

The Seventh Realm: Volume Four

By Mantrid Brizon

Episode 45: True Colors

“Come on, man! This is important information. It might even be the most valuable information I could ever give you, and I’ve given you a lot!” Yulan growls.

“You’re asking for our only source of power.” Cy calmly responds.

“I know, it’s a big deal, but this is worth it. Believe me.”

“I know your name and your age, and you’ve been here for weeks. You don’t even live with us; you collect your food and take off again and then you’re back whenever you feel like it. How can I trust you with our only power source?” Cy retorts.

Yulan rests his hands on a table in the library, turning his head and looking at the morning light outside. Cy sits in his chair, watching with a hand resting alongside his face. He does not understand why Yulan wants their crystal generators so badly, when he himself has a functioning ship that can reach outer space and the bottom of the lake. What drives him so? It does not help that Yulan refuses to explain his reasons in detail. Suddenly, Yulan storms off, heading for the door. He nearly slams into Yasmin, who walks down the hall. In his race, he doesn’t even acknowledge the woman he has been admiring for as long as he has been there.

Yasmin looks to Cy, who shrugs his shoulders. She steps into the room and sits in the chair normally occupied by Zakera when they have their meetings.

“So, where’s your wife?” She asks.

“Feeding Darius upstairs.” He replies.

“I can see the jealousy all over your face.” She grins.

“I’ll get her later.” Cy chuckles.

“What’s wrong with him?”

“I have no idea, but feel free to find out.” Cy replies.

Stepping into the hall, Yasmin walks through the fortress looking for Yulan. She soon finds him in a storeroom, murmuring to himself and leaning against a far wall with his forearm. She steps into the room, closing the door behind her. The sounds of the wooden latch thumping against the wooden hook draws his attention.

“Hi.” Yulans says with a sigh.

“Hey there, big guy. What are you doing in here?” Yasmin asks sweetly.

“He has no idea what he is walking away from...” Yulan grumbles.

“Apparently neither do you. You didn’t even say hi to me when you walked by.” She coos.

“I said it just now.”

“True.” She steps up to him. “You still didn’t answer my question.”

“I just needed a place to vent.” He says, gazing at her.

“Venting is always nice...”

“Yeah...” He says, his eyes scanning her form.

Suddenly, Yulan grabs her with both hands. Gripping her biceps, he swings Yasmin around and slams her against the wall, violently

necking her as he feels her body. She can feel his bulge through his golden suit as he begins to pull a tab on his belt which seems to loosen it. A hand grips her ample, C-cup breasts as he presses against her. Briefly stunned by his forcefulness, she has a flashback to her childhood abuse. He tears at her clothes. He rips her olive drab tank top open, also breaking her bra, the only one she had in good condition. Her bare breasts press against the cool, golden film of his suit, her brown nipples pulling against the material. The five-foot and four-inch-tall Colombian woman snaps, kneeing Yulan in the testicles.

He groans and stumbles back. Gripping the sides of his face, she headbutts him in the nose. Reeling, she grabs his shoulders and throws him with considerable force into a shelf. The noise attracts the attention of everyone in the fortress as cans, bottles and random knickknacks fall onto the wooden, second-story floor.

“Don’t you ever touch me you motherfucker!” Yasmin screams.

She kicks him in the ribs twice as he lay on the ground, but he grabs her foot when she tries for a third. With a quick twist, he throws her off balance and nearly sprains her ankle. Taking the opportunity, he opens the door and hobbles from the room. Emerging from the library, Cy sees Yulan as he nearly falls down the stairs and toward the ground floor. He rushes toward the steps but stops when he hears a groan. He takes a few steps toward the sound before Yasmin emerges. Her breasts visible with her torn clothing worn like an open vest, she glares with a fire in her eyes that Cy hasn’t seen in years.

“Kill that son of a bitch!” She snarls.

Racing down the steps, Cy draws his pistol. He passes Rico as he steps out of the dining hall, a small loaf of faval bread in his hands.

“What just happened?!” He asks.

“Yulan tried to rape Yasmin! We need to stop him!” Cy replies.

Dropping the loaf, he races through the double doors beside Cy as Yulan sits in the cockpit of his ship. Aiming at the closing glass and directly at Yulan’s head, Rico draws his own weapon. He points his Colt Detective Special, the weapon he has carried since Juan’s suicide and the same one he accidentally shot Yasmin with. Both men fire at the cockpit, their rounds thumping against the clear, futuristic material. Yulan calmly activates his ship without a care in the world, even mockingly sticking out his tongue at the men. His expression quickly changes when Cy puts three rounds into the space of a quarter and Rico lands a fourth shot in that same space, cracking the canopy and blasting a hole the size of a man’s fist into the material.

“Damnit!” Yulan’s muffled voice yells from inside.

The ship quickly lifts off as they continue firing, emptying their firearms at the underside of the craft as the astronaut launches. He does not fly toward any known site, avoiding the Sa’kesh, Kelanethaka, Malevolence Cove where his ship has crashed, and even Kincaid’s city and the ziggurat. He appears to be fleeing deep into the nothingness of the untamed jungle. Yasmin steps outside, a slight limp from a mild pain in her ankle.

“He got away?!” Yasmin growls, her voice trembling.

“Don’t worry. He can’t go home now. Not with that hole in the glass.” Cy says.

Rico rushes over to her, covering her chest and tying the torn shirt at the front. He wraps his arms around her, holding her close. Yasmin begins to cry, her fear and pain bringing a tear to Cy’s eyes. Forced to relive her nightmarish childhood at the hands of the

spaceman, Cy looks back to the sky, his face flush with anger. Rico holds Yasmin and comforts her, rubbing her back and shushing her as he tells her that everything will be alright and that she is safe. She clings to him like a frightened child.

“It’s alright Yasmin. You’ll be okay. I’m here for you.”

“If he comes back...” She whimpers.

“I won’t let him. I love you.” He blurts out.

She looks up to Rico as he holds her in his arms. Though she doesn’t answer, she gives him a truly passionate kiss that lasts for several seconds before holding him tightly. Looking back, Cy can’t help but feel a pleasant warmth in his heart. The sound of a familiar whirring draws their attention again. Gathering her wits about her, Yasmin pushes herself up and draws her pistol.

“If that mother fucker is stupid enough to come back here...” She growls.

Looking into the sky, they see a pod, but this one has the pinstripes on the wrong side. Though nothing appears to be wrong with it, the ship dips forward as though someone fell asleep against the stick. Flying diagonally toward the ground, it breaks through the trees before crashing into the jungle between the Sa’kesh and the Kelanethaka. Yasmin darts up to Cy, Rico by her side.

“That’s not the same ship!” Rico exclaims.

“You can stay here and I’ll-”

“No!” Yasmin interrupts Cy. “I’m leading a team and we’re going to see who that fuck that is!”

Cy and Rico both hesitate, but neither stops her; they both believe that she needs this, after what has just happened. Taking command of the gate guards, Rico runs for the militia armory under Cy's order, to collect a squad and return to the fortress where they will arm themselves with rifles. Before Cy can finish giving the order, Yasmin and the gate guards have already left. By now, Jack, Amanda, Michael, Samantha and many of the others who are home, have emerged to see what is going on. With no protection left to them, all of them, even Samantha, take loaded SKS rifles to guard the fortress until Rico returns with their reinforcements.

Yasmin and her relatively small team of warriors rush through the jungle, hacking down whatever brush is too thick to simply push over or blast through by force. Within minutes she has arrived at the crash site, which is barely a half-mile from the fortress. Approaching the craft, they discover that the ship is in fact a sister pod to Yulan's; he was not the only person aboard his craft. With the cockpit partially open, the Zelkona guards use brute force to pull the canopy away from the craft and exposing the person inside. Lying forward over the stick is a human woman. Yasmin pulls her back and gasps at her wounds. Small cuts line her face, neck and the front of her body. She wears an outfit that is not unlike a modern flight suit.

White in color and stained with blood, the suit is open at the front. Large, D-cup breasts bear visible wounds of identical small cuts and human bite marks. The wounds run down her sides, belly, and over her groin. With the suit open well past her loins, Yasmin can see several purple bite marks lining her inner thighs. The woman struggles to open both eyes, as one is blackened and swollen. With a slender frame, platinum blonde hair and jade green eyes, she is a very beautiful woman in her late twenties or early thirties. Checking her pulse, it feels weak. Yasmin and a Zelkona guard pull her from the craft. In an effort to keep her from moving, they quickly fashion a simple stretcher for the woman, carried by two of the guards as they return.

“Yu... Yulan...” The woman meekly speaks.

“Shh. Don’t talk. We’ll take you to our doctor. She can help you.” Yasmin says softly to the woman.

“Yulan Corin Byr... Prisoner number 653941... He did this to me...”

“Just be quiet and save your strength. We’ll fix you up.” Yasmin sniffles, heartbroken over the sight of a fellow rape victim.

“En route to Titan Supermax, Yulan escaped... Sentenced to life for rape, torture and murder of thirty-three women... Killed my partner... Spent weeks hurting and... Rape...” The woman stops and breaks down into tears.

“It’s alright now. You’re safe with us.” Yasmin assures her, tears running down her own cheeks.

Within fifteen minutes of finding the woman, they race past the fortress and down the street toward Lara’s clinic. Yasmin stops, turning to the others. Cy and Rico quickly approach her.

“What happened?!” Cy asks.

“Who is she?” Rico inquires.

“I don’t know her name, but she is a prison guard...” Yasmin begins.

“A what?” Rico twists his pinky finger into an ear, stunned at the revelation.

“Yulan Corin Byr, convict number 653941. He was being sent to a supermax prison somewhere called ‘Titan’ for the rape, torture and murder of thirty-three women.” Yasmin explains.

“I fucking knew it! There was always something off about him!” Cy growls.

“That poor girl. Weeks being locked in a ship with that psycho...” Rico’s eyes water as he looks down the street.

“Always trust your instincts.” Jack murmurs.

"I hope she will recover." Zakera says, stepping up to them.

"Wait... Titan is a moon orbiting Saturn. I guess science marches on in the future." Cy remarks.

"What are we going to do about this?" Zakera asks.

"We're going to treat that woman and hopefully save her life; she can live with us and hopefully recover from that nightmare she's suffered. Yulan is dead as soon as we see his face." Cy replies.

Completely forgetting about J.T. and his men, Cy allows the guards to simply rotate in groups of threes, two inside and one by the door on the outside. As the night approaches, Cy conducts a special meeting with Zia, Mirkon, Jinaso and every available captain of his militia, issuing warnings and orders about Yulan. Creeping down the hallway as quietly as she can, Isabella hears them speaking. With a coiled rope in one hand and Gabriella's COP .357 Derringer in the other, she sneaks into a room on the second floor. She can't remember whose bedroom it is but she will not be there for long. Before stepping inside, she retrieves a blowgun and darts stolen only moments earlier from Daniel's collection and displayed in his bedroom, items salvaged from the refugees of the primitive tribe the Sa'kesh had massacred.

Heading for the window, she slips the pistol into a pocket sewn into her best dress, a modification she made herself to store condoms or morning after pills when she would visit the city in Belize. Using pieces cut from the rope, she makes a primitive sling and drapes it across her chest. The darts, already primed with poison, she slips into the same pocket of her dress. Taking the rope, which has a loop tied at one end, she throws it at the nearest tree branch above her. It is quite a distance, nearly fifteen feet, but she needs to land a branch from the second floor and at just the right angle. After several tries, she hooks a branch and gives it a tug.

Certain that it will last long enough to facilitate her escape, she takes a deep breath and climbs the railing. With one jump, she swings

from the branch via the rope and over the electrified fence. The rope slips from the branch and she lands with a hard thud on her back after a fall of nearly three feet. The rope lands on the fence, crackling as the current burns through it and cuts the cordage in two. Taking the blowgun from her chest and carefully retrieving a dart, she arms the weapon and sneaks through the jungle and into the nearby farmland. Creeping slowly toward the warehouse where J.T. and his men are imprisoned, she hopes that the guards are not Ketlan, or they will hear her and stop her before she can act.

Peeking through the still immature stalks of faval, she grins as she sees a lone Zelkona standing beside the door. Taking up the blowgun, she takes a deep breath and presses her lips against her end. With a quick puff, she shoots a dart a considerable distance, striking the male warrior in his arm. She hopes that the dart has dug in deep enough through his race's dense hide, and soon the guard stumbles and slumps back against the wall. Not only has the dart punctured his flesh, but the sleeping poison that was used against Katero and his men works on the Zelkona as well. She creeps up to the door and checks the guard for keys or tools but he has none.

Slowly opening the door a small amount, she can see two human guards standing with their backs facing her. Sticking in the blowgun from the doorway, J.T. sits on the floor and watches as someone shoots a dart into the back of one guards' neck. He cries out and rubs his neck, wondering what has happened. Before he can see the blowgun, Isabella shoots the other guard in his left arm. They turn and head for the door but soon begin to stumble. They collapse in heaps upon the floor. Dropping the blowgun and extra darts, she takes out the small pistol and searches them, finding a strange and primitive key shaped like an 'L' on one of the men.

"Izzy! That's my girl!" J.T. can't help but exclaim.

"Shh! I'm here to bust you out, daddy."

"You aren't one of Cy's cronies, like Johnny?" J.T. raises a brow.

“Fuck no. I’ve hated Cy since he became your humble lap dog, killing people for you and driving cargo like a good boy. Yasmin is a crazy, uncontrollable bitch who’s wanted to fuck your lap dog since day one, and I hate her too.” She admits.

“I had no idea that Yasmin was so close to Cy. I should have hired outsiders to kill him instead of my own men. This is all my fault.”

“Yeah, it fucking is...” She coldly remarks. “I never wanted to come here. Gabby and Johnny kidnapped me that night. If I thought that this was a nightmare, and blowing my brains out would have ended it, I would have done that years ago.”

“Years?” His eyes grow wide.

“I’m seventeen now, daddy. I think Johnny is twenty. I mean, Cy’s been here long enough to have a baby with cat woman.” She snickers.

“Right... I wasn’t putting much thought into that.”

Using the simple key, Isabella unlocks J.T.’s shackles.

“Wait. What about them?” J.T. looks to his men.

“What about them?”

“Don’t you want to release them too?” He asks.

“They’re just hired goons, daddy.” She giggles. “Fuck them.”

Turning back toward the door, they stop in their tracks when they see Johnny standing there, his trusty Sig P232 pistol pointed directly at them.

“I knew I heard you two in here...” Johnny growls.

“Put down that gun. I bought you that gun, Johnny. Are you really going to shoot your own father?” J.T. pleads.

"Cy has been more of a father to me than you ever have! Don't you ever try and use that tired shit on me you son of a bitch! I'll kill you as soon as look at you!" Johnny growls.

J.T. chuckles, glancing down at the ground.

"What's so funny?" Johnny asks.

"You didn't fall far from the tree, Johnny." J.T. grins.

"Fuck you and shut your mouth. I am taking you and that spawn of evil in right now, so put down that gun Izzy, before I splatter your brains all over the wall." Johnny demands, manually cocking the hammer of his pistol.

"Johnny. Please." Isabella says with an innocent tone.

"I know your tricks, you monster. You should have died instead of Gabby, now stay right there."

A blast of blue light suddenly strikes Johnny in the back. Screaming in pain, he falls to the ground in a heap, dropping his gun. J.T. quickly grabs his pistol, shocked as Isabella aims her weapon at Johnny's head as he lay unconscious on the floor. He quickly snatches the gun from her before she can murder her own brother.

"What the fuck are you doing?! That's your brother!" He scolds her.

"So?" She shrugs.

"Am I interrupting anything?" Yulan asks.

Stepping inside, he looks to the father and daughter with a small, strange looking weapon held tightly in his hands.

“Yulan!” She exclaims, racing into his arms.

“Thanks for the help, but what happened to him?” J.T. asks, looking at Johnny.

“Oh, he’s just unconscious. He’ll wake up in about an hour.”

“Wait, Yulan. How did you know we were here?” She asks, looking up at him.

“I’ve been watching you for a while. Haven’t you noticed?” He answers.

“Maybe... I might have missed it; I was a little busy watching a certain pilot in a sexy golden suit.” She coos.

“Well, how about we escape into the jungle before we get caught and you and that pilot can spend some... Quality time together.” Yulan winks.

“Your pod only has one seat.” She remarks.

“Oh, that thing is fucked. Your friends made sure of that.”

“They *are not* my friends.” She growls.

“Still, with what little power I have left in my energy cells, I make us disappear into the night.”

Taking Yulan’s arm like a prom date, Isabella quickly leaves the warehouse with him. After glancing back to his men, who stare in horror at the prospect of being abandoned by their boss and whom they’ve loyally served, J.T. rushes from the building. Slipping the pistols into his pockets, he finds Yulan and Isabella waiting for him outside. Leading them away, J.T. is quick to hold Johnny’s firearm, concealed within his jacket pocket and keeping it ready for use. Something about the Asian man in the futuristic suit unnerves him.

“What are we going to do about J.T. and his men?” Zakera asks quietly.

“I’m not sure.” Cy whispers.

Darius shifts in his blanket, having finally fallen asleep. Carefully undressing, Cy joins his mate atop their bed.

“Could they be of help?” She asks.

“His men are just hired thugs; we can use hired thugs. J.T. though...”

“Do not worry, my love. You will solve the problem.” She coos.

Wrapping his arms around her slender frame, Cy kisses her softly and nuzzles her. Zakera purrs and growls lustfully, pressing the pink and cyan stripped fur of her back against his bare chest. Cy’s free hand runs along the white fur of her toned belly before taking hold of one of her modest, B-cup breasts. Swiftly rolling over, Zakera faces her mate and the pair begin kissing vigorously. Her hands rest on his cheeks, her white claws gently scratching the flesh of his face. As they both become aroused, they are interrupted by a knock on their bedroom door. In the heat of their passion, Zakera’s superior hearing simply missed the approaching footfalls.

“What is it?” Cy asks to whoever is outside.

“I am sorry to bother you, but there is a problem...” Katero says through the closed door.

“What kind of problem?” Cy grows frustrated.

“We were almost very busy.” Zakera grumbles, equally annoyed.

“Yes, I heard... It is about the prisoners. Please come right away.” Katero urges.

Minutes later, Cy and Zakera stand in the warehouse and look down at the empty shackles that sit upon the floor. Johnny sits against the wall near the doorway, joined by the disoriented guards. Lara treats the guards for their poisoning with a natural antidote,

created by one of her Zelkona assistants. Describing his encounter with his father and sister, the catalyst for his escape, Johnny apologizes profusely for failing to capture the pair. Yasmin takes a gag from the mouth of one of J.T.'s men, who immediately confirms the entire story. The young soldier then adds a crucial detail missing from Johnny's statement; Yulan is the one who stunned Johnny and facilitated the escape, describing the astronaut perfectly. He led J.T. and Isabella into the jungle on foot.

"I should have killed him on the spot. If I had, she wouldn't have broken him out and Yulan wouldn't have them both. I fell for that bitch's crocodile tears." Cy thinks aloud.

"You weren't the first." Johnny remarks.

"If you had killed J.T., then that little bitch probably would have shot or even killed you. Then I would have killed her." Yasmin says.

"Only after I skinned her alive and ripped out her heart." Zakera adds.

"This one is a keeper, Cy." Yasmin smirks.

Turning to his mate, Cy quickly takes her into his arms. Merely holding his pledge is a great comfort to him. Zakera nuzzles her mate's face, gently stroking him with her claws.

"Do not worry, Cy. You are strong and intelligent and you are an excellent chieftain." She assures him.

"I don't know what I would do without you." He whispers to her, kissing her neck.

"It would certainly be entertaining to see." She grins.

"Before I feel like a peeping Yasmin, what are we doing with these guys?"

Cy turns to her before looking over to the eight bound prisoners.

“Hey, J.T. abandoned us. He looked right at us and left, knowing you’d probably kill us.” One prisoner says.

Stepping away from his mate, Cy takes the gag off of another man.

“Now’s your chance...”

“I’m just a mercenary. J.T. pays me and I do my job. As far as I’m concerned, my contract is over.” The man replies.

Cy ungags a third; he speaks before Cy can even ask the question.

“He left us for dead. Fuck him, man.”

“Is that a shared feeling?” Cy asks, looking at the others.

All of the men vigorously nod their heads. Glancing back to Yasmin, she shrugs her shoulders. Johnny gives him a blank stare, but as he looks to Zakera, she smiles and nods her head reassuringly. Stepping up to his mate, Cy takes her by the hand and heads for the door.

“We’ll give them a trial run, same as the primitives.” Cy orders.

Yasmin steps up to the bound men, drawing her knife.

“So, here’s the deal... We’ll cut you loose, but if you fuck up we’ll cut a lot more than that. Sound fair?” She grins.

The men collectively nod their heads, while those who are not gagged vocalize their newfound loyalty. Turning to the guards, she waves them over. The men watch with mixed apprehension and fear as the frightening looking beast-men and women draw their knives. Their tails swaying, the creatures kneel down and cut them free before pulling them up from the ground and brushing them off.

“Congratulations. You’re in the club; show us your loyalty and we won’t ever leave you in a warehouse to die.” Yasmin remarks.

“We’ll join you and do whatever you ask! Work, fight, whatever!” One happily exclaims.

“We won’t let you down!” Another chirps.

“We’ll see...” Yasmin murmurs.