in her. No man has ever stood so seductively around me.

"Come. I would have you."

"Are you able to do that?" I don't know this society. Were the cops going to arrest people because—

His chin came up. "I am Prince Mekkan. You are not registered yet. I will have my cock in you."

Oh my goodness. There wasn't anything she could say. She couldn't anyway – her breath was caught in her throat. She felt like a deer in headlights, or a bird caught by a cat.

Beautiful Scanties was scowling, but came forward and took her by the arm, though not harshly. She said, "Come. The prince commands it."

Mekkan led the way. They were joined outside by an even taller and stronger-looking man. He gazed down at her with a grin that was at once salacious and intimidating.

Scanties said to her, low enough not to be heard by the prince, "You will not claim him."

She glanced askance at the woman. "I didn't say I was going to try. I don't know anything about all this."

She hissed. "He is mine."

What am I getting myself into? She was about to open her mouth to say that maybe she shouldn't go anywhere with them, but she caught sight of Viso and

Tammy.

Audrey blinked and almost laughed. A laughing Tammy was riding piggyback on a smiling Viso. She was laughing with delight. She leaned down and bit the man's neck, playfully. He spun them around while she squealed.

All around elves looked at them and smiled, some wistfully, some envious, all approving.

Tammy caught sight of her and waved.

Audrey had never seen such happiness on the girl's face. It looked criminal. She wanted to wave her down and tell her not to look too happy or she might be arrested. People got arrested for being too different, nowadays.

Viso ran off, a giggling Tammy hanging on.

Passing them, and coming towards them was Rendo, his own smile plastered on his handsome face. The smile faded and was replaced by a frown. "What is going on, Prince Mekkan? I have registered her."

The prince stopped. The two men stood facing each other. "It is no matter. I can have it rescinded."

"You would not dare."

Silence for a moment.

The prince tilted his head. "I will have her, then I will return her. Pray that I do not change my mind about returning her."

"She is registered."

"We both know the registrar will require my steward's signature. And we both know he cannot have been delivered the license, yet. Until then..."

Rendo heaved a sigh but said nothing. He gave Audrey a determined look and then walked by.

She was pushed forward by Scanties, again.

The palace building, if that's what it was, was elaborate. Spires and crevices and gargoyles and all sorts of architectural design made most American buildings seem poor in comparison. The large, magenta edifice reminded her of maybe an evil version of the Westminster Abbey.

Inside was rock and slate and marble. Gold and silver and onyx were everywhere. Rubies and emeralds, too. The place was positively glittering with wealth.

They passed through an enormous hall with a throne and back into more private chambers. In here, every inch of the rock walls and floors were carved with designs. Statues were chiseled in cunning relief from the very walls.

She was led into a room filled with red and black cushions. They looked exquisitely comfortable.

The prince turned to her, his lips parted. He took a step to her, his breath hot on her neck. "Remove your shirt."

"I, uh... Here?"

Scanties didn't wait. She grabbed Audrey's shirt and removed it for her.

She felt vulnerable and trembled as the eyes of the two hungry men swept down her frame.

"Most beautiful," the prince murmured.

Me? No way.

"Yes," the other man said hoarsely.

They're turned on by me? She shifted uncomfortably, heat blossoming within her.

Mekkan looked down into her eyes and brushed his open lips across hers. Just a tease.

Her trembling turned into the violent shakes, as if chilled. She panted, feeling a sensation of lust coiling within her. The man's magnetism was too much for her.

Mekkan's finger gently lifted her chin and their mouths met. His tongue moved sensuously, moving into her mouth and exploring her tongue. She gasped and kissed back. His arms circled her and pulled her in. Her naked body pressed against his clothing and she could feel his hardening manhood.

Or is it elfhood? Why was Josh never like this? But she and Josh had broken up two years before.

He broke the kiss with a smile and spun her away from him. She found herself in the other man's arms. His mouth covered hers with a desperate hunger. She moaned at his urgency. No, no one has ever devoured me before. I'm being devoured. Why does it feel so right?

The prince was undressing.

Scowling Scanties had picked up some kind of wide whip from somewhere. She stalked around Audrey in a wide circle, swishing that short whip.

Tall man's hands roamed over her as she tried to keep track of Scanties, but his hands felt very good on her skin. Goosebumps broke out everywhere.

"She is a dainty one," he said.

The prince was naked. His lithe form and half-engorged penis caused her mouth to water. He might not have been as big as Rendo, but he was bigger than Josh by far.

Tall man began unclothing.

Oh my goodness, no way.

A whip across her backside from a suddenly close Scanties made her yelp. "Suck his cock."

She almost laughed. You don't have to whip me to make me want to touch that. She was on her knees before Scanties could whip her ass again.

The prince smiled down at her with his wicked grin. His erection was firming before she even touched it. It was hot in her hand, with that full hardness and hint of spongy flex that told her he was very excited.

She gave it a few strokes, marveling at its silky feel. It was beautiful. It was straight and hard and hot – for her. She leaned forward and opened her mouth over the head, taking him in. His taste instantly reminded her of a graham cracker. She pulled her lips off with a smack.

He grinned down at her.

She looked up his sculpted abdomen and muscled chest into his eyes. She sucked him back in, putting as much into her mouth as possible. Her other hand stroked the shaft. She could only get half in. Sorry, I don't think I can deep throat this.

The prince was shaking.

She looked back up. He was laughing. What? Am I doing it wrong?

He looked down and pulled her head off. "Fantastic." It looked like he meant it. "But I should be a better host." He lifted her and moved her to a cushion.

A whack across her ass reminded her Scanties was still lurking. The sting flared, causing her heat to flare with it. She squirmed.

Mekkan pushed her down and then roughly pushed her back to lay on her back. He grabbed a leg and moved it, no longer gentle. He thrust his face between her legs and Audrey screamed out in fright as he engulfed her pussy with his mouth.

A warmth and lust tore through her as his tongue moved back and forth over her clit. Her scream turned into a moan. His teeth lightly teased her as if he were going to bite her labia and mound. His head moved forcefully, ravaging her pussy and causing the most extreme lust she had ever felt.

I'm going to explode. Her vision swam and her head rolled to the side. She was panting, her eyes half-lidded. Tall man was there, a few feet away. He had his shaft in his hand, slowly stroking it up and down. Fire burned in her at the sight. He's doing that for me?

She had never seen Josh masturbate, except like two quick strokes before he jabbed it in her. Her eyes focused on that delicious scene, watching the tall man's cock swelling and twitching in his grasp. His penis was the largest she had ever seen. It was fat and wide, thick with lust and need. I want to touch that...

"Bind her." Mekkan looked at Scanties.

The woman detached two straps and knelt. Gripping Audrey's wrists, she wrapped and tied them to rings set in the stone at the corners of the cushion.

Uh oh. What's this? I've never been tied...

She finished the other hand and then stood back up, flailing the whip around.

The prince moved over her, hungry, desperate – his eyes filled with need. "Open your legs."

She did, slowly. Though she doubted she could have stopped them if she had tried. Something in her wanted this.

He moved between them, his red eyes blazing fiercely.

She felt his cock against her pussy. It pressed. Her lips began to part. Then she felt him drive it in with a savagery that took her breath away. Her eyes popped open, feeling at first as if he was going to go so deep that she would be split open.

He withdrew a little and then rammed it back in, hard.

She cried out in shock at the sensations tearing through her body. Lust exploded in her and a hot fire of need burned her insides. "Ungh!"

He rammed her, grunting, a ferocious look on his face. "Yes, your pussy feels so good. You fuck like a queen."

Scanties didn't like that. She whipped the whip down hard on her own leg.

But Audrey didn't care. She was being used, oh so good. "Agh... fuck me." It was a whisper.

"What was that, maiden?" Mekkan slowed his thrusting.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

"Louder."

"Fuck me," she said.

"You want my cock in your pussy? Maiden?"

Audrey's head swung back and forth. "Yes! Fuck me. Use my pussy. Ram your cock in!" Coils that had started with his mouth-work came back, hard and demanding. She was getting close. She had never cum on a man's dick before. Or an elf's.

Mekkan grunted loudly above her and the rude sounds of sexual slaps – his hips against hers – echoed in the room.

Audrey was spinning out of control. She tried to clutch her legs around his waist, but he was ramming her too hard. Oh yes, give my pussy what it's been missing. Give it to me.

Mekkan tensed and growled like a feral wolf.

No, wait. I'm almost there. Blood pounded in her head. She felt the fire of his seed splashing her insides. She gasped, hovering at the edge. It receded, slowly. Noo... I need to cum.

Mekkan drew off, panting. "Zotos."

Tall man was stroking his shaft. "Unbind her."

Scanties did so.

Zotos knelt down between her legs.

Audrey's eyes went large. He's not going to fuck me with that thing, is he? Oh no! Two men lick me in the same day? No way!

His tongue lapped a huge lick across her throbbing clit and she thought she would explode right there. But she only got a lick. She felt as if her skin was going to crawl right off her body.

Zotos moved forward, bringing that enormous cock closer.

"I don't think I can take all that."

He grinned at her wickedly. "It is not up to you."

"I don't think it will fit."

He touched that wide mushroom head to her swollen pussy.

She gasped, almost crying as her pussy tried its best to swell and open wider, as if to spite her doubts. No way, no way!

Zotos grunted, gripping her hips and pulling.

She felt her lips stretch open and go tight. She whimpered, feeling the tension in her skin as the tall man forced his enormous erection into her. An uncomfortable fullness worked its way inside. She gasped, straining.

He grunted, straining also.

Her straining to fit it in, him straining to push it deep into her.

Her whole body quivered, on the brink of pain. She felt him push up against the end of her canal. He pushed a little more and then stopped.

He sighed with relief. "She's a good maiden. She took it all."

Her eyes popped open. "I did? No way."

Mekkan was lounged back, leering with a wicked grin. "She has a fine pussy. Too bad Rendo claimed her."

Zotos said, "You can always lose the registration."

Mekkan frowned. "No, I would not do such a thing. Even for her."

The man began moving his cock out of her slowly. Then he pushed it back in. "I better get my use out of her then." His grip on her hips tightened and he began pushing in and sliding out faster. It was still slow because it was so huge.

Audrey thought her canal would never be the same. My pussy will be so stretched out.

The light sound of his balls slapping against her ass made her groan.

"Raise your legs," he said.

She pulled them up.

He drove down slowly, sinking his huge erection into her.

Those coils were back, vibrating harder. But suddenly his cock was hitting the wrong spot and hurting. "Ow, no."

"Alright, then." He pulled out very slowly.

The coils twisted, threatening. She grabbed at him. "Put it back in." A deep emptiness in her ached to be filled again.

He smiled and leaned back. "Sit on me."

She scrambled up and moved over his mighty erection. Wow, I fit all that in? It has to be nine or ten inches. Sure beats Josh's four.

He helped her over his shaft and she felt the head part her eager lips. Quivering with need, she maneuvered herself over it and then slowly settled her weight, driving her hungry pussy down over his throbbing cock. She let out a loud sigh as she sank down all the way.

He smiled. "See? Better for you."

Mekkan stood and came over to her. His penis was hard again. "Suck."

A whip-smack against her ass told her Scanties was still there with her dreaded encouragement.

She took Mekkan into her mouth as she began undulating on the tall man's cock. Finding the right spaces, she moved, fucking Zotos while licking and sucking on the prince's shaft. Mmm wow, this is so good.

The whip smacked again.

Hey, I'm sucking, you whore. But Audrey felt a flare of heat in her. Her hips began bucking on his lap and her mouth sucked harder on Mekkan's cock.

Smack, smack, smack!

Her ass flared with sting and her insides felt as if she had lava for blood. Her orgasm coiled tighter, hovering and taunting her.

Mekkan pulled back, another rueful grin on his face. "Very good, maiden."

Audrey gripped the tall man's shoulders and ground her pussy down on his cock in a frenzy.

Zotos gripped her waist and helped her raise up and down on his shaft.

She shook her head back and forth with violence. Her whole body trembled, the orgasm approaching as surely as an ocean wave in the distance. It was building, building, swelling... She drove her pussy down while Zotos thrust up, impaling her on his fat cock.

She heard babbling and then realized she was the one babbling. "Fuck me. Fuck me you huge bastard. Fill me. Fuck me!" Her hips worked frantically, and her pussy clamped suddenly. Oh fuck...!

Explosions of electrical jolts ripped through her, tensing her into a frozen, quivering knot of steel, and then releasing only to do it immediately again and again. She cried out, her whole body jerking as if to tear itself apart.

Zotos gripped her sides, heaving her up and down on his pole.

Audrey's head drooped, spasms of electricity shredding her nerves with each bounce on his cock. She whimpered in pain and pleasure.

The man growled with satisfaction and fired his seed deep up inside her.

She gasped at his focus and ground her hips down to finish him off. She could feel his cock flex, sending large squirts of cum up inside her. Her body quivered and she collapsed onto his shoulders, feeling totally spent. Her breath came in gasps. Wow, like totally fucking wow.

A final whack of that whip slapped across her ass and her body tensed hard, causing a last wave of orgasmic aftershock to tear through her.

She was spent.

Zotos grinned, lifting her off like she was a doll. He tossed her down into the soft cushions where she lay panting and emitting half-moans.

CHAPTER 7

Audrey followed Scanties back through the city. She was walking funny and she felt as if every dark elf knew. She blushed the whole way back.

Scanties said to her, "I will duel you for him."

Wait, what? "Huh?" Audrey was confused.

"I am Si'Rana, his consort. He is to be mine. I will duel you for him."

She waved her hands. "Whoa, wait a minute there you big Klingon bitch. You can have him."

Rana spun, knife in hand. "Do you dare refuse?"

"Of course I do. I don't want the prince. I don't want anyone. I just want to go home."

Si'Rana, or Consort Rana as Audrey's chip interpreted, hissed. "Refusing a challenge is the same as claiming he is not worth fighting for."

"Uh, is that bad?"

The woman scowled. She was good at that. But she replaced her dagger. "I can see you humans do not have the same customs as Drakev." She turned and continued leading Audrey. "Women fight for men here. Refusing a challenge tells the other that she believes the man is worth less than a worm. Not worth fighting for. It is a grave insult."

Audrey threw up her hands. "Can no woman here just pick who she wants or is every coupling a fight?"

"You do not choose Mekkan?"

"No. Rendo claimed me. Though I don't want to be claimed at all. I just want to go home."

"You should have refused Mekkan then."

"I could have? I didn't seem to have much choice."

"All women have choices. We are not slaves."

"But maidens can't leave."

"Of course not."

Audrey sneered. "Not much choice then, is there."

Rana tossed her head to the side. "You do not understand."

"I guess not."

They reached Rendo's door.

Rana chimed by pressing a triangular stone.

Audrey thought it much like a doorbell, but it sounded more like an elevator chime indicating each floor.

There was no answer.

"There you are."

Both turned.

Doctor Comfrol waved that medical gun.

Rana said, "Doctor, would you give her access?"

"Sure." He aimed the gun-thing under Audrey's earlobe. "I understand this needed a further adjustment."

"But I can understand—" A tingling swept through her and up into her brain. It was an unsettling feeling unlike anything she had ever felt except for here in this freaky underground city.

"Yes, you can understand, but you might miss little nuances of speech. I believe

you haven't heard us using contractions."

"You just did."

"Because I just adjusted the implant." He rolled his eyes.

Rana glowered at her, but left.

Does that mean we won't be dueling?

The doctor pocketed the gun and took a small device out of his pocket. He pressed his thumb on a flat piece and a small screen lit up.

She leaned over his device. "How do you get stone to show like a monitor?"

"Mmm? Can't say I know much more than medicine, maiden, but it's as simple as an electroplasma field—"

"Electro-what?"

He raised an eyebrow at her. "There are others who could explain it better." The door slid open. He followed her in. "How are you adjusting?"

Audrey figured he meant her implant, as his eyes were moving over her neck area. "Why do the Drakev need maidens?"

He crossed his arms and pouted out his bottom lip. "That's a serious question."

Rendo came in and a look of pleasure crossed his face. He reached out and touched her shoulder.

"So?" she said to the doctor.

"Well, quite simply, we're inbreeding ourselves into extinction."

"Inbreeding?"

He frowned and nodded. "Without the infusion of fresh genetic differences, our people have less than three or four generations left until we become irreversibly unsustainable."

"But, isn't my DNA different?"

"DNA?" The doctor looked confused. "Your genes are different—"

Audrey said, "We mapped out the human genome. There is no dark elf anything in us."

"Genes are nothing."

"What?"

"Don't let me lead you astray. Genes are important for many things. But genes aren't the answer to all of life. You must consider the tanrepod factor as well."

She shook her head. "I never learned anything about 'tanrepod' in science."

He looked surprised. So did Rendo. "You don't know tanrepod?"

"Should I?"

The doctor seemed flabbergasted. "You know genes but not tanrepod?"

Audrey threw up her hands. "What the hell is tanrepod?"

Comfrol used his hands in a calming motion. "You and I both have about as many genes as a worm. Those twenty thousand genes produce tens of millions of different processes. The multiplicity of the gene is controlled by tanrepod. It's as easy as that. Your genes produce different processes and proteins based on the interaction of tanrepod."

"I've never heard of tanrepod. I've heard the gene was the final answer to all questions."

"The word is tanrepod, yes, perhaps your human scientists do not have a word for it, yet, though I find that difficult to believe. However, if you are under the belief that the gene is the final answer, then it must be that your scientists have yet to discover there is far more involved than just genes."

Audrey blinked. The Human Genome Project was supposed to cure all ills for all time. How come she hadn't heard anything more about it? "Hmm," she said

doubtfully.

"Perhaps Rendo can bring you a text-slate, if you're truly interested."

"Text-slate?"

Comfrol tossed his head to the side but didn't answer. He gave Rendo a look and left.

Audrey frowned. "Why did he toss his head to the side. What does that mean?"

"You don't know?"

She sighed. "If I knew, I wouldn't be asking."

He gave a slow nod. "Well, it's a gesture like saying 'I don't know.' "

"Oh, like a shrug."

He looked at her quizzically and she made a shrug.

He lowered one eyebrow. "Odd way of showing you don't know something."

"So is tossing your head."

"Are you hungry?"

"Starving. But..."

"But?" He gazed into her eyes.

"Aren't you mad?"

"Mad, why?"

Audrey shrugged. Then she said, "The prince. You know."

"I have you registered now. He did nothing wrong."

"But he took me."

"Yes?"

"And he had me."

"Yes?"

Audrey's mouth dropped open. "He fucked me."

"Is this something that isn't done on the surface?"

"It most certainly is not. I thought you were jealous and angry."

"Only that he might want to claim you. But I did and I registered you."

"So you wouldn't be angry if he came here everyday and fucked me?" The thought made her tingle, but at the same time made her mad.

"Of course I would. You're mine, now."

That made her feel better. "Since I'm registered."

"Yes."

She shook her head. "I don't know if I'll ever understand you elves."

"Let's go eat."

Her stomach growled loud. She hadn't eaten since the previous day – a tuna sandwich she had ended up barfing all over the stone somewhere above the city. "I definitely could use some food."

"What is it?" Audrey said. "This is really good."

They were seated along a stone bench at a stone table. Other elves around them were eating. Many of them looked at her.

Rendo said, "Black-rice, mushroom and worm."

"What? Worm?"

He nodded. "Earthworms."

The good taste in her mouth suddenly caused a heave and she gagged. "Ugh, gagh." She was spitting the food back into her bowl.

Rendo sat up straighter. "Is something wrong? I thought you said it was good?"

She was wiping her tongue with the odd cloth napkin. "Ugh, I didn't know it was worm."

"It is very nutritious."

"Great."

Rendo appeared discomfited. "Would you like some mushroom soup instead?"

"As long as there are no cockroaches or bugs added in."

He touched her arm and removed her bowl.

CHAPTER 8

Audrey said, "What?"

"I would have you, again." He stepped close in their room.

She laughed. "Mekkan and Zotos wore me out."

"I'll be gentle."

"I don't know..." she trailed off. He was behind her, kissing her neck. Mmm, that feels good. Maybe I'll let him kiss me a bit so I can relax.

"You're so beautiful."

"Stop that. I am not."

"I don't know if you're making fun of me or not." He murmured into her neck. His voice and breath sent chills and tingles up her spine.

She smiled. "I'm not. If I was beautiful, I'd be married by now."

He pulled back suddenly. "You know of marriage?"

She looked at him funny. "Of course, silly."

"I didn't know if you humans had the custom."

"You really need to get out more."

"We only go to the surface in emergencies."

"Well, I just meant you should learn more."

He rubbed her shoulders and went back to nuzzling her neck. "Marriage is a very serious thing between elves."

But not maidens?

Audrey tensed as Rendo entered her from behind. I'm going to be so sore. Three men in one day? How did I get so lucky? I wonder how Tammy's doing?

She sighed with relief as he slid in and her muscles didn't protest. In fact, though feeling slightly used, having a nice cock back in her made her want to smile. So she did.

He sighed. "Your pussy is so wonderful."

"I bet you say that to all the maidens."

He stopped. "You are my first maiden."

"First?" There will be a second?

"And my only maiden."

She gasped and pushed back against him. How did he know what to say to get me to react?

"I only want you."

"Not Si'Rana?"

He stopped again. "No, why? I have no interest in her and neither she in me."

"You don't want another dark elf girl?"

He moved slowly, somewhat distracted. "Most of the ones safe to marry do not hold my interest."

"Safe? What do you mean?" Her flesh began to tingle.

"The Marriage Council screens applicants for maximum distance in relations. The problem is, most everyone is now so closely related that there are few to choose from. The choices do not excite my interest."

"You marry your sisters down here?"

He froze. "By Lucifer's smelly rank ass-hairs, we certainly don't." The shock in his tone was obvious.

She coughed. "Lucifer's smelly rank ass-hairs?"

"I'm sorry if my colorful language disturbs you. Some don't like it."

She looked back at him as he moved slowly again in her. "Oh, I don't mind. Just never heard that one before."

"Oh? What do you say on the surface?"

"I don't know. I guess, 'Fuck.' Some say 'Jesus Christ.' "

He stopped thrusting. "You blaspheme the Creator?"

"What do you know of Jesus?"

"We may live underground but we did not always. Blaspheming the Creator is the height of self-stupidity."

Shit, glad I never picked up that cuss-habit. "Oh. Well..."

"So we don't marry our sisters. But we do marry cousins of the second relation. Those are safe."

"That's getting pretty close." She closed her eyes. His thrusting was gentle and felt very nice.

"It is. Which is why we take maidens."

"But aren't we going to dilute you? Produce half-breeds?"

She felt him shake his head before he said it. "No. A pairing between a dark elf, as you put it, and a human always produces a pure dark elf. Our genes are super-dominant and the tanreped produces dark elven genes, every time. Such as a virulent immunological responses."

"What?"

He moved again, but sighed. "You feel too good to be talking science. Hmm."

How to make this simple? My genes produce consistent assimilation in human genes every single time, just as when your body reacts to a virus and attacks it. So your body reacts to us by replicating our genes over yours. Every time."

"Hmm." She had gone still. "I think I see. So if you were to impregnate me - " she felt a surge of heat and wetness inside her - "we would automatically produce a dark elven child?"

"With a new genetic make-up sufficiently removed from my closer relatives."

She pressed back against him and wriggled her ass. "Why aren't you getting more human women?"

He laughed.

"This is where I work." Rendo raised a hand then dropped it.

Slate screens were everywhere. They were lit and the air fairly tingled with some kind of current. Elves sat at them, both men and women. A few eyed her, but went back to what they were watching.

Audrey said, "Are you like a day-trader or something?"

"Trader? No. I monitor the other sanctuaries."

"Everyone here does that?"

He nodded.

She noticed there were quite a few blank screens. "What are those? Why is no one watching them?"

His face grew serious. "Dead sanctuaries."

The morning alarm was a soft four-chime effect that reminded her of a harp. She awoke next to Rendo.

She was far from home, underground. But she felt safe. She rolled towards him as he stirred and wrapped her arm over his muscled shoulder.

"I have to get up." He didn't sound too eager.

"Must you?" She had never spent any serious amount of time waking up next to a man before. Waking up next to Rendo was a treat she would never forget. Her hand trailed down to his very warm groin.

His trimmed black pubic hair was soft and inviting. She ran her fingers through it to the prize. His soft flesh was warm. It began to harden.

"I am expected soon—"

"Ever been late to work?" Her mind was working, buzzing with thought. But for now, she wanted to enjoy these moments she had with Rendo.

Before she ran.

He smiled, laying back. His penis hardened faster. "My maiden."

She smiled, loving the affection in his voice, but hating the term. I won't be some breeder whore for some underground cousin-humping freakoid.

His shaft was hard.

She stroked it, relishing the feel. Would I have this kind of power on the outside? Could I do this to another Josh? Or would they just push me down, snap on a rubber and do pushups until they filled the latex?

"That feels wonderful," he said. He did not move to attack her or demand a blowjob.

She felt at peace. "Which door is Viso and Tammy?"

"Want to talk to your friend?"

"Yes, I miss her."

"It's the third block of doors after the second alley. Door four."

She smiled and hummed, loving the feel of his flesh in her hand. I really need to find a man like this. She let him go a few minutes later, though his smile said he wanted more.

He left after placing a bowl of scrambled eggs on the table for her.

She had questioned him about breakfast. Snake eggs. She had scrunched up her mouth but had resolved to try it.

She padded over to the table and sat. She stared at the eggs for a time, before the grumble in her stomach told her to take the plunge. She picked up the stone utensil, shaped disturbingly like a spork, and gingerly scooped a small bite.

Here goes.

She quickly crammed the small portion in her mouth, ready to spew at a second's notice. She could feel it sitting on her tongue. She waited. She waited some more. Hey, I'm not heaving. She took a slow chew, ready to spit the contents from her mouth. The egg tasted richer, as if someone had added a dash of salt and butter.

Hmm.

She swallowed. She did not immediately begin heaving and choking and barfing everywhere. They actually tasted good. She took another bite to test it.

She put the small bowl under the faucet of stone and touched the triangle. Water splashed out and rinsed what tiny bit remained down the drain. Placing the bowl in the stone box she was told, she shut the door and pressed the triangle.

Red light emitted from around the edges of the door.

Kenmoor dishwasher, using the latest in dark elven red-light cleaning technology. No interest for ninety-six months. She sipped some fantastic-tasting water from the stone reservoir and contemplated her move. Today, I will escape.

CHAPTER 9

Audrey wrote a small note. "Thanks for the fun. Gotta run."

Rendo really had been sweet, but she had a life to live and a job to work. Her apartment rent needed to be paid. Her credit card had a twenty-seven hundred dollar balance on it. She had responsibilities. Her car insurance was due next month.

She needed to buckle down and get shit handled. She didn't have time to live in some fantasy underground tinfoil bullshit. Though, it wasn't so tinfoil now, was it? Hollow Earth? Were those freaks right? Was it not common knowledge because the government and their willing media accomplices did not want the knowledge to be common?

Audrey did not know the answer to that. She just knew she needed to be her own adult. She would find a man and make him hers. He would love her and she would bear children for him.

She placed the note on the tray on which she had found her beautiful brush. She slipped that brush into her shift pocket. As a memento. A remembrance of Rendo's tenderness.

She left the room.

She left Rendo's home.

She turned left out the door and tried not to run. She moved past the first alley, then the second. She counted doors. One, two, three...

Viso's door.

She pressed the triangular button. She heard the chime. She pressed again not a second later.

The door whooshed open and Tammy's curious face lit into a smile. "Hi, Audrey!"

She reached for Tammy's hand. "Come on. Let's get out of here."

Tammy jerked her hand back. "What?"

She reached again, gripping her friend's wrist. "Let's go home."

There was a struggle. Tammy tried to pull her hand back. Her eyebrows drew down. "What are you doing? What if I want to stay?"

Audrey rolled her eyes. "You have a job."

Tammy straightened. "Maybe they can find someone else."

"Are you serious? Let's escape!"

Tammy was shaking her head. "Viso loves me. I won't give him up."

"He's a dark elf!"

Elves passing by were looking.

Her friend shook her head more firmly. "I'm staying. Tell mom and dad I'm okay."

"What? Are you kidding?"

Tammy pressed a button and shut the door in her face.

Insanity! She must be under the influence of some drug. She pressed the triangle and pounded on the door. "What about the texting?"

A dark elf touched her arm. "Are you alright, ma'am?" He had a silver sword on his sleeve.

The police! "I... I'm alright. My maiden friend and I just had a disagreement is all. I'm sorry."

He looked at her curiously but without suspicion.

She turned and walked away, knowing at any moment he was going to pull a taser and electrify her ass endlessly. That's what cops did on the surface. But she

moved farther from him without any tortuous shocks to her asshole.

Free! She ran.

She moved into the smaller cavern with the stairs leading up to the doctor's medical lab and the balustrade. She headed for it, dreading the command to stop she knew was coming. But it didn't.

Racing up the stairs, she stormed past the medical lab and the hazmat closet – or whatever it was.

She ran along the balustrade not even looking down. Ahead was the alcove on her right. She glanced that way and skidded to a stop. The crack was gone. New rock or repair or whatever it was already covered the fissure to the outside world. She wasn't sure how they had done it. Even the statue had been reset.

She turned and ran for the end of the hall where the circular platform awaited. Freedom.

She reached it and waited with held breath. Nothing happened. She began jumping up and down on the circular area. Work, dammit!

There were running footsteps that slowed and drew her attention.

Rendo. He looked at her sadly.

She jumped harder. "Don't you try to stop me!"

He reached a hand slowly into his pocket and just as slowly withdrew a device. "I love you my maiden. But you will need one of these." He tossed something.

She reached desperately and caught it. "What?" She stood straight, the small device in her hand.

"I love you." He moved his other hand. In it was a rose. A beautiful red rose. "I want you to be mine in marriage."

She froze. "Wait, what? Me? What? Marriage?"

"I love you. I have loved you since I first laid eyes on you in the cave. You're all

I want. You're all I'll ever want." He held out the rose. "I studied what we have recorded on humans. I had this made for you." He stepped close enough for her to take it.

It was a stone rose, cunningly carved and fashioned to exactly resemble the real thing. The paint was brilliant and sharp.

Audrey had stopped jumping when she took it. "What? For me?"

"I love you, my maiden. Be my wife. Marry me and let us bear many children."

She had never felt such love. It almost felt alien – as alien as the dark elf standing in front of her. "Me?"

He nodded slowly. "You. I will always love you – whether you choose to leave now or stay. My heart will always be yours."

Tears welled in her eyes. No man had ever said anything remotely like what Rendo had just said. Don't be stupid, girl. You've searched for this your whole life.

He watched her, his body still. "Be mine."

She moved her finger over the device's button. Her resolve firmed. She shook her head firmly. I won't be doing something stupid this day. She threw down the device and leapt into Rendo's arms.

She said, "Yes, I'll be yours. I'll marry you. I'll be yours until the day I die."

Rendo cradled her to him and said all that mattered. "I love you."

Thank you for reading RAVAGED By The Dark Elves. This is a stand-alone story and not a cliffhanger.

I may further write in this vein, but the reader can be confident that the story of Audrey and Rendo does not continue with some cliffhanger-BS breakup and reunion that goes on for eleven books priced at \$2.99 each.

I hope you enjoyed RAVAGED. Life is all about love and I hope you all find it.