



A Place of My Own Lena's Story

Part IV – Malcolm: The Worst of Times

NOTE: THIS PORTION OF LENA'S STORY IS INCOMPLETE AND INCLUDED TO PROVIDE CONTINUITY ONLY.

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Chapter 27 – Second Strike

"I'm Terrified That she'll wind up dead in his hands
She's just a woman....never again"
Nickelback
"Never Again"

Two years later

I'd been feeling nauseous a few mornings in a row so I didn't know what to else to expect. After nibbling on a few crackers I felt fine so there was only one possible circumstance that came to my mind. Mentally I calculated when the last time was that I'd have my monthly visitor and I realized that I was a few months late. I didn't want to say anything to Mikael yet, not until I was sure, but excitement bubbled inside me as I made ready for a trip to Maxdorf.

It seemed silly to have to travel half a day just to get a pregnancy test but I didn't care as I thought about the prospects of Mikael and I having a child. Would it be a boy or a girl? Would it have my eyes and Mikael's even temperament? I shook my head to clear all thoughts until I was sure I was pregnant first.

I returned late that night to the Holding. Mikael was still working in his cabin that he now used only for his carpentry. I knew there was a project that he was working on that was proving to be especially nerve wracking so I didn't want to disturb him.

Thankfully no one in the village had ever said an ill word about the fact that he and I lived as husband and wife without the sanctity of a ceremony. I didn't know if it was Myra's influence or the fact that everyone knew that we would get married when we were ready and nothing anyone said would push us to do so before then.

I entered the house and quickly made my way up to the room that Mikael and I shared. On my pillow was a single yellow foxglove that Mikael knew was my favorite. I removed my light jacket before I picked up the flower and inhaled its wonderful aroma as I moved to the bathroom. I was glad that Mikael had left it; it would be like a part of him was here while I did the test.

Waiting ten minutes for the results was torture. As I looked at my reflection in the mirror above the sink I wondered what it would be like to be a mother. I knew very little about babies, I'd never been around them. I thought about my own mother and how some people would say she'd failed when it came to raising me.

My past was something that I talked to only a few individuals about. My father was an alcoholic who beat my mother nightly for usually no reason. She was weak to stay with him, I knew that but like most people there was only so much she could take.

I was six at the time. My father worked very little but this was one of the rare occasions when he'd been employed doing construction. My one clear childhood memory of him was that his arms were huge, nearly as big around as my thigh was now. I could recall the definition of the muscles that were honed from lifting beams and pounding in nails all day and how when he got home at night he was covered with sweat and grime. He would come in the front door of the decapitated house that we rented and demand dinner from my mother who'd worked all day herself at a restaurant that provided most of the family's income.

It was a Friday night and he'd stopped at the corner bar after work to have a few drinks with his buddies from work so he was pretty irate when he got home. Up until that night, my father had never laid a hand on me. He'd never been kind either, always cursing the fact that

I'd been a girl and not the son that he'd wanted in the first place. That night was different, though. Something different was in the air.

As usual, my mother had dinner prepared for five thirty, the normal time that he got home. My father normally did his drinking during the evenings, away from the noticing eyes of others, and was never late coming home. By the time he showed up at seven o'clock, however, the roast that my mother had prepared for the meal was dry and tough by anyone's standards and my father blew up over the first bite.

"You stupid bitch," he'd roared as he swept the plate off the table so that it crashed onto the floor and shattered into pieces. "What is this garbage you're trying to feed me?"

My mother had been worried about the meal prior to my father getting home and knew this was the reaction she had in store from him. She cowered in her seat to his left as he railed at her and I made the pretense of studying my hands that were folded in my lap.

"I thought you knew what to do in a kitchen," my father slurred. "I thought that's were all your money came from. Maybe I was wrong."

I didn't understand at the time what my father was getting at. He always said things to my mother that implied that he didn't think she actually spent a majority of her time at her job. I finally understood what he meant by the end of that night.

"You've been on the street corner again haven't you?" He was really gaining momentum now. "Don't try to fool me, you slut. Never forget what you were when I found you; a stupid piece of worthless flesh who didn't know where her next meal was coming from."

"Frank," my mother began quietly but my father didn't give her a chance to continue.

"Don't 'Frank' me you stupid bitch. What? Are you afraid that she will finally know what you were? That her Mommy was a slut who took money from men who had sex with her? That you are a whore?"

"My Mommy's not a whore," I blurted out in by six-year-old fashion.

It was the stupidest thing I could have done. Before my mother or I knew what happened, my father backhanded me in the jaw, knocking me from my chair so that I landed in a heap on the floor.

"Frank, no," I heard my mother cry out as I hovered in and out of consciousness. He started on her next. More dishes were broken as he threw her around the room. I tried to get up to go to her. I remember wanting her to leave and take me somewhere where we would never have to see him again. Somewhere we could be safe.

A drawer opened and my father told her to put whatever it was she had down. "Stay away from me," she told him. Her words were slurred now too but I knew it was from the swollen lip he'd given her, not alcohol.

I opened my eyes and I could see their feet not far from my head. My father took a step toward my mother and a loud explosion filled the room. My father fell to the floor in a crumpled heap, clutching his chest. He landed on his side with his back facing me so that I could see a dark stain spreading on his blue work shirt. That was all I remembered before everything went black.

I woke up at the hospital with a nurse by my side. She was nice and told me that everything was going to be just fine. When I asked where my mother was she said that she was a little busy right now and that she would be there as soon as she could.

I never saw my mother again. The police didn't believe her story that she killed my father in self-defense and held her over for trial. There weren't any prior complaints of abuse and they claimed that the events of the night were an isolated incident.

My mother was sent to prison for murder and I was placed in foster care until I was old enough to take care of myself. She died in prison before I was allowed to visit her. I really

regretted the fact that I never got a chance to tell her how proud I was that she finally made an attempt to stop the evil things that he'd done to her. I went to work to put myself away through college until that fateful night when I'd met Talon Graves and my whole life changed.

The prospect of becoming a mother myself was suddenly terrifying and I felt like I couldn't breathe. I'd never told Mikael about my parents. Underneath it all I was worried that he wouldn't love me anymore if he'd known what happened.

The test was positive and by my calculations I had to be nearly three months along. I needed to see a doctor soon so that I had get prenatal vitamins and have whatever tests were required.

In an instant I realized that I wanted this baby very badly. I desperately wanted to prove that I could be a good mother and redeem the memory of my own. I wondered how long it would be until Mikael returned to sleep as I changed into a silk nightgown and crawled under the covers. My hand rested on my abdomen as I silently prayed that nothing happened to this child.

It was deep night when Mikael finally came to bed. His skin was still damp from the shower he'd taken and he gently pulled me into his arms.

"Hi," I said sleepily as I settled back against his chest and he kissed my shoulder.

"How was your trip?" he asked, continuing to kiss a trail up to my ear before he took my lobe between his teeth.

"Fine. How's your project?" If he kept this up I was going to be wide-awake.

"I should be finished in a day or two." His hand found its way to my breast and he cupped it. I felt the nipple harden as the familiar warm feelings of desire stirred in my lower body.

I turned in his arms and our lips met perfectly in the dark. I felt Mikael harden against my hip as I realized for the first time that he'd come to bed naked. Even though he probably couldn't see me, I smiled wickedly.

"Let's get rid of this," he purred as he tugged at my nightgown and I sat up long enough to pull it off before he tossed it onto the floor.

"Much better," I said as I settled down next to him again. As we made love that night I told Mikael over and over how much I loved him. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him about the baby but something held me back. I was worried that he would insist that we get married before the baby was born and part of my hesitation was my parent's relationship. I knew Mikael would never hurt me but I still had my hang-ups.

I woke up late the next day; the sun was already high in the sky. I found myself humming lullabies all day as I went about the business of reviewing the monthly paperwork that had arrive the week before. Donya commented more than once on my good mood as she moved about the house doing her own work. I only smiled at her teasing.

Around two o'clock in the afternoon my gaze fell onto the refrigerator unit made to look like a trunk that I'd ordered a few months ago. I'd hoped that Christina would visit the Holding after the time we'd spent together looking for Jason and I'd had the thought that I should think about provisions for her. With just a days notice, I could have the unit stocked with blood bags much like the set ups I'd seen in many of the vampire strongholds around the world.

Unfortunately, Christina hadn't visited in the two years since her sister and I had left her at the airport in Las Vegas. During the first year after Jason was made a vampire, Christina wrote and called often. Slowly her contact dwindled until I realized that day that I hadn't talk to her in a long while. I understood that contact with me probably served as a

reminder of the loss of Jason but it suddenly became very clear to me that I wanted her to still be a part of my life. She was the only person, besides Jason, outside the boundaries of the Holding that mattered to me and I wanted her to know about this and be a part of its life.

As I pulled out a fresh sheet of stationary I debated how to begin a letter to her. I didn't want to just come out and tell her about the baby, I was afraid that the suddenness of the news would hurt her too much. Instead, I kept the note short and light to let her know I was thinking of her and left the envelope on my desk.

Christina,

I just wanted to drop a quick note to see how you are: it's been a while. Have you heard from Jason? I haven't, and I worry about him every day.

I hope you can come and visit soon. I've had something developed especially for your visits. Think of it as your own private blood bank.

Hope to see you soon,

Lena

"Are you sure you're feeling alright?" Mikael asked at dinner that night.

"I'm fine," I lied. The truth was the smell of the roast that Donya had prepared for dinner was making me sick. The picture of the meal was so reminiscent of the last meal I'd had with my family that I felt the need to throw up even more. All I wanted to do was get out of the room but in order to do that I would either have to make up a good story or tell Mikael the truth and for some reason I wanted to hold on to my little secret a while longer.

"No you're not," Mikael pressed as he wiped his mouth with a linen napkin then reached over to feel my cheek. "You are awfully pale and there are shadows under your eyes. Do you want me to get you some aspirin?"

I was touched by his concern but the rolling of my stomach was nearing the point of no return. "No, thank you," I conceded as I pushed my chair back from the table. "I am tired, though. Are you going back to your cabin after dinner?"

Mikael rose from his seat quickly and helped me stand. "Yes. I've almost finished. Why don't you go to bed and I'll see you in the morning."

"I think I will." I stopped in the doorway and turned to face him again. "I love you," I said.

"I love you, too, sweetheart. See you in the morning."

I made it upstairs just in the nick of time and felt so much better after I'd relieved myself of what I'd managed to eat at dinner. Mechanically I changed into a nightgown and crawled into bed.

I'm not going to be able to hide this much longer, I thought to myself as I drifted off the sleep. Too bad I never got the chance to tell Mikael about his child.

Chapter 28 – Taken in the Night

“Wake up, girl,” a deep voice said as a hand roughly grabbed my shoulder and shook me awake.

It took a minute for my eyes to focus but when they did I found myself looking at a face that was full of hatred and evil intent. “W-what do you want?” I asked, struggling to pull myself to a sitting position. I realized that I still felt ill from earlier at dinner but I knew that I couldn’t let this man know anything was wrong with me.

“That is for me to know and you to find out,” he hissed as he yanked the bed covers back and forcefully took my hand. “Come along, girl. Move it.”

I didn’t remember leaving a light on when I went to bed but there was a small source of illumination coming from somewhere behind the man, making it difficult for me to see his features. Who was he and how had he gotten here?

“What do you want?” I found myself asking again as I was pulled from my bed to stand next to it.

“Not another word,” the man snapped as he released my hand and moved to the open door of the closet. Quickly he pulled something off a hanger then bent over to retrieve a pair of shoes from the floor.

I glanced around to see where the source of light was and saw an illuminated orb floating about four feet above the floor near the heavy dresser that Mikael’s father had made for Talon so long ago. A corner of the dresser nearest the window was missing, like a half circle had been cut away, leaving a clear view of the clothing that was kept there. The light fixture that had hung from the ceiling was missing as well.

“How did you get-” I began as I turned to confront the man. I could see his face clearly for the first time and the person I encountered was one who’d haunted my dreams more than once in the past two years. The mage who’d taken Jason from the monastery in Italy. “You...”

“I’m glad to see you know who I am, my dear,” he said with a bow and a slight smile that did nothing to make him seem pleasant. “I don’t think we’ve been properly introduced, however. My name is Malcolm.”

He looked very close to the way he had in the vision I’d seen during the search for Jason. His black hair was a little longer now and hung in dreadlocks instead of being neatly combed. There was an inherent aura of evil about him and I was so thankful that I hadn’t received a vision when his hand had touched mine. I was afraid of what I might see.

Malcolm came forward and dropped the shoes near my feet then swept the long velvet cloak Mikael had given me last Christmas over my shoulders. “Put them on,” he instructed, pointing down to the shoes.

“Why?” I countered. “I’m not going anywhere with you.”

“Of course you are, my dear,” his eyes narrowed as they met mine. “Because if you don’t I will kill everyone in your precious village as they sleep in their beds.” He studied my reaction before adding, “And that includes you werewolf lover.”

I swallowed involuntarily, trying to stay calm. “You wouldn’t dare-”

Malcolm laughed heartily. “Of course I would. Come now, you know who I am and what I am capable of. Let’s not allow this to become ugly. It isn’t you I want anyway.”

“Haven’t you done enough to Jason?” I raged through clenched teeth.

“Mr. Kline isn’t the object of my desires, either. I have bigger fish to fry,” with that he moved past me and swept his left hand in the air, mumbling words I couldn’t hear as the light orb moved closer to him.

I watched as a cluster of twinkling lights appeared in the air close to the window and a smile curved on Malcolm's face. "Put on your shoes Lady Stockton. The pace I must set will be fast and I have no wish to be held up."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," I seethed, pulling the cloak close around my body in an effort to not only protect myself, but my unborn child as well.

Malcolm turned to face me. "You will do anything I say," he told me quietly and I was overcome by a wave that left me feeling warm inside. I found myself wanting to please Malcolm, to not make any trouble for him. Without a word, I slipped my feet into the shoes and took a hesitant step toward him.

"Much better, my dear." He held out his hand for me to take and I was repulsed as I found myself reaching out to take it. There was no way to stop myself. I realized that he was controlling my mind in some way and I found to break the power but it was no use. I was his to do with as he pleased.

"Where are we going?" I asked innocently.

"Romadon."

I had no idea where that was or how we were to get there. I closed my eyes in hopelessness as Malcolm pulled me forward and felt a tear slip past my lid to course down my cheek. Together, we walked forward until I was sure we should have run into the wall already and I opened my eyes.

It was night when we entered Romadon. We stepped into a large meadow lined with mature trees that smell of springtime. I was incredibly tired and too scared to do anything but allow the Malcolm to guide me. I heard him mumble something about 'ever strident' and where they were. Through the fog in my mind, I managed a glance around and saw a heard of horses near the tree line that stood out in the dark night. I found it odd that they were either all black or all white and for a second I thought I saw horns sprouting from their foreheads but knew I had to be wrong. My situation wasn't so bad that I was going to believe I was seeing unicorns.

One of the horses started forward as if in greeting but Malcolm waved and the beast stopped and merely watched us. I wanted to cry out for help but couldn't form the words.

"You will not use the name Lena Stockton here," Malcolm told me as he pulled me forward once again. "I like the name Tracy. What do you think?" he asked as he glanced at me.

Of course I hated the name of Talon's old vampire lover but I was powerless to do anything that displeased him. "It's wonderful," I replied and felt his fingers tighten on mine with delight.

We walked for what seemed like forever through the forest that bordered the meadow. I lost track of time and stumbled so many times that Malcolm ended up putting an arm around my waist to help steady me. He never slowed our pace until we came to what looked like a large manor house much like the one at the Holding. Malcolm maneuvered us into the trees and led the way around to the back of the house.

"Where are we?" I asked, my voice full of fatigue.

"Pamadorn," Malcolm answered almost absently as he talked to himself. "It is Basha's estate, now be quiet. We are almost there."

It seemed as if he were leading us to a gazebo near the back of a garden behind the house. I was so tired that my eyes stayed closed most of the time and if not for the constant presence of Malcolm's arm around my waist I would have fallen. The strain of the journey was taking its toll and at the steps to the gazebo everything went black.

Low hung branches and foliage tore at my clothes and skin as I ran blindly through the forest that looked so much like the one that surrounded the village. Something or someone was pursuing me but I didn't know where they were, only that they were behind me. I kept glancing over my shoulder in hopes of catching a glimpse of who trailed me but the situation was beginning to feel desperate.

My black cloak billowed out behind me in my haste to get away and I feared that it would someone get tangled and I would be trapped so I pulled it around myself as best as I could. I frantically tried to get my bearings but I didn't know where I was. The trees looked so familiar in the dark but every time I thought that I was getting close to the house everything shifted suddenly and I was lost once again.

My pursuers were gaining but I still had no idea what they were until I heard the sound of a solitary wolf as it howled at the moon that stood high in the night sky. I didn't know which way to turn. It was wolves that were following my but were they friend or foe?

"Mikael," I cried out as I fell to the ground in a heap, my hand immediately going to my swollen abdomen to protect my unborn child. Something deep in my soul told me that it wasn't Mikael or any of his family that was following so closely. The wolves were enemies but I had run for so long that I could no longer stand much less run.

I pulled the cloak close around me and curled into a ball as I waited for them to overcome me. I closed my eyes and wished there was some way that I could stop the death I was now certain was about to fall upon me. I wished that I could know the child that lie beneath my heart and see it grow but it seemed like it wasn't to be. I longed to see Mikael one last time and tell him how much I loved him and that nothing could ever change the way I felt.

"Lady Tracy," the forest seemed to say from all around me as a hand gently grabbed my shoulder. "Lady, please wake up."

I flinched at the contact and hid my face deeper in the hood of the cloak as I muffled cry for mercy escaped my lips.

"Should I call a doctor?" the voice asked but I didn't know if I were the one she was addressing. I realized that I was laying on something soft, not the hard ground that I'd thought I'd fallen onto. I stilled and listened intently as I tried to determine where I was. The sounds from the wolves were no longer around me and I began to wonder if I was losing my mind.

Hesitantly I opened my eyes and shifted my head from where it lay on a silk cover pillow. I could see that I was lying on my side in a huge bed and I was covered with a beautiful white and yellow satin comforter. I blinked rapidly as I cleared my head of the dream I had been in then allowed my eyes to met the woman who was standing next to me.

"Are you alright, Lady Tracy?"

I felt my upper lip curl as the memories of Malcolm taking me from my home came rushing back. I realized that for now I had regained the ability to control my actions but as I quickly sat up and scanned the room I saw that he was nowhere in sight which relieved me. Unfortunately, the act of moving too quickly made my stomach protest feverishly.

"Lady?"

"I'm fine," I answered her finally, my hand moving to my abdomen even though I knew it wouldn't do anything to ease my discomfort.

"Lord Malcolm sent me to check on you. Is there anything I can get for you, my lady?" I saw by her uniform that she was a maid of some kind but what surprised me was that the black gown she wore fell to the floor in a sweep of fabric. A quick look around the room itself revealed both modern day conveniences and some antiquated items as well.

In one corner I saw a low table that held what appeared to be a television of sorts but on the desk there was a candelabra instead of a lamp and a quill rested on top of the blotter. My confused eyes met the maids as I asked, "Where am I?"

"This is Lord Malcolm's townhouse in Mopenos. Milord has already explained that your father is an old friend of his and that you have come to stay with him in the city for a while." She crossed to a table that had been set up with a breakfast tray and began to remove covers from plates.

I scooted to the side of the bed despite my protesting stomach and slid out from under the covers. I wondered what kind of a story Malcolm had hatched up to explain my presence in his home and what his intentions were concerning me. I knew I had to keep my pregnancy a secret for as long as possible but I was terribly worried about what he meant to do with me. Secretly, I hoped that I wouldn't be here long enough for Malcolm to find out that I was pregnant but I had no idea where Romadan was much less how he'd managed to bring us here.

"I doubt that you had much of a look about the city since you arrived after dark," the maid continued as she faced me again. "If you are not too tired milord mentioned that he wanted to present you to court. He has already provided a beautiful wardrobe for you to chose something to wear."

"Oh," I replied for lack of a better response. "T-thank you."

The young woman's face bloomed with a wide smile before she dropped in a deep curtsy. "My name is Molly and if it pleases you, my lady, I will serve you during your stay here."

She seemed like such a sweet girl that I hoped Malcolm hadn't corrupted her with his evil. I knew better than to try to get her to aid me to escape but perhaps I could glean some information from her.

"A visit to court sounds lovely," I told her, trying to sound as light and flippant as possible. "You said Lord Malcolm has arranged a wardrobe for me?" My stomach threatened to betray my calm attitude but Molly didn't seem to notice. I moved over to the table and saw that there was ham and scrambled eggs on the plates along with fresh fruit and toast. I opted for the last, knowing that it would help to settle my fluttering belly better.

Molly fluttered about the room while I slowly sat at the table and ate the toast. She kept up a constant flow of conversation as she went to the wardrobe and began to pull one magnificent gown after another out of it to hold up for my approval. Then after she'd given me a chance to look at them, she piled them carefully on the bed.

As I was beginning to suspect, the dresses were all floor length and very old world, much like the one Molly wore, but a great deal lovelier. I found it eerie that the colors of the gowns were perfectly chosen to compliment my hair and eyes, some of the fabric even looked as if it would match them perfectly, as if whoever picked them out knew my likes and had spent enough time with me to do a good job.

"Have you picked what you'd like to wear today, my Lady?" she asked as the door to the hallway opened and I saw Malcolm enter the room. Molly turned quickly and when she saw who it was her eyes immediately fell to the floor as she curtsied deeply. "Good morning, Milord," she told him respectfully.

"Good morning, Millie," he said as he breezed into the room. "Helping Tracy pick a gown, I see. Do you like the pretty baubles I had picked out for you, dear?"

A chill went down my spine as Malcolm turned his attention to me. I wanted to lash out at him. Call him every vile name I could. How dare he take me from my home in the middle of the night?

I knew I should be afraid of him. He was, after all, the man responsible for Jason now being a vampire and God knew what else. Again I was plagued with the realization that I had to get away from him but I didn't know what to do yet. Surely Mikael would discover this morning that I was gone and somehow he would find me. I held on to that hope with all my might.

"Tracy," Malcolm snapped when I didn't answer him. I remembered how easy it had been for him to manipulate my actions the night before so I kept my eyes downcast like Molly.

"The dresses are fine," I said as I fingered the teacup on the table. I hoped that my reaction would seem to Molly as if I were shy around Malcolm and not terrified of him. I still hoped to gain information from her about this odd place I found myself in.

"That's better. Are you almost finished with your breakfast? I have need to go see the queen and I want you to go with me." He puffed his chest out as he spoke and I took the opportunity to quickly glance in his direction. He was wearing what looked like a black velvet waistcoat and a lacy collared white silk shirt over velvet knee breeches. His shoes were made from soft leather and white stockings covered his lower legs.

"I would love to meet the queen," I said simply. It was obvious that I would do whatever I could to get away from Malcolm. Anything, that is, except risk the life of my child. If he was giving me the opportunity to meet people who might help me I wanted the chance.

"I'm sure you would," he drawled, knowingly. "I know she would love to make your acquaintance as well. You can share with her the stories of the people of your village. She loves to hear about pheasants." His comments were a veiled threat meant to let me know he understood all too well where my thoughts were going and that he would make good on his intentions to hurt the villagers. Until that moment I'd forgotten those words he'd said to me in my bedroom, now it all came back with vivid clarity. I still knew I had to get away but I had to be very careful.

"I've just heard that Lady Tatiana is at court," Malcolm said flippantly as he went to the bed and indicated a pale blue silk dress that Molly quickly removed from the pile there. "She is the duchess of Inferno. Perhaps if the two of you hit it off I will take you to my house there as well so that you can spend time with her." His back was to me so I allowed my eyes to look him over more in depth.

The Unknowns are the general mode of travel over great distances. These archways are equipped with microphones into which the traveler speaks their desired destination then waits for the other place to appear on the other side then step through. The Unknown in Inferno opens into a storage room of a basement that has a stairway that leads to the street of a business district. Romadon has a technology where there are floating platforms that are used for easy moving of heavy objects.

The Crone took Lena to the Brotherhood of Everlasting Peace compound in the Inferno division. The brotherhood maintains a temple in the capitol city of Inferno and a monastery near the estate of the Duke and Duchess. Normally, no women are permitted in either facility. One of the monks had to be a friend of Lena's to leave the hand for the others to find.

Frasier was a member of the brotherhood but he left about a month after Malcolm brought Lena there because he didn't agree with her being there. They talked a little. Lena tried to escape before Frasier left because he overheard Malcolm yelling at her for trying to get away. Malcolm didn't stay at the monastery the entire time, but came at least once a month. Her was passing himself off as their god. Brothers at the monastery; Father Elliot, Gregory, and Duncan. Inferno is a matriarchal society.

When it came time for me to deliver the baby, Malcolm kidnapped Duke Rutgar who was a doctor. He was looking in on the health of some local tenants and Malcolm sent some of the brothers to bring him to the monastery. Rutgar was near a river when the brothers came upon him. They knocked him off his horse and dragged him into the river.