

300

Oneghus

Rachel

Scenario: clear blue cloudless sky, Planet Hesse.

SOUND
Vulture screeches



Castle Vaduz was built to contain the northern desert tribes and fallen into disuse,



only containing a token garrison and visiting vultures.

The men had bad records and worse trained officers who knew promotion had passed them so welcomed Slayer seeing a means of escaping their bat infested towers.



Now Slayer stood on a balcony practising his new regenerated arms while Apollyon cleaned fingernails with a sliver of chicken bone.

Nothing to do but wait for the relieving imperial fleet.

It was the noise that attracted them to the courtyard below.

A nurse was insisting meeting them. So Slayer agreed as he needed amusement.

Lo the auburn haired nurse stood in front of him raving she was Appomax.

Drunkenly Apollyon put hands in the ripped nurse's uniform gliding over light blue panties.

Rachel wasn't in the mood and threw the groping hand away.

"I am Appomax so don't touch. Do you think I like being inside this unstable? woman whose mind screams at me continually to get out," then Rachel drank two flagons of wine.

Alcohol smell

Belched.

Slayer and Apollyon were impressed, a normal humanoid would be keeling over.

"A very attractive body," Slayer purring ripping the back off the dusty uniform. He was as drunk as Apollyon.

Rachel tried to shield her bosoms but couldn't because the wine was affecting Appomax.



Rachel hated him, in the time he had invaded her body, he had explored the inner workings of womanhood and debased it, driving poor Rachel insane.

Slayer started to excite Rachel's body as Appomax drank more wine.

In fact more wine was drunk all round, red or white, didn't matter.

Then perverted things followed that was not naturally done between the sexes; and

the three dark souls wallowed.

“Any woman can do that,” Slayer dryly hoping for extremes.

“But what about this,” and Appomax made Rachel about face, unfortunately with feet still.

A loud sickening snap.

Neck broken, Rachel was dead but still standing.

All laughed, even Rachel.

“A neat trick,” Slayer and stuck a long fingered nail through Rachel’s breast into her heart.

“Now we see if you are an Oneghus illusion or really Appomax,” Slayer satisfied the girl was not a hologram and if a human plant, well her heart had truly stopped.

And if a robot or android, they would deal with it

“Apollyon produce demons for me to inhabit. This girl served me well but it is a male demon’s body I want, strong and evil and besides, I will put in a good word with daddy and if you don’t, daddy will revenge the death of his son,” Rachel still standing as Appomax made the leaking heart beat: for Rachel's body must still live.

The point was not lost on Slayer or Apollyon. They had been defeated by Oneghus and lucky to be still alive. Were intelligent enough to figure it was the distance of Hesse from Earth that was responsible. At the moment they were not expendable, after the war, well that was another matter. And here was daddy’s spoiled boy!

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Apollyon quickly summoned five guards and they stood at attention very worried.

There stood a messed up Rachel, and worse she looked dead.

Meantime Apollyon produced a lump of black crystal from a chest. Muttering unintelligibly at the guards.....**GURGLING SOUND**.....he had pulled Rachel's heart out and emptied the blood it contained into a goblet. He had three minutes to work or Rachel would be brain dead and Appomax lost as a spirit would be going home.

Well suddenly each guard was blinking, startled because Apollyon was sprinkling her blood onto their faces.

It was time to be off but unfortunately they couldn't, dark unseen hands held them still. And in front of them Appomax's spirit formed as ectoplasm and the guards were terrified.

And the crystal, it glowed red now.

"What is taken from hell must be replaced," Apollyon drunkenly.

Now a green light came out of the crystal, snaked about, became fuzzy, then took mass, and entered a guard by his nostril orifices.

The guard became ill but the unseen hands supported.

And eventually green greyish ectoplasm grew from the man's nose and took the shape of an ape, humanoid, and a demon. Six feet tall, muscular and naked with long arms and sharp talons. Long yellow fangs hung from the mouth.

Ape faced with long flowing black hair.

"It's ugly," Appomax disgusted but inhabited for he needed a temporary physical body.

Apollyon took another drink and sent forth another green line from the crystal.

The next a pig's head with large gaping mouth with rows of shark teeth. It had a **SOUND**
Men begin to scream

naked fat humanoid body. It yawned for even demons get tired and need rest.

“I am not impressed with your practical jokes,” Appomax warned as he entered it.

And the materialisations went on till the last pleased Appomax. It was ten feet tall, sprouted feathery wings and a spiked tail which reminded him of papa. And although fierce, had a gentle face which belied the ferocity that rippled underneath rippling muscles.

“Roar” Appomax roared



Perhaps if there had only been a mirror for a reflection?

“Yes I’ll take this one,” Appomax seeing he was going to have some fun with this body, “Now Apollyon be a dear and make an army of these so I can crush Oneghus and make daddy happy,” a cruel order.

“Brilliant idea Appomax sir. We know you are indeed Appomax for the demons from hell summoned here would not submit themselves to your follies if you were not their master’s son,” he almost said *brat* but stopped himself.

Slayer could still remember were he did be sent for failure,



And Apollyon put Rachel's heart back and invisible spirit doctors on the other side mended it so it beat pumping black demonic ectoplasm through her circulatory system. And thus had deliberately blocked her soul's progression through the portal of light into the other dimension of light and love, where all realise we are God's children; no different from another because all are made of eternal spirit.

Moment of death



To allow her home would be kind, a weakness

Then they raped Rachel whose physical shell was automated again.

And that was the other reason why Apollyon had put Rachel's heart back.

They thought what they did jolly good fun.

Poor Rachel didn't.

Either did the guards whose bodies were now inhabited by demons while their souls, having entered paradise briefly, judged themselves in front of a being of white, that judged them not, but made sure they judged themselves before gyrating them to the levels they had earned for themselves; the levels of the Outer Darkness.

Here eternal progress for their souls awaited them, if they wanted it? They were

after all God's creation.

“If you asked Apollyon, Slayer or Appomax if this was so they would not tell you that the Divine Spirit beats inside all and animals: all eternal all have the same Divine Spirit animating them; thus why it is said, “Thou shalt not kill.”

Going home too



No rat traps in Heaven