

Sir Graham in the Undead Burg: A Dark Souls Fan-Fiction
by Goat of Oz

In the Land of Lordran, Sir Graham wandered through the lower streets of the Undead Burg, his armor half-crusted with the drying blood of fallen hollow thieves and their hounds. All was silence, now that he had cleared the Burg's main thoroughfare of enemies, save for the eternal crackling of the house fires which never burnt down. A half-mad, hollowing merchant had told Graham that a hideous goat demon had taken up residence in one of the Burg's chiefmost courtyards. Indeed, he could see the swirling white fog-gate that sealed off the archway, at the end of the street. In the course of his quest, Graham had learned that such fog distinguished places where powerful creatures lurked, the flow of space and time distorting around them. Already, with great difficulty, he had felled a mighty bull-headed demon, atop the fortress wall, high above. He was in no hurry to face another monstrosity of its kind, and resolved to scour the side-alleys of the Burg, for something which might provide an advantage.

To his frustration, most of the alleys ended in high bars, and the doors of the houses had been heavily barricaded. After spending some time prying away the boards from one such door, he was disheartened to find that the rooms inside had caved in to form a solid wall of rubble. Passing by another house, he heard a frantic cry for help. On a hunch, he tried the rusted key, bought from the crazy hollow merchant. The door sprung open, and inside was a flustered apprentice sorcerer, who fumbled out a torrent of thanks. Apparently, someone had slammed the door on him, while he was searching for his lost teacher. As he seemed a generally hapless lad, Graham pressed him to accept an enchanted bone, which would instantly transport him to the safety of a sacred bonfire.

After the apprentice had vanished, with another vociferous expression of thanks,

Graham set about hunting for the miscreant who had trapped the young man. The mindless, hollow thieves and their dogs would hardly have bothered with such a tactic; their sole impulse was outright murder, however nuanced with acrobatic flips and tumbles.

At the end of a short, curving alley, Sir Graham found a low door. Discovering that it was unlocked, he opened it, and cautiously ducked inside. Within was a dim, candlelit room, with a sunken floor, and a high ceiling. The room had only a few, narrow shuttered windows, but had evidently served as a comfortable sitting room. The furnishings were simple, and sturdy, even though the ubiquitous decay of the Land of Lordran had worn them down. Through a curtained doorway, at the opposite end of the room, Graham could hear low, faint murmurs, as if someone were praying. As quietly as he could manage, in his armor, he crept across the room, with his sword raised, and his shield held out before him. With his sword, he brushed the curtain aside, to reveal a small bedroom, where a hulking figure knelt over a desiccated corpse, tucked into the bed.

Light poured in through a window on the far wall, and Graham marked that the kneeling figure bore the drawn, withered flesh of a hollowing undead: one who had lost their vitality and mind to the Curse. The taught skin only served to accentuate the hollow's impressive musculature, poorly contained by its tattered tunic. In life, Graham surmised, the man must have been a chief-laborer, or great warrior. The bed-ridden corpse was also male; a son, or a brother, Graham guessed. The hollow seemed to take no notice of him, at first, merely continuing its feverish utterances, hands clasped upon the bed. Then, its prayers ceased, and the hollow turned its drawn, skull-like face to look at Graham, over its shoulder, its eyes a luminous red. Graham tensed, ready for the hollow to spring at him, but it merely turned back toward the still corpse, and continued its mourning. Graham lowered his sword. This was one

of those harmless hollows who, having succumbed to the Curse with a single, obsessive thought ruling their mind, had no volition except to pursue that thought, in the nadir of undeath. Such creatures would attack only if molested. Graham, seeing no reason to waste his strength and limited supply of healing Estus, upon a needless fight, turned to go.

He had not yet passed through the curtained doorway, when he felt an immense, iron grip upon his shoulders. He was hoisted into the air and hurled forward onto the stone floor of the sitting room. His sword and shield were knocked from his hands, scattering into opposite corners, and the air was forced from his lungs. Stunned, his thoughts shouted at him to get to his feet, and plunge through the doorway, out into the street, so that he would have more space to maneuver, but he could not make his body obey. Again, he felt the large hollow's hands on his shoulders, and was roughly flipped around to meet the creature's death-taught, eerily placid face.

Graham braced himself, as best he could, for the killing blow. He knew he would die, again, and drop one step closer to hollowing, himself; scattering as ash to be spat out by the nearest bonfire; reformed, but one step closer to mindless undeath. The blow didn't come. Instead, the brute went down on its knees, and loosened the straps of Graham's greaves. Graham struggled, in protest; he would not be robbed. In answer, the hollow brought down a mighty fist upon Graham's breastplate, nearly winding him again, putting an end to his resistance. Methodically, even gently, the great hollow stripped Graham of each piece of armoring, until he lay on the floor in naught but his tunic and trousers. Having accomplished this, the monster placed one of its great feet on Graham's chest, forestalling any escape, and peeled off its own tunic, tearing away the ragged remains of its breeches to tower nude, over the fallen knight.

Graham panicked; he had heard tales of hollowed husbands returning from the grave to ravish their wives to death, with their unceasing, insane ardor. The mad hollow must have mistook Graham for a past lover. The sheer size of its member, undiminished by the hollowing process, would be enough to rupture Graham's bowels, in one stroke. Desperately, Graham seized the foot upon his chest in an attempt to overturn the hollow, but it was like wrestling with a marble pillar. The hollow fell upon him, pinning his arms to the ground, with its tree-trunk-thick legs, reaching behind to fondle Graham's codpiece. In spite of himself, Graham hardened at the attention. The muscular hollow worked the growing mound in Graham's trousers, expertly, better than any lover or courtesan Graham had taken, in his homeland. Though he told himself he was still addled from being hurled to the floor, the long-neglected urge arrested him.

The hollow's free hand caressed Graham's face, with surprising tenderness, despite the creature's brutish appearance. It smelt of ash and dried blood. Graham clamped his eyes shut, but his surprise at feeling his cock released from its confines forced them open again. The broad, withered hand kneaded Graham's prepuce, back and forth, teasing a strangled groan from him. He felt himself leak and grow slick. The hollow rocked backward, onto its heels, squatting over Graham, gripping his cock, and guiding it into the cleft of its muscular buttocks. Shocked, Graham could only allow himself to be ridden, as the hollow pumped its prodigious thigh muscles, burying Graham to his red-haired hilt, each time. Soon, Graham felt the pleasure mounting in his stones, and up his shaft. Out of instinct, he grabbed the hollow's hips, urging the beast onward. Before him, the immense member jounced, drooled, and spat strand after strand of lifeless, undead ichor in his face. This put him over the edge and, with a howl, he bucked his seed into the hollow's lifeless bowels. After milking the last shots of pleasure from

his loins, the hollow dismounted, letting Graham slip from its used, dripping body. Spent and useless, Graham collapsed back against the stone floor.

Peaceably, the hollow went about the room, gathering up Graham's armaments, and stacking them next to him. It retreated back into the bedroom, from whence Graham could hear sounds of rummaging. When it returned, it bore a satchel, and longsword in its arms. In a strange, articulate show of shyness, it offered these to Graham. He stood, his legs trembling, and hesitantly accepted the gifts. One last time, the hollow caressed Graham's red-stubbed cheek, and gazed at him. Graham thought he saw a flicker of intelligence, in the unnatural red light of its eyes, like a guttering ember amidst shadows, but, in a moment, it was gone, and the hollow shuffled dully back behind the curtain, where it resumed its pious mutterings. Still shaking, Grant strapped on his armor, took up his sword and shield, and left the dimly-lit house.

In the gray, smoke-and-fire sunlight of the street, he examined the sword the hollow had bequeathed him. It was well-wrought, and possessed some golden luster, just beneath the surface of the steel. The smell of ozone that hung about the blade assured Graham that the weapon was enchanted with lightning. He tested it with a few swings and, sure enough, the sword crackled and sparked with potent arcs of electricity. Inside the satchel, Graham found a faintly glowing skull, of the kind used by hunters to briefly distract their quarry. Besides this there was a small, luminous object, like a pale, ghostly flame, half-solid, like quicksilver. Crystalline whispers issued from it and, holding it up to his ear, Graham heard the faint echoes of speech: loving confidences, tender words shared by firelight, and earnest professions of adoration. This bright wisp was the soul of a lost lover. If he wished, Graham could sacrifice it to the flames of a bonfire, and channel it into his own soul, claiming its strength. But, he resolved to keep it, as it was. Graham placed the objects into the pouches upon his belt and,

hefting his new weapon, strode down the street to the wall of fog waiting at its end.

Some time later, a man returned to the small house, at the rear of the Lower Undead Burg. Expecting to find a hollowed sorcerer's apprentice within, bearing gear ripe for the taking, he was furious to discover the door open, and the house's small room vacant, with no hollow or corpse, and certainly no loot in sight. "Bugger!" he swore, slamming the door shut, "little blighter wasn't as helpless as he looked," He leaned against the wall, and pondered. Hadn't that fat cleric, Petrus, mentioned an expedition to the Catacombs, with some "Daughter of Thorolund"? Surely, such a royal procession would be laden with riches! Chuckling to himself, Patches the Hyena slung his spear over his shoulder, and set off for the crypts below the Firelink Shrine.