

ROCK BOTTOM

The elves grew accustomed to the chains and whippings after days of nonstop abuse. The heavy shackles weighing their wrists and ankles, locked tight against their skin didn't bother them as much anymore, nor did the constant, never ending whipping. What persisted to bother them, however, was the sexual abuse and harassment from the guards. Being forced to stay naked, with only their cuffs and shackles to wear as the guards watch their every move with hungry eyes, was enough to make anyone feel helpless. And no one knew the feeling of being helpless and exposed more than the Opalian males far below the earth.

The ticking of pickaxes and crumbling of stone filled the crystal mines daily, only loud enough to just to suppress the males' ceaseless wails and moans that echoed throughout the cavern. No one knew their suffering below the city, as only the patrolling guards could hear their screams. The only breaks they received were a few hours sleep when they eventually dropped from exhaustion, to eat or drink, or when they were taken from their chain line to be tortured without mercy, often to just hear them beg before being put back in, shivering and whimpering. This was their life, and it was thanks to one outlier that forced them into these degrading positions.

"Gods I can't take it anymore..." spoke an elf, his swings of his pickaxe slowing to a crawl as he collapsed to his knees, the chain around his cock tugging the other slaves down as he fell. Along with being stripped naked and chained cock to cock, all the male elves were also denied release during their long, unforgiving hours. And with the constant whipping to their scrotums and cocks, coupled with the guards merciless taunting and teasing, many of the elf males had their minds clouded with lust and urges, almost devolving into wild beasts. The elf that fell to his knees succumbed to his primal urges, not even considering the consequences of his actions.

Mindlessly, the elf gripped his shaft, body shaking with unquenchable desire as he began to stroke himself with haste, body slumped over as his desperate moans filled the other elves ears. They couldn't help but watch, but were too afraid to do anything but to look as their friend quickly gave in. the guards above watched as the elf pleased himself, as some of the other elves watching him began to stroke their own hardening cocks to the spectacle. But this day was different. Instead of violently ripping the elf from his line to torture him for violating their masters orders, the guards wanted to watch how this pans out. They had a feeling this would go down a very exploitable path.

"That damn Du'maah..." the elf on the ground said, frustrated as he pulled at his member erratically. "That bastard ruined everything..."

The elves around him began to silently rally with his senseless grumbling, as a few silent ideas began to flourish between them as their bodies slowly began to betray their minds and morals. One of

the elves chained beside the one masturbating on the floor knelt beside him touching his shoulder to get his attention.

“Look... the guards aren’t here...” the elf said, looking around the cave to only see the company of a few hundred elves, but no royal guard in sight. “We can have some... revenge.”

The elf on the floor didn’t know what to think of this remark, until his attention was shifted toward down a very narrow cave tunnel, where a single Opalian slave tirelessly mined, alone and unchained to a group. It was Du’maah, who was the only elf permitted to have his cock unchained to the rest of the elves. He still was naked as he wore wrist and ankle cuffs, his feet bound together with chains, yet he was the only elf allowed to roam free amongst the cave. It was most likely a sick joke on the guard’s part, given how Du’maah was irreversibly blinded by Tuh’adek. But it didn’t help how it harbored jealousy and scorn in each of his people. The five elves that were chained together, driven by their overwhelming lust and hatred for Duh’mah, emptied a small black sack of gems, and decided to pay the blind elf a visit.

Du’maah was, for whatever reason, given special liberties within the cavern as an elf slave. One of which was he was never accosted by guards to threaten him to work faster, although he was still plenty whipped and abused. But apart from the whipping, the chains, and the cold draft against his exposed nethers, he was usually left to his own devices, as long as he behaved under their guidance. Du’maah mind away in his lonely tunnel, the only sound echoing through it were his breath and his pickaxe. Until the sudden sound of footsteps and jiggling chains began to approach him.

“Who’s there?” du’maah asked, looking in the direction of the noise.

“Consequences.” said one of five elves that were slowly approaching him. Du’maahs eyes widened as he heard them getting closer, trying to back away the best he could as the five slowly gained on them. One of the elves was using a sharp rock to cut a perfectly round hole in the sack, each of them smiling as Du’maah was backed into a corner.

“What are you doing?!” Du’maah said, tripping over rocks as he stumbled away.

“We never got to truly thank you for putting all of us into this mess, Du’maah.” the elf holding the bag said, “grab him.”

Du’maah, sensing he was in some sort of danger, tried to desperately bum rush past the group before being violently caught by all five of them, his arms being forced behind his back as the bag was forced over his head.

“HELP!” Du’maah shouted through the hole in the sack, kicking and screaming to fight back

against the group's hold, only to find his pleas for help to be quickly silenced, as a wooden bit was forcibly shoved into his jaws and tied around his head. The group quickly forced Du'maah to walk out of his hidey hole and into the open, pushing back against the tall elf that restrained his arms. A few other groups of elves mining in the corners stopped to observe the sudden commotion as he was forcibly pushed to the floor, made to kneel with his face pushed against the crotch of one of the elves, as his arms were tied behind him with a length of rope. The elf in front of Du'maah gripped the top of his head as he pressed his erection against his hooded cheek, Du'maah letting out muffled wails pitiful cries for mercy, all of which were deafened by the bit in his mouth. The elf sharply turned his hips, harshly smacking Du'maah in the face with his cock.

"Be quiet, you traitor." the elf said, rubbing his shaft against Du'maahs other cheek, before violently hitting him with it again. "You're finally gonna get what's coming to ya!"

Du'maah, at this point, couldn't feel more humiliated, first being robbed of his sight, then his freedom, and now he's being robbed of his dignity and trust in his people. He could feel an audience surrounding him, barely audible through the thick sack covering his ears as he soon felt the bit removed from his mouth, only to be replaced by the elves cock being shoved down his throat. Devoid of almost all his senses, his feeling of touch was heightened to an immense scale. He could feel every inch of the elves cock deep within his throat, his tongue caressing his smooth, yet whip scarred shaft as his head was held against the elfs crotch, his chin resting against his heavy balls.

"If you even try to bite down," whispered the elf, his cock throbbing deep within his esophagus, "I'll make you bite down on a rock."

Du'maah was in no position to fight back, even if he could. He was at the mercy of his attackers. He could feel his shoulders being held down, his nose being pressed against the elfs belly as his head began to get pushed and pulled against his will, two hands holding him firmly by the ears as the elfs hips rocked into his mouth. It was humiliating, to be brought to his lowest point and pushed even lower, forced to suck dick against his will as his people gathered and watched, no one speaking up or even trying to stop him.

"Ahh... fuck yeah." spoke the elf in his mouth, practically humping his face, "I bet you're enjoying this, aren't you, bitch?"

He wanted to scream as loud as he could, beg them to let him go so he could try and make amends and come together to endure these hardships together, but all that came out was a muffled, distressed yell, barely audible as the elf pushed his cock farther down his throat. He knew he didn't enjoy being treated like this, and he wanted to protest, until the feeling of a cold hand grasped around his own cock. One of the elves that cornered him was knelt just behind Du'maah, his hand wrapped around his throat as he tugged at his cock with the other, feeling his body against his back.

"Oh he is enjoying it." the elf behind him said, his cock pressed against the small of Du'maahs

back, “you like getting fucked in the mouth, dontcha?”

With every passing moment, every teasing comment took a blow to his willpower as he was filled with shame. He couldn't help but moan around the elf as his cock was being throttled roughly, his hips trying to fight away from his grip only to have his shaft violently tugged forward to keep him in position. After a while of strong thrusting, he could feel the grip on his head grow tighter as he was pulled right up against the elf's crotch, as a sudden feeling of warmth in his mouth. The elf's cock throbbed, as ropes of gushing white fluid shot down into Du'maah's throat, filling his stomach with a warm sensation that was nearly indescribable. The elf took his cock from Du'maah's mouth and stroked it over his bagged head, leaving him gasping for air as the remainder of the elf's load shot over his face, leaving visual white strands across his black hood. He coughed, thinking it was over until he was suddenly gagged again and raised to his feet, a firm hold on his cock still persisted as he was forcibly tugged in an unknown direction. He tried to fight back, tugging back against the elf's grip as he was pulled against his will, only to feel a large group of elves walking close behind him. He was surrounded on every side, a small group watching him suffer as his attackers pulled him along helplessly by his cock. None of them wanted to admit it to themselves, but the elves enjoyed Du'maah's suffering. It was a fitting revenge for them to treat him like dirt just as the Udakii treated them like dirt, but that didn't satiate their hunger. They wanted Du'maah to feel lower than dirt, they wanted him to beg and plead for mercy just as they had all done for days on end. But out of all of this, these feelings of anger and revenge they brought upon Du'maah, they sought nothing more to sate their desires, to curb their hunger for touch and release they've been deprived, and Du'maah was the most likely candidate.

Du'maah was pushed through the caves winding tunnels until they were met with a large, open cavern that housed a good majority of the elves that were enslaved within. Just as Du'maah was lead whimpering and stumbling into the large cavern, he leg chain caught on a stray crystal, sending him to fall to the hard, cold floor, his body wanting to curl up and crawl away, but his arms were still bound behind his back. He was eventually dragged the rest of the way to an oblong, convex boulder, perfectly ovular in shape as Du'maah was forced to lay back on top of it. The shape of the boulder made his body arch against it his rear just dangling off the edge as his arms and legs were forcibly spread across the boulder, each being bound with rope and tied to the floor, with each ends of the rope pounded into the hard rocky floor by using metal chisels stakes to keep his limbs tied down. His arms were forcibly raised above his head, while his legs were spread as far as they could go to reveal his ass. Every inch of his body was exposed, in fact. Every inch vulnerable to whatever abuse that the elves would think of. It was only then he could feel a sudden, indescribable feeling of pleasure. One of his attackers stood between Du'maah's spread legs, and inserted himself into his ass with very little warning.

“we're nothing anymore, Du'maah!” shouted the elf as he rammed his cock forcefully inside

Du'maah, stretching his hole wide as Du'maah began to writhe in shame and agony. "We're nothing but playthings for the guards now, thanks to you! Just animals to torture for their sick pleasure. But you know what?"

The elf suddenly grabbed Du'maahs hard cock, using it as a leverage as he began to thrust as fast and hard as he could into the whimpering bound elf, his cock pressing hard against Du'maahs prostate with every single violent thrust.

"I want to know how it feels." the elf said, quickly jerking Du'maah off as he prodded against his prostate as hard as he could, forcing Du'maah to cum in the air and all over his bare chest, leaving him a sniveling, shaking mess of an elf. They could see the appeal of watching someone suffer for their own enjoyment, watching Du'maah be used and abused in such a humiliating, yet rightly deserved way in their eyes. But some elves, particularly some of the weaker ones, saw their actions as no better than their Udakii masters. As the elf forced his cock deeper and faster into Du'maahs ass, a few of the elves around him tried to stand up for him, defending him as they tried to push aside the elves that didn't.

"It wasn't his fault!" they said, "you're no better than Tu'adek!"

These protesters were very quickly silenced by elves that sought revenge against Du'maah, holding them back in groups as the elf fucking Du'maah raised his voice among the crowd.

"Any elf that sympathizes with this traitorous bitch," the elf said, speaking loudly over his balls slapping against Du'maahs ass, "is gonna end up just like him! Tie up those bastards!"

The elf commanded those that followed his hateful point of view with striking conviction, as the elves that spoke out against him quickly began to be restrained by ropes and shoved to the floor. As Du'maah was sexually ravaged, and as other elves were prepared to meet the same fate, a lustful, hate fueled hierarchy was formed, a pecking order that divided those that sympathized with Du'maah, and those that didn't. All that opposed the harsh treatment of Du'maah was forced to join him, tied up and forcibly fucked for the pleasure of those that hated him, essentially becoming sex slaves all over again. The guards above watched with smiles upon their faces as the elf slaves began to take their own slaves, all while Du'maah's moans echoed through the cave as they watched the chaos brew, curiously wondering how this hierarchy would unfold.