

Oneghus

Them

Stink of sewers.

Smell of green slime and
mould

Mingo Start the Sewer Manager ran his small train under Hesse City. He was alone on purpose; sewer rats and slugs he was used too.

Mingo was not a violent man and owned no weapons until told about Indigo. Now his house was full of deadly objects.

A carving knife for amputations.

A rope to hang Indigo.

A box of imported Cuban cigars. He didn't smoke, not to worry, only bought them to stub them on the bugger who had taken his beautiful Princess.

A small plier to pull out the swine's finger nails.

A roll of sticky tape for bondage.

A cut throat razor to make Indigo a eunuch.

A hammer to smash the vile Hessian skull for the abduction of Princess, whose auburn hair still grazed his fingers as he stroked his little daughter to sleep.

In his crazed mind.

He had his weapons.

There wasn't a night he did not see Princess in his some memory pose. Now the object of his loathing, Indigo lay whimpering in the stalled mini-train in front of him.

Only a parent whose loved child had been sexually abused could sympathise with Mingo Start.

Or a raped man or woman.

Or Oneghus who being sensitive could feel the man's bleeding pain and so give out

Oneghus's Justice for the judges of the time sympathised with The Beast and not the innocent victim?

"Oneghus when there is peace the killing must stop for the likes of Indigo Sess are sick children and need cured and should be kept away from society till cured," a

whisper but Oneghus would not listen; he had a job to do, too wipe the planet clean of the Indigo Sess types.

They were sick weren't they? Like a sick riding hound that you put down, well you shot them didn't you?

So Mingo drank his Rape Seed drink coughing. He needed strength to carry out his natural or unnatural intentions?

He pulled the whistle like a boy



Yes his pets were with him

And Indigo Sess had been riding his sewer train and once away from Oneghus confidence grew enough for him to blow the whistle. Then he relapsed into fever and opened his eyes much later and shouted about his childhood and ambition to be a train driver.

And Mingo had heard the whistle and headed towards it till at last he could hear the wheels rattling track and turned off his train's lights.

And Indigo dreamed he was warm and cosy in his master's domains far below Heaven. Nymphs of Hell fed him olives and grapes as he lounged on a couch.

But then something was wrong, his feet seemed to be burning? His emperor whom he had served loyally would never burn his feet?

And it had been Mingo Start who had woken him by holding Indigo's right heel over a lighter. Mingo wanted the centipede totally conscious. So from a vial poured yellow mouldy fluid down Indigo's throat; something bought from a certain local

Yokel.

Tied him and waited.

"Who are you?" Indigo after twenty minutes.

"An avenging angel dung head," Mingo lighting a cigar.

But puffing made Mingo feel muzzy, dizzy. So Mingo went to stub it out on the train.

"Hey man what am I doing?" Mingo.

So with an alcoholic grin stubbed the smelly cigar deep into Indigo's glory and forgot about decency.

And a terrible piercing scream rent the underground sewer caverns. The sort of screams that belonged to someone who had not volunteered for a femdom web page.

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SOUNDS

Harbo heard the screams thinking a slug devouring a sewage worker; but what profit might be gained from venturing near the moans? So *gain* brought Harbo to a viewing point.

He didn't recognise the insignificant sewage manager, but did Indigo and grinned.

"So some bugger caught you at last Indigo, well pervert you deserve the cigars" 

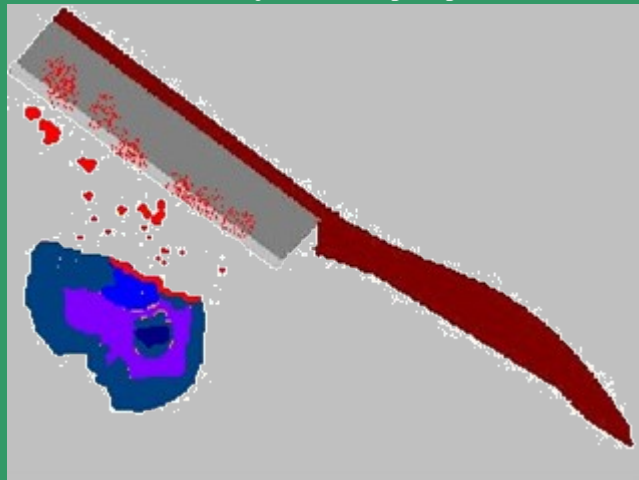
And it excited Harbo to see another suffer and lusted for this is the era of

666

And greed entered Harbo's brain and cleared it of much lust so he saw making profit in saving Indigo, whose family would pay much for Indigo this son of a slither. Even Indigo could pay his own freedom.

"Hey what are you doing?" Harbo hated it as the razor hand had dropped below Indigo's waist line.

Cut throat justice on a pedophile



And something was cut off, sorry ladies, it was an ear

Mingo felt stupid caught holding a cut throat in one hand and Sess's imagination in another.

"You idiot feature let me free, Satan knows," the pedophile demanded.

Mingo's world collapsed as he saw himself in Slitherdrome.



SOUND

So followed a panicky thought that culminated in opening his own throat.



Gurgling




The razor nicked something on the way down and Sess screamed thinking the worse.



"Cringing creep, white pudding, woman," and was rich coming from Harbo who waited till Mingo was still before ransacking pockets.



A wallet with dolet notes, some gold ril coins and credit cards with DNA prints

which meant Harbo cut Mingo's fingers off, wrapped them in found brown greasy paper floating nearby and put them in a pocket. 

A red stain appeared on the outside. 

“Hello Indigo, bet your hangings are glad to see me?”

“Who says the devil doesn't look after his own?” An Oneghus thought to end on.

“Bah I look after my own.”



“Why am I always depicted as a goat? Surely a pig would be better.”