

Oneghus

Harpostrex

Background: home film unit on living room wall showing adult.

**Smell of woman**

Mistress Oppo was expecting her lover Appomax. She was furious he was late.

Her sumptuous surroundings were littered with broken artefacts and was aiming a small Ming vase at her main door when she heard buzzing.

Her arm froze; she didn't have a buzzer, a gentle chime.

Appomax playing games? Definitely not Appomax as he had no sense of humour.

An assassin as she was a liability.

He could not know she was playing a double game.

"Hello lover."

Startled she faced the voice.

**SOUND**

There stood Harpostrex her puppeteer; hadn't changed, still grim faced,

**007 Music**

immaculately dressed, lean strong dangerous. His blonde hair plastered down with wet hair gel ending in a long pigtail at the occipital.

His gaze was cold.

"Master Harpostrex, I didn't know you were on Hesse?"

And he master of lies knew straight away she had a lover and his appointment time.

"Put it down."

And she dropped the vase, Appomax was due.

Anyway, Harpostrex walked over to a plastic pink wall unit decorated in molded love making scenes and poured two glasses of white wine. This was the only time he ever drank, to relax for a show.

And stuck a chemical indicator into his glass.

With dark glasses he knew he was a master spy



**Harpostrex cough**

Waited for it to change colour.

It didn't, was safe to drink.

After all her scheming, she was desirable. He had picked her for this attribute to seduce Satan's enemies and occasionally allow her to seduce him.

His jobs had perks.

"You are a child," and stroked her long blond hair, "there is only one master of the Game and it is I.

Now tell me what Appomax and Oneghus have been up to?"

And she did, she was programmed too.

"It is a great same Oneghus refuses you, the man is rare, he has principles, he must be destroyed."

And cleaned his teeth with a tooth pick and placed a finger on his nose.

Oppo feared, he was in thought; logic always triumphed when he was like this; could easily dispose of her no matter how much he wanted her.

A buzzing fly landed on his left heavily ringed pinkie finger.

"One of Dr. Yokel's toys. Brilliant isn't it," he coyly.

“I have a constant insect repellent in force,” she defensively staring at the big fat blue bottle spreading germs.

“Who do you serve?” He raising his gaze to her.

She wondered how much he knew?

He felt sorry for her, her program forced her to tell him everything without her remembering ever doing so. Yokel had fooled about with a dementia gene to get this result.

Without warning he pulled her blue eyed face towards his by her long blond hair.

“Lustful Appomax is he?” His breath smelling of garlic gum boils.

She could stand the pain, but the stink of garlic?

He kissed her then held her back.

“You have forgotten what I mean to you?” She putting as much purr in to her voice as she unzipped his pants.

Master Harpostrex allowed Mistress Oppo to work. She was the only woman ever allowed to get this close. Mistress Oppo was checked daily for infection.

“You like it rough do you?” He growled knowing like any other woman preferred gentleness, but knew what Appomax liked, he recorded all his meetings with Oppo.

Harpostrex was deliberately being cruel. He thought it made him macho.

He proceeds to rip her short green skirt to shreds imitating Appomax.

Mistress Oppo watched the fly watching her.

Harpostrex wanted the Yokel fly to see his manliness.

So got her pert nipples going.

From left to right nipple he drank oozing sex hormones; Yokel genes again.

And coupled.

And as he did she allowed her mind to wonder, she was from Earth, sent to Hesse by garlic breathe on top.

Once a small happy blond girl running through rape oil fields on a farm. In one hand yellow flowers and other, a plastic Cindy doll.

In a hurry to get home, it was lunch time. And when she got home, her tranquility collapsed for dada was loading up a removal hovercraft as he had sold **everything** to pay off Satan's taxes.

The next image was of an older girl, very street wise leaning against a lamp post in New York City.

Her dark glasses was for privacy



Wearing a dirty old raincoat she did suddenly flash

She worked for the American Security Company as a snoop and had given up decent living.

She showed mercy to those that begged her to dispose of their secrets, she allowed them Russian roulette.

Her reputation was so great Harpostrex hired her.

And didn't mind sleeping with him if it advanced her, and he knew this dangerous aimless girl was just what Planet Hesse needed.

Anyway Harpostrex was drooling over her sun tanned blue exposed back. She knew blue skin fitted her in to Hessian society.

And got dizzy thirty one times.

It was guaranteed with all that nipple work. And she knew she wasn't stopping him, Slitherdrome was a few blocks away.

He stopped because he had done his business.

"Loved that didn't you?"

She moaned, she wasn't stupid and the drugs made sure she did anyway.

And he swung her legs open for the fly to have a look and made her feel cheap. It was his way of reminding her who was BOSS and who dispensable.

And she wondered if anyone would ever love her for just her?

He thought of taking a male pill and doing more business.

She just lay there messed thinking of a little girl running through yellow rape fields.

As much as he liked her, she had an open booking with the dragon's chief

executioner, one day she would outlive her usefulness, and that day was coming, she was involved with Appomax, had allowed her self to dream fantasies of power. The emperor would never forgive her even if it was her job to couple for information.

Harpostrex's face was like a stone.

She saw there the saw ripping the front of her neck; the dragon had to be different.

Why was she in this business? She decided she needed a shrink. What she needed was for Harpostrex to stop feeding her genes and let her have her own mind. Do we blame Harpostrex or society? Drink did the same thing, was allowed because it made trapping a boozy female easier. Genes were a surer thing; girls used them on men too, homosexuals, lesbians, transsexuals, gad it was big business and Dr. Yokel was smiling all the way to the bank.

Master Harpostrex caught the fly and put it in a bottle, it could be reprogrammed, and let loose a Death Head Moth from another.

It was time for a visit to yokel.

Oppo wandered if it was powerful males that attracted her, Appomax, Harpostrex, she couldn't cope, she was getting coupled too often, wanting it, craving for it, and a sane thought floated in from her right temple, "You better eat drug free food girlie," a whisper.

It was good advice; she wanted to hit the chief supplier in front of her, but a memory of Slitherdrome and severe beating stopped her.

Harpostrex took a pill, the fly wasn't watching any more, now he could be himself. Appomax could bloody well wait for his turn.

"By the way, get Oneghus between the sheets, I am surprised you haven't? It should be a big turn on for you, a big man with a big anatomy," and when he made

her cheap like this she knew what was coming.

He filled her wine with powder and held it for her to drink. She felt like spilling it, but then he did shot her with a needle gun ejecting her like a wild beast needing tamed.

So she drank and turned into a frenzied sex kitten. Redressed and reduced herself to the positions out of a cheap porno mag. Harpostrex thought it great, especially the bondage part on her.

He was filthy, he wasn't a man any more, not even an animal, he was avoiding the light in his soul that was screaming to stop the degradations.

But this is how Harpostrex liked Mistress Oppo, as cheap as the drugs could make her.

"I need a shrink," Mistress Oppo whispered four hours later.

"I am beautiful," Harpostrex admiring his body in front of a mirror. He felt powerful, wanted it again, but knew there was work to be done, beside, he was leaving a soiled unwrapped present for Appomax and that made him feel good.



Was he crazy, Appomax would beat her, rape her, beat her, and rape her till he could vent his anger no more.

But Mistress Oppo was a professional, once the Harpostrex got out of her apartment she would clean herself up, besides, Appomax beat and raped anyway, that is how the son of The Beast liked it. Another one who was hiding from the light of his soul.