

Perversions of the Creacian Mines

Off the coast of Tenasia, the quiet lands of the Halflings, is a small city of all woman-Rohan's Garden. Their great church and peaceful ways rival the magnificent monasteries of even Horkandis himself. (In case you forget, he is the reason you can sip those wondrous wines - during your evening meal, of course- without fear that some malicious pixie will sour it while you are busy looking elsewhere.) Their message is not world spread, and has never reached the many planes that worldly travelers may visit on any given day. However, Sir Robin knows their ways well.

It is rumored that Sir Robin himself built the church that houses the many women, and gave them the life they live today. Rescued, they say, from the Creacian Mines during an early adventure that lead him to the road of fame he travels today. However, I am sure you have all heard this one, even the bards sing of Sir Robin and the Mighty Glanalis who slew the dragon of the Creacian Mines and sent the Orcs to the hills of Rathmere. Of course, you will need to detain a barmaid or two to hear this version. Many special thanks to the sweet Amareet, who kept my mug filled as she and Karisa astounded the patrons of Torlynn's Inn with this tale.

Shackles cut cruelly into her hands as she awoke. A pounding throbbing headache rivaling the other pains that traveled through her body. Fog held her mind still and the rancid smoke that reeked of a dragon cruelly tried to close her lungs off. Her legs kicked slightly in the air as she tried to find the floor and found none beneath her. Her eyes opened heavily to try to look at her surroundings. Focusing was a challenge cruelly interrupted by a hot-callused hand that coarsely grabbed her hair and pulled her face up to look at.

Dizziness pulled the darkness in upon her eyes again as large gray breasts past her face and a large mole on her jailer's chin came into view. The gruff voice sounded far away and of some sort of gibberish that held no meaning to her as she let her eyelids fall back into place.

Something cold and metal suddenly touched her thigh, wrapping around it tightly and clicking into place. She tried to struggle against it but found no energy to move, and the other leg received the same band before she even found the energy to open her eyes.

Suddenly, both legs were ripped into the air, spread wide and causing a small weak scream to escape her lips. She thought the muscles in her legs would tear and cold air flooded between her legs, warning her of her nakedness. Her eyes opened and some of the fog lifted for a moment. Desperately she tried to bring her senses to her. It was as if she was an observer. Nothing happening felt real; but somehow she knew it was.

As she watched, the monstrous female troll stuck her hand into a bucket that sat on a table surrounded by other odd shaped objects. Searching for her voice, she only found dryness in her mouth and throat. The troll approached her, a grin showing sharp crooked teeth, her large hand dripping a grayish thick liquid barely darker than her skin color. Fear shook the chained elf, her bronze skin paling noticeably as she tried to move.

The shackles were too tight, the chains too heavy, she could not find the strength to fight it. Her head fell back and a piercing scream broke from the cobwebs in her throat. Something warm and sweet poured into her mouth as she screamed; she coughed loudly as it tried to make its way into her lungs. She tried to see who had done that but as she pulled her head up, she saw the troll standing between her legs. It snarled as it laughed and lowered its hand to allow cold slimy wetness to slide down through the soft hairs between the elf's legs.

Her mind screamed before the sound could escape from the coughs that still spit liquids from her lungs. Suddenly large fingers pressed the wetness into the folds of her soft skin, working into every inch. The elf's scream broke free and her head fell back only to be roughly pulled back by her hair. "Look," the troll said with harshness in its heavy accented voice. "Watch!" It demanded.

The rough fingers pushed the lips open and the elf struggled and cried out. Begging her tormentor to stop. The fingers squeezed cruelly in her hair. "WATCH!" The liquid spread over her more and she saw and felt the warmth slowly spreading through her insides. Her screams would not stop, and had the troll not tugged forcefully on her again, her eyes would have closed. The large gray fingers rolled around her clit, the swelling increasing each time.

Her eyes stared in shock at the purples of her inner lips as the troll worked. "No, please no." Her voice a whisper as the weakness that had prevented her fights earlier returned. "I can't, I can't, no." Warmth began to climb into her stomach as the fingers pinched her clit and rolled it lightly. The troll turned to look behind her, grumbled something in its native tongue. Its breasts heaved as it laughed to the response that came from across the room.

The elf heard none if, her body betrayed her, whatever was warming her insides came from the liquid that soaked her. Little spasms found their way into her muscles. The fingers working more swiftly over her as she shuddered unwillingly. The troll held her head up tight, "Look." This time nearly a whisper. Something large approached from behind the troll. It is nearly black skin shimmering in the little light.

Fear froze the little elf. Her skin crawled with goose bumps, and terror filled every inch of her form. Yet, still the warmth in the pit of her stomach climbed. Her voice still small whispered for them to stop. It stepped closer and her half-open eyes saw the mining orc that stood there. Its horrifying grin laughing at her. He looked down and her eyes followed his. In his clawed hand, he held a rigid object nearly the size of the small elf's arm. Screams broke from her

lips and echoed off the walls.

The troll let the girl's hair lose and her head fell back. Gray fingers found the little nipples that stood out and begged for attention regardless of the screams of no. The large rigid form pressed itself to her swollen clit. Pushing gently at first. It cooed quiet noises of encouragement as she screamed.

The orc's clawed fingers pressed into her hips pulling her to him. His large cock pressed firmly against her hole, pushing itself into her. Slowly, enjoying her pleas for him to stop, he pushed into her small hole. Tightness bringing pain to her, as he forced his way past her fragile inner skin. The fingers pinching and twisting her breasts left and were replaced by a warm mouth that encompassed them fully and sucked hard on her. A wet hand slid down her stomach and over her mound to take her clit between its fingers.

Her screams weakened, her mind trying hard to shut down. The warmth flooded over her at the touches while the pain of the large cock forcing its way into her brought tears to her eyes. Suddenly the orc seemed to lose patience. Pulling her roughly, he slammed into her, pressing the trolls fingers hard into her clit and forcing his largeness deep into her. She felt as if she were being torn open, the coarse hairs that scratched at her inner lips added to the pain that filled her.

Fingers wrapped into her hair holding her head firmly as the orc began to pound himself in and out of her, the fingers playing with her clit moved faster and more firmly. The mouth freed her breast to suck her nipple nearly free of her skin. The sensations flooded over her in the forms of pleasure and pain and her mind tore itself trying to respond to either.

Suddenly it was as if her mind gave up, her screams breathless, weak moans. Her clit throbbing uncontrollably, her legs shaking, and her eyes rolled back into her head. The troll knew she would be unconscious very soon, but it was all right. The grunting of the orc told her that the he would be finished before then. As the troll's lips left the girl's breast the orc gave a massive growl, and hot fluids flooded into the little elf's convulsing body. The troll watched with a content smile as her cries stopped with a violent shudder.

The orc pressed slowly in and out of the listless elf. His cock still shooting streams of his seed into her. His clawed fingers had dug into the girl's skin and she bleed. The troll ordered him off her and examined the girl's pussy. She would be fine; the solution had done its duty, no damage, and no blood. She grumbled to a small purple-skinned elf that knelt in the corner. Pulling the chains lose, she told the girl to ready the room for their newest member.

Small soft fingers were carefully massaging between her legs, and warm water bubbled around her ears. Her eyes came open with a start and she backed away quickly. Her back found the edge of the water just as everything came into focus.

"I won't hurt you," the dark skinned girl answered; her accent was not familiar.

"Where," she stammered, "where am I?" She searched the dark cavern walls around her for a way out, and seeing none became even more frightened.

"I am Greyestia," she smiled softly. "We are, um, prisoner's of Creation Mines." Her voice was matter of fact and betrayed only the confusion as to whether or not she had used the right terms. "What is your name? Mistress calls you Ujici, it means of sun in her tongue. What do your people call you?" Her hands moved as she talked, and her eyes were lavender blue that held the little elf still as she talked.

"I am AriaDina, I," she stared at Greyestia, tears began to form in her eyes as the information as to where she was began to sink in. "This is the Creacian Mines?" The tears fell down her cheeks in full streams.

"Yes, I am sorry, AriaDina." The smaller girl crossed the pool of water to AriaDina and put her arms around her. Holding her close, she let her cry.

A few minutes went by before AriaDina pulled away. The soft naked breasts of the other woman pressed against her own causing a response that she was not accustomed to. "Greyestia, you can call me Aria. Why are we here? Is the 'Mistress' the troll that," Aria stopped, her throat clogged with the memory.

"Yes, that is Mistress, she is our master. If we please her, and those she sends us, she will allow us live. If we do not, she will kill us." Her fingers ran gently through Aria's hair, "Please call me Tia."

Aria trembled even in the warmth of the bubbling water. Her mind trying not to think of what had happened or how long it may have been. Her fingers slid down between her legs, checking for blood, expecting to find herself torn and maimed.

"You are not hurt," Tia answered, her soft voice pulling Aria from the memories and reminding her of the other woman's presence. "Um, it's the magic, um, water magic." She shrugged her shoulders looking down at Aria's hand between her legs.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Her face was red with embarrassment that she had done this in front of this stranger. Her eyes looked at the water, realizing that they were both, naked, and both sitting so closely. Aria's mind whirled with confusion, and nothing wanted to make sense.

"There is no sorry, Aria." Tia's dark fingers left Aria's hair, sliding down over her shoulders. Aria trembled and her eyes came back up to stare in the smaller girl's face. "We are here, we help each other. It is we will live. If we fail, we both die."

Before Aria could respond, soft lips touched her own, instantly bringing another tremor over her body. Her mind reeled with the idea that she was kissing another woman, and that she was responding to it. She pulled away, "Wait," she whispered, "what is going to happen?"

Tia opened her mouth to speak but a sudden bang stopped her. Both women turned to where the noise had come from. Tia's eyes became large and frightened as she grabbed Aria's hand and pulled her quickly from the water.

"I thought more time." She exclaimed pulling her quickly behind her. As they reached the other end of the cavern, Aria's body aches returned and her legs tried to give out beneath her. Tia stopped and dropped to her knees on a small rug. "Here, beside me, do as I do." She ordered quietly.

Another bang sounded from close to them. Aria fell to her knees beside Tia, trying to keep the aches in her legs and arms quiet. She looked at her wrists and saw the bruises, and looked at her thighs and saw the matching ones.

Tia grabbed her arm, "You must not speak, you must keep eyes down, and you must stay awake, please." Her voice was anxious and afraid.

Aria fought with the pain, smoke filled air filtered into the room and suddenly feet stomped in. She kept her eyes down, the fear in Tia's voice stuck in her head. Shivering, she dreaded what might come next.

"Girl!" The voice of the troll shouted.

"Mistress, cor ma etor" Tia spoke quietly. She gently elbowed Aria.

"Mistress, ca ma etar" Aria tried, but knew she did not have it right. The feet were before them and the stench of the mines tore at her lungs.

The troll grumbled at Tia while Aria's consciousness tried to escape her. Her lungs burned and her body desperately wanted the warmth of the water again. Just as darkness began to swim before her eyes, strong fingers grabbed her hair. Aria squealed, but did not fight as she was dragged to her feet.

"Ujici know to do?" The troll spit into her face. Aria nodded confused and the troll dropped her back to the floor. As she crumbled, unable to hold herself up, she heard the troll issue another command and stomp away.

"Aria?" Tia asked, carefully brushing the hair from Aria's eyes.

"I'm here, I think," she answered as darkness overtook her again.

Waking to the pool was actually refreshing; Tia's hands were massaging a thick lotion into her wrists as she opened her eyes. "Tia?"

"Yes, we make better." She kissed Aria softly on the cheek. "We have little time. Orc comes soon, you must be ready. We must be ready." Her fingers worked softly over the wrist and then over her shoulders.

"But..." Aria started, soft blue eyes filled with tears again. Tia kissed her lips, silk softness quieting the words that Aria searched for.

"I won't let you hurt. You see." Aria kissed her back as their lips met again. Her tongue filled her mouth softly and Aria took it in, basking in the warmth that filled her body at the touches of Tia's naked breasts against her own. Slowly Tia pulled away and reached over to the side of the pool.

"Drink this," she handed a small metal cup to Aria. "It helps." She took another cup and drank from it as well.

Aria put it to her nose, the smell was horrid, and it wrecked of something she couldn't even explain, worse than the potions in Master Uiender's lab. Tia motioned her to drink it, and slowly she took a small sip. She coughed fitfully. It was hot, like burning fire sliding down her throat and into her stomach. She splashed as she tried hard not to throw up on an empty stomach.

"Drink faster," Tia, said as she rubbed Aria's back. "It will hurt less."

Aria stared at Tia in disbelief. Why would she want to drink this horrible stuff? Tia looked worried and eyed the far wall constantly. Finally, Aria lifted the cup to her lips and downed the horrid fire that burnt as it entered her.

Barely seconds passed before her head began to swim lightly, a new warmth was emitting from her middle, and she wasn't too sure she could stand up, but she felt marvelous. Tia's lips found hers and she kissed her happily.

Tia pulled away a bit, "Come, we have to be ready." She said in all seriousness, but Aria just smiled at her and giggled.

"For what?" She asked, her voice slurring a tad. "What are we going to do, Tia?" Tia frowned at Aria making her pout. "But, I want to know." Aria said, trying to follow Tia out of the tub.

Finally, Tia turned back to her with a little smile. "I will show you, if you are good, I make you happy." Taking Aria's hand, she led her across the hard stone floor to a bed in the other corner.

Once to the bed, with Aria stumbling, Tia laid her down and began kissing her hard. She pressed her lips to Aria's and slid her fingers in slow soft circles over Aria's small breast and hard nipples.

"I don't think we should be doing this," Aria whispered as Tia's lips moved to her neck. She gasped and wrapped her fingers into Tia's hair. "I don't know if I want to do this."

"We have to, Aria," she whispered into her ear kissing gently the lobe and then sucking it into her mouth. Aria gasped again and her back arched, pushing her hips against Tia. "You like it," Tia said matter-of-factly.

Aria's fingers held tightly to Tia's hair, and her other hand held to Tia's arm, as if she might fall if she let go for even a minute, but Tia didn't complain, she moved her fingers slowly over Aria's fair skin watching the little trembles and enjoying the moans that began to come from every kiss she planted on the girl's neck.

Aria was becoming lost in the feelings, her mind mentally tried to recall the last time she had been kissed, but it was lost to her, all she remembered was his fair face and the ring he had gone off to find for her. She trembled again and suddenly Tia's finger was exploring over her mound, pressing softly just above her clit and causing her hips to push up against the small

fingers.

Tia's mouth slid over the soft skin of Aria's breasts, licking and nibbling the tender flesh. The nipples grew harder and harder as she worked, and the moans were becoming nearly screams of need. She slowly sucked a nipple into her mouth and bite down gently, Aria shuddered beneath her, and her mound throbbed gently beneath her fingers. Tia slid her fingers into the warm wetness, and touched the swollen clit softly. Aria pushed her hips up hard to met them.

Suddenly a bang at the end of the room caused Tia to freeze. She kissed Aria's stomach and looked for Aria to have a reaction, when Aria didn't seem to notice the noise she smiled and reached off the side of the bed, and came back to slide her whole, cooled hand into Aria's warm pussy. Smiling at the quickness to which her hips pushed up to met her hand she hurried to push it all in before the orc reached them.

The stomping footsteps moved ever closer as Tia thrust her fingers in and out of Aria. The sound terrifying beneath the sounds of Aria's excitement. Tia hurriedly straddled Aria's face, sliding her fingers between her legs, she spread herself, and Aria's tongue curiously began to explore around the sounds of her pleasure. Tia's shock at how eagerly Aria worked was overridden by her need to make sure Aria was in place in time. Grabbing Aria's legs, she pulled them up and the Orc's face was before hers.

His sharp teeth grinned cruelly at her and he muttered something she couldn't hear or understand. Aria's pussy sat wide open, throbbing for attention, but he just pushed his fingers in for a moment and watched Tia's face as he made Aria groan loudly into her pussy. His grin was cruel and echoed in his eyes and Tia suddenly became very afraid. Dropping Aria's legs, she backed up off the exploring tongue and began to panic.

"No," she whispered. The Orc's hand snatched her upper arm, cruel claws digging in. Aria's scream as she scrambled in fear from the bed was not much help. Aria did not know what to do, and Tia couldn't reach the bucket of the magic potion from the top of the bed. She tugged against, him, but his size and strength were nearly double that of hers and he ripped her from the bed.

Tossing her like a rag-doll against the wall, he forced his legs between hers, his cock searching for entrance. Tia's head spun and she tried to kick, he would ripe her wide open without the potion, there was no way she could let him in.

A loud clang rang out and suddenly Tia was dropped to the floor as the orc turned around. From between his legs, she could see Aria take off running to the far end of the room. She stopped and stared at the walls, her fingers running over them as the orc moved slowly

towards her. There was no way out, Aria's red hair spun around and she saw the massive dark blue creature, claws and sharp teeth, already halfway across the room. She put both hands up and a red bolt escaped her fingers hitting it square on the chest.

The orc stopped, he looked at Aria for a moment and then ran full force at her. She threw herself to the floor in a ball. Tia was on her feet, running to Aria's aid. Not five feet from Aria the orc came to a dead halt, but Tia didn't stop. Once at Aria's side she touched her hair, and turned back to the orc that should have already been there.

Between them and the orc, stood a dark robed figure. The robe fell to the floor and long flowing auburn hair and a naked, perfectly round bottom stood before them. She turned and winked at the two girls curled up behind her.

A grunt echoed from the orc and he tried to grab the girl's waist, she sidestepped him. In frustration, he swung sharp claws at her, and ducking low, she kicked his feet from beneath him. The red hair flashed in and out as she moved, circling behind him to lead him away from his victims. As the orc turned, Tia noticed blood running slowly down his hip, 'A knife wound?' she pondered.

Something grabbed both girls, covering their mouths, and lifting from the floor.

"Hush, if you say a word he will see." A quiet man's voice whispered. "Take my hand, a friend will take you from this place to safety." Aria and Tia looked at the gray haired man and took his hand.

A quiet wave of magic washed over them and suddenly the dark smoky cavern was gone, replaced by sunlight and the peaceful forest. Tia's eyes hurt, and she squinted as someone handed her a blanket. Aria danced happily and hugged the wood elf handing them blankets. "Kario, is it Robin's team here for us?" She asked happily.

"Yes, Aria, you know we had to come find you when your mother called out for heroes to find her most precious daughter." He kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Tia looked around; there were easily 100 women around with blankets wrapped around them. She wondered if she should tell Aria's friend that she was drunk, however, she imagined that her happiness couldn't be less without the firewater. All the slaves of the Creacian Mines were here. She boggled the situation, she could not believe that anyone was able to rescue them, let alone all of them.

"Cover your ears!" Kario shouted out. Tia's hands were barely over her ears as a rumbling began to rock the ground beneath her feet, as if tried to rip itself asunder. The mountainside to their right growled as if the dragon itself were about to break loose from its cavern depths. Tia's

hands forced hard into her ears and she fell to her knees as the sound became louder. The mountain billowed smoke from its peak that brought a sudden darkness above them. A small wood elf girl took her hand and suddenly the forest was gone and they stood on the beach of a quiet ocean. Aria sat down next to Tia and hugged her tightly.

Robin and his Posse rescued over a hundred slaves that day, slew a dragon, and became a part of a city's founding. The city itself, well, that is another tale.