

I chose these two chapters so squeamish, prudish, and/or bigoted readers can be forewarned of the brutal and honest nature of my writing. Maybe it's time mortals understood that I don't fit in a box. I do, however, hope my writing entertains. ~ Jersey

TRIGGER WARNING: Rakum have sex as children & this first chapter will show you how that is covered in my book. This book contains strong profanity, violence, and sex.

Rakum: an ancient godlike and bloodthirsty race descended from fallen angels.

Ish-Mikhan: a Rakum born with the propensity and skill to sexually service Elders. They are extremely rare and thus, coveted by all.

Seven-Plus-Eight

Jersey Identified as Ish-Mikhan

Year 1706

Eleven Rakum proselytes populated the lair house, ranging in age from seven to thirteen, Jersey being the youngest. The low pupil residency required only a single proctor/instructor who went by the moniker, Gash. When including two resident cooks, the facility housed a total of fourteen Rakum. It was the older of the two cooks that first identified Jersey as ish-mikhan.

Jersey entered the table-room at a jog, racing his brethren for the choice meats. First come-first serve kept them fierce, and at least twice a week, he outran his lair mates. Tonight, he hit the line third and put out his tray. Instead of plopping his portion onto the pewter platter, the thick and frowning chef called Otto removed the dish from his hand, tossed it into the sink and instructed him to stand still and shut up. Jersey did so, his eyes flitting between the two tall Rakum as they discussed him, speaking over his head in Hungarian. All Rakum spoke at least four languages—English, Hungarian, Hebrew, and the Rakum dialect,¹ so Jersey followed their conversation, happy to be their focus even if he didn't yet know why.

“I am one-hundred-percent certain this one is a fix-it man,” Otto said, scrutinizing Jersey

¹ (Our leaders say that the Rakum language is “unknowable” to mortals. So far, so good.)

with intent. Uncle, the other cook, watched him, too, slowly running his eyes across Jersey's tiny frame. He was small—even for seven-plus-eight (*seven years, eight months*). Slight and nimble as a gymnast, Proctor Gash had already guessed he'd be more an intellect than a soldier, but tonight, four months before his eighth year, the cook saw beyond the everyday grunt assignment.

"Come back here," Uncle commanded.

Without hesitation, Jersey joined the adults behind the low counter. When the same Rakum gestured he wait, he did, watching them serve the remainder of the lair members. Proctor Gash had not joined them, so Jersey wondered what the two men had for him to do. He took orders from everyone on the premises and had learned well that as the youngest, he was subservient to all. When every brother was fed, the cooks escorted Jersey into the interior rooms where the wood-burning stove crackled on the far wall, filling the space with the pleasant aroma of cedar. Otto and Uncle turned to Jersey, hands on their hips.

"What's the test? He won't have a sexual thought for decades. How can anyone tell this young?" Uncle shook his head, still speaking to Otto with no regard to Jersey. "Gash will be here within the hour—wait for him."

"In 1600, I tested a pre-rit² for *ish-mikhan*. It's not difficult." Otto waved Jersey closer and touched his cheek, cupped it and his thumb caressed the skin under his eye. "It's not about sex—it's a reaction. It happens inside them." Otto's voice grew soft and he fell into his thoughts, his eyes deep into Jersey's. Jersey did not dare look aside. Master Gash taught them fierce concentration in all things, so although the Rakum spoke over his education level, Jersey felt certain they would soon explain.

"Okay, do it," Uncle said just as softly, moving to Otto's side to face Jersey head-on. "Test him..."

"I will," Otto mumbled and dropped the contact with Jersey's face. Maintaining the eye-lock, he unbuckled his trousers. "Pup, clear your mind."

Jersey did as instructed; Gash had taught them to envisage a blank white wall. All adult Rakum were telepathic and Otto humphed with approval at Jersey's mental acuity. He grasped the waistband of his stiff woolen pants.

"Now, act on instinct. Do not think. *Act*." Otto said the last word telepathically and his pants dropped to his ankles.

Jersey considered the cook's genitals. He'd seen them before, as all those in the lair bathed, ate, and slept, communally. Now, he was supposed to *do* something. What should he do? What action would bring the most favor upon the smallest Rakum in the lair? Jersey set his jaw; he wasn't supposed to think. Relaxing his mind, Jersey reached forward and wrapped his hand around the cook's penis. A sound of surprise came from Uncle, and Otto remained quiet. Jersey studied the white wall of his mind and allowed the outer world to muffle. The light of the oil lamps diffused into a brownish gold, the hum of his brothers chattering on a dozen topics in the next room became an incoherent buzz, slowly also disappearing into his subconscious. The one sensation indwelling Jersey's innerspace that multiplied as his five senses faded blossomed with a rosy-gold hue, and a bubbling

² Pre-Ritual student; all Rakum go through the brutal trials of First Ritual from age 13 to 20 before they are considered mature.

contentment filled his being. Jersey watched the edges of the phenomenon creep, fanning outward, erasing everything tangible and satisfying his psyche to the utmost. Jersey licked his lips; the glow was alive, and it petted him singing his praises. By the time it developed a voice of its own, singing a new song of worship, telling of his magnificence, gentle fingers squeezed the back of his neck.

“Jersey?” The tender grip wiggled with a smidge more weight. “Pup? Wake up.” Jersey looked upward and to his left. Master Gash stood over him and Jersey found he was standing, his palm flat against the cook’s naked hip. He swallowed, grinned, and tucked his hands into his pockets.

“Masters,” he said and took time to meet each of the three adult Rakum’s eyes. “I’m *ish-mikhan*.” Jersey hadn’t planned to say those words, but he allowed the rosy glow of his memory to speak in his stead. He must have said something wonderful because all three masters smiled and clapped first his small shoulder and then each other’s. Otto readjusted his clothing, nodded to Gash, and returned to the table room. Uncle spoke with Gash over Jersey’s head, reporting what he’d seen and asking questions for his own edification. When Uncle shuffled out, Gash regarded him with a grin.

“This is fantastic news, little brother,” he said and turned away, walking from the room at a clip.

Jersey followed, jogging to keep up, and happy to see his master so gay. They reached Gash’s personal quarters and he instructed Jersey to undress.

“Lay flat and wait.” Gash leaned against the wall, crossed his arms and lowered his chin. Jersey shrugged off his loose trousers and plain white smock and made himself comfortable on the stiff straw mattress. In his peripheral vision, Gash rolled in his lips, his eyes closed and squeezing—he was calling someone telepathically and Jersey rolled his head to the side to watch. In another minute, Gash nodded and took a deep breath. He met Jersey’s eye.

“We have the go-ahead from the Fathers. Tonight, right now, you will be cut—it’s an honor—and in three days, the closest Elder will be by for the official identification.”

“Yes, Master,” Jersey said, aware that the cutting meant his foreskin would be removed. Among the Rakum, the Ten Fathers, the One Hundred Elders, and the *ish-mikhan* were the only ones cut in this way. Jersey resisted a grin, enjoying how he suddenly became very much like the leaders of their people.

“It’s good, pup,” Gash said matching his exuberance. “They say it is a wonderful existence. You will be happy.”

“I am happy, Master,” he said and allowed a high laugh. Gash scrunched his nose, ready to perform the light surgery. His proctor was a healer so even though Jersey’s body was too young to regenerate as quickly as it would when he matured, Gash made certain he healed within minutes.



The next three sun-ups, Jersey bunked with Gash, who showed him what he could of the fix-it man’s trade. He had admitted there were experts, proctors who had trained up *ish-mikhan* in the past, and one would come once the Elder confirmed Gash’s findings. Also, there had never been an Elder in the lair, so his proctor explained how they differed.

“Elders are bred differently, raised and trained differently, treated differently by the senior Elders and Fathers,” Gash explained as they lay together awaiting the moon. “The shit grunts survive makes us stronger. Elders die and are revived multiple times, learning amazing abilities we can barely fathom. They are superior. When you see your first Elder, as ish-mikhan, it may be overwhelming. Do your best to stay upright.”

Jersey nodded, wondering to what extent the meeting would affect him. An hour beyond the fourth sundown from being identified, he found out.

Elder Emil rode to the lair house atop a huge Friesian stallion. Jersey had been watching from the front window and when Gash sent him a nod, he trotted for the door and swung it open as the larger-than-life Rakum reached the entrance.

“Master! Welcome!” Jersey said, his voice high and small in his own ears. When would he be big enough to sound serious and important? He fell to his knees, his hands behind his back and chin tucked into his chest, determining to corral his internal complaints.

“Oh, yes!” the Elder said, crossing the foyer with huge strides and reaching for Jersey with hands as big as pie plates. He swooped Jersey into his arms, cradled him like an infant, and looked into his face. “Beautiful and perfect!” Emil cooed, and nuzzled the hair at Jersey’s forehead.

“Master honors me,” Jersey said, as he’d been instructed, but inside wanting to use different words.

Elder Emil inhaled and using a measured telekinetic electric shock jolted Jersey to catch his attention. “You would have said something else?” he asked Jersey still in his arms. “Lesson Number One: most of what a fix-it man does is instinctual. What did you *want* to say?” Emil held his gaze, fierce green-hazel eyes nearly hidden by his deep brow. Jersey swallowed and said with a small voice the words he’d first wanted to respond.

“Seeing you ride up on that magnificent beast,” Jersey began and then braved on, “causes my heart to race. Let me show you, let me prove my loyalty. I am small, but something inside of me says I can make you so very proud.”

Emil grinned and since he still held him like a child, he pulled Jersey to his face and kissed his mouth, first a quick peck and then longer. When he pulled back, he lowered Jersey to the ground.

“I will allow you to try,” he said and indicated he’d follow if Jersey should lead him away. “You may start now.”

Jersey grinned, grasped his fingers and tugged him down the hall. The lair house had guest quarters suitable for the Elder’s evening visit and he brought him in there. Emil closed and bolted the door with telekinesis.

“Okay, little brother, fix me.” And three months shy of eight years old, Jersey did a pretty good job.

(Continued next page)

Elder Kilmeade's Grand Experiment *Darcy meets Jersey*

Year 1781

The journey took two weeks, evenings spent in the carriage, flying across the ground, always pulled by fresh horses of the highest caliber. This Elder preferred luxury and so far, nothing they bought or ate was of less than superb quality. Each sun-up, they holed away in an established waystation, Kilmeade and Darcy in one room, the rest of the men scattered in the others. The Elder enjoyed Darcy's height and size, liked to lie beside and behind him, often snuggled up tight for the few hours he slept. The Elder rose before Darcy every evening, his mind more advanced than any grunt's, but when they bedded down, the master wanted Darcy close. And Kilmeade would talk to him there in the dark, pressed together. He shared about his history, his adventures, his scientific explorations—anything that came to mind, the Elder would share, speaking low and romantically in Darcy's ear from behind.

The countryside rolled on with very few settlements or villages where a caravan could waylay, but Kilmeade demanded they patronize every opportunity, no matter how slight. On the fourth night of travel, the captain leading the train of six carriages and fourteen mounted Rakum soldiers trotted alongside and alerted Kilmeade of a home ahead where the farmer boarded travelers for a fee. The scout's nose had informed him that there was more than one female in residence so Kilmeade nodded they proceed. The Elder's carriage was center, so in turn, his driver halted before the door and a soldier opened the carriage for Kilmeade and Darcy to exit. Intuitively, Darcy positioned himself just behind the master's right shoulder once he noticed the lieutenant taking the left.

Watching every move the Elder made, Darcy noted his soldiers' behavior, too; none of them liked Darcy—not in the way he was accustomed. Their gazes were mere glances, too short for him to read. Before he pondered any further, his master said in his mind,

"Ignore them." Then Kilmeade shot him a mischievous wink. *"You are mine and they are safer pretending you disgust them. But they jerk off every sunup picturing your face."* The Elder mimed the movement with one hand at his crotch and giggled a silly sound Darcy had never heard in an adult Rakum. He rolled in his lips, mirroring his master's gleeful demeanor. This Elder was much more playful than Pebb and Darcy enjoyed it.

A few yards away, the farmer opened the wide door of his dwelling and strolled into the night, meeting them halfway down the grassy path. In Italian, he invited them to come inside, and with a wave of his hand, three young men less than fifteen jogged from behind the house to assume care of the horses. Darcy remained still as Kilmeade described what he required—a meal and some wine. The man introduced himself as Pavinni and gestured they enter. Kilmeade began forward and Darcy matched his movement, but the lieutenant remained back.

"I can't have that disgusting turd beside me amongst these mortals," Kilmeade sent to Darcy with humor. He gave him a cheery glance over his shoulder and resumed attending the farmer's idiot ramblings. *"Darcy Vandiver is all I need tonight."*

“You are correct, Master,” Darcy returned with matching glee.

When the farmer led them into the house, both Rakum noticed three women in an adjacent kitchen, busily preparing savory-smelling dishes. Two were young and the other a matron of forty-five or fifty. Darcy did not turn, but in his peripheral vision, all three females watched them pass. To mortals, Elder Kilmeade would appear as young as Darcy—they would assume their guests to be not yet twenty—and they’d likely find him as attractive as the *ish-mikhan* at his side. From the way they followed the pair with their eyes, Darcy figured he was right.

Pavinni sat them at a table, obviously his own when not serving travelers, and barked commands to the womenfolk out of sight. The maidens entered eyes averted, placed platters before them and disappeared again. Darcy grinned without intent, the beautiful sound of his master’s increased heartrate bringing him joy.

“Begin choosing. We will eat this fine meal and then enjoy these people in whatever way pleases.” Kilmeade’s expression remained that of a stoic nobleman, but Darcy heard mixed in his transmission, *“choose who to drink and who to fuck.”* So with care, he considered each as they consumed the meal.

Pavinni was short, overweight, and fifty, not in good health, and his skin had mottled with a speckled rash. Darcy doubted any of the Rakum would want him for anything. The three young boys were healthy and fine-looking, but his ears alerted him minutes ago that his brethren had already taken them to task in the barn. That left the mother and daughters.

“Who has cooked this delicious far, paisano? I must meet her immediately and kiss her hand!” Kilmeade sang in Italian.

Pavinni called the women in and introduced them in order, wife, Syl, and daughters, Jules and Busella. Kilmeade remarked on how mature they behaved to be so young and the farmer graciously informed of their ages, twelve and fifteen this summer.

“Now, polcz-v’, who will it be?” Kilmeade sent Darcy as the women bowed, politely looking aside and blushing.

Darcy was honest. *“I would drink the mother but bow to your will for the rest.”*

Kilmeade raised his eyebrows. *“You can cause her to consent?”*

Darcy allowed his gaze to search out Syl’s as he sent an answer to his master. *“I am positive I can get all of them to consent. You need only say the word.”*

Kilmeade rose to his feet. *“Pavinni, you and your family have made me very happy. Please go to the yard and bring in my driver. I want him to taste this delicious meal. He will pay you in gold. I hope that will suit.”*

The farmer smiled with rotten teeth and left them alone. The women would not hear the man’s scream of surprise as the soldiers overtook him and Kilmeade turned to Darcy with a new grin.

“Ladies? Please, come close,” Kilmeade said to the women waiting shyly along the wall. They advanced in tiny movements without meeting either man’s eye.

“Tell me when, Master,” Darcy sent, certain he would swoon the women within seconds. Kilmeade gave him a sideways wink, and Darcy took the hand of the closest woman. It was the younger daughter, Busella, and she looked up, craning her head to see into his face in the lamplight. Darcy laid it on thick—convincing her to give herself over, body and blood—

and since she was a child, she saw him as an uncle or friend of her father's to be trusted and respected.

"Yes, Master," she said, her voice small and soft, "I consent."

Before her sister or mother reacted, Darcy tended them one at a time until all three verbally consented to whatever their guests might request.

"You are truly magnificent," Kilmeade said aloud and grasped the older daughter's hand. He walked her around the wall and Darcy remained. Syl and Busella watched them go and the mother turned.

"What can I get for you, honorable sir?" the woman asked in Italian, her accent that of the local agricultural community.

Darcy bent to her ear and whispered, "Show me to your sleeping quarters."

The woman glanced at her child and then left the room, Darcy directly behind. Busella did not follow and when they reached a small, dark room with a lumpy mattress and oil lamp set on the floor, Syl closed the door and flipped the drop-lock as soon as Darcy entered. When she reached for her blouse strings Darcy covered her hand.

"I hunger for your blood," he whispered, his eyes hypnotizing all the while. She fell into his gaze and without reservation, delivered over her will. A female's consent caused the blood to take on an ambrosia-like quality and tonight because of Darcy's skill, he and Kilmeade would feast like kings. Darcy pulled free his knife and in a practiced movement the wound was made, and he lifted her up, Syl's feet off the floor. When he was finished, she was alive and unconscious. Darcy lay her onto the bed and left the room, seeking his master.

Elder Kilmeade had finished with the teen; he left her nude, unconscious, and bleeding. He came around the wall as Darcy reached him, brow raised with a question—*who did Darcy want to fuck?* Darcy parted his lips to answer and his master huffed.

"You prefer your brethren," he said as a statement and then clapped Darcy's shoulder hard. "You have a tremendous surprise coming, my pet. A gift so huge you won't believe your eyes."

Darcy's mouth formed a sideways grin at Kilmeade's sudden mysterious air. What in the world did he mean? In the current context, it would be a sexual gift. Darcy licked his lips, searching for the answer and his master squeezed his forearm.

"*Focus*, pet. The child, did you discern her illness?" he asked, looking up into Darcy's face.

Anew, Darcy was awed by his master's aura, everything about the Elder caused him distraction. He corralled his thoughts before Kilmeade reacted and answered with a shake of the head. Darcy was a healer, but not a true diagnostician.

"Consumption. She'll live another year," his master said and turned for the exit. "We will leave her with her mother and sister. Our brethren may yet pass by here in the next few months and I will leave word of consenting females in this place."

Darcy nodded as he followed him out. Their brethren had readied the horses and loaded the other carriages. Kilmeade climbed into their vehicle and Darcy followed, the master's personal scent mixing now with that of the female he'd bedded.

Was he satisfied? Darcy did not invite the idiotic questions that tickled his mind, but that didn't prevent them from assaulting him as the horses kicked off. *Does he prefer a female's*

attentions? Am I not enough?

Kilmeade's piercing gaze finally broke his internal monologue with its power. Darcy met his eye in the dark space, his master licking his lips and then slowly tipping his chin to the side.

"A mortal..." Kilmeade began in their language and then fell into telepathy to finish. "...a human is beneath me, beneath you..." He forced a shiver. "...Beneath every brother in our population. I hate them. I loathe them all. I see them as dirty, roach-like, and simple-minded. But..."

He paused and summoned Darcy closer with two fingers. Darcy dropped to the carriage floor onto his knees and sat upon his rump his face tilted upward.

"Like a roach, they are useful. They maintain our planet," he said in his silky voice, switching to Italian, Darcy's favorite when spoken by his master. "Both sexes have hands to work and soft places to release our lust." He shrugged. "I will always prefer my kind over them. As you age, you will find no Rakum truly favors a mortal. Mark my word."

And Darcy did—he listened and memorized it all.



Finally, the entourage had reached the last evening's ride which would bring them to Kilmeade's Italian estate. Minutes before sundown in the waystation safe place, Darcy rose to don his clothing but Kilmeade bade he wait, addressing him from a nearby chair.

"Let me look upon you in this light." With his chin to the side, Kilmeade moved the oil lamp across Darcy's naked body. "Oh, yes. Your appearance is resplendent! How did you escape my awareness for more than six decades?"

Darcy watched his eyes. The question had been rhetorical and he awaited more. Knowing his master found him so overwhelming to the senses gave him immense pleasure and he wished with every fiber of his being that he could somehow repay him for all he had done and would do in the future.

"You serve me, Darcy, that is your payment and my reward. Isn't this a beautiful marriage of master and ish-mikhan!"

Again, Darcy remained mute, but he flexed his muscles in such a way that Kilmeade smiled and wrinkled his nose.

"Oh, my precious pet! It is nearly time. As promised, I saved the best surprise for last," he said, a twinkle of mischief in his bright gray eyes. "I have another *ish-mikhan*."

Darcy's jaw dropped. He had not met any of his kind and his master nodded at the excitement building in his servant.

"Yes, my first pup, his name is Jersey, and it is my will that the two of you will be companions. You will be compatible and ply your skills together, with each other, and apart. This experiment will be my top priority until I am satisfied that I have learned all I can."

His master's grin widened as Darcy worked to imagine what another fix-it man might be like. And what they would do together, and what power their coupling might introduce to the world. He tried to see his counterpart's face in his master's mind, but Kilmeade blocked him, explaining it was part of the experiment. With eager expectation, Darcy dressed under

his master's watchful eye and awaited their departure.

In two hours, the carriage pulled to the gigantic double door of a huge stone wall. This was the castle's outer gate, and once opened, the horses carried them another hundred yards to the house entrance. Darcy stepped down from the carriage and Kilmeade followed directly after. He touched his elbow and Darcy turned.

"Stand here. I must see your faces at the meet. Close your eyes; Pluto will lead you forward when I call."

Darcy closed his eyes with a tight grin, his heart hammering. He absorbed the sounds of the brethren nearby and, their body scents, and that of the livestock and a hearty stew cooking in the house. Pluto took his bicep in hand and tugged him forward. Darcy stepped from gravel to smooth stone and walked twenty-five paces, gruffly led by the arm. A new body scent reached his nostrils; it was the ish-mikhan. He smelled of lavender soap and something else, something close to Darcy's own aroma, pheromones and excited perspiration. Kilmeade was nearby and Darcy waited for the command to open his eyes. He and the other ish-mikhan were placed barely three feet apart—he felt the man's body heat now—and Kilmeade stood to his left forming a three-man triangle.

He heard in his mind, *"Open your eyes."*

"Darcy Vandiver, meet Jersey. My first pup."

Oh...

Darcy's inhale had been audible. Jersey stepped into him, craning his neck in an exaggerated movement, grinning wide at their height difference. Darcy looked down on him, the most beautiful Rakum he had ever seen—green eyes, emerald and shining, hair soft, wavy, and nearly the same color as his own, a strong build of balance and allure. It seemed much more than he deserved and as the thought tickled his inner mind, Jersey's eye twinkled. He lifted warm palms to either side of Darcy's face, cupping gently and diving deep into his gaze. Darcy remained immobile in his grasp, seeing in Jersey's face a future brighter than the sun.

"He's a romantic, Master," Jersey said then, looking into Darcy's eyes but speaking to Kilmeade. "He is perfect. You honor me with this magnificent companion."

Still speechless, Darcy moistened his lips.

"You are home," Jersey sent, reading him more easily than any grunt ever had. Then Jersey applied the tiniest bit of pressure to Darcy's cheeks in case he wanted to lean down. *"Ish-mikhan don't need words, do we?"*

Darcy bent down, his head rushing.

"It is our master's will that we be compatible," Jersey said in a soft voice that flowed with substance to Darcy's ears. "Do you think we can do that?" he asked even smoother.

In drawing him into the house, Pluto had led him into a bedroom, Darcy only now aware of the enormous soft-mattressed bed to his right. With his head and groin pounding with blood, he cupped Jersey's neck with one big hand and pulled him close. At first, he smashed their lips together, closed-mouthed and sealed tight. One, two, three seconds he held Jersey fiercely to his own face. Then, when he relaxed the pressure to the man's neck, the kiss opened and Darcy dove in, withholding nothing.

Jersey chuckled, still connected, his breath filling Darcy's cheeks. Darcy recognized the sound—it was joy. He felt it, too. The embrace morphed into explorations, the difference in

their heights no challenge as Darcy's right hand caressed Jersey's chest and at his middle, Jersey worked loose his belt. Darcy ripped his mouth from Jersey's with a smack, feeling his own grin and seeing it reflected in his companion's shining face. With a violent shove, he pushed Jersey onto the bed and hopped upon him in a straddle as the world and their small audience melted into his subconscious.

Darcy propped his weight upon open hands at either side of Jersey's head. *"What will you teach me, Master?"* he sent telepathically, respecting Jersey's seniority.

"Wonderful things," Jersey returned, their eyes locked, his knees coming up to Darcy's lower back. *"So many wonderful things."*

With another joyful chuckle from them both, the two ish-mikhan found themselves more compatible than they could ever have imagined. And Kilmeade was pleased.

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You can read more about Darcy Vandiver and Jersey in the following novels:

- [*Blood Sex & Violence, a Vampire's Rebuttal*](#) by Emil Jersey (Run Rabbit Books 2019)
www.emiljersey.com
- *Conundrum: The Lost Rabbit* by Ellen C Maze (Little Roni Publishers 2019)
www.ellencmaze.com
- *The Vestige: Last Chapter* by Ellen C Maze (Little Roni Publishers 2020)
- *Malcontent* by Emil Jersey (Run Rabbit Books 2020)

