



FIACHRA'S CATH

Place: Ireland, a battle-line outside a ringed fort

Time: 500 BC, an age of inter-tribal warfare and cattle rustling

Characters: Fiachra, a young warrior

Sons of the Sons of the High Kings

Glossary:

southern: the subterranean area beneath a hut within the ringed fort

berserker: an ancient Norse warrior of great strength and courage

High Kings: the ancient Ireland of the Celts was made up of 100 kingdoms owing allegiance to higher kings at Connaught and Munster, with a High King living at Tara, the political and spiritual center of Ireland until AD 1000. For information about the High Kings and ancient legends and stories: Lady Augusta Gregory's *Complete Irish Mythology*. In the mid-19th century, Lady Gregory, gathered the oral tradition of Ireland into written form. With WB Yeats, she was also one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin (1898).

Cath: war

Bodh: pronounced "bud"; penis

Magairlí: pronounced "mogerley"; testicles (Mogerley coincidentally also just happens to be the brand name of a very popular sausage company based in Dublin)

Tóin: pronounced "tone": arse, butt

Póg Mo Thóin: pronounced "pogue mahone"; kiss my butt (Pogue Mahone was the original name for the band, The Pogues)

Claidhemh Catha: Battle Sword

Bodhrán: pronounced "bow ron"; tribal drum (handheld)

©Palm Drive Publishing, All Rights Reserved

[HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK](#)

LAWRENCE W. CLOAKE

FIACHRA'S CATH

A clear crisp day and the battle lines are drawn. Fiachra stands with his tribal companions, ritually stripping himself of his leggings, his heavy winter cloak, and sandals. He stands proud and naked with his boyhood friends, sons of the sons of High Kings, ignoring his shriveled both and cold-retracted magairlí. They are preparing to line out against the cattle-thieving tribe across the dew-damp meadow, in this, his first battle for his people.

Beneath the hands of the men of the tribe, his naked body is daubed blue with war paint. Great slashes of colour run across his burgeoning torso and down his trembling abdomen, finishing on his coltish thighs in sharp tails. The paint makes him safe and fierce. With sword and shield in one hand and his throwing spears in the other, he laughs and jokes with the men as they approach the front line, their tribal bodhráns drumming, goading them on.

High above, unnoticed by the naked warriors, a lone raven hovers, observing and unobserved.

Shouldering into his place, Fiachra throws his first withering look across the battlefield where the naked warriors of the attacking tribe stand.

The shouting and taunting begins. The two offensive lines trade insults and abuse and spears with one another.

Fiachra jumps ahead in line with the rest of the men as they work themselves up into a frenzy. His tumescent both bouncing between his thighs slowly begins to harden with battle lust.

The enemy turns as a man and, rear-face, present their tóin to Fiachra's tribe and shout, "Póg Mo Thóin!" Their

buttocks shine glorious in the early morning light. Fiachra could swear he sees a winking hole, here and there, between the twitching buttcheeks. Curious, he feels a stir of desire for the other tribe mix with the rising lust of battle. His bodh stiffens to its full glory and he takes a sidelong glance at the men beside him. In this his first battle he can't understand why they all sport a rage of hardons. He thinks for a moment that they must all be like him. Lovers of men. But it makes no sense as he knows that they are not like him, even though the men directly beside him nudge and wink at his engorged manhood.

He chews on the truth that he is born rampantly wilder by nature, living askew amidst all these desirable men, warriors fighting shoulder to shoulder, with his pulsing bodh displaying open lust for their nakedness, his very hardness challenging their courage. Not having to cover up from their knowingness thrills him. Some nights dark shadows cross the grass of the ringed fort and he guides the shadows hand-first into his hut and down into the storage souterrain beneath the hut where lies refuge and comfort.

He chases no man who chases him not first.

He swings his hips from side to side wagglng his bodh against his thighs and contracting the muscle in his groin. He shivers with desire and almost shoots his essence.

All around him the yelling and curses have drowned out his thoughts. The battle lust has completely taken over. The charge begins. The pounding of the drums replaces his own heartbeat and drives him forward ecstatic.

As the two lines draw closer, Fiachra charges mesmerized by the rampant enemy. So many bodhs aimed at him and all he wants is to fall to his knees and worship their splendor. The array of so many different bodhs charging towards him pushes him over the brink. His bouncing manhood throbs, splattering the ground before him with his spunk. He keeps running on with the charge. Flume trails from his pulsing meat and sticks to his pounding legs.

The lines of naked men crash together and danger itself shrinks as he dares and ducks beneath a sword whistling over his head. He drives up, his Claidhemh Catha held stiffly in front of him like a strong bodh, and skewers the man whose blood spurts out across Fiachra's muscle-lean torso and

sensitive ringed nipples, thrusting twin points hardened to pliable leather by fingers and mouths. He swings his strong arms left and right, his bodh hard again with blood lust, loving the men he is cutting down.

Berserk with battle high, he hacks and slices, cleaving the muscle and flesh that he would rather lick and suck. One clear moment stands out starkly before him, as with a back swing, he slices a strapping big bodh from between the attacking massive thighs of a huge wide-shouldered warrior no older than himself. He almost cries as he sees, in tranced motion, the surprised piece of spermy young flesh pulse, and flop, on the ground like a dying fish.

All the while the raven keeps a vigilant eye on Fiachra's deathly dance, moving slowly with the eddies and drafts of death screams and berserk roars. His wings turn with Fiachra's charging swath of lust and muscle through the ebb and flow of battle which Fiachra and the sons of the sons of the High Kings must win or themselves suffer starvation, slavery, or death.

Suddenly grabbed from behind by a berserker with huge arms, Fiachra feels a raging bodh slide between his budding buttocks, push against his snug-knot sphincter, break the sacred ring of his tóin, ram up inside him, lifting him momentarily off his feet.

Reversing his sword as the man strangles him, Fiachra drives his blade stabbing backward into the man's heaving gut.

He feels the man, fully sized up inside him, thrust deep inside his tóin, contract, ejaculate, slamming convulsions in one final death-defying charge of seed and blood and fury.

The rictus of cum is hot, and Fiachra twitches his tóin, feeling the enemy cum boil up to his strong heart.

With no time to savor his warrior's first bliss in the man's captured juices, he spins, ready for the next attack.

But it is all over. All about him bodies lie dead and dying.

He straddles the berserker's face and he streams golden down across the dying man who dies.

He has murdered the enemy champion.

Fiachra's tribe is victorious, and he the most berserk of all. His companions gather him up and carry him on their shoulders back towards their line. Cheering rings through his ears as they shout their approval of his exploits. He has

become a totem hero of the tribe's rites of manhood.

Fiachra raises his hand to his eyes to hide his tears at the terrible waste of flesh all around him. His own bodh is now quiet and aches from the constant cumings that had wracked his young body throughout the battle. His bodh and tóin had paid homage to the blood orgy of hardened manhood. He feels empty. He wants the embrace of a strong man to ease the ache of survival as he calls the names of his childhood friends. Some of the sons of the sons of the High Kings are laid on their shields. They are keened, waked, and storied.

Later, after the tribe celebrates victory, Fiachra seeks out and lays himself down with a wandering man. A man who explains how death is the greatest aphrodisiac in human experience. A man who leaves Fiachra, after fucking him into the sod, sleeping in oblivion. A man who disappears in the smoke and mist with the flutter of dark wings.

In the night, the raven settles beside his shoulder, watching over him, his sharp beak a lethal guard over the handsome young warrior, Fiachra.

