

Tiberius

Ino



*40: The power of Ino's citadel was seen in the sky*

“Ino,” the riders called and Tiberius knowing the woman’s name sighed with relief. She was his new boss and more importantly PAYMASTER.

When the general was half a mile from a massive titanium door dead west on the compass it opened and hundreds of Taggetians ran out to escort us through the massive titanium gates that seventy men abreast could march through in closed formation.

We saw wall carvings of mythological beasts of the sun religion and gold statues of priestesses in niches along with rows of polished skulls.

Eye sockets full of gems.

Some mummified.



*41: Their pets too*

Who cares those gems was calling ‘Dracon Dracon.’

And not a Taggetian in his right mind would disturb them. Religion, sure but the Taggetian Funnel Spider lives in those niches and its bite is lethal and there isn’t no antivenin about because we humans haven’t colonized Tagget yet.” Sergeant Polanski looked about the arena at THE ELECT.

“YET.”

THE ELECT were silent; his defense lawyer Zane Cameron snapped a pencil in half.

A diseased rat resting beneath a blue plastic seat being a rat, having sensitive ears heard it, and being diseased found the snap too much and died of heart failure.

An unidentified newsman didn’t censor.

Dracon spoke on.

“It is a custom that ordinary folk take the heads from their deceased loved ones after the flesh, cartilage and soft organs have rotted away and place the skull in the specially cut wall grooves in the Sun Cathedral, believing the head is the seat of the soul and God Ceugant Dana who is the sun comes to the cathedral sunrise in the hope he takes them home.

And these souls return to the skulls at sunset awaiting the care of their living loved ones. These aren’t warriors, these are the craftsmen, farmers, those not selected as warriors the dragon picks up.

Tough isn’t it if all the family has died out,” Dracon interrupted his own story with his own joke. Many of the white robed ELECT smiled, even Wayne.

*“AND SO ARE WITH THEIR GOD.” From History of Tiberius.*

“So we drove into a great red tiled square where stood several thousand Taggetian Sun soldiers wearing black body armour slapping their laser reflective shields with their short swords honoring High Priestess Ino.

Well Tiberius was happy with so much gold. Great King Hagar had paid him with a one way ticket to the arena and a pink check that bounced.

And Tiberius had to stop center for the Sun soldiers were formed so tightly they would not move.

THEY WERE WAITING FOR SOMETHING?

It was Ino, she got out and the sun warriors beat their shields to a frenzy of love while chambermaids dropped the smoke stained drab smock from Ino.

Tiberius could not see her front but liked her tight rump and was amazed she showed no signs of embarrassment standing semi naked in front of so many men.

I couldn't have done what she did.

I saw her as something alien, she might look humanoid but she didn't have flesh like us normal folk,

She had soft scales,

Tiny little down ones.

Quote again History of Tiberius, "A High Priestess is appointed from a college of priestesses and the office is absolute. Unfortunately it doesn't work as Ino's family made it hereditary.

Now Ino held the office till death and a new appointment was made from her offspring. One of the rites of taking office was a washing on the Lower Sunrise Alter and then mating with the sun Ceugant Dana on the Gold Noon Alter and giving birth to the sun child on the Red Sunset Alter.

All done in public in front of true sun worshipers and akin too our own iron age rites of prehistory.

Yes, fertility rites performed in each canton of Tagget at the request of its rulers. And explains why Hagar had taken part in the public ceremony.

He had to ensure the land was fertile.

It was also a last desperate act by a ruler when things were going wrong, crop failures, defeats, plague and the public blaming him. Ino was needed and the blessing of the sun.

And Hagar needed many blessings for his ambitions before he went to war with Ino. Especially if a child was born from the union.

The child could claim the vacant Emerald Throne in Turtle City.”

“As for the rituals of a man becoming High Priest, it is unknown.” From Simon Data Scribe he who wrote The Triad Faces of Tiberius.

D.A. Morag Brown. “Who is this Simon, a computer?”

Dracon gave her a look as if to say ‘Don’t be so bloody stupid woman.’ But she wasn’t that stupid, Dracon was out of touch, books were written by computers on Earth, an author didn’t do much apart from censoring.

So Morag ordered Zenith, Dracon was sobering, getting control of his senses and she wanted to punish him from calling her ‘stupid.’

Dracon pulled a face as the needle went into his arm, and then smiled as Zenith worked.

“Where was I? Oh yes, since we had stopped, Tiberius noticed grills amongst the red tiles making the square from which hands grasped the iron bars.

“Forgive us,” voices pleaded behind the hands.

The Sun warriors about turned and followed their High Priestess Ino into the open doors stamping, impaling and breaking many fingers for their yellow boots were spiked for sand marching.

Some fingers stuck to the boots.

Horrid.

Maybe the general didn't notice this mercy shown, but I did. Let me tell you something wonder woman lawyer, Taggetians think different from us.

Mercy means to the giver a dead person is asking a favour from the living; asking for his life.

Isn't usually given, a P.O.W. Taggetian is dead, no mercy shown, non living, worse than a slave. At least slaves are valuable household things.

These guys were alive, that was the mercy.

AND YOU WANT THOSE SNAKES HERE AMONGST THE ELECT?

Zane Cameron: defense. "My client is right," Zane had been drifting in and out of his private dream world where he played a space hero, had only caught Dracon's last words, had opened his mouth without thinking.

Grand Consul Wayne Haslam knew Zane was right; he didn't want any backward species here voting on delicate matters. They didn't understand nothing, just how to further their own worlds.

"Anyway, Tiberius stood there thinking the whole race cruel and blood thirsty.

‘Men of Hagar awaiting conversion or sun death?’ And Tiberius wheeled confronting his speaker.

Now if my defense would play Simon Data Scribe every time he speaks?” Dracon asked.

And Zane Cameron switched on a black box.....’It doesn’t matter how many times a human see's an alien but is revolted if the alien doesn’t look humanoid.

‘Simon,” and held out my hand in the fashion of Earth.

I Simon the data scribe at least can say Tiberius wasn’t revolted and I hoped I had found one who did not think humans were the master space race.

“Halo,” Tiberius and he shook my hand.

I was completely taken aback; I thought I could get to like Tiberius the human. The last human who took my offered hand crushed it till my six tendril fingers were PULP.

“What now?” He asked.

“Follow me,” I Simon and led the way through the open doors that shut silently behind us. That made Tiberius stop and I was reminded humans have an inner fear about being locked in. It took about a minute before Tiberius got used to the dim light provided by night bees whose bodies glow in the dark.

“Part of the religion,” I explained, “ bees represent the sun chasing darkness away allowing the land to heal, see, mold and night wheat grow here,” and I pointed to sills where the husks were ready for plucking, milling and baking into honey pancakes.

We did not follow Ino but went down towards the dungeons where gaolers sat at tables.

“Who are these?” Tiberius and I was embarrassed to reply,

“Executioners.”

He knew what I meant for the sun executioner is a berserka who does not fear death. His nakedness represents the other side of their sun, night, darkness, basic instincts, backwardness, anger, revenge, the Anno Cythrawl, chaos.

We went deeper and Tiberius noted what he was meant to see.

“This is the main dungeon, here heretics and traitors are sent unlike those you saw in  
the main dungeon,” I Simon.

Tiberius saw a naked human hanging from a wall.

A berserka in front waiting for Tiberius’s entry.

Then with a heated sword cut the human so his insides fell down an open drain below.

Disturbed midges flew up.

Now sounds of hungry snarling animals below fighting over supper.

Then the dark warrior unlocked the chains and the human fell below barely alive.

Tiberius stopped; if it had been an alien like me would Tiberius have been angry?

Would he have demanded from the executioner the condemned’s guilt?

I took him aside.

“Tiberius, yes this was to show you what happens to those who cheat Ino.”

“SHE ordered this?” He amazed at her barbarity?



He had seen her as beauty and beauty to Tiberius is classed with mercy, compassion, motherhood.....such were his ideas on womanhood.....sometimes Tiberius could be naive.

I Simon was amazed; he had forgotten she was SNAKE just because of her famed beauty? He was indeed not like the other humans who couldn't attach any higher conscience levels to Ino or other alien women, but see them as objects satisfying lust.

There was hope for the human race after all.



*42:Ino was seen as a fertility sprite,  
so warriors died for her in droves to  
get into the promised Heaven..*

“No doubt he belonged to the last batch of hired help,” and I could see Tiberius forget all that gold.

“They took Ino’s pay and signed up with Harkos Lord of East Field. But you weren’t here when that happened. They betrayed sun warrior companions and wilderness humpback guides and handed them into the hands of the men of Harkos, who gave them to Hagar to slay.

For gold.....Taggetians also know the value of gold and what it buys.

So pegged them out in wild honey and cut many times for beasts to devour.

Most flesh eaters on Tagget can smell blood five miles away, and the cuts were the work of executioners so that these men would not expire before sunrise.

NOT A NICE WAY TO GO.

Not to mention the red ants.

Our healers say so many died instantly when the desert lions arrived for they show mercy by suffocating their prey. But not the honey bears who lick off the sweet honey before savoring the tender meats,” and Tiberius walked on having heard enough.

“Many bellies distended with ants,” I Simon shouted at his back.

And Dracon his friend wondered what the general thought of his new paymaster Ino? How could the general judge her when it was reported he sent a hundred men adrift into uncharted space without food or water for mutiny? Then he was human condemning humans?

“I didn’t know mercenaries had a conscience?” I Simon still behind.

“I do,” Tiberius’s reply and I smiled; maybe Ino had found the right man? A man with a conscience sticks to his bargain and not many mercenaries had since they fought for GOLD.

Like Dracon Polanski.

“Do not judge Ino too harshly, this is not Earth and by Earth standards no different. Earth executes the guilty or sends them to new pioneer planets as colonists. All Ino has done is give sentence and sentence is comparable to the crime committed.

That man and friends are dying because of how they killed Taggetians,” I Simon  
said passing another cell.

It was only because he stopped to reply that he heard her:

“And if I double deal, am I slit like a pig?”

“As any enemy of the Sun Ceugant Dana, human or alien,” and I added, “it is called WAR.”

“Tiberius,” the voice was feline.

AND HE WAS MEANT TO HEAR HER.

Zane switched of the black recording box.

Dracon takes over:

“Very slowly he turned and saw her. I knew there would be trouble as she was his old flame and companion in arms:

Morgan the Phantom Queen of Space,

AND SHE WAS HUMMAN.”



*43: The Phantom Queen*

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Wayne Haslam took Morag Brown back to his sky rise castle on a promise of good behavior.

She had to go, he could have her disposed off just like that and she was beginning to realise what power meant?

She also believed him, hadn't he told her he loved her?

She also had a long night to kill.

She also wanted to know what to do about the trial, an excuse.

She also wanted to hear Wayne say, “I love you I am real sorry I hit you like.” Those magic words had filled her head with wild desires.

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Morag just happened to like games like being tied to a four poster, but this time she was real scared because she had chosen the *wrong partner* and she knew it now.....he had beaten her up.

But this type of fun was legal, had been for millenniums had helped lead people down a slippery road to deviations and obsessions like the one Wayne had about fish swimming about in tanks waiting for him to feed them. They were so calm and relaxing to watch, they were his Valium pills.

As for Morag when they got to his castle she was left to painted lesbians;

And much later stumbled into his parlor.

Maybe fear made her do it; she knew he would come for her anyway.

As he told her, “You are mine now to do what I want with.....no one talks openly about me, only the dead that is.”

Then this dwarf in a red cod piece to rub in humiliation appeared and handed her copies of the photographs taken.

They were meant to be mind bending so Morag could see she had begun to walk down that slippery road.

“For you dear,” Wayne sneering adding, “I always change the decor after; like pink, next time pink satin, pink everything, monies no limit honey pie.

And Morag got the message; he was Wayne Haslam the most powerful man in existence. He was about to start a war and she was a no body, a D.A. amongst many D.A.'s.

A no body woman no one would believe and if they did, so what, people in the law profession had had a chance to stamp out this type of behavior eons ago but hadn't, in fact made it legal.

With a war coming she would be forgotten and those photos would make her very popular alright, and if she squirmed too much she had been shown the elevator to be different a baseball bat on the skull.

She needed a drink and as if Wayne read her mind he pressed a remote and a bar slid out from a light blue velvet wall papered enclave.

And she would take the beatings for promotion in return; maybe she could escape that way to Tagget? It was her little joke.

And she wouldn't talk, she wanted to live.

This was his castle and she was in the presence of Earth's most powerful bad baron and it was her *own doing*.

It made sense, all those past cases she had been told to drop, cases involving the powerful.....witnesses suddenly vanishing, oh yes, some surfaced in toxic waste pools where they had been forced to bathe as you evaporated. At first nothing happened, just felt like revulsion standing up to your midriff in smelly goo; and then you began to dissolve.

Sometimes a hand was found gripping a car door handle, one of those ones that lasted a hundred years.

And Wayne knew she wouldn't talk, she wanted life and promotion....if she was still around to fill a vacant post!

"You are mine baby, all mines to do what I want and don't forget it,".....also...  
..”let's face it, you loved what happened and wanted a masterful man in you life, well I am him. I have awakened your fantasies baby, I am the one you been waiting for.”

“To the next time,” she toasted and the funny thing was some part of her physical body seemed to turn on to the sex and her brain couldn't understand because another part of wanted life.

And that was the idea Wayne knew, to disease that part so she would enjoy, want and beg to be destroyed although she wouldn't she herself being destroyed, just played with.

“To the next time,” he toasted back.

Wayne Haslam was one sick dude, no sicker than those before him eons ago who let this happen.

And Morag Brown needed a deliverer too, a personal one to touch her soul and awaken it to life.