

The Seventh Realm: Volume Three

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Episode 27: Homecoming

Over the next two days the Malevolence makes a solemn journey back to the cove. The entire crew take turns at the helm, even Katero. On the morning of the third day, the Malevolence nears the cove; Rico slows the ship to a crawl as he examines the natural port from a distance with the ship's binoculars. Setting them aside, he turns the ship away from the cove and shuts down the propellers. Taking a deep breath, he pulls the lever slowly into reverse. Johnny and Cy stand on the catwalk just outside of the superstructure, one of them on either side.

The ship creeps backward into the cove, bobbing gently with the waves as Rico carefully adjusts the wheel. Keeping the ship as centered as he can, he backs the Malevolence slowly between the rocky walls. The ship pulls deeper into the cove as sweat beads on Rico's forehead. He lifts his arm, wiping it away as the ship shudders; the hull screeches as rocks brush against the side. Johnny nearly stumbles, but Katero grabs him by the shoulders, steadying him.

"Shit!" Rico calls out, quickly adjusting the wheel.

He pulls further away from one side of the cove as the ship twists, backing in diagonally. The aft of the ship bumps more rocks as he tries to adjust again. Rico begins to panic as he quickly reaches out and pushes the lever forward, turning off the propellers. Whipping

the wheel, he adjusts the rudders as the ship glides backwards, straightening out.

“Come on, baby...” Rico pleads with the Malevolence.

He whips the wheel again as the ship floats in, becoming perfectly straight with the walls of the cove.

“Pull forward!” Johnny yells out.

Rico looks back, seeing the rear wall quickly bearing down on them. He reaches out and throws the lever forward, turning the propellers back on. The ship slows as it tries to pull away from the rock wall. The aft of the ship is mere feet away from the short cliff when they feel a hard jolt. Another loud scraping sound echoes from the hull and the rocks; the ship doesn't move. The engine roars, but the Malevolence stays put. Cy darts in and yanks the lever back, turning off the propellers again.

“We're here...” Cy says calmly.

“What happened?” Rico looks to him.

“We are sitting on a large rock. It is perched, but we are still here.” Katero answers.

Rico shakes his head in regret and disappointment.

“I'm not as good as Norv. I'm sorry.” He apologizes.

“It's alright. Don't worry about it.” Cy assures him.

“You brought us home safely. That is all we can ask of you.” Katero adds.

Rico slowly nods, looking at the floor. Johnny pats his shoulder gently.

“Let’s go home, man.”

With their gear packed and the Malevolence rather crudely moored in the cove atop a series of rocks, the group extend the gangplank and head for land. Rico can’t help himself and ties down the ship before returning the gangplank, as if the vessel were still useable. None of the others bother to stop him; he needs to do it, for his own sake. Crawling across the ropes, Yasmin pulls him up and brushes him off. Seeing the sorrow in his eyes as he turns back to the beached ship, even she feels a modicum of pity for the man. Yasmin gives him a gentle embrace, a shock to all who know the woman. He returns the gesture. They march in silence through the field and toward the Sa’kesh village, only to see villagers darting away from the copper mine.

Racing up to them and readying their weapons, believing that they may be under attack, they are relieved when they catch a miner and he reveals the truth. Word has spread to them that the first conquered village has arrived; a wave of new Ketlan will soon be flooding the Kelanethaka. Cy turns to the others with an amused look on his face.

“What do you think? Detour?”

“Why?” Yasmin asks.

“Why not?” Cy retorts.

“We’re only going to be in the way.” Rico remarks.

“Where’s your sense of adventure?! Johnny... I bet that girl would like to see you.” Cy winks.

"... I'd very much like to see these new Ketlan!" Johnny chirps.

Katero, Rico and several of the other Ketlan warriors chuckle.

"At-a-boy. Come on! It'll be fun!" Cy pleads.

"Were you go, I go." Zakera steps up to him.

"Oh, alright..." Yasmin smirks.

Following Katero, who knows a shortcut, they pass through the jungle and find themselves back at the Kelanethaka village amidst a wave of new Ketlan faces. The original villagers pay no attention to the sudden emergence of humans, but as they stop to witness the pilgrimage, several new Ketlan point at the humans and speak quietly amongst themselves in Ketlanic. It is obvious to the humans that these Ketlan have probably never seen humans before and certainly would not know English, in any of its incarnations.

"Hello my children!" Zikata exclaims, startling the party.

They turn to see him emerging from a recently constructed brick home a short distance away. He approaches Cy and Zakera, greeting them both with a warm embrace, to the shock of the uninitiated Ketlan villagers. Not only have they never seen humans before but they have never seen Ketlan treating another race so affectionately; the newcomers suffer a massive culture shock.

"It's good to see you father. There are a lot of new faces around here!" Cy comments.

"Indeed! This tribe was quite large, possibly larger than our own, but our new weapons and training ensured our victory. Nearly half of the men of fighting age were slain, while the rest surrendered, and to a force of only thirty." Zikata proudly explains.

“Do any wish to join the Sa’kesh?” Zakera quickly asks.

“... No.” Zikata laments.

“I don’t blame them. Us humans aren’t the prettiest race to live with.” Cy jests.

“I beg to differ.” Zakera coos.

The couple share a few kisses as Johnny slips away, passing between a pair of gawking Ketlan females.

“Sano loda’ketlan rabu davo’ketlan?!” A green and yellow striped female asks.

“Loda’ketlan zavaj ka ek.” A red and white speckled female answers.

“Kezkoka.” Green replies.

With Zakera’s arm fused to Cy’s waist, he turns back to Zikata, who is eager to show them the extent of the progress made in the few days that they’ve been away. While touring the swiftly expanding village, they speak of King Roland’s kingdom, revealing his lie of a grand army, and the fate of the man and his castle. Zikata and his fellow Kelanethaka rejoice at the news; as word of their deed spreads like wildfire, many of the new Ketlan look fearful of the humans. That does not stop a small group from following and staring, however. A band of curious onlookers follow their new chieftain and the odd, mixed race couple as they pass through the village.

The other two humans, Rico and Yasmin, attract far less attention than Cy and Zakera, though the pair expected that. To their knowledge, there has never been a pair like them on Monala in quite some time, if ever. Resting her head on her mate’s shoulder, Cy strokes her arm lovingly. Her tail hooks his side as a show of affection, a gesture he cannot make in return. However, he answers in

his own way, nuzzling her face with his nose before kissing her yet again.

“Gulo kath.” A voice scolds someone behind them.

Glancing over her shoulder, Zakera notices the same two gawking females from before, the green and yellow striped female and her red and white speckled friend. The green furred female covers her mouth with her hand.

“Ja juzovo oma kezkoka shakiva vizay. Ja nevlan sano shakiva.” Green murmurs, within earshot of the couple.

“Bel davo’ ketlan vithlana. Pekmazay chashako loda’ ketlan.” Red casually replies at speaking volume.

“Kuzem! Kadlem, zuj kima! Ja kayva kelitho kima!” Cy growls.

The two Ketlan female’s eyes grow wide and green takes a step back. Neither woman was aware that humans could speak their language. Green is awash with embarrassment. Her companion, Red, feels ashamed for her cruel accusation as she sees the anger in their eyes. Zakera’s balled fist tremors from her growing rage. How dare they view her beloved mate as merely her personal slave. Their inability to comprehend the love that the two share sickens her as much as the side effects of her pregnancy.

“Ja bijka...” Red lowers her head.

“... Ja halnad fi. Rota.” Cy softly replies.

Zakera’s vibrant cyan eyes grow wide in surprise, as do those of the two females. None can understand why Cy would be so quick to forgive them and send them away. Returning to his mate, Cy slips an arm around her waist and gives her a tender kiss on the cheek.

“Why would you forgive them?” Zakera asks.

“They don’t know how we feel about each other. This is all new to them and they have a lot to learn. I wanted them to know that just because I’m human doesn’t mean that I’m not capable of feeling or compassion. Maybe my mercy will help them learn that we are not so different?” Cy answers.

“You have chosen a fine mate, my daughter.” Zikata comments.

“I know.” She grins.

“You should consider teaching your new villagers how to speak English.” Cy adds.

“I will get right on that.” Zikata chuckles. “Any more advice for me?”

“No.” Cy smiles.

“Actually, father, we did have more news that we wanted to share with you.” Zakera adds.

“Oh?”

“Yes...” She nods.

Though they had planned to share with Zikata when they next saw him, Zakera finds herself nervous at the prospect of telling her father that he will soon have grandchildren. She looks to him and sees the look of wonder on his face; it’s as though he is expecting it and is already overflowing with joy. Looking to her mate, Cy gives her a subtle nod, his hand gently squeezing her arm reassuringly as he stands by her side. She takes a deep breath.

“Well, what is it?!” Zikata asks excitedly.

“Father... Py’sel are real.” She says, resting a hand over her toned belly.

Walking through the now bustling village on his own, Johnny soon finds Gomona near the center, carrying a load of water. She nearly drops the clay buckets at the sight of him. He steadies her load before taking it off of her shoulders entirely, setting the clay containers and wooden yoke down on the ground. Gomona gives him a hug, her bushy tail swaying. It draws just as much attention as Cy and Zakera do, and though Johnny doesn't really care, Gomona isn't fond of it. He helps her carry the water to its destination before they slip away entirely. Leaving the water at a building designated for making mud bricks and pottery, they heading back for her family hut, eager to catch up with each other.

Gomona has been quite lonely without him, and though she still experiences other boys when he is gone, they aren't quite the same. Johnny, aware that she has never offered her loyalty, merely wants to relieve his stress and alleviate his sorrows.

"I have missed you, Johnny." She says between kisses, walking backward toward her hut.

"I have missed you too, Gomona. It's so good to see and touch you again." He says, fondling her breasts as he gently pushes her inside.

"I have missed your touch... You know my body so well." She coos.

"So do you."

Disappearing inside, he removes his shoes and pants in seconds. Gomona knows that her partner prefers to see all of her, so she strips her hide breastplate and skirt from her body, exposing herself in time for him to remove his last article of clothing. He takes her into his arms and they share a passionate kiss. Their tongues entwine before he slowly moves away from her lips at the front of her snout. He nuzzles and kisses her cheek and neck, his hands fondling her perky breasts. Leaning forward, he licks the flesh of her nipples as his hands move ever lower.

“Oh, Johnny...” She groans.

She gasps as he slips a finger inside of her, feeling the warmth of her loins. Impulsively taking hold of his endowed member, she strokes him just how he likes. Gomona is keenly aware of how to please him, though they don't get to do this often. She has honed her skills with several other boys, none of whom are up to par. Before long, she can no longer stand it and steps back. Dropping to her knees, she turns around and glances over her shoulder at him, a hand reaching back and resting on her buttocks as her tail moves to the side. He takes his position behind her, teasing her loins with his swollen phallus. Just then, Gomona has a realization.

“What of your family?” She asks.

“What about them?”

“Will they soon be looking for you?”

“Don't worry. They will be busy talking to Zikata for a while. I don't think they even noticed that I left.” He replies.

“AlriiiIII!” She squeals, her claws digging into the soil as Johnny quickly inserts himself.

Zikata stands in shock as he looks at his daughter and her pledged mate. It is clear from his expression that he must have been expecting other news. His cyan eyes turn slowly downward, aiming for his daughter's stomach. With gaping maw uttering only silence, he takes a moment to snap himself out of his bewildered trance.

“That is amazing! I did not believe that py'sel were real!” Zikata exclaims.

The utterance of the Ketlanic combination word draws the attention of all within earshot of the chieftain. Gasps and similar exclamations are heard by the couple. Zikata gives his daughter a gentle embrace, as though worried he might damage her.

“Oh, they are real.” Zakera nods.

“I cannot believe that I will soon be a grandfather! This is like a wonderful dream!” Zikata gushes. “Wait... You left with Cyrus while pregnant?! Why would you allow her to do such a thing?!” He barks at Cy.

“I didn’t know! I was upset too! I never would have let her come with me had she told me when she first found out!” Cy exclaims defensively.

“It is not his fault, father. I wanted to be by his side should anything bad happen. I am sorry, and it will not happen again.” She says, bowing her head.

“I hope not!”

“It won’t. I won’t let her take any risks, not with our children.” Cy assures him.

“Cy!” Zakera whines.

“Got to protect the queen bee until she lays those eggs.” Yasmin quips.

“Yaz!” Zakera flushes beneath her fur.

“Good. Those are *my* grandchildren, after all!”

“Father!” Zakera exclaims in embarrassment.

Zakera buries her shoulder into Cy’s side, as though trying to hide herself beneath his arm. He holds her close and strokes her cheek with his fingertips, brushing her wavy pink hair from her face. His soft touch, warm embrace and the tender kiss he bestows upon her melts away her embarrassment, quickly returning her to a state of normalcy. Zikata, eager to end the tour and continue an entirely new

conversation back at his recently finished brick home, leads the group through the village, maintaining a brisk pace.

“I’m noticing quite a few more homes are being constructed since the last time we were here. Why is that?” Cy asks.

“Oh! As it happens, this tribe we conquered was quite large, as were the others.” Zikata answers.

“Others?” Yasmin raises a brow.

“Another village less than a day away from the first was targeted by our warriors. However, they joined us without a fight. I assume that is because a survivor or two ran past them before we arrived, warning them of the great warriors who would soon pay them a visit.” Zikata chuckles.

“Makes sense.” Yasmin nods.

“They will soon be joining us, as will a third village. We need the homes for all of the newcomers.”

Arriving at Zikata’s brick home, he invites them all inside, holding Zakera’s hand as she steps up into the building. The mud brick floors are cool on her paw-like feet and form the foundation of the building, leaving them a few inches above ground level, unlike a typical hut with a dirt floor.

“Have you thought of names for your child?!” Zikata excitedly asks.

“I have a few!” Cy chirps.

“Hey, where’d Johnny go?” Rico suddenly asks.

Sweat coats the teenage human boy’s tanned flesh like a layer of fine oil. Gomona’s soft fur absorbs the moisture from his pelvis and thighs as she sits atop him. Her coat is matted and damp all along her body from her own sweat as she exerts herself. Her claws rake his

chest and she stares down at her partner, her green eyes nearly glowing in the dim light of the hut. Bushy tail swaying with delight, she tosses her head back and gasps for breath as she straddles her lover and feels his exceptional endowment within her. Grunting and groaning, she swivels and bucks her hips as he holds tightly to her slender waist. Though she has already cum once, Johnny wants her to finish again before he will allow himself to join her.

He sits upright and rests his hands on her firm butt, giving her a quick smack and forcing a pleased moan. Licking and sucking on her nipples, she takes hold of his head and runs her fingers through his hair. She kisses and necks her lover as she holds her position, taking a moment to swing her legs, wrapping them around his waist. Now both sitting upright and with her body weight pressing her down against his phallus, which is completely enveloped by her loins, she slowly continues her work. It's a struggle for the girl as her body begins to convulse, feeling her peak right around the corner. Her clitoris rubs against the moist flesh of his pelvis, teasing her almost as much as the large penis that repeatedly caresses her spot.

With hands gripping his back tightly, she grunts and gasps as Johnny uses his hands to move her. Having lost the ability to continue on her own, he slides her back and forth and rocks her hips for her. She has become his living puppet. Gomona's legs shiver and she can't help but squeal as she coats him with a second layer of thick, white cream. Feeling the fluid, the warmth and tightness of her loins, Johnny leans forward, resting Gomona on her back as he looms over her. Holding onto him like a koala, she nuzzles, licks and kisses his neck as he places her on her back, resting on his hands and knees above her. He drives his considerable girth into and out of her body with long, swift and powerful strokes that drive her wild.

It doesn't take long for Johnny to push himself over the edge, and only a few minutes after taking this position is he burying himself completely within her. Grunting loudly through clenched teeth, his fingers tear at the soil while hers tear at his flesh. Jet after powerful

jet fills Gomona with the human's fertile seed, the sensation triggering her body and giving her a third and final wave of pleasure. Lying over his sexual partner, the teen kisses her with a level of passion that she isn't accustomed too. Leaving himself within her, he holds her tightly and rests his chin atop her shoulder. Gomona doesn't stop him, rather comforted by his embrace.

It takes a moment of resting before they both remember and Johnny extracts himself. Gomona has already prepared the tea, something she does on a daily basis, which is about as often as she uses it. He slowly dresses himself as she drinks the liquid that will render her infertile, at least long enough to prevent his seed from planting itself. Glancing over to her as he ties his shoes, Johnny is still surprised by how casually Gomona acts after they are finished. No matter how passionate he is, she is quick to say goodbye to him when their session is over; it makes it easy to stay detached. They exit the tent, and though many Ketlan see the human leaving with the girl, whom they must have heard mating, they say nothing and draw no attention to the juveniles.

"Well... I hope to see you again, soon." He says to her.

Gomona merely smiles, not answering him verbally.

"Johnny!" Rico calls out.

Turning, Johnny sees that the others are looking for him and Rico is the first to spot the youth. Dashing up to him, Rico waves at Gomona, who waves back. He stops in front of Johnny and rests a hand on his shoulder.

"We're heading out. Let's go."

"Alright." He says to Rico. "Take care, Gomona."

She nods her head and watches as they leave, sighing sullenly as Johnny walks away. Gomona is always frustrated by the fact that she doesn't know when she will see him again. If she could have her way she would most likely mate with him exclusively, but only if he lived in their village and it drew no unwanted attention. Turning her head, she stops as she sees a Ketlan boy. New to their tribe, the juvenile who is close to their age watches her. He stares intently before nervously waving. Gomona waves back.