

3 Months Later

It was typhoon season, and it coincided with the tempest of words men and women babble at each other when love becomes curdled, like milk churned into goats' cheese.

Also Mistress Oppo had made one of her few rare public appearances; she was seen to visit Dr. Yokel.

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Oasis dressed in a thin dark blue robe and Oneghus could see her body underneath it. **SOUND**
One violin for whole chapter

A slash down one the middle was prevented from slipping around her hips by lacings of silver. Her dark hair flowed in rumbling curls past her shoulders and she wore silver sandals.

A single mauve Hessian daisy was stuck in her hair, and the Insect's Beetlenut clung affectionately to her right bosom.

It was saying "Hands off" to Oneghus.

And the great Oneghus knew she was beautiful and wondered why he had allowed himself to be controlled by a drug? And Oasis had found out what he had done to the imperial demonic generals.

She was not amused, that is what Satan did.

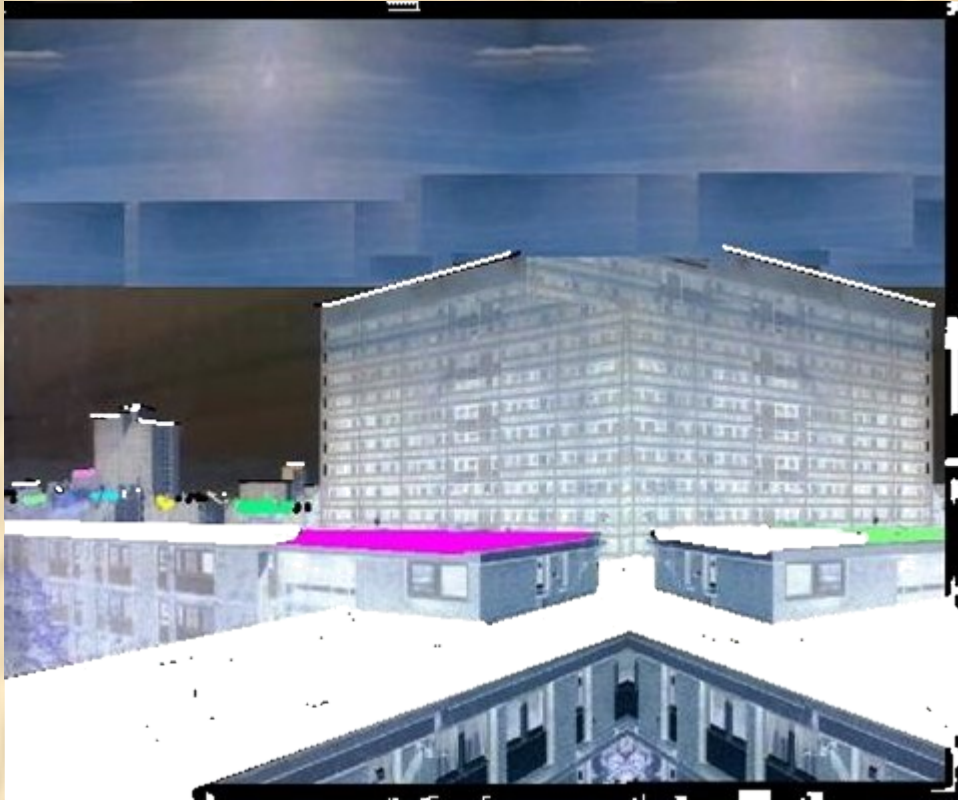
And worse, the day was hot and playing upon her pregnancy and in no mood for verbal fencing.

"You are a cruel man," she to his back as he stood legs apart hands on hips staring out of an open window across the coloured roof tops of his city. **SOUND**
A woman's acid tongue

"No I am not; if I spared them they would have been ripped apart by the mob.

Then I would have to have sent in troops and it would have been me killing Hessians and then were would I be?" He answered.

Most preferred white roofs to reflect heat back to space



But there was no mandatory law

"You are Oneghus, people listen and obey."

"And he was fat Lord Hesse and he thought the same."

"But you wanted revenge and killed them isn't that true Oneghus?"

"Alright that's the truth. I could have shot them myself for what happened to the 10th."

"Why couldn't you just forgive and be magnificent?"

"Because because becauseI am Oneghus and they demons."

"Because you are a beast like your man eating friend Zacross and green ape Yaw There and that idiotic Bee Bear wearing body armour designed for men," and felt guilt rip across her heart. Actually she was very fond of them, everyone was, they were

misfits and it made people good to call them the Beasts of Oneghus as if the police were about and robbers watch out. And she hated demons but would never admit her religious beliefs condemned demons to hell fires; it was just that Oneghus deserved belittling at every turn over Mistress Oppo, and Oppo had more curvy bosom than her own: jealousy was bobbing upon love's ripples.

Ah poor Zacross lumbering down lobbies scattering hated bureaucratic clerks, his belches that left foul air behind and heaven knows were he ate? But some said out of trash cans for he liked snacks between meals.

And could Oneghus please deworm the beast?

And it was true, for although Oneghus fed him well, Zacross sought trash. The habit of a life time of solitude, of hiding from humanoids, of eking a living when the hot barren desert failed to provide, but mainly because he liked the different tastes of trash. There might be butchers left overs in that one, curries in another, Chinese over there, my all were pleasant surprises and the rats fought back which allowed playing with the food.

Then there were his flights that sent a shadow over the streets and a reminder to citizens he was Zacross, and his Boss was the Prince, so watch out and he soaked all the attention up. My just who dared didn't like Zacross? Maybe Hagi and a million others.

But Oasis liked him; she was attracted to LAME beasts like Insect who was almost a pet and he knew it too. And Yaw wearing pink hats and white boots imitating those about him. And Sun Poon polished up his bronze because he was very proud to be the first Chadite to walk the streets of Hesse in ages.

Yaw was extremely proud of the bells



And 10 Gallon hat...until he realised?

And Oasis pampered them and they were like the Beasts of Oasis not Oneghus.

And Oasis had not forgiven Oneghus even if it was the Drug Age and she had been subject to a Fantasy drug as well. Oneghus need taught a lesson and too know who was Boss in the relationship or he could go back to Oppo.

“Monster of Hesse,” she called him for executing the demonic generals.

At this Zacross would get puzzled and try to understand why Oasis was insulting Oneghus by saying he was a Zarpod? But Yaw understood, he had once had a mate but she was killed by Hessian skimmers. His mate used to call him a Hessian when she was angry with Yaw.

And Oneghus would take to sitting on steps with his hands over his head wondering what he had done to deserve this torture?

“What are you going to tell little Rolan? I was with Mistress Oppo when you were in mummy’s tummy?” Oasis knew sarcasm well.

And Oneghus would groan, past the stage of asking forgiveness; but maybe he should have begged, women liked their power over their men.

And Oasis had a heart and it was melting at the torture she was causing HER man. So she forgave him and made sure he understood he did not deserve it; he was a heel, a skunk, a two timer, but for the sake of the child she would forgive and give The Monster a last chance.

And Oneghus hugged Zacross in happiness when Oasis had left. Yaw understood, he would explain to Zacross in private. He used to grunt at Both the moon goddess and give away his fruit when his mate forgave him for it meant he could sleep with her again.

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And the street urchins adopted the Beasts of Oneghus for they had come straight out of super hero hologram shows.

But some who used to profit from The Beast said, “This would never have been allowed under Satan.” They hoped Zacross would fly into a tower and that peanut eating ape fall to his doom. And laughed at Sun Poon waddling along pavements and shouted ‘Pig Bear’ at him.

These citizens still had 6666 in their hearts although most folk had obeyed Oneghus’s order to seek God fearers and have them lay hands to remove the mark of Satan as he had done.

And Yaw realised he was being foolish wearing coloured felt hats in an attempt to show he was civilised, and so the three beasts did not invite their kind to Hesse because of the nastiness.

“There can be no Golden Age unless a Zarpod flies our skies, a bear in a helmet buys sweet potatoes at market and an ape sits slurping up noodles at a street stall talking to any one passing by that he knew philosophy,” men of reason said.

Never mind they knew they had the friendship of Oneghus which many wanted. And Sun Poon would eat at Cullen’s table where he was safe. And Zacross took street urchins for flights and Yaw listened to Estor’s poetry as he learned to be humanoid.

Lend me your ears Estor shouted



And lent him everything but!