

It was disconcerting to hear people talking inside your house when you lived alone. Andrew slipped out of bed and quietly tiptoed over to the door. He pressed his ear against it and listened. Four voices, maybe more footsteps? He couldn't tell. The voices were coming closer, but something about the way they echoed didn't sound right. He glanced around the room for something to arm himself with. There was a spoon in an empty yogurt container on his desk next to his phone, some chemistry textbooks on his floor, and the vase full of decorative stones on his shelf. Those were all next to useless unless... He grabbed his pillow from his bed and separated it from its cover, then dumped half the contents of the vase into his pillowcase. He tied the opening in a crude knot, then stood in front of the door.

He had been able to remain calm up until then, but as the voices and footsteps grew closer he could hear his heart thumping. He glanced in the mirror and noticed he was wearing his swastika pajama pants and a white tee shirt. He grinned at the irony of the situation. Here he was, probably about to fight a bunch of blacks, wearing his edgiest pants. The doorknob turned and he brought back his sack for a strike. The door opened almost casually, as if the intruder didn't expect anyone to be home. As soon as his face came into view Andrew swung his sack into it with a satisfying thump. The burglar fell backwards and laid limp on the... red stone floor? Andrew shook his head and got ready for the next one to come. Whatever happened to his carpet could be dealt with later.

Another one rushed into the doorway, holding a knife in one hand and a trash-bag in the other. Andrew quickly backed away from him and grabbed his phone off his in his free hand. The intruder took a few steps after him holding the knife in an underhanded grip. Andrew chucked the phone at his face, nailing him right in the eye. He cried out in pain and raised his hands to his face. Before the intruder could recover Andrew bounded over to him and smashed him across the side of the head with his pillowcase. It blew open and rocks spilled onto his body as he collapsed. Andrew dropped the broken sack and started stomping

on the man's temple with his bare feet. After the first few strikes he went limp and dropped the knife. Andrew landed a few more for caution's sake, then scooped up the weapon and poked his head out the doorway. It was as if his apartment ended outside his bedroom. As soon as he crossed the threshold the floor gave way to a smooth blood-red stone. He clutched the blade tightly and looked to his left. His hallway was replaced by a tunnel of the same material. He looked to his right and saw two more men running towards him, one with a visible pot belly and holding a tire iron, and one in a track suit without a weapon.

He shot out towards them, taking large strides and raising the knife. He feinted a strike towards the throat of the fat man then planted the blade in his stomach when he tried to grab his wrist. Andrew stared his face as he heard the tire iron clang against the ground. His victim looked back at him with a terrified expression and started screaming bloody murder. Andrew turned away from him just in time for the other man to punch him in the nose. Andrew staggered back and let go of the knife. The stabbed man dropped to his knees and his companion was winding up for another swing. Andrew's vision was swimming and another punch was coming in. He clumsily parried the strike, making it only brush against the side of his head. He took a deep breath and forced himself to concentrate. Another punch came at him and he turned to the side to dodge it. As the punch sailed past Andrew grabbed his opponent by the arm and jacket and used his momentum to throw him into the floor. Thugs didn't know how to fall, and they weren't on training mats here. He hit the ground with a sickening crack.

Andrew steadied himself against the wall of the tunnel and wiped at the blood trickling from his nose. His opponent was crying out in pain and clutching at his shoulder. He took a few more breaths and waited for his vision to clear up. What to do? There was an enemy beneath him. He looked like the last one for now, but there could be more coming. He walked back over to the screaming man and knelt next to him.

“Hey, I need to borrow that.” He recoiled from him in terror, trying to push himself away. The wounded man shrieked in pain as Andrew tore the knife out of his gut, then quickly went silent as the blood gushed out. The man with the broken shoulder was starting to stand up. Before he could finish, Andrew rushed over to him and stuck the knife in the side of his neck. He looked around, reflecting his handiwork, before he turned away and vomited.

He stumbled away from his room, shaking. He had formed a bloody fist around the knife and his eyes were darting around to find it's next recipient. The tunnel seemed to be going in a relatively straight line until he noticed an alcove. Unlike the rest of the cave, it was in darkness. Light seemed to just stop. He would be completely hidden from passing intruders in there. He took a few steps forward, then collapsed.

He came to some time later to a rather pleasant smell and the feeling of something warm and soft against his face. The sensations of something once familiar... soft skin, a flowery smell, he was laying on a woman. He opened his eyes but still only saw black. He closed them and tried again. Right, the alcove. He wasn't dead, so she probably wasn't out to kill him. Maybe she knew what was going on.

"Hey uh Miss," he felt her tense up as soon as he spoke. He put his hand near where his face was and realized he was touching her breast. "Would you happen to know anything about this cave and burglar situation I'm in?" She didn't say anything for a long moment.

"B-burglars?" She stammered out.

"Yeah, bunch of guys tried to break into my room. Don't know where the rest of my apartment went."

"T-they t-tried?" She started to squirm underneath him.

"Yep, I killed 'em all. I think anyway, one might still be in the process of dying. Head injuries can be a bitch like that ya know? I think I'm in the clear legally. They were breaking into my place, so castle doctrine states I was justified in offing them. Though I'm not sure what a judge is going to say about the ones I killed in the tunnel. If that replaced my home does it still count as mine?"

"You..." She trailed off in disbelief.

"Nice! We got past stuttering! Now I'm guessing there aren't any judges here, but in case there are, I'm going say all the tunnels are part of my home and that everyone in them's an intruder. Except for you my dear lady, you can be my guest. Now I suppose you have some idea what's going on here, so why don't you come back to my bedroom with me and do some explaining." He pushed himself back into a standing position with one hand on her breast and one hand on the stone wall behind her. She let out a short "eep", but then stayed quiet. "I'm holding my hand out in front of you, grab it and get up."

"I can't," she spoke hesitantly, "My hands are tied behind my back."

He pondered this for a moment, then knelt down in front of her and felt around for her armpits. She started to protest before he found them and lifted her to her feet. He held her by the shoulder and led her out of the darkness. As soon as he crossed the threshold, light and vision returned to him all at once. He squinted, and tried to shield his eyes with his hand. For some reason it didn't make the inside of the tunnel seem any less bright. He turned around and looked at the woman. If he had saw her before he would have thought of her as a girl instead. She was Asian with the stereotypical young face and dark hair. Her shorts were all torn up and her tee shirt looked crudely ripped, showing off large portions of her cleavage. And there was a lot of it to show off. Lots of full, soft, squeezable... He caught himself staring and looked back up at her face, expecting to see her glaring. She was staring at something too. Something below the waist.

"Like what you see?" He said with a grin forming on his face.

"Are those swastikas?" She asked incredulously.

"Yeah, don't worry about those Miss, it's just a meme. Come on now and follow me."

He gently led her by the shoulder back towards his room. As they started to round the bend, Andrew noticed a corpse's foot. He stopped and turned to face her. "You should probably cover your eyes, it's not a pretty sight." She gave him two drawn out nods then didn't do anything. Right, hands tied. He started to take off his shirt and she backed away from him with wide eyes. He stood in place and took it off all the way, then held it out in front of him. "Put the shirt over your head if you will." She stood motionless for a few long moments, staring at him. Eventually she walked back over to him and ducked her head to accept the shirt. The bodies still looked the same as when he left them, so he probably wasn't out for long. He stepped over a corpse, then his own vomit, and helped her over. He told her to stay put then dragged the body out of his room and doorway before he led her into his room. He

reached to take the shirt off her head but then stopped himself. A quick glance around the room reminded him there were dirty clothes on the floor, which he quickly tossed into a pile in the corner. He took his shirt off her head and put it back on himself.

“What are you going to do to me?” She asked without looking at him.

“Just ask you some questions.” He sat down on the edge of his bed. And glanced over to his computer. The light on it was still on. Come to think of it, his ceiling light was still on.

“After that?”

“Well, that depends on what answers you give me.” She was quiet at this, staring at her feet while she shuffled them. “So uh, what the hell is going on?”

“We’re in The Caves.” she said plainly.

“Alright, now how did we get here, what’s the situation here, and how do we get out?”

“I woke up and left my room to go to the bathroom and I was in a tunnel instead. I wandered around for a bit calling for help, then that group of men found me. I’ve been their captive until now. It seems everyone else has woken up here. People fight and steal every day for food and things to trade for it.”

“So I just woke up in a violent free for all? You didn’t say anything about getting out, so I guess there is no out. Well, no use being upset about that. We might as well take advantage of this situation.”

“Why do you say we?”

“Well, you’re beautiful and you smell nice and you seem like a nice person, so I think I’d like to keep you around while I enjoy surviving in here. In return I’ll keep you fed and safe. I think that’s a good deal, don’t you?”

“What does ‘keeping me around’ entail?”

“Oh you know, standard feminine comforts and affections cuddling, hand holding, head pats, conversation, that sort of thing. ”

“You want to fuck me.” She said with disgust.

“Well, yeah.”

“I won’t let you.” She looked up from her feet and at him as she spoke.

“Alright, you don’t have to do that just yet.”

“It’s not going to be a later thing either.”

“We’ll see, maybe you’ll change your mind. For now though, why don’t you come over here and heat up my bed?” He patted the spot next to him.

“I don’t want to be your warm body.”

“Well, if you’re going to be like that I can always tie you to the outside of my door and leave you to the next person that comes by. I bet they won’t be as talkative as me. Or as gentle. If you don’t want that I suggest you walk on over here. Don’t worry, I won’t hurt you.” She slowly walked over to the bed and climbed into it. He pulled back the covers and got under them with her. He went to wrap an arm around her and she turned away. He held her anyways and buried his nose in her hair. He felt her tied hands clench into fists against his stomach and smiled.