

Tiberius

When we changed sides?

But Wayne Haslam Grand ELECT knew the general would still be hired by aliens to fight trade disrupting petty wars. HE MIGHT EVEN FIGHT HIS HUMANS?

One never knew with a dangerous man like Tiberius Grant. A liberal soft heart for the aliens; one hand killing them and the other demanding alien rights, a contradiction.

But he wouldn't go as far as calling him an alien lover although Tiberius and Dracon hired themselves out to fight humans.

"We are the good guys," as Dracon had said.

"Then I am a saint," Wayne laughed adding, "Then take the fall Tiberius," aloud. In fact he was finding it hard not to smile.

The only good alien was a dead one, Tiberius along with them; and the conservationists and many aliens were backing him over Tiberius; poor poor misguided smucks.

But Grand Consul Haslam would never stand in front of the ELECT and say that.

The nurse came and wiped Dracon's nose.

Zenith!

They also didn't want Dracon clearing his throat again.

Dracon spoke, the centre of attraction loving it.

Zenith again.

"Well we went to fight for Great King Hagar....."

D.A. Morag Brown. “When you changed sides please Dracon?” She knew she was humoring a drunk. She sympathized with Dracon and General Tiberius.....getting involved, beginning to see aliens as different from those sitting amongst the ELECT.

The only difference between them and the ones Dracon and Tiberius killed were WHITE CLOCKS.

SHE HAD NEVER MET ANY SOCIALLY,
If she wanted that there was the zoo,
She thought her private joke real wicked.
She thanks to Dracon’s sexual thoughts being screened aroused,
And wondered what it would be like too you know an alien?

Dracon cleared his throat.

That horrible sound again.

“The arena was an orange sand floored depression a mile in diameter with white terraced seats on giant stone rollers that advanced or retreated from the perimeter.

By the way Hagar imported those plastic seats from a human factory on Epona.

Also the architects that built the stadium. Now where was I...Wayne remembered the order, he owned the seat factory, architects, had made a killing from the ignorant aliens.....At the moment the rollers where as far back as possible allowing maximum seating meaning half a million Taggetians waiting patiently for

HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR TO SHOW HIMSELF
to do so.

Being snakes they absorb heat, a lot over heated and dried,” Dracon looked at Morag.

“Look humanoid these snakes do, so just imagine yourself in snake leather frying.

Gets tighter with the heat, wrinkles appear, scales ping off, no sweat glands. Eyes



26: The dreaded Arena of The Elect

wither as the body fights to keep every bit of water for blood.

Thousands died waiting for

HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR TO SHOW HIMSELF

to do so.

Then the stink of rotting snakes. Like being in a room full of leather shoes.

And thousands of vendors made a killing, for this was the hottest day recorded on the Orange Planet Tagget on the outer eastern rim of the human universe.

WHITE YELLOW CLOUDS
ORANGE SANDS.

Even King Hagar was showing signs of fatigue for this race according to their religion hid from

the noon day sun.

“The sun is friend and foe,

It makes crops grow,
 And if we frolic out too
 long,
 have mercy upon us
 dearest orange sun.
 The sun our blessed god,
 Whom Ceugant Dana.
 Whom is woman in one.
 Giver of life.
 Solar boat of the dead.
 God of snakes.|

From an old
 Taggetian hymn
 Dated 213 B.C.

The screen illustrated Dracon's thoughts.



Illustration 27: Taggetian desert

D.A. Morag Brown. “No singing Dracon..... please.”

Zane Cameron....smirked. He hoped Dracon would annoy. Revenge for getting this case; petty and he enjoyed being petty.

“But no decent Taggetian under Hagar's rule went to temples these days. All knew the was no god the creator except his priests sweeping out temple dust, mending the

doors, chasing junkies and alcoholics out with the help of zealots.

Them that refused to leave they sacrificed. King Hagar and his crazy snakes didn't mind. Maybe there was a sun god Ceugant Dana? Well these unrecorded sacrifices would go in their favour.

Slit up the middle and everything out for oracle divination.

Depending upon the color and condition of your innards and moaning the priests see the future.

Plop your liver onto a scale. If it weighed much and looked healthy Ceugant Dana favoured you. Ha ha ha favored you lying there slit like a pig for spit roasting ha ha, get it, favored you?.....No one joined in Dracon's merriment.

Morag Brown felt sorry for him and blamed Zenith.

Screen.....humans chopped up with cleavers.

Sound.....human curses and screams.

The way you moaned wiggling told them the future.

Never eat from a Taggetian street vendor sexy lady. Them blooming priests sell the bits off to street wok stir fryers. Nothing wrong with eating a sacrificed.....snake, tastes like chicken.

Brings you luck.

Big snakes always eats little snakes.

Snakes are cannibals. Imagine them sitting here in their white robes. They really will eat your children, chop them up with green peppers, onions, carrots and stir fry Daniel,

Julie, Luke and that's when I draw the line, eating snakes is one thing but eating human children quite another.

Yep and them other bits used as love potions," and Dracon fell silent to the relief of all.

The screen showed a giant pickle that a snake woman was rubbing her belly with.

"Helps them get babies," Dracon explained.

These days being 120,123A.D. human calendar. Then he opened his mouth and Morag dreaded what would come out.

"In other words there were empty pews in the arena.

HUMANS HAD ARRIVED.

But it wasn't all human doing, that murderous alien The Emperor Lobodicus of the Outer Suns and Moons sent scheduled ships to Tagget for slaving purposes.

Anything walking, them that couldn't be broke down to radioactive atoms for nuclear fuel.

They say he used thousands in experimenting soul transmigration or was it matter? Also he is found of snake meat.

You Wayne old boy, you know he's coming here don't you? You asked Tiberius to fight him but he had already agreed to visit Tagget.

If you looked like High Priestess Ino he would have ha ha ha," Dracon knew how to be foul under Zenith because he was already that way by force of habit. And the screen showed an altered image of Wayne with long blond hair and size 56 D cups.

Wayne was amused, let the condemned have his joke. It made Wayne out to be understanding merciful.

Everyone squeezed deeper into their blue seats.

The white robed alien ELECT found this news disturbing. Not that Lobodicus was coming, they all expected it, but that Wayne tried to employ HE WHO WAS ON

TRIAL,

TIBERIUS GRANT.

And any remaining trust in Wayne evaporated.

“Well, them temple doors, gold, had been scratched down to splintered paintwork and the silver chalices long stolen or sold,” Dracon continued, “The sun Ceugant Dana is the manifestation of Anno Cwynfyd, life the creator and of course projecting dragon’s fly around it, only fools believe that. Well that put their priests on the defensive and made them fanatical.

It isn’t safe for any off worlders to stagger home at night. Those priests leap out at you and zip you up front or back, it don’t make much difference to them, they gone and killed you anyway.

Why I knew an off worlder alien who just spent a fortune on genes to prevent aging for another hundred years. Left me and Tiberius for a pretty snake whore. Well she led him down this dark street and we saw him next scattered across Tagget City.

Well as I was saying, from Taggetians I spoke to in the inns I knew they believed.....the dragon would return, cleanse the planet and make Tagget the great empire it once was, before contact with humans. You see the dragon was their

deliverer,” Sergeant Dracon.

Wayne Haslam. Saw in Dracon the pioneers that were streaming into alien planets and wondered if his human ancestors had been like Dracon when they first came to Blue Heaven his home planet before coming to Earth?

Rough.

“But the King Hagar and those Taggetians that afforded arena seats didn’t sing hymns these days so ignored their advice.

If they could they did remember the hymn?

They had imported oils and lotions so ignored the custom of noon day sleep, except for the workers who toiled in human owned factories and farms above and much higher up on quarantined satellites.

16 hour shifts,

7 days a week.

Them that died you skinned. Isn’t that lamp shade there snake skin.....PAUSE.....? Which Tiberius had nothing to do with, but you and your friends have? Does everyone here know that?” Then Dracon felt a current sweep through him and he passed out.

Wayne took his finger off a concealed red button under his navy blue seat.

Recess was also called.

Ballero music.

Pictures of screaming snakes with humanoid features getting skinned wasn’t too

much for Wayne, but that he was involved and the smell that came off Dracon since the current had loosened his bowls.

And yes Wayne knew the lamp shade had been Taggetian.

A reptile like alien his crocodile shoes.

Like the dolphin steak he ate last night.

A stupid animal deserving to be skinned and cooked.

And he knew that the 'Off World Snake Fillets' he marketed where Taggetians.

And he owned many pricey brothels full of exotic alien whores and Taggetians were the new in fad to have.

Yes Dracon was correct, they were snakes, just that and mighty fine to eat, tasted like chicken....yummy.....eating snakes was making him hungry for a bite of curried snake.

And during recess Wayne was about to, reveal a disturbing side of his character?

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Wayne Haslam called for D.A. Morag Brown. He was in a venomous mood. He needed something weak to smite his anger on.

"I want you now," he shouted at her in his private rooms and that's when he spread her on his black leather couch and she helped him unhook the clips and zips and well!.

And she was glad.

She had him where she wanted him, as a powerful protective lover.

That made her feel better, got rid of feeling she was an easy push over. She didn't just drop her red knickers for some nobody, only horny sluts did that.

Now Dracon's sex crazed mind had got them all sexed up. Morag had wanted a man

and Wayne was the way. Easy promotion, sex and careers was what life was about not dollies and make believe houses and wonderful handsome kind husbands.

Wayne was the most powerful human alive.

Powerful men could be strong and taking what they wanted without asking was Wayne's way of showing dominance.

Maybe she was right?

Stupid girl.

An hour later Ballero music stopped, trial restarted and Dracon continued and Zane Cameron brought in a stay of execution.....the aliens backed him, they wanted to hear about Wayne Haslam.

"No snake in their right mind ventured forth at noon except for a short time without cosmetics which gave them an extra hour.

SNAKES SEE?

And the paying arena crowd peered through red tiring eyes into their zoom binoculars at the black trap door dead center of the arena.

Outside giant imported screens a hundred yards across provided the million Taggetians who had failed to get a seat a sight of what was going on.

And the adjoining streets were mobbed to a stand still by another million citizens eager to see HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR TO SHOW HIMSELF to do so.

"You wanted Tiberius to fight on Tagget Wayne didn't you? So you could have this trial and little Taggetian war.

And we carry the can, you framed us Wayne,” and then Dracon jerked about on the wooden chair.....Wayne had pressed his secret button.

Above in the revolving restaurant a chef was shaping red dolphin steaks, he knew Wane would be for supper.

The dolphins weren't from Earth, those died out thousands of years ago along with whales and sharks....and oh most of the fish and the birds that ate them.

Earth was one toxic waste dump.

The only green was the domed six square mile gardens of the wealthy. Beyond those walls the poor houses surrounded by man eating Venus fly Traps and mercury pools from broken untended waste pipes.

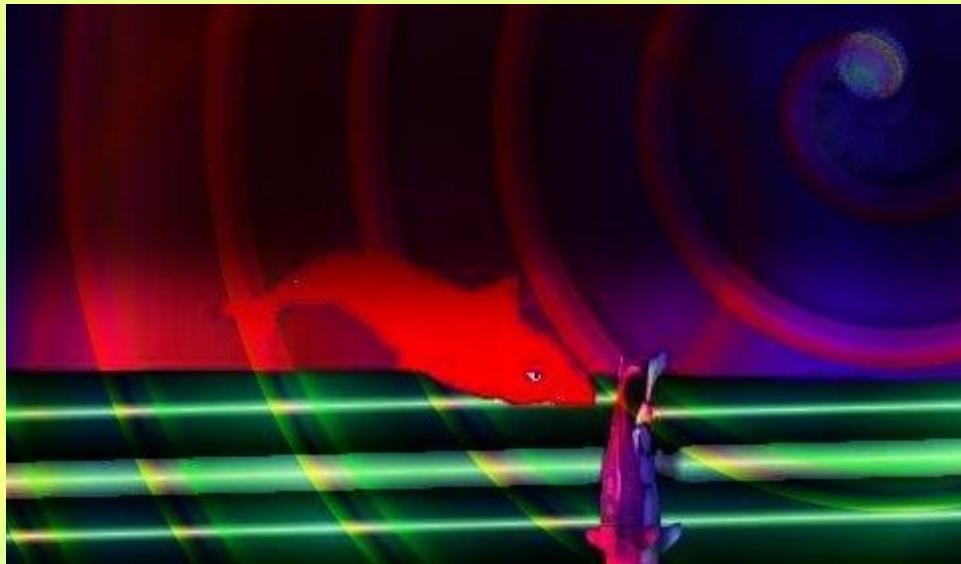


Illustration 28: Dolphin steaks, the more endangered the more ordered.

And the poor littered their yards with scavenged motors, fridges and Dobermans.

Dracon drawled on.

“And all those who refused to come were not given a day off. And you know

Wayne

Wanted Tiberius Grant dead because he knew too much.

The Great King Hagar owned this city.

But you owned him.

Planet Tagget who art forty times the size of old Jupiter and does a figure eight
Between eight suns is divided into cantons, kings and their like.

Without eight suns Target's mass would pull a single sun into it. Eight suns fight to
have Tagget, stabilizing it." Sergeant Dracon on the subject of THE ORANGE

PLANET.

The defense had to say something and wasn't careful at what he said, knowing he
was dead anyway.

Zane Cameron. "Once again my client shows the guilt of breaking Historic Trust rules
lies with the big space corporations. I demand the charges dropped." He couldn't bring
himself to demand charges against Wayne because he noticed men of General
Macpherson stationing them selves at the back. That made Zane real nervous like, so
that his palms got soaked in sweat.

D.A. Morag Brown. "Dracon, please tell us your story. The quicker you tell us the
quicker you can go home," she lied knowing when he finished she would ask for
sentence, but he took the bait.

Yeh, he wanted out of this constipation making brown wooden chair.

Morag faced Grand Consul Wayne. For a good looking man he hadn't disappointed

her. Past experiences had taught her sometimes good lookers couldn't deliver. They were wrapped up in their looks, but Wayne was different.

And her body language told him he could see her again soon as possible. She sat upon her desk open legs facing him. She had also changed to a soft yellow one piece slit up the middle from chin to chin.

Wayne read, understood and knew he owned her. She was his, like Maeve his sister had been to dispense as he pleased to get up the power ladder.

Wayne was incapable of human love as Morag understood it.

Dracon spoke on feeling warm, safe, cozy, and secure.

ZENITH.

"They would have come anyway without the added heat

For they wanted to see,

Hear his voice,

Make sure he was died,

HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR TO SHOW HIMSELF to do so.

They saw him as the cleansing dragon, the deliverer. Dracon sang again,

The dragon will teach us knowledge.

It will drive our enemies away.

It will die for us.

Its blood will heal the land.

Never fear children of the sun,

It will be reborn,

Return to fly the heavens,

Always willing to return,

To die for us in our

Hour of need.

And he this so called dragon that had utilized a living body was an alien to them, a

human mercenary general and he didn't want to go through the trap door and die slowly in front of his enemies.

Like a boiled gutted cleaned out fish, for he knew that was what they had in mind for the Great King Hagar who was king of one city had gloated telling him the evening before.

“Will slit you from groin to chin pulling out your entrails showing them to the citizens.

Will cauterize your bleeding veins inserting drips giving life for four hours.

Will saw off fingers, toes, ankles, limbs up to your elbows and knees, then to thighs and shoulders



29: The Dragon Tiberius who came from the sun made plants grow.

Will remove your race so when you perish no one will visit your grave.

Will put your head in a glass beaker so you can see citizens applauding your destructive death,

For they hate you.

You the dragon the ultimate sacrifice.

Then you can watch the executioner raise his sun hammer and smash the beaker so your head rolls upon the sand, and he will pick it up by your long brown hair throwing it onto the great copper sun oven with the rest of you till ashes and nothing more.

So that not even a single genetic strand can survive for resurrection.

We have heard of The Medic your friend.

And the vials with your blood will be sprinkled upon fields and your ashes to the sick to rub into their sores for healing.

For you are the dragon, he who must die for the good of Tagget.

You will be destroyed, finished this time, no longer free to terrorize citizens in the name of Humanity,” HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR TO SHOW HIMSELF to do so had made sure he was too live.

Yes this human scourge of Planet Tagget had no wish to go topside through the trap door.

HE KNEW SERGEANT DRACON POLANSKI WAS OUT THERE, somewhere, waiting for him to emerge. This planet isn’t for us gov’,” I told him but would he listen?

NOT THE GREAT MAN.

“Coming?” He had asked.

“What could I do? Join up with some other Space War Lord I didn’t know? Better to be with the devil you know than one you don’t. So we left Middle Kingdom and came to Tagget to fight someone’s war,” Dracon who later wrote History of Tiberius.

“For an hour he fought his guards with chains, table legs and then arming himself with their swords till cornered at the end of a blind corridor.

He killed many of his guards.

Gouged their eyes out, ripped their wind pipes out with his bare hands.”

Poor poor Dracon, what are you doing? Blame the Zenith.

“And he knew the priestly hymn about the hot orange sun and knew the time limit of Taggetians in 110F.

“THEY ALL, FALL DOWN,”
The hymn goes.

“Bloody hell, half an hour to go and then what?” He shouted.

This is the truth because he told me it later. Maybe I emblazon?” Dracon. He was looking at D.A. Morag Brown who fidgeted with her cleavage revealing nice round curves of left bosom. Was showing Grand Consul Wayne that extra bit. This was how things were done on Earth,

Center of prestige and power for the Commonwealth of Nations.

Wayne was a man of power, wealth and door to promotion; he wasn’t married either.

Morag was lucky her brain wasn’t wired to a screen as poor misunderstood Dracon’s was, or the screen did show wedding bells, a bride in a white mini, stockings

and suspenders and a robe ten feet long made of white silk.....in fact everything would be silk and lace and white.

But she didn't know Dracon at his seated angle could see, yes he liked her cleavage; it reminded him of fruits.

Then Dracon squeaked, coughed and resumed his South Carolina drawl. He had never been there, just thought the way they spoke suited his image.....slow in speech but quick in action.

“And he was overpowered eventually and the black trap door opened and a gust of anticipation rose from millions of citizen throats.

AND THEY WERE NOT LET DOWN.

HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR TO SHOW HIMSELF to do so was emerging head first from the dungeon depths.

And then he deliberately fell and had to be carried by his guards after five minutes.

Carried to the raised table where he watched the red robed executioners topple over with the heat.

And the hymn went:

‘Oh generous sun,
Burn off the hydrocarbons
And bring back the blue sky.’

For Tiberius knew that Taggetians slept till the cool night winds came to clear the air of hydrocarbons.

Hydrocarbons induce sleep in these lizards, snakes, dinosaurs that escaped extinction.

And Tiberius walked out of the arena while in the seats about him reptiles blistered, slouched, tried raising threatening hands and even Great King Hagar found the imported rubbery cosmetic lotions turned black from the heat, peeling, and exposing raw flesh underneath.

And his pink scales pinged off.

Lo the Mighty King Hagar fled for cooling shadows.

And it became an exodus.

Tiberius Grant had nerve, he bowed and waved goodbye, then commandeered an abandoned bus chariot and drove into the orange desert where his friends waited.

D.A. Morag Brown. “And what of his good friend Sergeant Dracon Polanski?”

“The bum forgot me, if it wasn’t for me hiding on a veranda that got in me way, I could never have lept for the bus roof.”

Defence. “The prosecution has not pointed out that Taggetians saw the general as a deliverer. As such what wrong has he done? Therefore it follows if he has done no wrong he cannot be tried.”

The defence had to say something or there would be no defense. He had his orders from the Conservationists. Commonwealth justice was being tried hear through Intergalactic news channels in a million worlds.

He had no idea Wayne Haslam had planned, WAR.

D.A. Morag Brown. “Tell us Sergeant Polanski?”

“Sure honey pie,” and gave a big smile prior to slumping; Zenith had a tiring effect.

It was obvious Dracon couldn't continue. “The dragon is their devil,” he slurped, “he flies around their suns protecting them. The suns are the 8 FACES of CEUGANT DANA, god. When one of them snake's die its soul sometimes goes to a sun with the devil dragon.....sometimes he eats it instead.

The length of time it takes for the dragon to get you to a sun paradise depends how sinful you were?

In other words it enslaves you. Why when the winds blow them snakes hear screams of the dragon's slaves calling for mercy.

They got brains them snakes. One devil can't do all that soul collecting so the priests invented a whole scroll of minor dragon devils with names that help the dragon.

The dragon, well they said the general was the dragon come deliver them according to their legends. So they were happy, sure up to a point, but once the dragon had done its work they wanted it gone.

Listen here babe; they say the dragon walks Tagget as a vampire, child eater, stealer of women, bringer of diseases when annoyed.

Sure they wanted their deliverer dead and the land fertile again; they wanted some VENGEANCE.

And a sick alien ELECT died in hospital.

Wayne visited later, in the morgue, was eager to see what he had paid the Medic to

create? And was sickened by the gooey mess with limb bones sticking out.

And a lone green bottle that escaped the fly killer flew off the mess.

And The Medic knew he hadn't really created anything, found a bug in some toxic waste and helped it mutate a little.

Wayne ought to be thanking his industrial friends for the bug.

Nature had done the rest free of charge.

Then Dracon fell asleep, too much Zenith.

Recess.

Ballero stopped.

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Wayne took Morag to his city house. It was something, a sky rise, but in these days a sky rise meant you owned the whole three hundred feet of girders upon which your penthouse rested upon.



Illustration 30: Wayne's penthouse.

Upon that like a cherry on a pile of ice cream, your flag.

This was one of Wayne's castles and the elevator his draw bridge. Like a Dark Age baron he did with his staff what he liked.....and guests?

Like there was a spare empty elevator shaft, three hundred feet down was a long drop especially if you were the one attending topside looking down that darkness.... then push and only birds can fly.

And Wayne's personal staff dressed in animal play suits that bowed and did his bidding.

200123 A.D.

Morag read their excitement wrong, got embarrassed thinking they knew she had come to finalise a romantic rendezvous.

They knew all right, knew all about Wayne. Were just as evil as their master or wouldn't willingly work here.

And those who developed a conscience well there was that empty elevator shaft. And Wayne picked his staff well; these women were the queens of wrong sex that was now allowed by law because someone who made the laws long ago hah lost his self respect.

Not that Wayne practiced weird stuff on himself, but he certainly knew how to dish it out.

As Morag Brown was about to find out.

Wayne Haslam liked to beat up women, he used to beat up on his sister Maeve.

Didn't have to hit Morag, she was a willing sexual partner, but did. It was his way and his staff came comforting her.

She blamed Dracon's filthy mind for exciting them all. That made her feel better; got rid of her fear.



31: Guests tried to figure if his butler was wearing an alien mask or was an alien; they found out later?

She had wanted Wayne, promotion, it was the way.

Some men in power have always abused power.

And Wayne was the most powerful man alive.

Powerful men could be strong and the fist was his way of showing dominance.

Maybe she was right?

Poor stupid girl.

When she came out from being comforted he looked so calm and smart in his one piece red striped silver suit over which hung the white robe of an ELECT.

She wasn't even dressed; that was humiliating.

“You are mine; stay with me and the rewards are yours. I am sorry what I went and did, something overcame me? Stress, we are drifting into an alien war, I am sorry.”

Maybe it was the truth, but coming from Wayne it was more a lie.

Co-operation might spare her bruising. Wayne knew she sought returned favours. Well there was an empty post for a D.A. Supervisor as Wayne had said to her.

And at least he was no longer planning killing her so she had won a promotion in kind.

She also figured that post would give her power to say no to him.....yes she was stupid.

Who knows how the educated powerful thought? This was how they played their games.....scratch my back, I scratch yours.

Wayne also knew that if she ever got too demanding she could fill the post of HUMAN LEGAL ADVISOR, HISTORIC TRUST, TAGGET.

So Morag found it hard believing Wayne was violent as she was blinded by the scent of power coming her way. There was nothing on his tapes she checked suggesting it.

Yep, her memory overcame fear, Wayne was an honorable man; just he was stressed out.

That made her feel better.

He also said. “I think I love you, I need you, don’t leave me ever, I am scared stiff of the future.”

She believed him?

She was a smock.

Maybe she wanted to believe him, this was his castle, somewhere there was a dungeon where the non-believing ventured never returning.

Wayne owned it all.

Wayne owned most of Earth as well.

Morag Brown was very conscience of this fact.

And he had said he loved her.