

Bird man

Lonely

“Boudicca followed Mingo Drum who rode Old Rag like some Beast King.

“And that is what my captor is, king of the beasts,” she told herself.

Now Nostradamus was silent having been reprimanded by Mingo.

“We are going to his house where Bran Llyr and Branwan are waiting for us,” Little Drum cheerfully knowing that Mingo was never angry with her for long.

As for Boudicca she watched Mingo’s broad shoulders a field of sweat bubbles that burst into rivers to flow down his tapering winged muscular back where his long hair wetted by sweat stuck to the ball of his back; like a lion’s mane.

His bare skin deeply tanned and shiny with his body oils.

She could smell the beast on him.

His gold hair band reflecting the purple rays of the sun making it twinkle like it was full of gems.

His crown.

His gleaming muscle thighs gripping the flanks of Old Rag, his glinting bare feet were his hidden cat claws were ready to spring out and open an enemy.

And Boudicca liked as a woman only could, his tight bottom.

“Dispater God what am I thinking of?” She checked herself.

He was worse than an alien, a mutant beast. And tried hard to see him as a winged flesh eater but failed.

She thought of the scar hoping it would revolt her, but made her feel sorry for him as it ruined his handsome face.

Bird man

She remember he had lamed daddy but the anger faded as she blamed Madrawt planted lies that made allies enemies.

How could she be sexually attracted to the beast ahead?

Because of genetic advances humans and aliens married throughout the empire for peace and could have children.

Once modified he would no longer be a beast, an alien perhaps?

Aliens saw humans as aliens you know!

It was something one just grew up with and got used too so never thought about.

But she had never lain with an alien, frankly because she had not met a handsome one to sweep her off her feet, until now, and he wasn't an alien, he was A BEAST.

Mingo Drum Vercingetorix was nothing more than an intelligent bird and she had better not forget it.

And his rudder like tail?

It was so long he could never stuff it down his pants at an officer's ball?

It reminded her that he looked a monkey, but he did carry it gracefully.

Soft and the feathers soft still.

Poor naughty Boudicca found herself wondering what he did with it while he went to bed with a woman. Did it entwine about to make sure the damsel could not escape?

Just how did these Bird people propagate their kind? She did not know!

On the wing?

Some said it was.

Others like pigeons in a park.

So chided herself for having such improper thoughts.

Bird man



Illustration 43: Mingo Mingo Drum what a catch Boudicca?

Just then Mingo turned; the right side of his face caught the sun and flamed purple.

His eyes glowed yellow like an eagles.

Definitely a beast, but what a beast she concluded.

And he smiled, melting his stern face into a bowl of friendly warmth.

He was almost human after all she guessed.

“He is Mingo Drum, don’t ever forget that,” Nostradamus beside her.

She flushed, he was right.

A beast that had shown more compassion than anyone she had ever met.

Yes, the hunchback was correct, a warrior who didn’t know the meaning of fear, just fatigue.

Mingo, a king who had sensible good laws.

Bird man

Mingo, a hero of his people.

Mingo, who was becoming superman too her.

Mingo, a man who could unite his people and her own in peace and war.

Mingo, her noble savage.

Her:

And Mingo Drum Vercingetorix saw himself as none of these.

Just a lonely warrior who felt the weight of responsibility from aging and killing.

He was a man who bedded many females for he had an urge inside him that needed relief and made him male.

A male beast.

Who had many sons and daughters.

But all killed in the wars.

And knew a warrior's place was on the wing when there was war so how could he settle down, there was only war these days.

He was grateful to all the women that bore him children, maybe one day one would live.

But all had had his genes and so fought to free his people and died doing so.

In FREEDOM.

And as each died some of his heart broke.

He had loved all his children.

He loved his people as if they were his children too.

And saw Boudicca as different.

She was human.

She was mysterious.

Bird man

She had entered his life at a time when he longed to settle down.

He had had enough of war, so had his people and they knew he knew that.

He would like to watch his children grow and reward him with grandchildren to play and spoil.

He saw Boudicca as very beautiful who would have handsome children.

She was a warrior he knew.

She walked like one with confidence.

He respected her like he did all women.

He would like to take her to his room like the other women but wasn't sure how to go about it, she was human after all.

And told not even Little Drum this, especially not Little Drum who could really gossip.

And Lonely should be his name."

From what I was told about Mingo and Boudicca.

Vern Lucas.