

Dr. Yokel had conned Mistress Oppo into sitting in a lack leather swivel chair under the pretext the helmet she wore would increase her I.Q.

“Are you sure?”

“Quiet,” he not adding the chair would produce clamps to hold her.

He needed a guinea pig for his invention remember, and since she had donated her embryo to a test tube mother to bear him a little Yokel, he had no further interest in her apart from being aroused every time he saw her. She was a distraction; all he thought about was sex and not science. It was all her fault, as a woman of such desire she should be hidden from him, she was dirty, sexy, lusting, arousing, and these were his emotions when he looked at her.

“Oneghus will thank me,” Yokel mumbled.

“What was that?”

“Nothing dearest,” he lied switching on his phone transportation machine and Oppo felt energy flow through her.

“Murdering scum,” she managed just before she vanished which was rich for she had sent countless souls to the other side.

“Send me a postcard from Vortrix,” Yokel knowing Lord Milando was bored there and gave a last farewell wave.

Poor blue bottle that landed on Oppo just as she dematerialised, it went with the fly phobic woman.

As for Yokel he was examining a fetus on a screen making crooning noises at it.

Somewhere in his establishment a handsome security guard was looking for Oppo. He didn't mind looking at Oppo and getting sexy and knew it wasn't Oppo's fault, he

Saw God had made her beautiful like a flower to brighten up the day and give men

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Oasis was looking at her disappearing figure in a holographic mirror. As Oneghus
SOUND
 dreams to break their monotonous days.

banged on the door for entry she replaced her smile with down turned lips.
Walt's Fantasia
 “Enter Monster,” she liked to throw that at him when he displeased her, “and do
The sorcerer's apprentice
 you have to bring your double with you always?” Lucky Zacross was slow minded.

“Must you bring your entourage with you always?” Insect mimicked from the
 pleats of Oasis’s light blue muslin skirt.

Jealousy rose in the heart of the judge as he saw through the muslin focusing on
 Oasis’s female parts.

“We are his bodyguard,” Wong said behind him.

“We protect him from assassins,” Icon.

“I am his scribe,” Estor.

“And I suppose you Cullen are his official food taster?” She asked.

“Mistress I am at a loss as to my post.”

“And you father? Hagi? Yaw? Marshall Rattray, Plot, Saltmire? Are we gathered to
 admire my figure?” Oasis standing forward to pose off her enlarged belly.

And tripped over Sun Poon panting at her feet.

So won her argument and Zacross understanding pregnant females had already
 left.

“What is it?” Oasis asked Oneghus after his followers had left.

“What about him?” He asked.

“He is my pet,” and Oasis blew the departing Insect a kiss.

“And that on your hair?”

And she lovingly put nutcracker away in a box and now both felt exposed. After all they had got used to an entourage and suddenly where alone, something they had not really been for a while.

Did they? She was bloated with child and had no wish to parade about naked. He Oneghus a strong spirit now off the sex drug so had control.

What do women do when fat? They stare in a mirror



**Life the joining of 2DNA's one male the other female but same spirit
Thou shalt not kill**

So they talked instead of things, their dreams and wants.

“And I want to free her from where Yokel sent her because what he did was wrong,” he told her and she trusted him this time for he was no longer addicted.

He could think and he was honorable again.

“No matter where she goes she will survive as she only knows how to lie on her back,” Oasis.

“Then she can work for our intelligence for Satan still exists,” Oneghus.

“Yes, as long as humanoids must kill,” Oasis answered.

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It was at this moment that a creaking noise alerted a kitchen porter below. He was sixteen, an orphan called Cerntrix; besides him stood Chef Wombared a fat man.

Cerntrix saw the drain lid move revealing a fish faced alien so screamed for he was only a boy which made Wombared turn and drop the cauldron of fish chowder.

The boiling contents burned the fish man’s hands and curses came out of the drain.

Wombared was like a father to the boy.

Now he looked back and a huge Zorian had pushed the fish man aside. Wombared picked up a cleaver and gave Cerntrix a final shove.

“Run, warn them, get help,” he shouted at Cerntrix.

Cerntrix obeyed because he believed he was getting help to save Wombared. He was a good kid these days who had started doing what he was told and a good thing or he might not have obeyed and met Horatio and Cullen.

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In the kitchen the Zorian tugged his hooked spear out of Wombared

SOUND

Of battle

At least Wombared had never killed anyone in his life, only food forms to cook and disembowelling.

had always thanked God for what he was about to kill and eat because he knew he didn’t create life.

And as his spirit began to prepare for the transition to pass over at least forty zealots passed him.

And one slipped in his gore and his face landed on the hot plate.

Karma?

And Horatio and Cullen and ten guards met them with a hail of laser bolts.

The front attackers ceased to exist and their lumps of physical matter seemed to

He had escaped from a tin of pilchards and tomato sauce



take a year to fall to the floor.

Another bolt left a gaping hole where a heart belonged.

Another became limbless and laser cauterises.

But one sent a blessed holy arrow into Horatio's stomach.

The Zorian did not charge like the zealots seeking paradise but slithered up a stairwell.

Above levels Zacross and Yaw had drawn back the green muslin curtains and now glared out across the fountained garden seeking foes.

Sun Poon stood facing the door, spear straight out, gums hanging about his tusks, his yellow eyes blaring hate at imagined zealots.

Oneghus's inhuman guard shielding Oasis.

Meanwhile the Zorian made it to the upper levels and saw why he was tiring, Wombared had used the cleaver well on his thigh.

“Bloody cook,” he swore but we praise the chef who Oneghus would clone afterwards.

A howl of a banshee filtered to the Zorian who shuddered as he remembered Zacross, “Oneghus’s howl,” he spat meaning his inhuman bodyguards.



A soldier in a new orange toga appeared: orange the colour of Astrod.

The Zorian sank his dagger into the face of Rad on the man’s back twainning in two the spine and with such force it stuck out the chest.

And the Zorian knew roughly where to find Rolan thanks to Colonel Wok the traitor.

Ahead he heard the sound of battle and the grunts and howls of a guard and knew he was close.

And a pity he did not see Zacross bite in two his friends who lost their courage; but he was a Zorian, an assassin, one who never quits.

And the fight continued: Wong lashed out with empty lasers using them as martial art weapons now.

Lo Oneghus felt a zealot on his back and a sting across his cheeks.

And the knife fell to his throat and found the hands of Oasis there.

I, Estor who am writing this book ran the zealot through with my cutlass and then there was silence except for the buzzing of Nutcracker as it flew off a dead man’s back.



And Zacross howled.

“Oneghus’s howl,” Saltmire and Yaw coughed.

“And the cough of my lady,” the Insect added smiling.

Sun Poon squealed and they thought better of it than to say whose squeal it was!

“You are bleeding Oasis,” Oneghus tenderly as his men cleared the room of the fallen.

And she began to shake and The Lord Oneghus gently kissed her and stroked her long blue black hair.

Now the Zorian assassin seeing all lost hid in a closet amongst floor waxing machines and brooms. He would not hunger or thirst, spiders, silver fish and tins of Brasso and detergent were present.

Zorians were the cockroaches of space.