

The Seventh Realm: Volume Four

By Mantrid Brizon

Episode 42: Primitive

As they walk away from the ziggurat early that next morning, Chris glances over his shoulder, looking back at the impressive structure. He leans closer to Cy, clearing his throat.

“Are you certain it was a good idea to leave that device running? Who knows who or what else it will bring here.”

“I understand your concern, but I think it would be better if we allow others the chance to experience this world. Besides, soon the Sa’kesh will be the dominant force, our all-inclusive ideology the primary, and we won’t have to worry about newcomers... Trust me, Chris.”

“So how far is this place?” Zakera asks.

“Yasmin pointed it out on the map. First, we have to walk back to the outpost, and then it’s about a day’s walk from there.” Cy answers.

“We should be there about the same time that Katero and the other scouts will return to report in.” Yasmin adds.

Sitting in a darkened room, Katero’s arms are tied above his head and hooked to a thick wooden peg stuck deep into the earthen wall. As he and his men come too, they reflect on how they came to be prisoners in the first place. Walking quickly but carefully into the depths of the jungle, Katero and his men followed Kincaid’s trail for the last seven days. However, it became lost even to their senses and they resorted to following what appeared to be a path pushed

through the dense jungle foliage. They soon found themselves staring at a Ketlan tribe, as primitive as the Kelanethaka used to be, before Cy and the Sa'kesh began to teach them.

Motioning with his hand, he and his men fanned out, keeping within eyesight of each other but spreading quite thin. Having hiked deep into the jungle, they knew that they should remain undetected so that they may report their findings. Katero and his men broke off, scouting the village from a distance, while the other team circled it within the cover of the tree line. Creeping ever closer, they took a risk by drawing near the primitive town. Katero laments that he was not thinking clearly; having lost his wife, Gabriella, he was overcome by a desire to discover Kincaid's location. Had he thought with his mind and not his heart, they would not be tied to a wall at this very moment.

Having believed that their approach went undetected, they were left dumbstruck as they heard a noise. Focusing his hearing, Katero and his team found the source of the noise. Suspended high in the trees are small platforms with Ketlan watching them. They were there the entire time. Blowing into carved, wooden flute-like horns, Ketlan rush them from two sides, with the tree line and the backs of the buildings acting as two walls. Falling back with his men as they draw their falcata swords, the hostile Ketlan threw their spears at their chests, but the stone heads broke harmlessly on the cykera metal breastplates that they wear.

It stunned the primitives as they shouted at them in Ketlanic. Realizing that they have a serious advantage, Katero made yet another mistake. Holding up their swords, they pushed forward and tried to frighten away the primitives. Not yet realizing the power in their swords, a naked Ketlan man tried to stab one of Katero's warriors, but he swung his falcata and cut off his hand at the wrist in one fluid motion. As he screamed in pain and fell to the ground, the warrior chopped into his neck, silencing the dying man. Now understanding the power in their weapons, the primitives hastily

retreated, only to respond by using blowguns to shoot darts at them. One dart pricked Katero's neck.

He pulled out the dart and threw it down, bearing his teeth and hissing at the primitive Ketlan while twirling his sword. Another dart struck a comrade on his left, and then another on his right. Swiftly growing dizzy, the warriors fell to their knees as a strange poison took effect. Before losing consciousness entirely, Katero and his squad were rushed by the primitives who disarmed and stripped them. They had hoped that the other scouts would have seen this and fled for reinforcements, but as they came too some time later, tied to walls and stripped naked, their eyes adjusted and their night vision revealed the entire scout party sitting imprisoned in the earthen dungeon.

They have already met with their captors, a man who has named himself 'soul gatherer', though his active title and the name that everyone else calls him is simply 'prophet'. As they expected, they were briefly interrogated by the prophet, who left with the same information he had when he entered the room. Soon, however, the prophet returns with a small detachment of guards who bear torches. The prophet is a taller male, standing nearly five-feet and ten-inches-tall. His build is very heavy set, probably topping two-hundred and sixty pounds. The prophet is an older adult but not an elder, probably in his late forties or early fifties.

Fully illuminated by the torches, he stands before them wearing only an absurdly small loincloth. Covered in milk chocolate brown fur dotted with small black spots, his human-like hair is brown and twisted into primitive dreadlocks. The prophet glares at them with piercing yellow eyes.

"Kelitho razvay. Ja maray, fi westafa." The prophet begins.

"Fi ka raz." Katero growls.

"Vo'ka... Loda'ketlan raz. Vay venshu fi ela."

Snapping his fingers, several guards rush for the door in a wild and disorganized fashion. After pushing and shoving each other, the strongest takes hold of the handle and pulls the door open. Walking into the room is a line of females, one for each of the Sa'kesh scouts. All Ketlan and all naked, they range in age from juveniles in their teens to adults in their late twenties or early thirties. They appear quite comfortable in this environment, and do not look as though they have been forced against their will. Katero narrows his eyes, wondering what the prophet plans to do with these women.

"Litay kelane jokesha?" The Prophet begins to speak.

"Vaba fi." Katero glares at his captor.

"Ka. Fi dana. Litay dana jokesha?" He poses.

"Litay fi maray?" Katero demands.

"Dana ka jokesha. Dana kelane mir." The Prophet continues.

"Fi kagala. Zuj ka dana. Zuj iza tem!" One of Katero's men exclaims.

"Ka. Fi kagala. Oma!" The Prophet replies.

Katero and his men are swiftly gagged; clothes are stuffed into their mouths and atop their tongues before cordage is tied around their snouts, holding it shut like a dog's muzzle. The Prophet walks behind the females for a moment, before picking one seemingly at random. Katero and his men can't help but notice that many of these Ketlan have an oddly similar appearance, with nearly identical height, eye color, as well as fur colors and patterns. It is a horrific thought that they may all in fact be inbred. The Prophet slowly bends the female over, ignoring the struggling, and the muffled exclamations of his captives.

Standing behind her as his hands caress her back, they move down toward her waist before resting on her hips. Katero's eyes widen

in shock as their captor seems to mount the female right there and in front of them. A hand moves from her hip as the prophet begins to stroke the girl's loins. Katero's stomach churns as he notices the vast age difference between them; this girl could easily be his daughter. The Ketlan have strict rules for sexual conduct, and have since long before the humans ever arrived. While juveniles may mate freely until adulthood, upon reaching adulthood it is forbidden for an adult to have sex with a juvenile, even if the age difference is but one year.

As the older man teases the teenage girl's body, she groans and moans, biting her bottom lip on impulse as she waits for him to progress. Though their view of the prophet is already blocked, many turn away regardless. Taking himself into his hand, the prophet inserts his member into the girl, her clawed fingers coiling into the dirt floor.

"Fi zavaj oma iko?" The prophet asks through labored breaths.

"Ja vaba fi kilay." Katero mutters.

"Fi volo rikna poteka loda? Maray gedova, janalo loda." The prophet grins.

He continues to mate with the girl for a moment before burying himself within her loins. Katero and several of his men can't help but snicker as the prophet climaxes in only a few moments, though none of the prophet's own people dare do that same. Pulling out of and stepping away from the female, he walks toward a chair that sits near a corner. He slowly sits down, sighing as he gets comfortable. He casually motions for the guards, who rush over to the females like hungry wolves, taking positions behind them seemingly at random.

"Raz janalo iko. Bel zuj gabo. Fi rintobo kilay." The prophet speaks.

"Fi koch." Katero murmurs in absolute horror.

The prophet looks toward his guards, who look back at him for direction. As they kneel behind their prospective mates, the prophet turns his eyes to his prisoners. Katero turns away, uninterested in any offers. His men follow suit.

“Zagoshā?” A guard meekly asks.

“Zola.” The prophet waves his hand.

The males reach down and prepare themselves as the females wait patiently on their hands and knees on the cold, dirt floor. Katero and his men do their best to ignore the sounds as the guards insert themselves into the females and begin vigorously mating.

“Fi janalo iko tozay fi volo. Fi thelanto havo.” The Prophet speaks up as he watches the orgy unfolding before him.

None of the Sa’kesh are swayed, merely looking away as Katero did, trying to tune it out. The males continue to breed with the females, swapping partners several times on The Prophet’s command. He doesn’t seem to be allowing his guards the time to finish. The orgy lasts for nearly fifteen minutes as The Prophet directs them all. He seems to take considerable pleasure from controlling them, as much as he does from watching. He turns to his nude prisoners, looking to see if any are aroused. To his surprise, their disgust and anger is more powerful than their lust; none of them watches or even listens. Katero turns his head to the prophet, the only one to do so.

He motions for him to come closer, as though he wants to confide in his captor. The prophet rises from his chair and approaches Katero, standing mere feet from him. Katero tilts his head towards a female in the crowd. The prophet turns back, looking to see which female Katero is interested in. As he turns his head, Katero kicks a leg and

swipes at the prophet's large gut, gashing his stomach with the sharp claws of his foot.

"Agh!" The prophet cries out.

He stumbles back as blood gushes from the deep wound on his stomach, which he grips tightly. The orgy ceases, the guards all withdrawing from their female partners.

"I am sorry. I was trying to disembowel you. If you would come closer, I could try again." Katero grins, speaking in English.

Katero's men chuckle as the prophet bleeds on the ground, soon crowded by the females as the men rush in. One guard slashes Katero's face with the claws of his left hand before punching him in the stomach. Bearing his teeth and snarling, the young guard assaults Katero before grabbing his throat with both hands, squeezing tightly. The other guards join in, beating Katero's men for his insolence and audacity. Females use a fallen loin cloth as a bandage, applying pressure to the prophet's stomach as blood drips into a moderate pool on the dirt floor. He groans in pain as they help him sit back into the chair.

The guard continues to strangle Katero, who comes close to losing consciousness. The prophet turns his head towards them and watches, before speaking out.

"Kuzem!"

The males all stop, turning back to look at their wounded leader. Katero gasps for breath as the hands retract from his throat.

“Zuj vaba vay kilay.” He orders.

With a wave of his hand, they all rush out of the room in fear as he looks back towards the Sa’kesh prisoners.

“Fi sana vidab. Zuj gushan.” The prophet grins sinisterly.

He struggles to stand, but rises to his feet and stumbles from the room, leaving them tied to the wall in the dark. Though they struggle, they cannot pull the pegs from the compacted dirt walls. It is as if the pegs are affixed to something that was buried in the soil before they then dug out the prison. The bindings are also tied tightly to their wrists at a point too low for their fingers and claws to reach. Left with little options, they simply sit and wait. It is nearly a day before anyone comes to check on them. Juvenile girls are sent in to hand feed them faval bread and miniscule amounts of water in carved wooden and stone cups.

The voice of the prophet visibly frightens the girls, who all stop to look as he enters. His stomach bandaged, he is helped by his guards to sit upon his chair. Again, a line of females enters the room, obeying every word without question. The prophet does not shoo away the children. To the Sa’kesh warriors’ horror, the prophet orders the juveniles onto the ground before his guards while the adult females take places before the prisoners. The nervous and frightened girls do not appear willing, but comply regardless. The hearts of the Sa’kesh men sink as the prophet then orders his male minions to mount the juvenile girls in front of them.

A few girls whimper from pain as the males begin, rather pleased by the order. One squeals loudly as she is forcefully penetrated.

“Etza?” One guard asks.

“Vo.” The other nods, a wide grin on his face.

“Litay havu unzu.” The first chuckles.

“I will rip your hearts out and shove them down your throats, you bastards!” Katero growls.

He knows that the prophet and his people do not understand him, but he cannot control himself as they are forced to witness the violation of what his culture considers underage and innocent children. The prophet then orders the adult females to attempt to pleasure his prisoners. Katero wonders why he would do such a thing. Is this some sick psychological torture to try and convert them to their abhorrent perversions? A woman attempts to perform oral sex on one of the Sa'kesh, but as soon as she comes close, the man closes his legs and locks them at the knee. With a violent shift, he snaps her neck.

The orgy immediately ceases as the guards shove their underage victims to the ground, rushing up to the prisoners. One man beats Katero, who is repulsed by the blood that covers his erect phallus. Unable to control his men who have witnessed an apparently well-liked female being murdered by a guard, they assault the Sa'kesh responsible until they are whipped into a terrifying frenzy. Drawing their stone knives, they stab the bound man dozens of times, killing him as the prophet screams.

“Kuzem! Kuzem!” He yells.

Finally tiring, they relent and drop their weapons, many of them broken from the ferocity of the attack. The prophet stares in horror as one female lies dead from a broken neck, her face in a pool of blood left by the stab wounds on the body of the man responsible.

“Ja maray kuzem!” The prophet growls.

“Loda’ketlan kayva. Fi bel. Raz davo fentha vithlana.”

One guard in particular glares at the prophet, as though challenging the wounded man’s leadership. Without hesitation, the prophet draws a stone blade and plunges it into his throat. Ripping away the blade, the challenger drops to the ground as his arterial spray frightens the females and children. The startled guards step back, looking down at the twitching corpse at their feet.

“Ja vaba kelitho chosha. Westafa ja vizay fi kayva!”

The others step away, looking down and around. The young teen juveniles lie in heaps on the floor, all of them terrified, most crying and some in genuine pain after suffering their first rape. The prophet orders them all outside, dragging the three corpses from the prison. He turns to Katero as he heads for the doorway, pointing a clawed finger but not speaking. The glare in his eyes silently blames Katero for everything that has happened. It is many hours before anyone checks on them again. A handful of adult females and the prophet return, presenting water and cooked meat to the prisoners. Enraged by the death of their comrade, they all refuse to eat and drink.

Unwilling to be denied, the prophet brings in guards who hold their jaws and forcefully feeds a single bite to each of the men. Some spit out the meat while others begin to choke and have no choice but to swallow or asphyxiate. As they cough and gasp for breath, the prophet chuckles and takes a bite of a piece of charred meat.

“Kada fi senkin cha?” He asks.

They all begin to cough and cry out at the horrific realization; though the often practice ritual cannibalism on fallen enemies who presented a genuine challenge, such as Hitoren years earlier, they

absolutely never consume friends or family. Great care is taken in cremating the dead and respect is always given. The prophet is proving that he respects nothing; never have they seen such depravity. Katero's balled fists tremor in his bindings. He growls and bears his teeth as he glares at the prophet.

"Fi labo! Koch! Ja volo vaba fi!"

Laughing loudly, the prophet leaves the dungeon, followed by his little entourage. Several more days pass with similar and perverse visual and psychologically tortures being implemented, often at the expense of several juveniles. The prophet never makes the same mistakes twice, no longer allowing his females near the prisoners in any manner or listening to them when they speak, though they only ever say insults and death threats. After once again being forced to watch multiple men forcing themselves upon a lone juvenile girl, the prophet and his men depart. After so long, one of the Sa'kesh breaks down, weeping softly in the darkness.

"Who is that?" Katero whispers.

"Monota..." The voice replies.

"Control yourself. These people cannot believe that they are winning."

"But it is so hard to hear and see such terrible things. How can they be so cruel? Where is their heart?" Monota sobs.

"Soon enough, it will be lying on the grass for the beasts to feast upon, but until then you *must* control yourself." Katero quietly growls.

"You are right. I am sorry." Monota sniffles.

"Do not apologize. I feel the same; I fear that the children's screams will haunt me long after we escape." Katero sighs, his voice trembling.

Sitting in the yard outside, the prophet sits on a wooden chair in the shape of a goblet. The females from the orgies tend to his every need as he watches over his village, which is far larger than the few guards and females that he has selected for his prisoners to see. A young female who has not yet been inside of the prison kneels beside him with a clay jar. He turns his eyes to the girl, who is a short juvenile or possibly even a youngling. She stands barely four-feet and five-inches= tall, with a thin build, ice blue fur dotted with white spots and white fur on her hands and feet, with straight white hair that reaches to her chin.

She takes her fingers and dips it into the jar, retrieving a large gob of ointment. She coils her fingers and presses it into her palm as she sets the jar aside. The ointment is a faded lime green color, made from a local plant and used as a topical antiseptic and painkiller. She gently presses it into his wounds, causing her leader to wince and groan. Resting a hand on her shoulder, he grips tightly from the pain. He looks down at her as she whimpers, easing his grasp. The prophet draws his hand underneath her chin, forcing her to look up at him with her vivid cyan eyes.

“Litay bishka fi?” He asks her.

“Ba aka zatha, kelitho zagosha.” She meekly replies.

“Kana?”

“Vo.” She nods.

“Etza?”

“Vo.” She nods again.

“Havo! Zuj iko kilay.” He happily bears his teeth.

“Vo, kelitho zagosha.” She replies, her voice trembling in fear.

As the prophet strokes the girl’s white hair, he notices figures in the distance, walking towards him. Focusing his eyes, he and his village watch as several figures emerging from the tree line. A human

walks in front with a large group just behind and beside him. Mostly Zelkona, there are also some humans and Ketlan mixed in. Except for the black-haired human who wears dark and flowing garments, and a Ketlan and human female on either side of him, the others bear armor of metal that looks golden like the sun and with thin swirls of blue. Most have weapons identical to those of his prisoners, though many bear strange weapons that are not knives, spears, or blades like those they wear underneath their arms in hide sheaths.

The prophet wonders how they did not receive a warning when the warriors emerged, but the sight of the guards lying dead below their perches answers that question right away. Sticks jut from their backs, and some bleed with no visible wounds. He rises to his feet and moves confidently towards them as the villagers gather near the center of the village and behind him.

“Hello there!” Cy calls out.

“These assholes probably don’t speak English, Cy.” Yasmin remarks.

“Silly me. Lodin!”

Cy walks towards the wounded Ketlan with Zakera to his right and Yasmin to his left. Just behind them are all the remaining forces that they have brought with them, including the firearms qualified militia, whose rifles point toward the stone age villagers near the town center. After silently killing the guards, a few of whom had Sa’kesh swords on their person and the reason Cy had them killed in the first place, Cy and his inner circle agreed that a show of force would be the best approach.

“Fanush ja kelitho zeklan.” Cy says politely.

“Fota fi?” The prophet demands.

“Cyrus Richter. Ja kavay Sa’ kesh. Kelitho zeklan shona.” Cy’s voice becomes stern.

“Ka zeklan goleth. Fi volo kelitho vithlana?” The prophet smugly replies.

“Fanush vay, vizay ja vaba fi.” Cy stares coldly at the overweight Ketlan.

“Koto ja!” He defiantly growls.

Sighing, he glances down before drawing his Bersa pistol from its holster, pointing the weapon at the prophet’s face.

“Zenif.” Cy says, holding out his empty right hand. “Kayva.” He shifts his pistol in his left.

“Ja fugeta ja kaza fi. Fi vaba kelitho gulo senkin.” The Prophet begins, looking to Zakera.

Cy raises an eyebrow, perplexed by this portly older Ketlan.

“Ja fugeta fi kagala.” Cy responds.

“Fi vaba zin ek loda ba zatha vizay. Loda chashako zak ek ketlan chochi etza fovela. Human tathazay zak loda, vaba kelitho senkin. Zeklan maray ja.” The Prophet speaks casually.

Cy and Zakera’s eyes grow wide as they stand before a friend of the cultist queen that Cy had executed the very day that the lovers consummated their bond. Neither had actively thought about the black furred and orange eyed woman since the day that Cy had killed her to rescue his mate, yet now they stand before a man who was once her friend.

“Loda raz.” Cy remarks.

“Loda raz. Havo iko. Ja zoja lopa nezula kayva.” He shakes his head.

“... What?”

Cy’s brow raises in surprise. Zakera snickers at the callousness of the older Ketlan, who clearly did not truly value her life.

“Litay loda zyf?” Cy asks.

“Ja zyf loda sana nomeka.” The prophet chirps.

“How creative...” Zakera replies with disgust.

“Loda chashako fila zyf?” Cy reiterates.

“Ja reska.” The Prophet answers honestly.

Returning to the matter at hand, Cy gently waves his open and upturned right hand and the pistol in his left.

“Kelane. Kayva. Gozava.”

“Seva kelitho wezoty.” The prophet grins.

“That was the wrong answer...” Cy says in a disappointed monotone.

Without hesitation, Cy aims his pistol and pulls the trigger. In an instant, a nine-millimeter bullet blasts through his forehead at an angle, bores a hole through his brain, and explodes out of the back-left side his skull. The prophet promptly drops dead onto the ground before his villagers. The other Ketlan stare horrified as their leader falls into a heap, a hole in the back of his head oozing the gray matter of his brains. Bits of skull and hair roll away, following the curvature of the ground. Cy walks up to the corpse and plants a foot on his large belly, as though claiming the kill like a trophy. He shouts so that all the Ketlan present may hear him.

“Jish Sa’kesh! Zuj kelane! Zuj vaba fota boko!” Cy exclaims, presenting the army with his empty hand.

Shocked and terrified, the Ketlan look about and chatter amongst each other for a moment. Nearly all lower their weapons, dropping them onto the ground as they realize the immense power the human and his warriors wield. A small portion slowly approach Cy, accepting his offer of amnesty while the rest hesitate, unsure of what to do. As he waits for the others to decide, a group of Ketlan leave a hut in the background, two adult males and what appears to be a female youngling. The male’s penises are still erect as they each drag the child towards the jungle as she tries to pull away. Cy takes a step closer, his eyes watering; Zakeru brings her hands to her snout, gasping in shock.

“Let them live...” Cy points to the Ketlan who are approaching. “But kill the rest; everyone who is an adult.”

On Cy’s order, all of the firearms that the Sakesh possess are brought down upon the villagers who stand apprehensively in the middle. In a quick volley of gunfire, scores are killed or mortally wounded. Cy’s blood boils as his hand clenches into a tight fist, not content to simply watch. He fires his pistol empty as he leads his force, actively rushing the villagers who scream and flee in terror. A Zelkona woman spots a man fleeing toward the jungle and leaps upon his back, slamming his face into the dirt before stomping on his neck in a rage. The children drop to the ground in terror as the Sa’kesh massacre the majority of their village.

Cy takes his Bushmaster rifle, which is slung on a shoulder, and orders the adults who willing converted to kneel down. They obey without question. Some of the militia set fire to the huts, following Yasmin’s lead as they burn the village down. Spotting a pit with stairs leading into the ground, Yasmin and several Zelkona females enter to

find Katero and his team, minus one Sa'kesh, tied to pillars. They look weak and beaten, their eyes struggling to adjust to the sunlight that she allows to pour into the room.

"Well, you've looked better... You've smelled better too." Yasmin quips.

"Yasmin?!" Katero exclaims.

"Having all of the fun without us?" She asks as she cuts his bindings.

"Not exactly."

Katero rubs his wrists as he sits on the ground, soon springing up and giving her a tight embrace. Her Zelkona militia continue to free the others.

"It is so wonderful to see you!" Katero exclaims.

"I can imagine. Torture isn't the most fun I've ever had." She replies, patting Katero softly on his back. "Come on. Let's get you all out of here and into some clothes."

"I would like to kill the prophet first." Katero replies.

"Who? The fat guy? Cy blew his brains out."

"Damn..." Katero grumbles.

After a bloodbath that lasts only for about ten minutes, the remaining villagers and all of the spared children turn to witness the repugnant mess that lies strewn before them. The grasses of this area are of the faded purple variety, yet the blood runs free from the corpses of the fallen and stain the entire village red. Cy wades through the aftermath, directing his warriors to collect the terrified children. Many are understandably frightened of the newcomers who have killed their families, but some show appreciation. As he walks past several corpses beside a hut that has not yet been set ablaze,

Cy hears the whimpering of a child. He turns to see a young girl with ice blue fur with white spots, hands, feet and hair, looking back at him with fearful cyan eyes.

“Ja ka sivo fi. Ja kiva. Ja jothal fi.” He speaks softly.

He holds out a hand to the girl, careful not to startle her. Stepping away from the hut, she glances toward the carnage. Her eyes lock onto the corpse of the fallen prophet. She rushes Cy, leaping into his arms.

“Hey it’s okay, sweetheart.” He says softly, impulsively reverting to English.

Carrying the girl, he brings her back to the few surviving adults. Other militia and some of the fortress dwellers do the same, leading the younglings and smaller juveniles back to the group of adults.

“Fi jish Sa’kesh. Westafa Sa’kesh razvay ur kayva.” Cy tells the adults in a cold monotone. “Don’t you *dare* disappoint me...” He growls in English.

Gathering the corpses together, they build a single, large pile and set it ablaze. Katero stands and stares at the burning corpses as Cy and Zakeru approach him.

“Hey... Are you alright, buddy?” Cy asks softly.

“No... Perhaps one day I will be.” Katero replies.

“It is good to see you again. We are both pleased that you are alive.” Zakeru says, giving Katero a hug.

“If you need anything from us, just ask. You know that we’re always here for you, and I think of you as my own brother.” Cy says, joining the embrace.

“Thank you.” Katero murmurs.

“Come on, buddy. Let’s get back home. We still need to prepare for Kincaid...”