

From Author Emil Jersey: I hid this NOVEL EXCERPT at this link for folks reading my new novel, *Darcy Vandiver Vampire Sexpert, A Memoir*. Enjoy!
~ Emil

Elder Canaan's Kryptonite ~ Darcy Woos Elder Canaan

Year 1931

Sent by Father Umbarto, three grunts arrived one starless October night to Canaan's residence. Tork, Canaan's lieutenant, had them wait in the foyer while he awaited his master's command. Usually a somber sort, Tork was inexplicably amused.

Canaan grinned by reflex. "*What the fuck?*" he sent silently.

"*One of these guys,*" Tork began and shook his head to chuckle. "*Father Umbarto must think you're lonely.*"

"*What are you getting at?*" Canaan responded, laughing with him. The man didn't reply and Canaan smirked. "Send them in, idiot," he said aloud and resumed a serious expression. With a curt nod, Tork turned and left the room.

He directed the men and Canaan observed each as he entered. When the third came into view, he understood his lieutenant's reaction. The Father had sent a fix-it man, a fucking statue of perfection who exuded masculinity, owning it with a swagger that incorporated every cell. As Canaan pondered number three's appearance, the senior grunt began the introductions.

"Master Canaan, I am Yan," the first man said. "This is Ken, and in the back is Darcy Vandiver. We will serve your will."

Canaan regarded the leader, forcing his eyes away from the third grunt with determination. Yan and Ken were strong, sturdy types, both Asian with striking features and shimmering black hair past their shoulders. All three men wore suits, but number three had removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Even peripherally, Canaan noticed his defined and deeply tanned forearms, never mind that Rakum never absorbed UV after graduation from First Ritual.

Finally weary of his self-induced consternation, Canaan looked Yan in the eye. "Go find Tork." He flicked his eyes to the third man. "Vandiver, you stay."

The shit grinned and crossed his arms with a friendly smile that caused Canaan's dick to jump. Vandiver's eyes were bizarre—yellowy-hazel; Canaan had never seen the like. Add to that, the man *used* them, attempting to manipulate Canaan from the initial eye-meet. Ish-mikhan did that, Canaan expected it, but he did not expect his blood pressure to head up and his breath-rate increase.

"Step up," Canaan instructed not disguising his amusement. Vandiver obediently complied to stop within arm's reach. He held Canaan's gaze with a new smile, tiny and to the side. The grunt's ethereal fingers reached for Canaan's thread and stroked, reading

anything Canaan left on the front porch. He allowed it, holding the man's gaze, aware the man would see his attraction.

"*Master, you are beautiful,*" the grunt sent, his telepathic voice nearly bringing Canaan to climax. With a loud laugh, Canaan lowered his eye and wrapped one hand around the Rakum's throat.

"Shut the fuck up, asshole," Canaan laugh-talked and looked inside. Vandiver's thread stood prominent and he grasped it, hoping to divine something of the man's history. "*Show me your last assignment.*"

In the grunt's memory and through his perspective, Canaan watched Tomás approach, ask Vandiver a few questions, and walk away entirely unaffected by the pup's magnetism.

Canaan wiggled the Rakum's neck. "Did it hurt your feelings, little brother, that Tomás would rather eat shit than spend another second in your presence?"

"Yes, Master," the Rakum responded with levity, his deep and rolling voice much too soothing. "I cry myself to sleep every sunrise."

Canaan lifted his gaze. The pup was ballsy and irreverent and might have been baiting Canaan to attack him. As the thought entered his mind, Vandiver's lips rolled in restraining a grin. Without further thought, Canaan dropped the contact and viciously clocked the guy's jaw with a right hook. Vandiver's mass launched backward, landing on the long sofa. Canaan stood over him prepared to administer a second blow when the Rakum relaxed his posture to appear as if he was merely reclining.

"Powerful, Master. Simply amazing," Vandiver said holding Canaan's gaze. When Canaan paused, simply to enjoy the sight, Vandiver licked his lips in slow motion and arched his brows. "Please, let's do that once more."

"Narcissistic asshole son-of-a-bitch," Canaan said with a wry grin and reached down to grasp his expensive shirt by both lapels. With an urgent movement meant to yank the man off the couch, the cotton ripped. Canaan held the tattered garment in his hands, a grin tickling his mouth. Now the beautiful brother was topless. Canaan's eyes drank in the new man's physique as if he had been thirsting forever. Although surrounded by soldiers he had handpicked over the years, he never saw any of them as he was envisioning Darcy Vandiver. Something about the ish-mikhan exceeded the norm and Canaan urgently needed to dig it out. The grunt saw all this in Canaan's mind and grinned.

"Fuck," Canaan whispered and smiled as well. "Say it," he grunted, happy they were alone and he wouldn't have to smash his captains for witnessing his arousal. Slowly and with intent, Vandiver raised both arms to prop his head in his hands.

"Whatever I have is yours," the man said, his voice melodious.

With a release of pent sexual tension, Canaan laughed and pointed to the hallway. "Last room on the right, asshole."

Still clutching the man's shredded dress shirt in his fist, Canaan watched Vandiver tumble from the couch with humorous drama and turn for the hall. Behind him Tork entered and cleared his throat. Canaan didn't turn, his eyes on the ish-mikhan's back.

"*So, my master is happy?*" Tork sent, probably enjoying himself too much at Canaan's expense.

"Do not disturb," Canaan whispered and headed for his quarters.



12 weeks later

“Your master will arrive within the hour,” Canaan said, comfortable and reflecting on the past several weeks.

Without responding, Darcy Vandiver got to his feet and handed over Canaan’s slacks. He read that the grunt thought to head for the bath and Canaan shook his head.

“No shower,” he added with a mischievous grin that garnered no reaction from his guest. Canaan wasn’t much of an explainer, so he left it alone. Stepping into his pants, he watched Vanny dress and then weave a leather belt into his slacks. Before he remarked on the show, Elder Bel’s voice in his head caused him to chuckle.

“I hope your dick rotted off,” his compatriot teased in a deep telepathic vibrato. *“I’m coming up. You will hand over my lieutenant. Enough of this shit.”*

Canaan had stepped close as he listened to Bel and he motioned for Vanny to leave his white dress shirt open. With one hand to the man’s abdomen, fuzzy with cinnamon-brown hair, Canaan absorbed his warmth. He related Bel’s private telepathic remarks and Vanny’s mouth made the tiniest grin before he raised his eyes to lock with Canaan’s. Being ish-mikhan was only a fraction of the attraction—the metaphysical reaction needed to be investigated and Canaan would not rest until he figured it out.

“An Elder must always be learning,” so, Canaan worked the guy over in every way he could imagine, digging into his deepest inward parts. Some of his explorations were physical, but just as many were done fully-clothed, all for the purpose of divining the origination of the unique hold Darcy had on Canaan’s imagination.

Needles pricked Canaan’s inner mind; the grunt had questions that he wasn’t sure he should voice. Canaan didn’t have to read him; *“Can I stay with you?”* was written all over the man’s flawless face.

Downstairs, Bel entered the apartment barking orders to Canaan’s men. With one last thoughtful pass across Vanny’s muscular midriff, the man began buttoning up.

“If you want him so badly, come get him,” Canaan sent and turned to watch the bedroom door. When the Elder pushed into the room, Canaan assumed a wide grin.

Bel didn’t look at him. Instead, he eyed Vanny who crossed without hesitation. Ebony-skinned, Bel was built wide across the shoulders and stood 6’7”; an inch taller than Vanny and three inches taller than Canaan. He placed a huge hand to Vanny’s neck and pulled him close, burying his nose in the man’s long hair. Canaan snickered, knowing what was coming. Looking up from the grunt’s head, he caught Canaan’s eye.

“Fuck, Canaan! You fed him your blood?”

Canaan nodded rapidly, really grinning. Vanny would smell like Canaan for being around so long, for sleeping in his bed, and for wearing his clothing during their visit, but consuming an Elder’s blood would cause a scent transfer that would linger for weeks. Bel was aged and serious; seeing him grow angrier was supremely entertaining. Canaan finally laughed out loud in one huge burst and Bel narrowed his eyes.

After a long stream of profanity, Bel called for Canaan’s lieutenant at the top of his lungs. Tork jogged in at attention. With no explanation to the surprised inferior, Bel dropped contact with Darcy Vandiver and shoved a quickly-produced knife-blade to his own inner arm. He grabbed Tork and forced his face to the wound. Canaan’s top man pulled the blood without touching the Elder except with his mouth and when Bel shoved him off

his arm, Tork backed to the wall and waited for the next edict.

Smiling, Canaan motioned for Tork to step up and he sniffed the man's dark blond hair. "Oh, so delightful," Canaan cooed. He didn't care what his soldiers smelled like—he didn't fuck them. After another moment, Bel sent them out and Tork pulled the bedroom door as the last to exit. The room fell still and Bel lifted one hand to drop onto Vanny's near shoulder in a gentle massage.

"*I see what you're doing,*" Bel sent privately, his massaging hand growing still. "*Before I leave, I'm still going to fuck you up.*"

"I hope so," Canaan said aloud and Bel sucked his teeth.

"Darcy wants to know why he can't remain with you," Bel said, watching Canaan's face. "Come close, Elder. Let us educate our little brother."

Canaan stepped into their space and sent Vanny a comforting grin. Bel opened the hand on Vanny's shoulder and went into the man's long hair.

"First, explain to Darcy why he's with me and not you." As his superior, Bel chose to test Canaan, to see if he fully understood the reasoning behind Vanny's placement.

Canaan discerned all this and said to the grunt, "You like me too much." Vanny met his gaze. "Affinity is fine, camaraderie is good, but infatuation?" Canaan shook his head. "Your masters won't allow you to fall into weakness. *Comprende?*"

Vanny did not reply and his eyes narrowed. Canaan waited to read the man's impressions. Vanny's surface thoughts trickled over; he didn't see the problem. Canaan flicked his eyes to Bel who bade him continue the lesson. Canaan brought up one hand to cup Vanny's strong shoulder.

"Group lair, you became too attached to your proctor. Later, you became too fond of your first Elder. You were selected by Kilmeade and became too fond of him. There's a brother—Jersey—you are also too chummy with. Up to this point, am I on target?" Canaan asked and Vanny agreed with a slow nod. "Consider Elder Bel and Elder Canaan. Do you feel the same way about us?"

Vanny's gaze darted between them and he slowly shook his head. Canaan felt done, but Bel wanted him to continue. Wondering what might fall past his lips, Canaan barreled on, trusting his instincts as he'd been trained.

"You are a powerful Rakum. If you grow too attached to anyone other than yourself, you will lose some of that power. Affection is *human*. Need I say more?" Canaan held Vanny's gaze. After a moment he blinked and turned to meet Bel's eye.

"I do not wish to be weak," he said in his distinct smooth voice. "I thank you for this lesson."

Bel humphed and shot his gaze to Canaan. "Did you see that?" he asked and Canaan grinned. The grunt had posed a silent question inside the spoken one—"*does Master Canaan feel the same way about me?*"

Canaan shook his head and Bel poked him mentally. "*Finish it.*"

"All of your masters are scholars, scientists, digging for answers to anything we don't yet know," he said low as Vanny turned to sink his yellowy-brown eyes into Canaan's. "This..." With his left hand, Canaan unbuttoned the top several inches of Vanny's shirt and pressed his palm to the man's bare upper chest. "Look at my hand." Canaan waited and the grunt did as instructed. "Now see it with your eyes closed."

Without hesitation, Vanny dropped his lids. The average brother did not learn this trick,

but the smart ones could pick it up. Canaan waited while the man's keen mind focused on rebuilding the image. When he had a firm recollection, Canaan continued the lesson.

"I want you to see the electricity between us—the palm of my hand and the surface of your skin. Look for sparks and what will appear to be lightning bouncing between us." Canaan became aware of Bel boosting the grunt's mental acuity with a finger to the man's neck. Vanny visualized the energy and made a noise in his throat. "Now, keeping your eyes closed, watch my hand," Canaan said and slowly removed his palm to travel toward Bel, who opened his shirt the same measure. Vanny kept his eyes closed, but his head tilt indicated he yet followed Canaan's movement without optics. Canaan pressed his palm to Bel's deep brown skin and waited for Vanny's remarks. No electricity passed between them and when Canaan noted Bel's eye in his periphery, the huge Elder grinned with approval.

"Master, you want me to see that your body and mine have a physical reaction to one another that is unique, perhaps rare. Is this correct?" Vanny asked, eyes still closed, face toward Canaan's hand.

"Keep them closed," Canaan said and Tork jogged back into the room when silently summoned. "Open your shirt," he told him and when it was done, he moved his palm to Tork's strong chest. Again, Vanny's face followed without use of his eyes.

"Nothing," Vanny said and Canaan dropped his hand. Tork stepped out and Bel instructed Vanny to open.

"You spent the past eighty-four nights investigating this electricity between us. To understand it. To learn something new."

"Eighty-four nights, yes," Canaan said with a new grin. "And to answer your unasked question, I enjoyed playing scientist with you." He looked up to Bel, who rolled his eyes. "I enjoyed the fuck out of every single moment."

Vanny's mouth curled into a grin and Bel wrapped a hand around the back of his neck.

"But when you walk through that door, I will not think of you again." Canaan meant it, but the nearly invisible smirk on Bel's lips told him his compatriot didn't believe his will was that strong.

"In a few decades, the Fathers will toss you together again and see where it is," the tall Elder said and wiggled Vanny back and forth. "Come. Our train leaves shortly. Kiss each other goodbye," he teased and dropped his hand.

"We're done." Canaan turned away.

With a soft sigh, Darcy Vandiver shuffled past his master and into the hall. When his footsteps descended the stairs, Bel pounded Canaan's shoulder hard.

"This schooling session took too long," he hissed, resurrecting his earlier indignation. "If I didn't have to catch this train, I'd pummel you senseless. Stuffing my lieutenant for three months isn't enough? He smells like shit with your blood—"

Canaan didn't allow him to finish. With a powerful shove, he pushed the gigantic Elder off his feet. Bel was up in a millisecond and the fight was on. Screw the train. They ran every evening. Canaan very well might be broken in half by the older and more experienced Elder, but they'd stay another night and he'd grab one more experiment with Darcy Vandiver. Good plan.

