

268  
Oneghus

Ursa



Docking Port Sot Moon.

**SOUND**

### **Red Indian music, cool stuff**

Oasis was unaware of what was happening on Hesse. But knew she was on Sot, home of High King Ursa Mingo.

Knew badly of him, a pink skinned genetic blob with dirty yellow over lapping teeth.

Tissues that indulged in overindulgence.

*“You see all we want of mankind is moderation,”* a whisper fed up with humankind.

Joshua said he had large ears to swat flies.

Helena that he had green tiny eyes and bright yellow hair.

So sadly Oasis saw the giant titanium doors close off the twinkling night sky and the bright yellow ball that was Planet Hesse.

Would Oneghus rescue her? They had talked deeply and she was sure she wasn't just another woman to him for bosom and bed. Why would he come for her, because he was different and she had been wicked that night?

Her father had implanted a frightening picture of his gender in her mind.

“Thanks dad,” she.

She knew he was right up to a point. She had morals and believed in a higher

being. So did the judge even if the belief was mistaken.

The thought of Oneghus and his heroes busting in here cheered her.

**“If Oneghus makes it here I will convert,”** Oasis didn’t have the magnatorc turned on.

**“Oasis.”**

“What?” Aloud, ignoring the voice’s sympathetic tone.

**“No one can listen. It’s me kiddo, Insect. As soon as I can I will put you aboard a robot craft and Hesse.”**

“What about the others?”

**“What? I am not a magician.”**

“You were speaking to someone from the outside weren’t you?” Star demanded.

Oasis gave an apologetic hopeful look.

**“Okay, tell Star and no more.”**

Oasis whispered, “Me and you are going home, no room for the others, yet.”

Star sagged with relief, she needed bath and here a man needs to be a God to understand; their were unwanted tadpoles in her and she felt like ripping her belly open to get rid of them.

\*

**And the plum wine flowed freely to the  
drunks**

**SOUNDS**

stood next to his toughened radox plastic sheet window.

**Drunks arguing**

Behind him his court more nosey than usual. A band played 1943 Glen Millar music. This was their last meal so had a right to party, knew what that cluster of new stars meant.

Then the powerful telepathic probes had began and they knew the stars were

Slayer's fleet.

He was proud of Granddad's picture



They called it the Peacock throne mmmmmmph I wonder?

As long as he lived which Ursa suspected wouldn't be long, that cold voice would remain immobilizing him.

"Do nothing to resist me," Slayer had commanded.

A small red haired earthling boy, a slave noticed the flick of Ursa's fingers and approached with a heavy bronze wine beaker.

And Ursa didn't find the Earthling's struggle to fill his wine beaker funny this night. Couldn't giggle as he thought up a punishment for the boy. Couldn't even think of that.

But not his courtesans who celebrated. They were Coolers and going out in style.

\*

It was the first time Oasis saw Slayer.

“Ursa, as new subjects of the dragon show your gratitude and donate a million rils to the imperial war effort,” Slayer demanded.

Ursa’s own complaints were drowned out by a chorus of drunken refusals. Also by many piercing screams.

Ursa saw young men and girls stripped of their skin from their hair line to their toes.

Ursa shook, he was sure one was a favourite son, but it was hard to tell. If Slayer wanted to impress, he had done a good job.

Now Oasis and the other girls were present to gyrate the Moon Dance, and saw the yellow hologram of Slayer turn red and six Cooler lords turn into ash. **Sulphuric smell**

Ursa Mingo’s court was silent.

Who was next?

They understood.

And Oasis understood fear.

It made her heart beat faster.

It made her sweat.

It made her panicky.

It allowed some urine to escape.

And her stomach muscle tighten in pain,

So she dampened where she sat.

And made her realise she was humanoid.

It was fear.

It was a common human feeling and allowed the human race to dominate.

Slayer we go sleighing on snowy fields.....brrr



“Phew he’s being eating garlic?”

It was a survival mechanism.

\*

Retiarus

Whom Hessians called their reborn Prince stood at the viewing screen of his small frigate Jewel of the Desert.

He was Oneghus and was deep in thought as he tried to figure out why they should call him this. He was an Earthling and the deliverer had to be Hessian, so why call him a descendant of Astrod?

But the prophecy was Oneghus, and Planet Hesse had united against it against the beast whose mark was

666.

Oneghus saw the looming moons and

vast array of twinkling lights that was Slayer's fleet.

"That's the message sent to Rattray gov'." Wong.

The judge didn't reply, was in his usual posture, legs braced apart, and hands on hips.

His mental powers had developed since he had removed the tattoo, his mark of the beast.

His inner glow perceived the yellow energy shimmering towards them from the enemy fleet and he felt ice walk over him.

Spirit energy.

In response he shot out his telepathic mind to meet the energy probe half way.

He stood back knees crumbling when his mind met.

A dog flea hitching a ride amongst his yellow robes blew apart. A moth tried escaping but gyrated to the ground lifeless.

Wong and Cullen held Oneghus up alarmed.

He stood sweating; he could not show his men weakness.

He was Oneghus, a tower of superhuman strength.

He had better be the latter.

"Prepare to meet an unwelcome visitor," he warned and turned to watch the yellow hologram materialise in the command center of the Jewel of the Desert.

"When I blink blast it with lasers," he told them.

Even Wong looked nervous as he wondered what was forming in front of them.

Then saw the personage he had sworn revenge against.

He lifted his laser pistol.

"Wait," Oneghus.

Wong saw his governor's eyes, full of the cosmos, the spirit that gave life to all beings, a divine spark, animating us from frog to pig. Oneghus's eyes were full of it.

Who was his friend Oneghus?

He knew the Raddite answer.

The reincarnation of Prince Astrod who had running in his veins the power of the  
 other side of the curtain that separates 666 living from dead.  
**Cymbals clash** **SOUNDS**

"Oneghus," **Slayer** hissed. **Smell of**  
**army field latrines...pew got any nose pegs?**

"Ursa Mingo will make you my prisoner till I return from conquering Hesse."

"Is all that you have to say?"

his heart to stop.

There was a blink.

A hologram shattered as laser glowed.

Oneghus felt the Slayer scream all the way back across space to the real Slayer.

Then wiped his nose bleed away. He had been right not to trust evil.

\*

Sagor the merchant sat in his leather padded rocking chair viewing the imperial  
 fleet at anchor.

He was impatient.

In his ship's safe an imperial document granting him the monopoly of the Hessian  
 gold mines.

So sent a message to Slayer reminding him their master awaited profitable returns.

The Slayer got the message and made a public joke about it, but inwardly he knew  
 the damn merchant was correct. His dragon emperor awaited good news, and each

Always timid because Slayer bullied the twerp

“What?”



Apollyon who?

Slayer laughed and his demonic eyes glowed red and Oneghus felt mind forcing  
Hysterical laughter

SOUND

“Who let off?”

minutes delay brought the personal imperial hologram for him a reality.

Therefore Slayer left the control room of the warship Dragon's Eye and entered his private red upholstered bed chamber.

Naked humanoids seeing blood drip from his right cheek slid out of the black silk

and pink satin sheets. Slayer looked in a mirror; saw the cut Oneghus had put there when the laser shattered the hologram. Had sent a slither by thought up the hologram waves to him, cutting him.

Had never happened before, Oneghus was dangerous. Even Apollyon the dark angel had been shaken.

Who was this Oneghus?



It made him hesitant.

Now that imbecile Sagor had caught up.

And giving commands.

Hesse should be in flames by now.

Why wasn't it?

He wasn't sure of this judge now.

Why did Oneghus want these Outer Moons?

A strong magnetic shield had now gone up around them after Oneghus landed.

He should have destroyed the moons earlier.

And knew somehow he had handed the moons to Oneghus.

Slayer lacked human reasoning, only understanding brute force. Why he could

understand the personal hologram from his emperor. It was a picture of hell, of the

Outer Darkness. Of cities with overlords ruled by overlords up the apex to Lord Satan.

Satan would send him home as a servant not chief. To be abused, to gnash teeth and

wail and edge closer to the outer limits of the Outer Darkness where what little light is

in Slayer goes out: extinction, the final death; no hope of eternal progress for his soul.

Slayer would be truly dead.

Fear filled Slayer so much so the erection of the hanged showed and a silly humanoid girl mistook its meaning.

Slayer could have stopped her but he was Slayer, and then beat her to death putting his fear into the other slaves cringing about his bed. And that is how

Slayer got rid of FEAR.

Shaking his head clear he entered the control room of Dragon's Eye and ordered the immediate invasion of Hesse.

A fly hatched from a hidden egg in a tooth cavity and escaped his mouth for the stench was too much there.

"Attack," Slayer and thumped a red button with an emblazoned skull.

Missiles left silos heading for Hesse.

But the images a fly had sent would reach Rattray first warning of the approaching instant death. A fly put there by a doctor acting the role of dentist.

A just in case spy fly; I will leave it to you to guess the doctor's name?

\*

Insect had spiced their light evening meal with the fabled fantasy drug; the same one Zola found so interesting. It was his orders and an act of mercy to obliterate Oasis's mind to the Moon Dance.

Insect's whip hissed the air and taut skin drums beat.

Ursa Mingo raised eyebrows.

And Insect hated himself.

"I'll give thirty silver dolets for the red head," a Cooler minor king shouted.

The tax inspector was alarmed for the dolets were for Star whom he was infatuated with.

Make that forty another pledged.

"No," the inspector shouted rising to his feet and dragged a brunette female over to the long circular table where Cooler dignitaries sat.

He ripped off the brunette's silver cups. At once her hands covered her charms, she had been brought up properly.

The inspector gave her a push and she fell across the table and food. The dignitaries thought the dish of moon octopus tentacles moving over her chest funny.

**SOUND**

**“I am ashamed,”** Insect.

**Japanese traditional**

**Male animals are colourful to attract females**



**So females are sexy to attract powerful men it figures?**

Oasis ignored his intrusion with a grunt. She was full of fantasy drug looking at the Coolers with immoral wicked thoughts.

And rubbed her round belly where her womb hid behind. There was Cooler mutant babies to be born. A new race was rising in space; she had a duty to help.

**“Follow me Oasis and we shall escape.”**

**“To where?”**

Her moments sanity passed as the drug hit hormones. Now she danced like a bitch dog and acted like one.

Meanwhile the tax inspector had taken Star.

No one noticed.

Their attention was divided between the brunette trying to pull the moon octopus

off her face and Oasis.

No one cared.

A knife slit the moon octopus jelly head in two.

A hand pulled some tentacles away.

The girl could breathe again. Good flesh was not to be wasted and the tentacles were delicious. .

“Surely she’s worth a hundred gold rils,” a lord throwing a pouch at Ursa’s feet, then went for Oasis.

**SOUNDS**  
**Riotous yells**

A general riot erupted as Oasis belonged to all.

And in the confusion Insect managed to extract Oasis and pulled her to the doors.

“For you little worm, three hundred gold rils.”

Insect turned to face his king.

Ursa held out a hand for payment.

The riot quietened down.

Insect shot a hateful look at his king that did not go unnoticed.

“Who will give me a thousand rils for her,” Ursa and many did.

“Each of you will have a turn but now clear the floor. It is time for my old chamberlain to meet the retiarus,” and Ursa’s statement was greeted with cheers, except for Insect who tried to escape but was brought down and stripped to his waist.

Then thrown into the centre of the hall.

Oasis under the spell of the drug Insect had administered to her found his little deformed hairy body amusing, as he waved an S shaped knife at his laughing tormentors.

“Remember me to Oneghus Oasis,” he shouted.