

The Story of the Hunter Wolf  
A magical tale set in the Etz Chaim universe.

# The Story of Rudina the Hunter Wolf

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A message from the author.

## *Worlds and setting:*

This story takes place in a Multiverse of 10 linked worlds, the multiverse is called Etz Chaim, or Tree of Life.

The worlds this in this story, and following stories are loosely based on both mythology and pseudoscience. Not that I agree with any pseudoscience, it's just colorful and imaginative. The concept is while not a person of faith, what can I do with worlds where the laws of physics makes it possible for Magic, gods, devils, and every monster in gaming, fantasy, could actually exist.

The setting contains 10 unique worlds, which are alternate realities of our Earth. In some worlds, magic has replaced science, in others there is a mix of magic and science, while a few are so different that they would not be recognizable as based on Earth.

The Concept of how Magic works, is based on pseudoscience and how people who do not understand particle physics try and fit their beliefs in the supernatural into science.

Magic in these worlds is defined as the natural reaction of the quantum world to powerful willpower. I set up some bad physics to allow for magic, and then extrapolated how this would change a world, while making it a Dungeons and Dragons setting. Yes, the first iteration of these setting was in second edition during the 90's. As I wanted more of a science fiction with magic world than Forgotten Realms allowed. Although I did add a lot from Dark Sun in the first versions.

Main Character is a self-insertion of sorts. It is hard to not put a little of one's self into a character, as such for this story, I will be very obvious with how this character relates to me, and my flaws and strengths, and personal background.

So, without further ado, I will tell a fantasy story... oh and Yes before I forget.

## *Disclaimer:*

*Because we live in an age of disclaimers.*

"The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this book are mostly fictitious."

Because let's face it, half of this story is going to be non-fiction set in a fictitious world, or is it?

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## Chapter 1

World of Dragons, in the 19th Millenia Year 990 since the founding of the Hysponian Empire

The Elder of the village called Heorod, took the material components for the spell out of the vast ancient treasury hidden in the ancient fortress keep that made the heart of the small community. He was sad every time the material wealth of their forbearers had to be used for a spell. This time it was going to be the costliest summons their people have done in a hundred years. He was but a small child the last time, yet he understands the risks of summoning a hero or beast from the other worlds.

He also knew that the ancient mages who did the last summons, never taught the acolytes everything, so he was worried the results could be just as bad as the monstrosity that was targeting his people. What choice did he have, to the north were impassible mountains filled with Dragons and all manner of creatures that mere mortals couldn't face.

To the south were the Human Kingdoms who hated his kind as mere monsters, and only valued as slaves, and the secret lands under the mountains where all kinds of evil lurked, the rumored lost empires of the dark elves and their spider god. They couldn't leave and staying held great risks. This latest horror from the abyss came on cloudy nights and stole away villagers. A few were eaten the rest had vanished.

He turned to leave the treasury and sighed. Looking over the doorway that led up to the Keep. He saw the map of the world on a special tapestry.

The land was shaped like a segmented crescent, that reached both the north and south poles before sweeping back towards the center.

The village elder has read much of the known histories, of how once the world was ruled by Great and terrible Dragon Gods, until the four world powers over turned their rule, and banished them.

To the south was the human continent. It was mostly taken up by the Hysponian Empire that was founded about nineteen thousand years ago. History records that an army of well-trained elite troops made up of High Humans conquered a city to the south, they slowly created the first Human Empire, the remaining nations on that continent are a part of a Commonwealth that owes allegiance to the High Humans and the Emperor of Hysponia.

To the North, and where their village technically sat was the Continent of Dragons. Unlike the human continent, demi-humans ruled the vast majority of these lands. There was Elves of the Faelands on the west half of the continent. At the top of the world Dwarves maintained a throne at what they called the true North Pole. In the eastern part of the continent were an array of Empires. Unfortunately, the southern portion sat the massive Dragon Mountains, this was where their village could be found. Some

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of the peaks are believed to be so tall as to be outside of breathable air. Under these mountains are cavernous lands known as the Darklands, they are ruled by Dark elves, and other beings which never come up to see the daylight. Which is where the problem lies for his village, every hundred years or so some monster or other fiend finds the rout to the surface that leads to their village. Fortunately, such beings have little tolerance for light, and tonight's full moon is not only a perfect time for summoning aid, but also a reprieve from the assault by the creature.

He looked again to the map and wondered what the other two major continents in the southern hemisphere were like. All he knew was they were split in twain by a river that was large enough in places to be considered a long narrow sea. With the western side being mountainous with large jungles, and the eastern side to be a flatland with grassy plains, those lands were nearly inaccessible by land, with a massive desert separating Hysponia and the lands to the south.

After a moment's pause, he checked the offerings in his hand, and left out the door and up the stairs to the waiting courtyard with his collection of treasures.

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## Somewhere in Los Angeles California, Earth, 2019.

The person sat in their chair, staring at the screen. The only enjoyment left in their life was sitting and staring at what other people were doing with their lives and arguing with them about politics and religion. Gone were their days of youth, they had had a full life, they had decided today was it, they couldn't go on, they had lived a hell of nearly 50 years of life, they had gender identity issues since they were a small child, lower back issues from their time in the US Marines, and trust issues with love from a failed marriage, and other dating mishaps which caused them to not only hate themselves, but to refuse to open up and allow anyone else to love them, they were sick of it all.

On their lap they had a m1911a1 service pistol. They had cleaned it, used it at the range, and loved this weapon, it was at their side everywhere they went. Leaning against the desk was their Daniel Defense Ambush 300 hunting rifle. This one was set up with hard sights, and they had been cleaning it earlier as they had been to the shooting range earlier that day. Unlike the service pistol it was illegal to purchase a service rifle as a civilian, so they had a long history of collecting AR15 variants. Some of these were so close to the real thing it would take an expert to tell them apart. However, the variants they actually liked best were specialized hunting rifles which often ended up lighter and less bulky than the ones meant to look like a M16.

The DD Ambush 300 had a small magazine with only 5 rounds and was very accurate up to 500 yards. This was fine for them, since the days of using a rifle to hit a target at over 1000 yards were long gone. Age has a way of making the distances with hard sights get shorter, sure they could use a scope, they had purchased many over their life, but it took away a vital portion of their pride as an expert shot to use them. The only thing between them and the target were prescription safety glasses, bits of metal, and the air which the bullets traveled. There was a special thrill when you got a perfect shot with hard sights that you never felt with a scope. Hell, the only type of hunting they liked better was with a bow,

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but since their health took a turn towards the worse, bow hunting was right out. You had to be in shape to use a bow perfectly, something their back refused to cooperate on.

They sat there and wondered if there was a heaven or hell. In their life looking to cure Gender Dysphoria they had studied all the worlds beliefs and mysteries. As a young child they were raised by their father who was Southern Baptist, their mom was Jewish, so technically they were too, but they never felt like it. As a young adult they joined the US Marine Corps. The Marines failed to cure the deep-down dysphoria they felt. So, they had gone on a spiritual journey around the world once free of service. They had sitting on a shelf in the room books and artifacts of all the world's religions, and all the world's magical traditions. Sure, science gave hormones, and surgery. Sadly, they were built like a football linebacker. Most women would have considered them a hunk when they were young. Even now with a ruined body, and a bald head, they were overwhelmingly masculine standing at six foot three inches when they stood tall. However, thanks to back problems they hunched a bit.

Ten years ago, they started a legal transition, hormones hardly helped as they add but do not take away. They had naturally large breasts, but they still looked like a monster of a man in the mirror. To make the dysphoria worse they had typical male pattern baldness, and no matter how many sessions of hair removal they still had a full beard. They had tried everything, they knew for a fact that there were no gods, no magic that could make a difference on Earth, they had accepted that Science was their only salvation, so far even science had its limits.

They lifted the pistol, chambered a round and closed their eyes. They placed it against their head, waited, and then cleared the chamber and holstered it, while crying. Not tonight then.

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## World of Dragons, time for a Summons

The large courtyard was cleared of all debris. It was marked with chalk markings by the village acolytes in the ancient magical ways of dragons. The summoning circle was almost as large as the courtyard which was about 500 paces of an average sized person.

On the Outside of the circle were four sacrificial alters at each of the cardinal points, north, south, east, and west. There was also the spot the elder would stand with his personal podium set up with his magical tools. The podium was set to face the magical pole in the east. Although people called it a magical pole, it wasn't the same as the magnetic pole of the north. It was instead a point in the heavens that sat consistently to a spot in what was basically east for his community. Depending on where you were in the world it would be somewhere slightly different. Once an ancient wizard calculated the location of the magic pole. It was at a place that sat halfway between the world and the moon, always sitting basically at midnight on the equator as it's shortest distance. It was an invisible point in the nights sky, unless on the rare occasions the moon passed that point, then it looked like a tiny dot against the bright white of the moon. He handed the acolytes the sacrifices for each of the alters and walked to his position next to his podium.

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To the north alter was a precious geode beautiful on the inside yet earthy textures on the outside, this was to represent the Earth.

To the south a fire red ruby, that shone brightly and fiercely in the moons light and thus a gorgeous offering for fire.

To the West a perfect pearl the size of a human heart, Water so did love the beauty of a pearl.

Last but not least, for the Air in the East, a hand sized sapphire that was perfectly cut, aery and light.

Any one of these sacrifices could feed the village for a year, he was glad that their community had magical wealth still after thousands of years guarding the gateway to the abyss.

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He was ready, yet he was scared. He memorized the spell perfectly, it was the things not written that troubled him. Usually spells of summoning contained names of the summon monsters and where the beings where found in the ether. This spell had no name, and the location of the summoned entity was said in words he didn't understand. He learned them, as the spell did have a side bar of notes that included the pronunciations, his last fear was nowhere in the spell was any compulsion of obedience included, in fact there was a warning that any attempt at changing the spell to include one would cause everyone to be compelled to that which was summoned.

Still this was his peoples last chance spell, and it was one of the most powerful summonses they had. He remembered as a child when it was last used. The heroic being made of metal that roared with a massive sound and had four High Human's as it's master. The metal beast died shortly afterwards. It still lay in the center of the village with its long metal trunk pointing towards the cavern entrance that over looked the side of the village. The four High Humans left south after defeating their foes. That was almost a hundred years ago.

He wondered if the High Humans still lived, they were mysterious and amazing beings. Unlike the common human, High Humans had the potential to use magic like an elf and could fight in armor like an Orc. His peoples written histories said that it was the Dragons who took the first High Humans and created all the mortal races around two million years ago. Each of the mortal races were excellent at one thing but were weak in others.

His kind was strong at raw magic and seduction, they could convince people to do things. Most of their kind that became adventurers became Bards, only a few like himself choose to follow pure Magic. However, as their village stood at the entrance of the great abyss, their village had an ancient tradition of Wizards. He was always proud of being talented with learned magic. His only regret was his mentor died before all the oral traditions were taught.

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He walked slowly to the podium, looked at each of his tools. He took the colorful cross and draped it over his head. He only wore this necklace when he had to do spell work. It used all the elements as a focus point. It also made his intelligence increase, which was great for spell work, but bad for social interaction, which was also important as village elder.

He then checked his wand which was made from a leg bone of a displacer beast. His knife was the claw tip of a gold dragon who gifted it to him as a young adventuring wizard.

The chalice was a simple cup given to the last village elder by the High Humans. It was a kidney shaped metal cup with a hinged metal handle. The cup was made from a type of star metal, it turned out to be quite good for magical ritual.

He then cleared his voice loudly so everyone in the valley could hear him. His use of Booming Voice was useful as village elder, it was a rare upgraded version of the Bard Spell Amplify which had expanded range that could be heard by everyone in the valley. "Everyone to your places, we begin in a moment."

The people not a part of the summons had moved to the tower portion of the Keep and a few faces were watching from the many windows and fighting holes dotting the tower. All two thousand of his people were in the tower besides the clan's mages, wizards, and witches for the summoning and the few town guards watching the walls. The Bards and clerics of the clan were in the keep ready to heal and help any who were in trouble.

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The elder seeing that everyone was in position started his work.

He held up the claw dagger that was gold inlaid with magic runes and gems representing each of the elements. He then closed the circle in the courtyard and cast a simple purifying spell. Once he was satisfied that the circle was properly charged. He called on the power of the moon goddess, his peoples patron deity.

He then proceeded to call on each element and faced each cardinal direction calling on the guardian of each compass point. Facing the point of the magic pole, he started the summons.

It was now precisely Midnight at his location, it was time to harness the energies and powers of magic to their fullest. He started to glow with arcane power as he chanted the spell. Which in turn caused the summoning lines to change from chalk to magical barriers, filled with the light of the moon.

The alters glowed brightly in each of their elemental colors' red for fire, blue for water, yellow for air, and green for earth.

For those watching they could see the colored energy were in the shape of the runes that ruled the elements which looked like triangles. The offerings slowly vanished, and the elemental brightness increased until it was painful to look directly at the alters.

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The acolytes standing in a semi-circle behind the elder were singing and chanting in harmony their part of the incantation. The village elder in a firm a powerful voice recited the incantation perfectly. His words sounded as if a Dragon was speaking, as the language of magic was also the ancient language of Dragons.

At the crescendo of their voices, the elemental energies had been absorbed into the center of the circle and started to spin and merge. Everything inside the summoning circle started to look like a multi-colored tornado of air, earth, fire, and water reaching far in to the nights sky.

And then it stopped in sudden silence. The incantation was done. The tornado vanished. The energies had vanished in a blink of an eye. Only the outside circle had any power left as the barrier was still visible.

The village elder started to panic, as nothing was there. He was worried that they did it wrong somehow. He was about to move from his position when he saw a rip in spacetime, the entire center of the circle was replaced by a bright flash. Causing him to fall down.

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In a house in L.A. in a part of town known as Northridge, but not for long.

They reached for their rifle, they would live another day. Every time they thought 'now was the time', the heaven hell question came to mind. Even though they were an atheist they couldn't drive out the last nagging possibility that maybe there was something else unseen and unknown.

They stood up slung the rifle over their shoulder with one loaded magazine in their coat pocket. They were going to the guest bedroom they had converted into an armory. As they started to move, the power went out.

Then it hit, the most powerful earthquake they had ever felt. The windows glowed with all the colors in the rainbow. Then things started to fall, books on the shelves, the computer monitor, an old framed movie poster, etc.

They decided to sit under the desk in case the roof collapsed. Even the Earthquake of 1994 paled compared to this one.

They wondered what caused the lighting effect. 'Funny what you think of when you don't panic in the face of disaster' they thought as the world bounced and shock.

Then as quickly as it started everything flashed in blinding light and the world was calm. They looked out from under the desk, everything was dark, they then reached into their coat and grabbed their cellphone and switched on the light.

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### The courtyard of the village Keep

The elder sat on the ground as he looked to the courtyard in front of him. Inside what remained of the magical circle was a single floor house. It did not look like the typical cottage, it was strangely designed. It barely fit in the center of the large space. It looked like it was made of smooth stone the color of parchment. On the roof sat red brick tiles in the shape of interlinked semi circles, and covering the tiles were metal frames which held aloft black windows angled in such a way to not be usable as windows. He could see that the edging of the house was made from dense wood, the windows were too large and clear. He could also hear someone stirring in the house.

The elder got up and dusted himself off and wondered where the entryway was.

Then a door opened, and he realized how obvious it was, he had assumed the rectangle stained glass window framed in wood was just a window.

From the door stepped out a massive human, they were at least a full head taller than your normal human, and were slightly taller than his people. It held a rectangle object which had a small white light in its hand. In its other hand it had a metal tool that looked like a small pair of pliers. On its back it had a metal staff strapped against their back. To its side it had a sheath holding a strange metal device on their side.

They stepped out of the house. They knew they had to check that the gas mains were off. They also had to check the house for risks. A strong earthquake could cause damage which would end up causing the house to become like a bomb if the gas was leaking. They didn't notice that they were in a courtyard of an ancient keep, nor did they notice the group of people in robes staring as they walked the perimeter of the house to the gas shut off valve. The gas main auto shut off was not triggered, so they closed the valve manually and sighed with relief, hopefully the house won't blow up now. They would have to open all the windows and find their camping gear and sleeping bag. They spoke out loud to no one "looks like I'm camping outside until the house can be inspected."

As they turned to head back to the house, they heard a voice calling out. They looked out to where the street should be. In front of them was an elderly man in an elaborate cosplay of a demon. They had bluish white skin, black robes with magical stars and things, a colorful Rosicrucian cross around their neck, and devil style goat horns that looked glued to his forehead. To complete the look, he seemed to wear those heeled boots that made it look like he had goat legs. All in all, a very good cosplay.

They then noticed that instead of their neighbor's house, there was a medieval style tower. They stepped forward and looked around them carefully and saw the keep walls in which their house was sitting in the courtyard of. This was the moment they realized they were not in the San Fernando Valley anymore, they wanted to make a Wizard of Oz joke, but decided this was way worse than the big one, and not anywhere as fun as the Wizard of Oz, plus they didn't have a dog so talking to one seemed dumb.

The elder watched the person as they turned to face him, he noticed that he or she had female breasts and walked with a hunch. At the same time, it's gate was masculine, the build was manly and from what he saw of the face it was a man's face but cleanly shaven although the elder could see the shadow

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where a beard would grow. It was just the breasts that confused the look. Maybe he was suffering from a curse.

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### It starts

Right after the elder said a greeting and the High Human male, or female turned to face him, a rolling cloud quickly covered the valley blocking out the moonlight. He looked up to the sky and became fearful.

The High Human seeing the expression and realizing that this was either a vivid dream or injury related hallucination decided to play it safe, and not assume what they saw was reality. After all they had two firearms on their person right now, and this could complicate matters if they used them illegally.

Off in the distance was a loud inhuman screech. Both the elder and the High Human turned to face the direction of the sound.

The Elder then ordered his people inside the Keep.

The elder knew that the High Human most likely did not speak common yet, and had a spell prepared for this. He quickly and in a friendly manner offered a hand in greeting, the high human complied and shook his hand. While they shook the elder released the prepared spell. This caused the High Human to pass out, the elder caught them and held them until they regained awareness.

“Are you well, High Human?” the Elder asked in common.

“High Human?” they responded confused, and slightly groggy from being exposed to two very powerful spells in less than five minutes.

“Fear not human, we mean you no harm” the elder said in the common tongue, “we are in desperate need of a hero, as a great beast from the pit is hunting our people nightly for food. Please we will offer you any riches you desire if you can help us defeat this monster.”

“Umm, yah, clearly I’m injured and hallucinating badly, if you can just call the paramedics, I’ll store my firearms in the locked weapons safe I have in the house.” They said. Hoping that they were speaking clearer than they were hearing. Now would be a bad time to do anything rash. Hopefully after a few minutes of clear air the hallucination would fade.

“Oh, dear me, no you are not hallucinating,” the elder said, “I used a hero summoning to bring forth a powerful beast or hero from the mysterious world of High Humans. What you are seeing is true, and please whatever weapons you have bring them, for surely, they are needed as our people’s lives are in great danger, also how should I call you, and are you a man or a woman?”

This caused them to blink and wonder, because this hallucination was too realistic for even the best LSD, which they had experimented with in Europe after they left the Marines. In fact, none of the tell tells for

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hallucinations where there, the air felt normal, their insides didn't have any heightened awareness, they could think clearly, and their back still hurt.

"Rudina, Transgender Woman" she replied to the question, "although I'm a rather bad example of a Trans-woman." She said.

The elder didn't understand what a 'transwoman' was but he adjusted his vocabulary to reflect that she was a woman. She was definitely a woman with heroic proportions, which was to be expected of High Humans.

He led her to the Keeps main gate, where the guards on the wall were clearly casting spells and firing arrows at someone or something. The elder led her up a stair on the side of the wall and showed her what was on the other side.

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### From her point of view

She followed the demon looking old man up the stairs to the keep's walls. Next to the main gate she saw a classic medieval village, in the traditional old Germanic style. In the town square looked like a ruined M1-Abrams with its main gun pointing at a cave entrance that spanned the entire valley that the village sat in, it was about 200 feet tall and about a quarter mile wide. Standing just inside the village at about 500 yards was a monster in the classic Japanese monster movie kind of way. It stood about 50 to 60 feet tall, had a torso shaped like a human with a strange yet humanoid head, its lower body however was that of a massive spider, with eight segmented legs and made from black spiky material. The head however was a mix of both Human and spider features. It most likely was male, however one could never assume. It was carefully examining each house in the town looking for easy prey while ignoring the defenders on the keep's walls.

This was surprising that the arrows actually were hitting its torso, they just didn't seem to do any damage. While the spells seemed to hit what for lack of a better word was a forcefield of some kind.

She asked the old man, "What is that, spider giant man thingy?"

"The enemy, a monster probably created by the Dark Elves of the Abyss, it's like a giant male arachne, or possibly a Demi- arachne." He stated trying to sound like he knew what it was, even though he was just as clueless as she was. He had never seen or heard of a creature like this before.

Rudina, unslung her rifle and assumed a left-handed shooter kneel. She checked the range, took control of her breathing and lined up a shot.

**\*\*Crack\*\***

The entire valley echoed at the sound of her shot. She hit the target, although it had clearly already lost energy at that distance. "Not the right rifle for this." She mumbled. While holding her position and aim.

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The spider monster slowly turned around and faced the wall looking to see what caused the sound. It started to slowly walk towards the gate.

“Well this is better.” She said as the monster was now in the effective range of her weapon.

**\*\*Crack\*\*** pause **\*\*Crack\*\*** she fired two more rounds.

Both aimed at the large easy to target head, one of its eight eyes were clearly hit and was leaking bluish green goo.

She then fired two more shots aiming for the eyes. Scoring two more busted eyes.

She then informed the elder, “I need to reload, I’ll be right back, good thing he’s so slow.”

She jumped down the stairs and ran to the door of her house. Once inside her armory room she set her rifle on the workbench and opened one of the safes and took out her big Winchester Model 70 Alaskan and the box of ammunition under it, she then closed the safe. This was a bear killer, it was a large bolt action rifle with a three-round capacity with one additional chambered. Hopefully this isn’t a hallucination she thought as she ran back to the front gate, the spider monster was now really close, and she could see its head before she got to the gate. She took the box of ammo and raced back to her previous firing position on the wall, she also noted that she was not in as much physical pain as she was used to.

The spider monster was now really close, and she could see its head before she got to the gate.

Once on top she opened the box of ammo, and loaded 3 in the weapon, and added the 4<sup>th</sup> to the chamber. She then relaxed her mind, looked up as the monster was now reaching for a mage on the opposite side of the gate on the wall near her. This was going to be close she thought.

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## Guns vs melee

**\*\*Blam\*\*** slide, slide **\*\*Blam\*\*** slide, slide **\*\*Blam\*\*** slide, slide **\*\*Blam\*\***

Four perfect shots, four eyes ruined. It was however eating the mage that it had grabbed, it was a gut-wrenching sight as the monster had a mix of spider like drinking fangs and humanlike chewing teeth. The monster was clearly not being wounded severely even though its eyes were being blinded.

“What the hell man,” she complained to the elder who was next to her “he’s not even phased by the loosing of seven of his eyes.” as she was reloading as fast as she could.

The monster let out a hissing roar that sounded like a cross between an angry man and a reptile.

It smashed the gate wide open and entered the courtyard. The guards on the walls and the acolytes and village elder all started attacking with their best attacks. They aimed for any possible weak spot.

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Rudina then aimed her Rifle at the back of its head and repeated shooting all four shots in a close grouping hoping that something would get through its thick hide, or shell it had for skin. Sadly, all it seemed to do was anger the creature, as it stomped on her home and more or less flattening it.

She was getting very angry now. And reloaded quickly, this monster would never understand how much work it took to get that home on a Cal-Vet, and she still had 20 more years of payments left. Plus, everything she owned and loved was in there.

**\*\*Blam\*\*** slide, slide **\*\*Blam\*\*** slide, slide **\*\*Blam\*\*** slide, slide **\*\*Blam\*\***

The monster however was grabbing and killing all the guards and mages it could see, it fortunately wasn't eating them, that would have been too much for her to bare again, that was just plain to gross.

The village elder was tearful and clearly trying his best, but all the spell work he had been doing had cost him a lot of energy, plus he cared and loved each person that he was seeing torn apart by the 'demi-arachne giant'.

He looked to the hero and wondered what he could do to increase her power.

He used the last bit of his spell power to cast the only spell he had memorized that day for martial ability, 'Mighty Wallop, Greater'.

It gave the person benefiting from it the ability to fight at an increased size level. Since he was a high-level wizard, he knew she would be equal to the monster's size, and because of her build she might just be able to beat it in hand to hand. He cast the spell and touched her shoulder.

"Rudina, your loud weapon has blinded it mostly" he said, "but his natural armor is resilient to all but melee attacks, I just cast a spell on you which should make it possible to fight it in hand to hand. Provided you know how to fight unarmed."

"ohhh, kay" she said reluctantly, she wasn't in pain like she normally would be. In fact, back hadn't troubled her once since this happened. "Why not, we're dead anyway as he's killed just about everyone else and will be reaching for us soon."

She then set her weapon down and ran along the wall until she was right next to its abdomen. She jumped onto its back and sprinted towards the humanoid back and executed a lunging punch something like what Goku might have done.

**\*\*CRACK\*\***

The blow hit it hard, and its unclothed back was cracked visibly, it was leaking green blue goo from the wound.

The beast was stunned for a moment, so she jumped up and grabbed it by the hair on the back of its head. She started to punch its head and neck repeatedly with one hand while holding its hair with the other, each blow sounded nearly as loud as a rifle shot. The repeated blows however did not crack the skin like the running blow did. The monster was clearly reacting to the attacks she made and tried to grab her with its arms.

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She took ahold of one of the arms and kicked off its neck as hard as she could, to her surprise the force of her action ripped the arm clean off at the shoulder, the beast screamed in a loud and painful screech, and bolted back to the cave entrance, and vanished from sight in a blur of speed, that startled everyone.

The survivors gathered around the ruined house and Rudina who sat there covered in goo still holding an arm the size of a telephone pole she then passed out exhausted.

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## Chapter 2

### Early next morning

The elder's wife Willow was a cleric, and she was fully trained in the healing arts. She had taken the Hight Human Rudina to the Keeps royal room to sleep and recover.

While she treated her for exhaustion and any other ailments she could find. She also found the unusual truth of what a Transgender Woman was after removing her clothing to give her a sponge bath. She then asked her goddess what a 'Transgender Woman' was. The goddess being well aware of things mortals weren't, whispered the truth and the cure for Rudina. She then covered Rudina up and asked for her husband to come in.

"Garth, my dear, I need your help with one of your spells." She asked her husband the Elder of their community.

"What spell is that?" he replied unsure what wizards spell could be used in the healing arts.

"Her condition is uncommon, but not unknown, however it is easily cured with a sex change spell, she needs one that will turn a man into a woman, and then she will be whole."

He didn't quite grasp but shrugged and left the room to his study which was the very top room of the keep. It took him about an hour to find the spell.

Looking at the spell in one of his ancient tomes, he realized it was an easy one to have prepared. It was a classic spell from elvish lands. He never understood why someone developed it, however he was familiar with its use. It would cause a person to change sex. "Evil beings used it as an ironic curse. Elves used it, daily to confuse non-elves" he thought while chuckling.

Rudina the High Human Hero was awake as he entered back into the room. His wife Willow talking to her.

"Did you find it?" Willow asked.

"Yes, dear," he replied, "for what purpose is the spell needed, as it is an uncommon spell, and as far as I know only Elves use it for purposes I do not understand."

Willow turned to Rudina, "He's really highly intelligent, but still an idiot with life matters. He can cure your gender dysphoria if you so wish, by casting a spell which will turn you into a natural born woman." She was proud that her goddess had given her the words to use in this situation, until now she was aware that people could have dysphoria but had no words to describe the condition.

Rudina's eyes shown with a happiness she had never expressed before, and said "Yes please, this would be the greatest treasure I could ever receive."

Garth the Elder said, "Well then I guess, no time like the present." He then reread the spell to insure he knew it's method. Once he was sure of the spell, he took out a few precious gems from a small pouch at his waist. He then closed his eyes and cast the spell which changed Rudina from a Transgender woman

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in to a Cis Woman. As a bonus, the spell also resets the persons age to the equivalent of 20 years old. Elves, they do love their youth.

Rudina's body shined for a few seconds in a pale pink tone. The glow was bright enough to make being able to see her impossible. Once the glow faded, Rudina still looked basically the same, still tall, still a High Human, however she had a full head of hair that was reddish brown, and it was clear she was all woman, and an attractive one at that.

Once the change was done, Rudina started patting her body carefully, and asked for a mirror, she was clearly very happy.

Willow asked for a bit of privacy as the young human woman started to explore her body hidden under the covers, "She's got a life time of pent up frustration that has just been freed, give her a bit to settle. You'll find she'll be glad to help out and finish things once she calmed a bit."

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## Late Morning Kings Chambers

After a couple of hours of privacy and a few pleasant and happy sounds, Rudina partially opened the door and asked for some clothes.

Willow had of course been waiting outside patiently for this with some nice comfortable woman's adventuring clothing. It was a Bards set, but they should fit her perfectly.

Rudina gladly accepted the clothing and carefully dressed in them.

The Bards set was a short burgundy suede dress, with built in bodice and corset. The matching leggings were full tights but made of a light leather like elastic material which made them look and feel like pantyhose while being rugged and strong like a pair of jeans. The boots were thigh high with a three-inch heel designed in a way that they could be used in stirrups or while hiking on a wooded trail much like a good pair of cowboy boots.

The outfit was amazing, it made her feel like a real woman, and she was knock out gorgeous, while not sacrificing mobility or comfort. The only thing from her world she still wore was her bra, and panties which surprisingly still fit. Willow explained that a spot of magic was used to size her old clothing, to fit, which was also used on the bards set as well.

She smiled and then attached the holster for her pistol and checked the weapon properly before holstering it. Clearly no one touched it, besides removing the holster straps while she was asleep.

Then she realized her home was crushed last night. Her clothing, the rifle with a partial box of ammo and her service pistol with two magazines were the only things she knew would still be serviceable. She sat back down and started to cry, Willow gave her a hug as she could empathize with the young human after all the things that have happened in such a short time.

Once her emotions relaxed, Willow showed Rudina to the Meeting hall of the keep, "We're having a community meeting about what has transpired, and your role in things. I think this will make a good debut of your new self and figure out what professions and class you are willing to take up, also we will

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be able to divine your skill levels then.” I think this will make a good debut of your new self and figure out what to do next.”

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### Earlier that morning

Deep under the earth, in the lands known as the Abyssal Dark, not far from the cave entrance where the Tiedling village sat blocking the way to the lands in the light. The mighty beast returned to its master, in great pain it died.

She looked to her creation and was angered, what manner of weapons could ruin his beautiful eyes, who had the ability to remove his great Arms. Lovingly she placed her black delicate hand against his last good eye. “Randell my sweet boy, I will avenge your death.”

Standing she made a quick hand sign, to her unseen forces, and motioned to follow her.

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### The Great Hall late morning

Rudina was smiling as they walked down to the next level of the ten-story tall Tower.

An ancient Stone Throne was empty as Garth the Village Elder sat on a small chair in front of it. The rest of the community elders sat at a pair of large tables which made a crescent circle in the room facing towards the throne. Standing against the walls where about a hundred young warriors, mages, and bards.

The hall had a large stained-glass window on the ceiling which lit the great hall with uniform light. This puzzled her slightly as she was sure that the floor directly above this hall was where she just was, and there was no place for light to shine down.

“must be magic” she whispered to no one in particular.

She then took a moment to study the art on the window. It had an image of Roman soldiers in a pike formation with large shields and red plumed helmets, there was also a Roman standing over the dead body of a slain red dragon with its severed head held in his hands.

Willow tapped her side to have her move forward, and interrupted the meeting by commenting, “The Lady Rudina, High Human of the mysterious World, and Savior of the village of Heorod.”

Rudina blushed as she had never been introduced before, and to be given what was basically titles was slightly embarrassing.

All eyes looked at her. Those sitting at the tables had to rotate their bodies and look behind them to see her. She realized that the men had wolfish eyes for her.

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“Umm, ... thank you,” she stated while quickly looking around and giving a slight curtsey, “where should I sit Garth?” She looked to the village elder hoping it was ok to talk to him like this.

“My young lady, High Humans sit on the Throne,” he pointed at the stone Throne across the hall, which she then realized was set so everyone was looking right at it.

She gulped and walked to it and sat demurely in the throne asking, “what is a High Human, and what are you guys anyway? I’m sort of new to this world after all.” She then pointed to the stained glass on the ceiling, “Also are those Roman Legionnaire?”

Garth moved his small chair and set it down to the right of the throne and sat next to her, “High Humans are Humans from the world you came from. All Humanoid beings descend from your kind. Even my people the Tieflings. Millions of Years ago Dragons pulled humans from your world as slaves and reshaped our bodies to fit the roles they needed. My kind were mixed with infernal energies and were used to help keep other slaves in line. Ours is one of the few communities on this world with records left from those dark days. These days, Elves claim the Gods made the Mortal races in their images, and that elves were the first born,” the elder sated with a huff. “Most people accept the Elvin story.” He pointed to the overhead light. “That is a representation of when the Hysponian helped overthrow the Dragons who used mortals as Slaves about nineteen thousand years ago.”

“Nineteen thousand, not nineteen hundred?” she asked puzzled, because she was sure Rome was about two thousand years ago, nineteen thousand years ago the Earth was still in a great Ice Age, and humans had yet to develop civilization. She also seemed to recall that Modern Humans were at most two to three hundred thousand years old, no more. Three million years ago Human ancestors where basically still chimpanzee like things.

“From what I know from our records, your world and ours experience time at a different rate.” The Elder replied

“Oh” Rudina replied.

The Elder in a more serious tone while looking back to the gathered community leaders, “Well the ‘demi-arachne giant’ has been severely wounded and has fled back to the abyss. Until we know it is truly dead, and that it was alone, our community is not safe.”

Pointing at the woman next to him, “I used my strongest buff spell to aid Rudina during the fight, and she saved the day. But now it is time to decided who goes into the abyss to track and destroy the beast and to ensure our community remains unseen by the denizens of the dark. First a show of hands who is willing to volunteer for this quest.”

Rudina stood up, with her hand in the air, “I’m game. He killed a lot of your people, and destroyed my home, which had all my worldly possessions in it. I feel better than now than I have my whole life. So, I have no issue chasing him down, and putting a final bullet in its brain.” She looked to Garth, “However, I do want to check somethings before I head out. I want to see if I can use magic like the spell you used on me, and also to see what kinds of weapons you have here. As my own weapons have limited ammunition, and I am unsure I can make any more while I’m here.” She sat back down. With her legs crossed, but in a more relaxed fashion, as if something dawned on her “Oh yah, I have no idea where I am, or where I’m going so, I’ll need some help from you lot.”

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Four of the Men, and one of the Women Stood and raised their hand, and each stated they would help track the beast.

They all gathered in front of Rudina, in turn they each took a knee and said their name, and what they could do.

I am “Alfred a Wizard. Garth our village Elder trained me personally” the first one said.

“Ferdinand, although you can call me Fred. I’m a Ranger and Scout I will be able to track the beast, I also have a magic sword passed down from ancient times by my forefathers. It’s called in the ancient tongue, ‘Sancti plus tria Ultor’, which means, ‘The revenger of more than three things, the Holy.’ the next person said as he took his knee.

The next person with a flourish of his hands, “My fair lady, I am Asher, a Bard. Besides increasing our spirits, I am well versed in healing spells”

The last of the men was a grizzled man in dull full plate armor, using his Halberd as support he took a knee, “Brenner, ma’am I am a Warrior and a town guard. I was guarding the tower gate, you saved my life. The beast was reaching for me when you hit him hard in the back”

Rudina looked to what she had to admit was a stereotypical Paladin, the woman was standing tall in full plate armor which was designed to look good on a woman and might not have been as practical as Brennan’s armor. The woman spoke up with authority, “I bend no knee to any man,” she then used her shield as support and took a knee “But your ladyship is no man, and the goddess herself has informed me to always be at your side. I am Helga a Templar of the ‘Templum Luna’ I wield the power of the goddess while being a frontline warrior.”

Rudina was impressed, she was actually a Paladin. If she was building an adventuring party, then she was sure that this party was good.

“I guess were an adventuring party of six” Rudina said. She then walked up to face them directly, “Please rise, I am uncertain of the rites and traditions of your people, but for mine,” She gave a fast and crisp USMC salute and released it just as fast and crisply, “Stand at ease, we are going forth to face a monstrosity we need not be so formal.”

The Elder spoke to the Six Heroes, “You should prepare to leave as soon as possible, however give yourselves a day to rest, and to prepare for the worst with your families, because the Abyss is a dangerous place. Rudina, I’ve had the villagers remove the wreckage of your home from the courtyard, they pulled out everything that wasn’t building materials, and set that aside for you. You should go through your possessions, we can use magic to fix most of it, and I have a gift for you once we are done sorting it.”

He turned to the rest of the party, “Go prepare, and come back late this afternoon, so you can work out your roles as a party and get to know each other better. You’ll be sleeping here in the keep tonight as a Party in the Kings Chambers. As you will set out first thing tomorrow.”

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## The Courtyard noontime

Garth led Rudina to where her possessions had been collected. Not all of it was beyond hope. There were piles of her furniture, piles of her clothing and shoes, books and collectibles, kitchenware, food, and computer hardware. She was ecstatic to see her entire armory room had survived with only being

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covered in dust. She had used two walk-in safes to store everything, and had a workbench set between them with cabinets for gear and supplies. She was glad that she used such good quality safes. Just past that was all the hardware of her home, she couldn't help but laugh as the wiring, pipes, electrical outlets, solar panels, house battery, and utility meters laid out as if they might be worth something to her now there was no house.

Turning to the elder, "Garth" she pointed to the house trash, "sadly this stuff here goes with the house and is worthless without a home, she then pointed to the furniture, likewise, no home, no need to furnish it, so make of it what you can. The food and kitchenware are useful, albeit smushed, have any cooks in town that can use it take it."

She then looked at her Armory safes, and clothing. "So, magic can adjust the size of my clothing?" she also fished out her camping gear, from a cabinet that was attached to the outside of one of her safes."

Garth looking at the clothing pile, pulled out a scroll from a tiny bag at his waist, holding out his hands, he chanted what was said on the scroll and raised his hand over the pile of clothing. It all lifted in the air and started to shine a bit.

Rudina was watching with amazement, as the clothing all flew up glowing, and then sat back down neatly folded.

"They are all cleaned, repaired, and sized correctly for you." Garth said, "it's a spell I got in the city from a merchant who specializes in such matters. It's called a Dry-cleaning spell with Alterations and Repair."

This left Rudina's jaw hanging when she heard those words. "That is so cool" was all she could say. Forgetting the backpack on the workbench, as she walked over to look closer.

Garth then, pulled a small bag from under his robes, "this is a very valuable gift, I'm sure it will serve you well." He said as he held it up so she could see it. "It's a greater bag of holding, much like the one I use." he pointed to his belt pouch. "It was mine from when I was a young adventuring Wizard. I'm giving it to you as a gift. It has several tons as its maximum capacity, and can be used to store anything nonliving, food will be preserved fresh forever."

He held the tiny bag, so the opening faced the pile of clothing, and said, "Take all." The clothing jumped into the tiny bag. He closed the bag and handed it to her, "To retrieve something, just think about what you want, and reach in and grab it. To put something in, put it in, size doesn't matter. You can also say 'empty all' if you want to unload the bag completely. Or like I just did 'Take All' to place a pile of objects in to the bag. there are a few warnings, it won't open a safe to retrieve an object, and if you put a bag of holding in another bag of holding, you'll end up with a bag of devouring, which is a nasty thing which consumes everything that it comes in contact with."

She looked at the bag, and then thought "Doctor Martin boots". She pulled out her old and not as worn out pair of boots, she then put them back in the bag. "Empty all" as she pointed the bag to the empty space in front of her. The pile of neatly folded clothing flew out of the bag. On top of the pile was her Winchester Model 70 Alaskan, a box of ammunition, and a pile of gold and jewels.

"Wait, what?" she looked at the wealth in front of her.

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“As you can see, I’ve also given you your official reward for your help as well, that’s worth about 1000 gold in currency, and another 1000 gold in materials needed for reagents in magic. The bag is my personal gift to you, as are the clothing you received. I saw your books on Magic, and they are useful if not a bit out dated.” He pulled a book out of his own bag of holding. “This is a good study of modern spell craft, it goes up to about 5<sup>th</sup> level mage spells, with a selection of Bard spells, that focus on healing and enhancement of abilities and gear. It was the book I used when I first got started. Your skills with ranged weapons, and the lack of heavy melee weapons and armor, says a lot to me. I think you might have talent as a Ranger or Bard, with a possibility of also being a hedge wizard. Before you leave, we’ll test you for the adventure’s guild, I’m sure you have enough skills already to have a high starting level.”

“Thank you,” she said a bit stunned, but yet she was accepting of what has happened, this was no dream, and this new world was amazing.

She then walked to her armory, seeing how impractical it was to load and unload the two large safes, she removed all her weapons and all her ammunition, plus her cleaning kits, camping gear, sleeping bags, sleeping mats, tents, combat knives, bows and arrows, cross bows and bolts, sling shot, and a paintball gun with its supplies.

“So, magic has easy to use repair, and easy to use storage, but what about ammunition? I’ve got a lot for now, but without specialized gun stores, my firearm ammunition will run out, is there a fix for that in this world?” She asked him.

“Yes, there is, I’ve known many archers with special quivers that duplicate any ammunition stored. They are very similar to bags of holding but worn on the back.” He replied, “you might be able to buy one for about 10,000 gold in the city, or like most adventurers try to find one while questing. Which is what I would suggest. Also, a trick, pick your favorite weapon. And I’ll teach you a spell to convert any ranged ammunition in the type used for your bonded weapon.”

“Well, that’s easy then.” She drew her service pistol, removed the magazine, cleared, and checked the chamber that it was clear, and held it so he could see it. “Colt m1911a1, .45cal used by the Marine Corps as a Service pistol until they switch to Glocks in the ‘90s. I purchased this one from government surplus back then. I’ve maintained it as it would have been when in service. It’s been at my side for over twenty years now.”

“I see, that’s a small handheld ‘firearm’, I was wondering what it was.” Garth replied, “ok then, take the spell book I gave you, and turn to the page with the flower stem as a bookmark,”

She followed his direction, and she read the spell. He then instructed her on how to cast it. She then picked up an arrow and a gold coin and chanted the spell as he directed. The arrow became a .45cal bullet in its casing just like what she usually used in her pistol, although both the bullet and casing looked to be made of brass.

“Oh, wow, that is awesome!” she exclaimed. “I did magic, real honest to goodness magic!”

“We’re not done, that bullet you made wont work yet, as the magic that powers it hasn’t been created.” He said, “from what I understand, you need to now cast the spell on the page marked with the red colored leaf to make it work. the reproduction is always slightly flawed, in this case the ammunition is

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made up of only one magical metal, so the chemical reaction that empowers the projectile portion wont happen without special magic.”

She turned to the page he marked for her and cast the spell that he indicated. The spell also cost one gold coin, but the case had a slight reddish tone to it that it didn't have before.

“May I try it” she asked.

“Yes, I insist actually.” He pointed to human shaped dummies in the opposite side of the courtyard. Clearly, they were used for martial training.

“Cool” she grabbed two pair of ear protectors and two pair of cheap shooting glasses. She put on one set of each and handed the elder the other. “You should wear these.”

She walked up to a mark on the ground which looked to be about ten yards from the dummies, loaded the magic bullet as the second round in the magazine. She then loaded the pistol and took a standing two-handed shooting stance. Relaxed her breathing and squeezed off a perfect headshot. In the minds eye, she made a slight prayer and squeezed off the second shot. She noticed no difference, she took a third shot to be sure there were no complications.

While holding her stance she cleared the weapon, checked the chamber, and then bent over picking up her brass. She noticed the magical one was fading into smoke. “Well that's convenient, don't have to pick up my brass afterwards.” She holstered the weapon, and walked back to the bench between the safe, her DD was still sitting there from yesterday. “Time for cleaning and inspections, and then I'll load my weapons and ammo into the bag. I'm gonna need a chair.” She looked to the furniture, although she had chairs there, not one of them was in condition to be used. The elder, pulled out a wand from his cloak and with a word and a flick of his wrist a broken chair flew next to them and magically healed the damage.

“Neat trick, I guess that's a special item or something?” She asked.

“Naw, the instructions to make a wand and to use that spell are in your book, it's just a pure wizard spell, unlike the bard stuff I had marked.” He replied.

“I figured bard spells were songs” she commented.

“You did sing them, you just didn't notice it.” He chuckled.

“Oh, great, I'm the singing Marine now.” She joked.

---

### [That afternoon, on the Courtyard by the training dummies.](#)

The remains of the house had been completely removed, Rudina had moved everything she needed to her bag of holding and gave the safes to the village elder along with the combination to unlock them. She kept the workbench in her bag of holding though, it was as much a necessary tool as her cleaning kits. However, she did find a wizard's spell which seemed to do the cleaning part fairly well. She still needed to lubricate the weapons and check the repair.

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She had found an enhancement that she could add to her magical ammunition which allowed each shot she fired to have a magical property, this apparently was useful to hit things immune to non-magical damage. Also, the property choices were simple one for each of the four primary elements. She also found as she got better with magic the spell would open up to further choices of elements and energies such as lightning, ice, lava, holy, unholy, nature, and undeath, she wasn't sure what undead energy was but was impatient to experiment with it.

She filled her magazines with her self-created ammunition, as they were practical, and made cleanup much easier.

The rest of the party was training along side her, to get use to the sound of gunfire. She also gave them cheap in the ear earplugs as she had several full bags of them. She used her personal hunting set, which were washable and reusable. Turns out thanks to magic, the cheap ones were now just as practical.

Besides her service pistol, she decided to use her Remington 700 set up as a M40. It had excellent range and one of her armory friends from years ago was a Marine Armorer, and he set the weapon up for her. It wasn't exactly like the version she had trained with in the Marines, as it was based on the a5 and not the a2, but that was fine. It was even better than the old one, and being a natural lefty, meant that the custom build could be set up just right for her. She was still an expert shot with her right eye, but it was far more comfortable to shoot lefty for her. Plus, her grouping was much better that way.

To show what the weapon could do, she cleared the courtyard, and had the party follow her to the top of the tower, she fired five shots from the tower, all five were kill shots to the head of the dummies, all the dummies now had a nice fist size hole in the back of their heads.

But now they were training together, she wanted to conserve ammo with her rifles, until she had a way to replace it like she did with her pistol. Which she found would happen sooner than later as eventually she could form a bond with a second weapon.

Together they worked on movement, as three of them relied on melee while the other three were at range. The bard was a master with daggers, he used them as ranged and in melee. The Ranger, although he had a big sword on his back, he used a short bow, his grouping and skill was rather impressive. As he could do tricks while shooting, such as flips and cartwheels. Which he said made it harder for people at range to target him.

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## Rudina's POV

Although I was billing myself as a ranged fighter, I also practiced my Krav Maga, as it seemed a good time to practice my throws, punches and kicks. Brennan made a good sparing partner, as he was almost as tall as I was, and he could keep up with me using his kickboxing like martial arts. He moved like an MMA fighter once out of his armor. This was the most fun I've had since I was twenty something. Before the backpain, before I couldn't move. He taught me a few of his moves, and I explained a bit about the martial arts I used, and the history of the people who developed it. Turns out the Martial Arts he uses

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came from the heroes that were summoned a hundred years ago, the ones in the M1 Abrams. Kind of hard to get my mind around that idea. Especially if the guys who taught him were Marines. I'll have to check out the Tank before we leave tomorrow.

That night the party was exhausted, we trained well, and were really getting use to how we each handled things. Although I've never felt like a leader, as my highest rank was corporal in the Marines, I was able to handle the leadership position the team wanted from me. While we ate, I pulled out a few toys from my bag. I pulled out my camping generator, a small Honda, I didn't have much fuel so I figured I might as well have some fun with it until I can find a new way to produce electricity, I also pulled out my PS4 and a few Blu-ray movies. I have a 4k projector, so I could watch movies like in a movie theater. Now was a good time to watch something fun. The only trouble was, I was the only one who spoke English. So, we had to cast comprehend language on everyone.

I then put it to the group what kind of entertainment did they like? What kind of story?

In the end, I picked the greatest adventure film of all time.

### Star Wars: A New Hope

For a screen, I settled on using one of the walls covered with an old white sheet I had. Sadly, my actual screen was never found, must have been taken away with the rubble of the house. I still had to use a repair spell on the projector, fortunately it worked fine.

My audience however may have missed the wonder a bit of the Force, as magic in this world was real, and there is such a thing as monks who use magic the way Jedi use the force, and there are even magical swords apparently that work the same way light sabers do. Other than that, they enjoyed the movie, and told me that in the cities, they have recorded plays that are the same as the movie. Although they use magic not science to show them, and they are called recorded plays. So, I switched tactics and pulled out the best animated film of all time.

### Spirited Away

Yah they loved it, no questions asked, no interruptions, they cried when it was appropriate, and laughed at the same time. When it was done, they only asked one question, why was it subtitled.

I then realized I played it with Japanese audio with English subtitles. Magic allowed us to understand both. I sighed, finally I could understand Japanese, and I would no longer be able to get Anime.

We all fell asleep in the great hall.

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## Later that night after the Honda Generator ran out of fuel

The newly created and newly bonded team were sleeping well, each had made themselves comfortable in sleeping bags and blankets for the two movies, they had a bit of alcohol, and even though a few of the

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male party members were highly attracted to the two female team mates, no one acted badly, nor did anyone make any attempt to flirt.

Garth and Willow had both gone to sleep in their usual room in the keep.

A short distance from the village however under the cover of Darkness, a cloud of dark fog enveloped the town. A few guards on the perimeter, died before making a sound, and the villagers slept unaware of the danger slowly moving towards the keep.

As the darkness silently moved forward, a handful of bodies darted in to random houses in the village, and took one tenth of the village population, while not making a sound. The stolen villagers were all young, and all male. The power behind the Darkness wanted good strong backs to use as slaves, and as fodder for her twisted experiments.

The Darkness was formed as if it was the train of a dress. It was following behind what appeared to be a woman with deep purple black skin, flowing white hair, and eyes that glowed deep red as if they were made of lava. She was very clearly an elf, she wore a dress made of pure darkness, and was barefoot. She moved with grace and beauty, and made slight hand gestures, indicating to her followers which house to raid, which guard to kill. They did nothing unless she flicked her fingers or wrist with intent.

Quietly with a slight hand gesture the gate to the Keep's courtyard was flung open as if they weighed nothing. The dark being became a whiff of black smoke and flew up to the top floor of the Keep and entered through an open window in the elder's study. She silently went down the small spiral stair case, to the Kings chambers.

She stood over Garth and Willow, both were sleeping. She pulled a thin dagger from her robes and took a drop of his blood. She then used her darkness to ensure everyone in the keep was sleeping and then used the blood to find their leaders first born.

As the party slept the woman of darkness, stopped over each person. She was looking at the blade of her dagger as she stood over each. When she was over Rudina, she smelled her body, and smelled her crotch while licking her lips. Then frowned and moved over the next person. She stopped moving once the blade gave off a sinister red glow when she was standing over Alfred.

She sheathed the blade and picked up the wizard in one hand. She woke him, while casting a silence spell on him which caused him to be unable to move or make a sound. She smiled and moved around the room as if she was dancing with him his feet never once touching the ground. After her short dance, she placed him on the ancient Stone Throne. And took off all of her clothing in a striptease. She also cut his robes off, leaving just his underwear in place, and then she sat on his lap facing him, with a wicked grin.

"Did daddy ever tell you how special you were?" she asked. "Did he promise this Throne to you one day?"

"I give this to you now as a last gift." She then pulled a cooked birds wing from thin air and placed it in his mouth. "Here is a meal for your end, may it never be said, that I didn't hold the most ancient of traditions."

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She then cast a spell which shimmered around the two of them, and then she released his vocal cord.  
“As my final call to the ancient rites of justice, I give you your voice, tell me your last words”

He screamed in terror.

“My my, I always thought you Tieflings were good with words, I am so disappointed.” She kissed him on his cheek, “here a kiss for the dying in the tradition of the Hysponian Empire.” She then bit off his cheek.

He never stopped screaming as she slowly tore him apart piece by piece. She carefully healed him to insure he didn’t die until she was satisfied.

As he was being brutally murdered, no one heard a thing, no one stirred from the magical sleep.

When she was done, she wrote a note on a parchment in her language, the language of the Dark Elves.

“Dearest Tieflings,

I do apologize for getting blood on your throne, but he was worthy of sitting on it once, so I did him that favor.

In the words of the ancient book of laws, ‘a child for a child, is the right of the injured.’ You slew my son Randell, I slew yours. Since your village sits within my territory, I have also enacted the rule of Decimate, and have taken one in ten as levy. I spare your honored guest as it is proper according to tradition, ‘Harm not the Guest at the dinner table’. She is so cute sleeping on the table, so innocent so pure. I was very tempted to brake tradition to eat her virgin flesh, but I have self-control, and will not sully the good name of Dökkálfar kind.

I will now leave for a year, for next year your tax may be one or all of your people, I’m not sure which. Depends on how well your sons serve my tastes.

Yours with love

Morafmorke”

She then pinned the note using a jeweled silver dagger to the dead man’s forehead. She left as silently as she came, closing all the doors as if she was never there.

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That night no one woke until mornings first light.

The Party Members in the Great Hall were the first to react to what had happened, as the Dark Elves left no damage, and not a drop of blood was spilled from the slain town guards. Dark Elves are truly the most terrifying raiders.

Rudina pulled the note from the dead man’s forehead, it was the only part of his body which had any skin left on it, except the cheek which was torn off. She then covered him with the same sheet she had

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used as a screen the night prior. This was possibly the worst thing she had ever seen, but she now knew what their enemy was capable of. She had a name. This went from being about helping people to a rescue mission, and a quest to destroy something truly evil.

Garth was in tears, when he heard what happened. He insisted that he take the place of his son. The rest of the community was a bit surprised to find out that Alfred was Garth's son, as Alfred was born to a single mother long ago just after Garth left as an adventurer. She had married and had since passed. Garth had married a Tiefling on his adventures who wasn't from their village, Willow was from lands far to the north.

They held off leaving for a day to bury Alfred, and so Garth could get his gear together. Rudina said little as she was visibly shaken.

Each Party member said a few words, Garth said a few words, and admitted that he had only found out Alfred was his son before his mother died a few years ago. He had promised to never tell.

He also worried that the village may have to move, if they fail in their expedition. Willow was going to fill in as Village Elder while he was gone, and that if needed she would lead them along the hidden paths through the mountains to a land safe from Dark Elves and Humans.

After the funeral, they gathered at the M1 Abrams, Rudina checked to see a few details, first thing she noticed was it had a red kangaroo painted on one side. 'Not American, good to know' she thought. On her quick inspection, she found why they had abandoned it there, it was not only empty of fuel, but it looked like it was set up for training. It had none of the extra armor, or other accessories needed in a combat zone. The crew had not stripped the tank either as she checked inside, and found plenty of gear inside, she even found a few personal items that the crew must have not needed. When everyone was gathered, she explained the combat maneuvers they were going to use to Garth. Then in silence they headed out to the massive cavern entrance.

When they left, the party was silent, Fred led the way with Helga right behind him, Rudina, Garth, Asher made up the center with Brenner following to the rear. Rudina had them in a spaced and staggered formation and would move a pace that everyone could see at least two other party members if they were in tight or especially dark spaces. They also moved at a slow pace, constantly checking for ambushes and traps.

Since Rudina was the only one without Darkvision naturally, she had to use a spell to allow herself to see. The group decided it was safest since the Dark Elves were at home in places where there was no light. Even then, occasionally they had to stop and cast the spell again, unfortunately the spell wasn't permanent, and only lasted a few hours. It was still more reliable than night vision goggles which she did have, but she felt magic was better when she didn't have replacement parts or enough battery life for long term operations. Part of why she had decided on a service pistol and one rifle, was because magic would make it possible to have enough ammunition for the two.

The trail of goo that the Monstrous Randell left behind was easy to follow for the party, it even glowed at times. After a half day of following the trail of goo, they came across a vast underground lake, with a castle in the center of the lake. Unlike the Medieval style Keep, this castle was all sharp spires and pointed edges. To Rudina it looked like a sand castle made from stalactites. The castle had a few ice blue lights, which gave it an eerie cold feel. The cavern roof however was just as scary as it was clearly a

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spider's nest, that spanned the entire cavern ceiling. Although she couldn't see the spiders, she could see the movement in the web.

Fred Silently indicated that there was a small boat tied to a dock right next to the cave entrance. However, on closer inspection they saw that it was a trap, that there was a couple of fine delicate lines that went up to the ceiling and web. Rudina instead silently asked for Garth to make a spot which would stifle all sound, as she had a couple of small inflatable boats for fishing, which would be perfect to use right now. The only problem being inflating them made a lot of noise.

Garth understood and made an area for them to inflate the boats in silence.

They were just big enough for 4 normal sized people, however Rudina and Brenner were both taller than normal. So, they split to melee in one boat, and ranged in the second. Rudina had her rifle ready in case anything should happen. While Garth and Asher rowed. In the other boat, Helga took point and Fred and Brenner rowed. They maintained silence the entire trip across the lake and wouldn't have been noticed if not for a slight amount of Bad luck. One of the Dark Elvin guards decided to relieve himself in the lake when they were only 50 yards out. Rudina was surprised when what she thought was a very thin and skinny female elf pulled out a normal looking penis and started to pee. It really ruined the mystic of elves in one giant stream of liquid. Everyone held their breath hoping that he wouldn't look in their direction, and he almost didn't but he tripped as he was putting his junk away and looked right into Rudina's eyes. He started to yell and ready his bow. Rudina made a louder noise, and he fell dead.

"Shit" was all she could say, as every Elf in the cavern, and possibly every being underground heard the report of the .308win, without even thinking Rudina chambered the next round and started popping off every head she saw.

It was a surprisingly one-sided battle, Rudina in a kneeling position on the beach, with her rifle and a box of ammo, the party in a semicircle in front of her also at the ready for any that made it close to them. It took about 5 mins for the elves to understand that if they became visible, they would die to the thunderous sound of the m40. Once they saw no evidence of any braver elves, they walked to the open door that the first guard had opened when he went for a pee brake.

The door led to kitchens, this gave the party even more reason to hate these elves, as they had been using captured Tieflings as both food and slaves. They freed the young men and told them to follow quietly. Fred ask one if they knew where to find the lady in charge, the young man opened his mouth, revealing his tongue was missing, but then pointed down.

Rudina stored her rifle and readied her service pistol. The mute slave showed them to a stair case that led down. It quickly became obvious to these dark elves, down was the superior direction, so as they moved down things started to become more luxurious. At the same time there was also fewer lights. Dark Elves seemed to love things in darkness.

After descending about ten levels, and not seeing any elves, they came to a large open space, that was almost as large as the Court yard of the keep. Only this space was filled with elves and slaves. The sight looked like a BDSM party, where the slaves where being used for all kinds of sexual pleasure, not all the elves where the 'master' in the BDSM kind of way, it was very clear some of the slaves held tools to whip

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and dominate their masters in a sexual fashion. Not all the slaves were Tieflings either, most it seemed where actually pale skinned elves. All of the slaves had the same dull expression on their faces, as it was clear how the Dark Elves managed to maintain control in this most diabolical of situations.

In the center of it all was a Throne clearly drenched in blood. The lady Morafmorke had several young Tiefling boys tied to gather while she did something unseen from their positions.

“Oh goodness, gracious a Virgin Human is in our presence.” Morafmorke spoke out loud, it was the first sound they heard since entering the castle, and it made everyone in the party treble with fear.

“You may kill them, but I want the two women.” She instructed while waving a hand lazily in the air. The entire Room stood up, Masters and Servants all faced the party and charged silently.

Rudina snapped off a few quick shots without aiming, hitting her targets perfectly. This sort of surprised her, because she had never felt herself that lucky, she had actually hoped the sound would cause them pause while her team started to push through the mass of Elves and slaves.

She tried not to kill the slaves, since she was sure they were being controlled. However, she had no forgiveness for the Dark Elves. She noticed that the only meat they were eating was Humanoid flesh. Besides being evil, the Dark Elves were cannibals, hedonists, and slavers who used mind control. They all deserved to die. After a few minutes of fighting they had more or less cleared the room. Dead bodies and injured were laying everywhere. None of the party was injured. Which defied logic, but then she noticed that she had killed most of the Dark Elves with a single head shot, and the Party had disabled the rest in the confusion.

Morafmorke looked at them, and sighed without a sound and then spoke, “You lady, that is the loudest thing in all the seven hells, please stop with that nonsense right now.” Wiggling her fingers, the pistol flew out of Rudina’s hand across the room. She then, picked up a trident looking weapon which was as much an artistic statement of evil as it was a weapon, and threw the weapon at Rudina. Fred jumped into the flightpath of the trident and was impaled by it.

“Oh look, the little devil sacrificed his life to protect his first romantic interest.” Morafmorke teased as she reached for a long sword at her side. She then proceeded to knockout Brenner and Helga with the flat of her sword before they had a chance to react. “these two will made fine slaves.”

Asher tried to sneak behind her for a backstab, only to be cut in half by a backward slice of the long sword.

Garth created a magical shield around himself, Fred and Rudina. “Hurry use all your buffing spells I taught you, you’re going to need them now.”

Fred looking at the blood draining from his chest, unhooked his sword. “Please take this sword, maybe it’ll be of use.” He died as soon as she took it. Rudina then cast a few spells that Garth had bookmarked for her.

She cast four spells that were clearly intended to improve a person’s martial ability and held the sword and charged the evil Elf.

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“Nice sword, although I think your Paladin would make better use of a Holy Avenger.” Morafmorke teased as she effortlessly caught the sword with an open hand, and then kissed Rudina lightly on the lips. “What fun we will have once I make you obedient.”

Rudina pulled away letting go of the sword and running around to the other side of Morafmorke’s throne. She saw what she was doing with the slaves and was disgusted. She was cutting them up live and stitching them together with giant spider bodies. She gagged at the stench and sight.

Morafmorke perked up and told Rudina “I am making new children, to replace my son. If you are lucky, I may even use you to make a daughter. I so much would like a nice strong daughter.”

Rudina grabbed the nearest weapon she could find, it was a black longsword with spider patterns that was sitting on the ground near her feet.

“Oh yes, maybe now we can have a serious battle. That sword is named Pios, but I doubt you have the one ability needed to use that sword.” Morafmorke said, “That is the opposite aspect of my own sword, Banainn.”

Rudina ignored her and rushed in for a strike. Although Morafmorke parried it, she wasn’t able to quite keep from taking damage. As Rudina attack forced her to collapse backwards. “That’s impossible” Morafmorke said while trying to get back up and take a better stance.

Rudina then pressed the advantage and made several lunging attacks. Although Rudina wasn’t used to sword fighting, it seemed natural to her, as if somehow someplace she had spent years honing her swordsmanship. Eventually, Rudina’s aggressive persistence overwhelmed Morafmorke ability to parry.

Morafmorke was panicked and tried to cast a spell of darkness. However, before she could finish chanting the spell Rudina smashed through her parries, with a thrust to her chest. The Blade hit her through one of her lungs.

She looked at the blade in her chest and asked “How, you need to have been born with a penis to wield that sword, you have to give up your manhood willingly to bond to it and use it to its full potential.”

Rudina, violently yanked out the blade, kicked Morafmorke blade from her hand, and whispered, “Than this is the perfect blade for me.”

Morafmorke last thought as her head was severed from her body, was essentially ‘Oh shit, that’s why she was still a virgin.’

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After the battle, Rudina, sat down next to the evil bitch she killed. “Assume makes an ass out of you and me, bitch.” She then walked over to her service pistol and returned it to its holster.

She then rested a few minutes, as that battle winded her worse than she could have guessed. Garth looked around at all the bodies, woke both Brenner and Helga, and then collected their dead and removed their gear and wrapped them in cloth, their gear was placed into Garth’s bag of Holding, While

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Brenner and Helga prepared a Holy fire to burn their bodies in a purifying fire, They also dragged as much flammable material as possible to make it so the fire would spread uncontrollably. At the same time, they rounded up the surviving slaves, and led everyone back to the main level. They instructed the freed slaves to unlock every slave in the castle.

Rudina, looted the other sword from Morafmorke, might as well keep it as a souvenir. However, she realized she had met the requirements of this sword as well and would be bonded to it on her first period. "What an odd pair of swords." She said, "One requires a male to give up a penis, and the other requires a woman to be fertile."

"Elves!" Spat Garth, "I will never understand them. Odds are those blades were meant for someone like you in the first place, once you get to know them, who knows what their true potential could be."

After a few hours, they found the surviving Slaves, and they even found that most of the young men taken from the village had not yet been processed and were held in one of the towers. Rudina found the remains of Randell and removed its head.

The freed slaves also showed the party to the special passage that led them to the shore, as to avoid the difficulty of having to row a couple hundred rescued slaves across the shore.

Once across the Shore, Garth did one final thing. I think its safe to do this now. He cast a very strange spell. It seemed simple, he made a slight gesture with his hand, he said a few rapid-fire words. Then he said in simple words. "I wish to Collapse this cavern and make it impassable for all time." Then he passed out. And the cavern with the castle and lake and the massive spider web collapsed into itself and became a solid wall.

They were done, they headed home. Garth didn't wake up for a few days, and when he did, he looked older than he was when Rudina first met him. He whispered to her, in a faint voice, "Never cast a wish spell unless you mean it. It takes a lot out of you."

Weeks later, the community was restored, the dead were mourned, and Rudina realized, that she had lived up to her Role as Hero. They checked her level at the Adventure Guild and was given a Character sheet, it looked just like one you would have when Playing D&D.

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## Adventure Guild Identification Papers

Name: Rudina Race: High Human Age: 25 Hight: 6'3" Weight: 120lbs

Faith: Science Hometown: unknown

Strength: 12 Dexterity: 19 Constitution: 14

Intelligence: 16 Wisdom: 14 Charisma: 15

Class/Classes: Ranger 4/Monk 4/Bard 1 /Wizard 1

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Total Class Level: 10

Skills: Acrobatics, Animal Handling, Arcana, Athletics, Deception, History, Insight, Intimidation, Investigation, Medicine, Nature, Perception, Performance, Persuasion, Religion, Sleight of Hand, Stealth, Survival

Languages: All

Weapon Proficiencies: Ranged Weapons, Krav Maga, Daggers, Long Swords

Titles: Hero, Savior of Heorod, Bane of Dark Elves, Slayer of Randell, Slayer of Morafmorke, The One who wields the Spider Soul blades, Emancipator

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She looked and looked at her papers, “This looks just like a D&D Character sheet!” she gasped.

End of Chapter 2.

For the next few chapters I’m going to have her grow as an adventurer, no need to skip to the Dragon for a while, since Beowulf didn’t face the Dragon until he returned home as King and was an old man. This leaves me lots of room for D&D type adventures. However, as you can tell, I have an end game in mind. But she needs some levels, also I am using a version of the SRD as core rules for this world, and the fights. Yes, Garth was a Level 20 Wizard, however he was also at Maximum age, so he had a lot of drawbacks. The Party was all level 4 on everything, the Mother was Level 10. The Magic Swords are really OP, but I can’t go into what they do, because Rudina doesn’t even have a clue. Technically Level 20 is not Max Level, but then that is true of D&D. Rudina also gained 4 levels as a Ranger by being a US marine, and being a level 4 Monk by being a Martial Arts master. She really hasn’t leveled up her casting levels. And it currently only using cantrips, and a few homebrew level one spells. The only cheat I gave her was her ability to know any language, and her sex change. Both of which are essential for the long-term narrative I am planning.