

# Verdatia

*The Journal Entries of Marshat, and Arion Prime, and the continuation of one of the biggest conspiracies ever to rock the very infrastructure of Arion society.*

## Part One

### Journal Entry 1

This is my first journal entry: ever. Is there a right way to do this? It doesn't matter. I don't expect to get off this planet alive and I doubt anyone will read this. I guess it will help me stay sane.

I'm trying to learn the language of my captors, it's not going well. They refer to me as "Kal." I don't know if that's their word for prisoner or if they've named me Kal. I don't want to think they've given me such a Kryptonian sounding name.

Is this how this is supposed to work? I think so. I'll write down my feelings on things so I don't forget. If that's the case, I should start from the beginning of my bad luck.

No, I should start with who I am. That's the first step in going crazy, I hear. You forget who you are, where you are, and when you are. I think I could go crazy here, but I'll get to that.

I am Marsaht, an Arion Prime. I am a lieutenant colonel in the Arion Military. It is the year (year) and I am on the planet Verdant, 1,520 light years from Aria. I was sent here to kill the Velorian Protector, alone.

That said, I can come back here if I feel like I'm losing it, to remember. My sanity is all I have left. I won't let the solitude take that from me too.

My commanding officer, Kayne, told me that I was to test an experimental new drug. It was supposed to give me the strength and power I would need to take down a Protector. I jumped at the chance, they stood in our way, made it damn near impossible to conquer the planets they guarded. They killed Arions. I wanted to hurt them, I wanted to kill a Velorian. I didn't care which one, I just wanted one dead.

My drop ship left me on the planet's surface just over the horizon from the largest city on the planet. The Velorian was supposed to live there. They said the battle would be one-on-one, to test the limits of the drug. I didn't care. I was stupid, I felt like I could destroy her even without the drug. They gave me no weapons, and no support. Why did I go? Why was I so fucking stupid?

When I took the drug I felt invincible, so powerful I could take on an army of Protectors! My muscles were fueled with fire and my mind was so... lucid? I don't remember the exact feeling. But it was better than I had ever felt in my life.

It wasn't long before I realized that this planet was completely under the control of the Protector. There were statues and pictures of her all over the city, and the locals told me that I could find her in the large building in the middle of the huge city. Heh, building, more like a cathedral. They worshipped the fucking Velorian like she was some kind of goddess! I didn't receive half the information I should have gotten on this planet.

I joined a group of people flooding into the cathedral, and once inside I was awe struck. The ceiling was at least 20 feet high, there were decorative arches everywhere and the whole place was gilded with precious gems and silver and bronze. There was row after row of beautifully finished wood pews and stained glass made up every window. They really knew how to treat a deity on this planet.

I joined the worship service and tried to blend in, I was waiting for the right time. Within moments, the Velorian stepped, or did she float? I can't remember. It's not important. She came out from behind a pair of tapestries on the far end of the cathedral. I took my cue.

I rose from my knees and called out to her in Arion, "Velorian! For the glory of Aria I take this planet from you!" The service halted and all eyes were on me. Then the Velorian unleashed her heat vision on me. I didn't feel a thing! They drug worked! My joy could not be overstated.

My confidence rose and I threw the pews out of my way, complete with the people sitting in them, on my way to face her. The cathedral emptied in a panic an instant before we clashed.

I threw my strongest punch at her face, and in her arrogance she thought she could take it. She had been an unrivaled goddess for too long, and couldn't know about the drug I had taken. I sent her sprawling back through the tapestries, ripping them from the walls. As she tried to stand I rushed her, and a second blow knocked her out of the cathedral, shattering the wall behind her.

I realized at that point that I hadn't felt either of the two punches that I threw. it was incredible! I knew then that I could use all my strength, I had no reason to hold back anything! The fight came to the street and as we battled I could hear the citizens chanting for her, praying to her! It made me furious and I redoubled my efforts. I was sure I would win, I couldn't feel the hits I was taking I was so strong now. She didn't stand a chance against me.

I thought.

The next thing I remember I was in this cell, bound with gold around me neck and arms. I had no idea what happened. My chest was badly burned where the Velorian used her heat vision, and I was bruised all over. Worst of all, my hands were shattered! Both of them! I came to the realization that the drug was a fake, a hallucinogen. I *felt* invulnerable but that was all. I should have been more suspicious when Kayne gave it to me. We never got along. I was too blinded by the opportunity to think about it. Now I understand he was trying to get rid of me.

When my hands healed somewhat I made a writing motion to my captors and they brought me paper and a pen. That is where this journal begins.

My hands are aching again, I need to rest them. This fucking gold is keeping me from healing quickly enough.

## | Journal Entry 2

I got too much sleep. The days on this planet are 28 hours long and it's starting to affect my sleeping habits. My captors brought me some food, it tasted something like ham, but not quite. I don't know what it is. It was very greasy though.

My hands feel much better this morning. I'm slowly learning the language, as I understand a new word I write it down on a separate page I'm keeping to study. I'm still fuzzy on the exact meaning of "Kal," but for now I'll just accept that it's me. I know the words for pen and paper now, so I can ask for more as I need it.

I should mention something about my captors. I don't know how much the military knows about this planet, but there was no mention of these people in the report I got. Of course, there was little mention of anything in my report. The ones I met in the large city, who worshipped the Velorian, they were humanoid. I could blend in with them. My current captors, however, are most certainly not. They look like bipedal plants. They have vines on their heads that approximates hair, and four tendril like fingers at the end of their arms. Their feet are covered with bark up to their knees, and they have a few small leaves sprouting from various places. I've also noticed small roots on their backs and shoulders. It's too early to speculate, but I would guess they root themselves down when they sleep. If they have genders, I can't tell them apart. Probably because of the needs of a plant like people, my cell is well lit with sunlight.

There has been no sight of the humanoids ever since my defeat at the hands of the Velorian. I don't know why. I'm bored with writing right now. I'll rest.

### | Journal Entry 2 continued

One of the humanoids was brought into the cell block this afternoon. He was panicked beyond anything I had ever seen before. He was in chains and two of the plant beings were escorting him down the hallway. He was screaming and cursing in his language, which I understand. The plants paid him no mind as he struggled, I don't know where they took him.

Lunch was the same greasy meat. I wonder if I'll get it for dinner too. I'm starting to get hungry for something else, but I'm nervous about asking a plant based organism for a salad.

I've been looking for a way out. I can't find one, especially locked in gold like this. I wonder if they know what the gold does to Arions? The Velorian might have told them, or maybe she locked me up and they just left me this way. When I learn the language with some fluency I'll ask.

One of my captors has decided to help me learn the language. He's very patient. My list is growing exponentially, and I can ask him simple questions now. I was right that I am being called Kal, but it's not my name, it's a description of some sort. They call me by my name now. Soon I'll be able to find out what they've been feeding me and get some variety in my diet.

### | Journal Entry 3

It has been a full day now since I wrote in my journal. A lot has happened.

The morning started as per usual, but shortly before breakfast the building I was being held in was attacked. The humanoids that inhabit the planet staged an assault on the cell block, it was magnificent. Organized, well planned, they knew the layout of the building, it was a textbook rescue mission. I have new respect for these people.

I did not know that there were other humanoids in the building being held captive. There were none that I could see anyway. Regardless, the humanoids brought several other humanoids from the building at the same time they rescued me. They were armed with primitive edged weapons, but they seemed to wreck havoc on the plant beings that held me. There were very few humanoid casualties, and even fewer deaths, but several of the plants are now missing limbs and some their heads.

They opened my cell door with a small explosive charge and led me outside the building. I thought I was being freed. Instead, they forced me into a truck and brought me back to the main city where I first landed. It took five of their strongest, even though I was weakened by the gold. My hands still hurt.

#### | Journal Entry 4

Out of one prison and into another. At least they let me keep my journal, and my pen. They cleaned me up, polished my chains and bonds, and threw me back into a cell. This is humiliating. Without the gold I would tear this cell down brick by brick. Not to mention the guards.

At least I found out what's going on. After my defeat at the hands of the Protector, I was put in my gold bonds by the humanoids at her direction and without explanation. That night, before I regained consciousness, I was taken by the plant-beings. The humanoids call them Hicondae. I don't know what the word means.

From what I can gather, the humanoids have been at war with the Hicondae since written history began. They captured me during one of the raids on the humanoids. I guess they thought I was a prisoner of some importance due to my bonds. It was a similar raid that brought me back here, where I started. I'm so out of control of my life all of a sudden.

So now I sit and wait again. Maybe another raid by the Hicondae will allow me an opportunity for escape. Damn you Kayne, wherever you are.

#### | Journal Entry 4 continued

This pen is really remarkable. It looks like it's made of wood with a back oily tip. Not only is it completely organic, but I think it's still alive. There's a small claw at the other end of the pen that grabs on tight to anything it's pressed against so you can clip it to your shirt pocket or your belt or whatever. Everything the Hicondae have that I saw was organic like this come to think of it.

The cell I was in was covered in what felt like tree bark, and it had bars made of what I think was bone. They didn't use any stone, brick, or plastic that I could tell. Then again, I only saw their prison.

In stark contrast these humanoids have a pretty well developed level of technology. War tends to do that to a race. I already mentioned the cathedral dedicated to the Protector. In addition, they have skyscrapers, well-paved roads, a telecommunications network, everything you would expect of a class C technology. At least in this city.

I cannot yet comment on the other cities or the government of either race. It looks like I'll have to come back to this, the guards are unlocking my cell.

#### | Journal Entry 5

FUCKING DAMMIT!! I can't believe what happened last night! Dammit dammit dammit dammit!! As if I haven't been though enough already. It is now my sworn pledge to destroy the Velorian. One of us will die before I leave this planet, this I swear.

The guards brought me from the cell last night where I left off. They made sure my bonds were still polished and brought me to a large room with a round couch in the middle of the back wall. There were two women and a man waiting for me there.

After the guards left, the two women grabbed me by my arms and threw me onto the couch. I wasn't even close to ready for their strength. As the night drew on, it became clear that the three of them were enhanced by the Velorian.

The woman with red hair (the other was brunette) had heat vision. Rare in an enhanced species, but not unheard of. She used it to relieve me of my prison jumpsuit. The couch did not burn, it didn't even singe. But I didn't have time to dwell on this.

As I lay there naked on the couch the Velorian entered the room through a second door. She too was completely naked. Even though she was my sworn enemy, I am ashamed to say I could not help but stare at her. Damn them, those test-tube bastard children. They created their genetically beautiful race but at what cost? They don't understand. They cannot.

She approached me and I tried to stand, but she struck me back down. And then came the beginning of my night's humiliation. I will never forgive any of them for this. I will destroy her enhancements as she watches and then destroy her, and I will still not feel avenged even as she begs me for mercy. I cannot put words to paper how I hate the Velorian. I cannot describe to my own satisfaction how used and discarded I felt. I cannot make the letters form words vulgar enough to describe that night.

First she took me by the hair and forced me to lay down. Then the enhanced male approached me. He unzipped his pants and I will never forget what happened next. Try as I may I will never forget. The Velorian forced me to his cock and commanded me to suck him off. She dug her nails painfully into my back and told me that if he felt teeth, the four would torture me until I felt a level of pain "no other living beings has ever felt." I spit at him but the Velorian was too strong for me in my gold bonds.

She bent my neck backwards and it felt like my spine was about to crack. She told me to suck him off or this would be "one tenth of one percent of what I will do." She forced my face back down to his crotch and damn them all I had no choice.

I shut my eyes and took his fucking dick into my mouth. I gagged, almost puked. Then he fucked my mouth until he came. I will never forget. I can never forget. And I will never forgive him.

I spit his come out of my mouth, trying to taste as little as possible. They all laughed. All of them. The Velorian still held me down and the two women approached the couch. She ordered them to hold me down as she crawled on top of me. She told me that I shouldn't struggle. What choice did I have? What fucking choice did I have!? I was bound in gold, alone against a Velorian protector and three enhanced humanoids. What fucking choice did I have!?

The Velorian straddled my hips and sat on me as she started to massage her tits. The the two women holding down my arms leaned over me, hanging their fucking tits in my face as they kissed each other. If things had been a little different this would have been incredible, but as it stood it was the ultimate twisted perversion of one my greatest fantasies. And that made it worse because a tiny something in the back of my mind actually wanted part of this. Not all of it, just enough to make me hate myself for it.

The Velorian shut her eyes and started fingering her pussy. Then came the pheromones, adding insult to injury as if there wasn't enough of both already. I couldn't help it. Nothing I could do could stop it. Dammit I had an erection. It was all too much. It was the fucking pheromones dammit! I did not want this!

Then she slid my cock inside of her. It felt... fuck how can I describe it? How do you describe being raped? I cannot describe it but I will always remember it. Every detail.

Every I was about to come she stopped and played with her clit. She squeezed her pussy so hard around my cock that I couldn't move. It hurt like hell when she did that, but I didn't make a fucking sound. I wouldn't let her have that. I wouldn't let her know she hurt me, not like that. That would have been all I needed to push me over the edge, to make me want to die. But I don't want to die, I want to live to see them all killed by my own hands.

It seemed to go on forever. The pain, the humiliation, the torture. I could swear the two women holding me down climaxed a few times themselves just from watching. And then the Velorian came. That was the worst part yet. She grabbed me by the shoulders and dug her nails into my flesh. She tightened her legs around my hips and it felt like they were going to crack any second. She bit her lip and a single drop of blood fell onto my chest. Between my shoulders and my hips and my cock, I felt like I was being crushed in every way possible.

And then my left shoulder gave out. I heard my collarbone crack and my shoulder joint dislocated. I clenched my teeth and I DID NOT CRY OUT! I always want to remember that not once did I cry out in pain.

And then she got off of me. My balls were throbbing because I hadn't come yet. My shoulders were bleeding and my arm was dislocated. My pelvic bone was bruised and sore, and I don't know if it was cracked. She told the three, "The Arion is yours now. Do with him as you wish, and I am only to be disturbed for an emergency until the morning."

I looked around and saw the male slowly stroking his cock. He watched the whole thing from the other side of the couch. The brunette let go of me and rolled over to him. Then the red haired one grabbed me and pulled me on top of her. With my arms in the condition they were in I was helpless against her, and it was painful to try to support myself. She pulled my cock inside of her then, wrapped her legs around me, and it seemed like she came instantly.

She pulled my face into her breasts and writhed in ecstasy for what must have been five minutes, all the time holding my dick as deeply inside of her as she could with those long legs wrapped around my back. When she settled down she told me to suck her tits and started forcing me to fuck her by pressing her legs into my back. The Velorian was bad enough, but these were nothing but enhanced humans and I was forced to be their fucking sex toy.

My hips throbbed in pain as I put up with it, too painful for me to come close to enjoying this even if I wanted to. I wanted this to end more than anything else in the universe at that point. I had to get her off as soon as I could. I used my tongue on her nipples, tracing circles around them and alternating with my sucking. As I hoped, it was too much for her. She started pulling me into her faster and faster, moaning and occasionally even crying out in passion.

Finally my balls were granted release as I shot my hot come inside of her, which in turn brought her to her final climax. She held me inside of her tighter than before, pressing herself against me and holding her breath. Her eyes were shut tight and she lay there like that, under me but in complete control, for I don't even know how long. Finally, she let out her breath in a long sigh, let go of me, and fucking shoved me off the couch.

I lay there, oblivious to the world for a time. I was trying to deal with the pain, the humiliation, the possibility that they might kill me now that they were done with me. I was not so lucky. The next thing that I was aware of they had picked me up and carried me back to my cell, throwing me roughly inside. There was another prison jumpsuit inside and I quickly got dressed again. I feel so dirty. I swear they will all die, or I will.

### | Journal Entry 6

I think this journal is doing me a world of good. It's an outlet for my pain, and I have no shortage of that here. Besides that, I think I'm getting more observant. I notice more details now, or do I just remember them more clearly? The only thing they could do at this point to hurt me any more is take this away from me.

I have no idea what time it is. Unlike the Hicondae cell, this prison is dark. They seem to feed me at random intervals. They don't wake me in the morning, they let me get up whenever I happen to get up. I thought about it and I think I know why. If I knew what time it was I would know when it was dark, and I could plan an escape. I asked a guard but he didn't answer. I could tell from his expression that I was right though.

| Journal Entry 6 continued

Excuse the handwriting, I can't use my left hand to hold the paper steady as I write.

I heard the sounds of battle about an hour ago. I heard the words "air raid" from the panicking guards and all but two of them ran out of the cell block. It was the perfect chance for a getaway. I excitedly pulled at my chains as hard as I could, but my damn shoulder hurt too much. I tried to block out the pain but I think I pulled my shoulder back out of joint.

I even tried holding the chains back with my good arm and pushing the looped end with my legs, but it was no good. They held me securely no matter what I tried. I can't even muster enough energy to use my heat vision.

I was just about ready to give up when I saw a red liquid seeping through the rear wall of my cell. Upon close inspection I could see that it was eating its way through the stone wall! Without a moment's hesitation I pressed my chains against the wet spot and to my indescribable joy they began to smoke and melt!

I cupped my hands and gathered the seeping liquid into them. First I poured it over the band around my waist and in under a minute it was soft enough to tear off. I had to work quickly, I didn't know how much of the liquid was left. I spread it over my collar and my cuffs as it continued to eat through the wall.

Just as I was tearing off the last golden restraint a guard noticed that there was a hole in the wall. "Shit! Ralon, the fucking acid bombs hit the jail! We've got to secure the prisoner!"

The one called Ralon ran to my cell and unlocked the door. He had no idea that I was a hundred times stronger now that the fucking gold was off of me! He rushed into my cell and poked at me with a short rod with an electrical tip. The electricity crackled and sparked against me to no effect. I wish I had a holocube to save the look on his face when he realized his only weapon was utterly useless against me!

I ripped the primitive weapon from his hands and jabbed him with it in return. The powerful charge knocked him backwards against the cell bars and he fell unconscious. The other guard's eyes were the size of saucers and he couldn't do anything but stand there with his stun rod in his hands. He looked like he was trying to call for help but forgot how to move.

These journals are really helping me recall details. I remember the guard looked very young, maybe just over eighteen. This was probably his first crisis and he didn't know how to deal with it. The city was being bombed, a prisoner was escaping, and his commanding officer was just jolted by the same weapon that had no effect on me. I can understand his shock.

I didn't have time for anything fancy. My left arm was still effectively useless. I pulled the youth over to the bars of the cell and with my good arm bent the soft steel around to pin his head in the bars. I wanted them both to survive. I wanted them both to tell everyone that the man who dared to challenge their goddess had escaped, and their weapons were useless against me.

I crawled out through the hole in the wall and saw the battle taking place. The Velorian was in the air being pestered by a swarm of large flying somethings. They had pincers for mouths and large leathery wings. Aside from that, I could see no other limbs on their bulbous bodies.

It occurred to me that these things posed no real danger to the Velorian. They were in the battle only to distract her from the damage the "bombers" were doing. These creatures were incredible, they had streamlined bodies and enormous wings, and carried the sacks of the acid that ate through my cell wall. Unlike the fluttering biters that attacked the Velorian, these soared at low altitude and dropped their payload with impressive accuracy.

The humanoids were fighting back with explosive driven projectile weapons. So inefficient, but I suppose every race has a version of this weapon at some point in its development. The flyers could sustain several hits before they died and fell to the ground, and even when they did this almost caused more damage than it was worth. Their bodies contained the same acid that they carried in the sacks, and whatever they happened to land on suffered a great deal of damage.

I couldn't stay long, and this was all I saw. I didn't want to risk the Velorian seeing me. My arm still felt dislocated, and I still have a plan to think of.

[On to part 2.](#)