

## The Plot Thickens



*Illustration  
44: HD  
sauce?*

A recess was called by Wayne, Grand Consul of the white robed ELECT yet Morag had to wait an hour to see him.

She knew he was teaching her her place. Any romantic notions were leaving her silly head; she knew now she was just a female object.

She also knew between the two of them it was Wayne that suffered from deluded fantasies.

Behind massive bronze polished doors Wayne was closing the meeting of the Human Dominance Party. No one knew what was agreed to behind those doors, but Morag Brown found herself facing an exultant happy man, Wayne Haslam.



*Illustration45: More HD sauce.*

He was in a carnival mood; she knew what that meant and without protest obeyed his summons to go through the now open doors.

There was General Macpherson and three of Wayne's praetorian soldiers.....they looked different, their uniforms had changed, now flesh colored and their boots, black and laced to the knees.

And red helmets of hard armor resisting piercing plastic with radio receivers.

And they bristled with weapons.

Worst they held rattan canes.....Wayne's new political troopers.

Those that beat Wayne's rival and those that spoke against The Book, his book of religion.

And General Macpherson left, although a dominant member of the Human Dominance Party he didn't like the perversion seeping in encouraged by Wayne.

But Macpherson knew he didn't have the way to challenge his boss Wayne. See Wayne would send his thugs after him, use batons, like they were about to use them canes on Morag Brown, except they did aim for his head and leave him dead.....this was 200123 A.D.

\*

When trial started again she had her orders: she would obey as Macpherson obeyed. She also ached and she wore a black smock, just in case any accidentally saw her shame.

She was also too sore to sit.

She had been taught a lesson what would happen if she accidentally talked.

She also figured Wayne was that paranoid he would kill her in the end.

“Dracon, we wait eagerly, speak to us,” she shouted, it was her stress.

Sergeant Polanski opened red eyes; he wanted sleep, his very dry mouth liquid.

Morag had escaped momentarily, was dreaming of her new appointment as Prosecuting General for Uranus. She was grateful to Wayne for giving her this post in a far flung corner of humanity and away from him. Uranus was only three weeks from earth and society.

Wayne had kept his promise, she was being promoted.

It was the human society way, I scratch your back and you give me a bag of peanuts and I am your man.

Anyway he wanted a zombie in that post, someone who would follow orders.

He was training Morag well.

He also knew she hadn't escaped, three weeks space travel wasn't a long time, but it was enough to dream up a good appetite for her during her voyage back to Earth to visit.

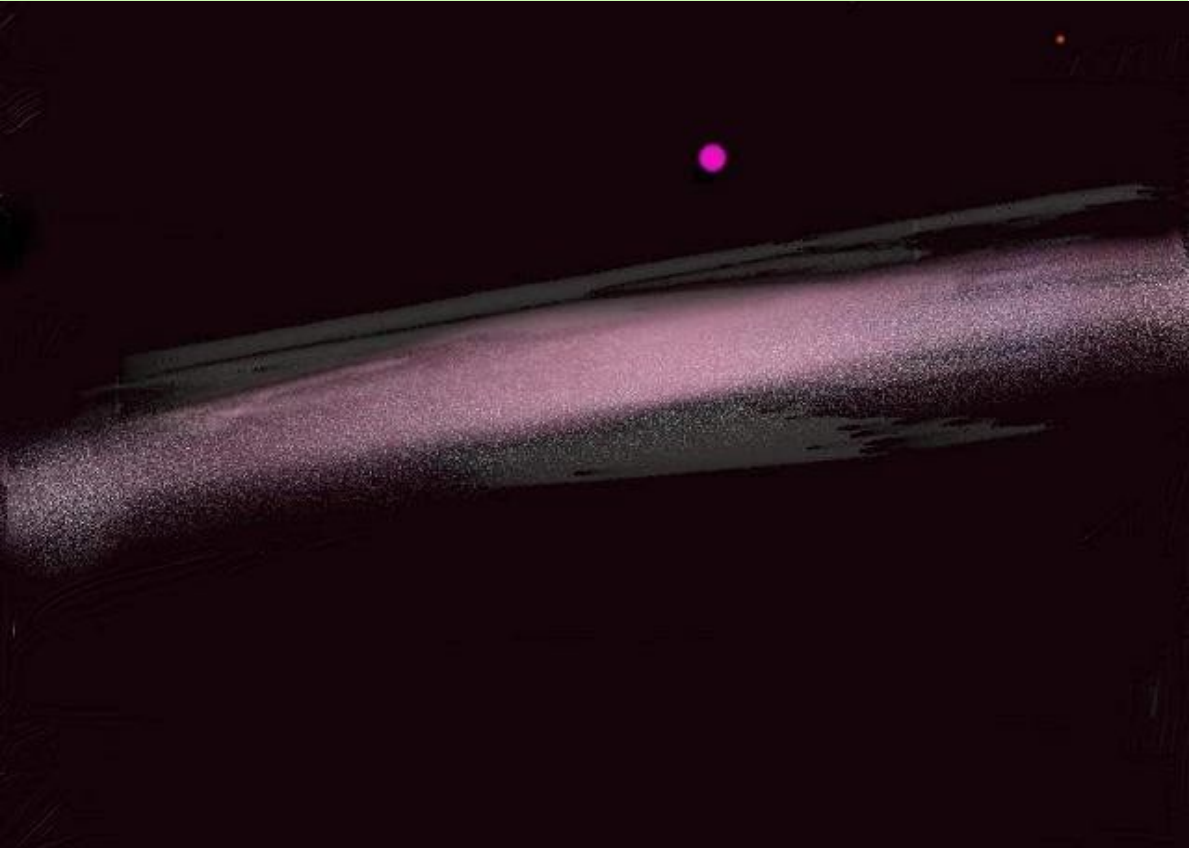
But Morag hadn't thought that bit out yet, she was too euphoric about the posting away from him.

And the other truth about the posting was that he was bored of her already.

Zane Cameron. “I object, my client needs a rest.”

He was over ruled by Wayne and that is what the Human Dominance Party wanted, for Dracon's hate for aliens to infect others.

And an unknown newsman got new instructions. Stop censoring, he was anyway, unknown to Wayne he was a member of the Human Dominance Party too:



*Illustration 46: What Wayne was afraid of.*

But a minor cog.

The party could be more organized.



*Illustration  
47: More  
sauce.*

**The tapes of Simon Data Scribe came on.....**"Knew Morgan well for I stood as her defense lawyer when no other would. She was as beautiful as our High Priestess Ino and I remembered her from those better court days when her hair flowed red, long and curly with a floral head band.

A picture of rural innocence.

Standing all her five seven defiant to Tagget's laws knowing no matter how good a defense I put up she was doomed.

Wayne jerked in his navy blue seat, that woman looked mighty familiar, Morgan could be his missing sister Maeve?

"We do not blame you for failing to save us," Morgan saying to me as they led her to the dungeons with the rest of her mercenaries

I went with her feeling useless.

And in the dark dungeons met her men's smiles and couldn't reply to "You did well," or "it was a good defense," and "don't blame yourself, we are mercenaries and give no quarter so expect none."

And watched her taken to Red Square with the first batch of ten and shackled to stakes while seats slid out of the walls to seat the million that would come and witness:

THE FLOGGING TO DEATH OF MORGAN.

PHANTOM QUEEN OF SPACE.

"Pitiful," I Simon at the crowds of true sun worshippers who gathered, "A mercenary abides by no laws so cannot be judged by any."

I PAUSED

Kill them and you are worse than them. Murderers for you follow sun law that states there is no better pursuit for man or woman than war in defense of the Sun Ceugant Dana.

Which you paid them to do.

And there is no crime in switching sides for a mercenary. What have they done wrong apart from follow their way the creed of gold?"

Then black armored dark sun warriors pushed me aside and cut through Morgan's green leather jerkin and likewise stripped the ten others semi naked.

It was the first time I had seen naked humans.

The bosom of Morgan looked no different from a snake woman's apart from being lighter, maybe softer.

And the men just like us.

Then they flogged the first so his skin bung from his body.

Then nicked a neck artery, only one so death would be longer to relief.

And likewise the second so when his skin lay about his feet they did not stop the flogging as the first but continued till organs had been flayed out.

Then nicked his neck too.

In this gruesome fashion they flogged the others till the crowd grew bored and wanted something different.

The next they flogged from the feet up.

Then an alien they picked him up and impaled him on his stake.

And Morgan they dragged about the red tiled squared so the crowd could shower her in filth.

And I was ashamed to be an alien which was an admission that humans were the superior species.”

Zane Cameron couldn't believe his ears. Simon the Data Scribe had given his client the best defense out. So Zane sat upright preening himself, smirking at Morag who wasn't interested.

She was looking at Wayne as were the rest of the ELECT wondering what he would do next?

THIS WAS DEFINATELY ANTI ALIEN.

She knew Dracon was going to die, Wayne had told her.



*Illustration 48: Would die for the party.*

And now there seemed to be more of Wayne Human Party Dominance men about and they weren't holding canes this time around.

And it was also obvious the ALIEN ELECT were becoming nervous over this fact too.

\*

Anyway .....”The general went to her cell and hugged Morgan ignoring her bucket stench, stroked her matted hair, combed the lice out, demanded fresh water and clean food.

Kissing her passionately always.

And the dark warriors fetched for Tiberius's reputation had reached them even in this space forgotten league. They had faced him in battle when he shouted “I am Tiberius Grant,” and dropped their weapons fleeing with the sound of his horn in their ears.

He was the invincible dragon whom Ceugant Dana had sent to Tagget to make the land fertile again.

Now he stood beside them.

A living god, the dragon, he who had given them the potter's wheel.

“Can you free me?” Morgan.

“If they want me to fight for them?” He replied and Dracon shook his head; obviously he didn't know High Priestess Ino?

“Simon told me they will keep me alive because you are here?” Morgan.

Tiberius looked at me Simon questioningly.



“I told Ino you were once special partners. She will not be released; she is HOSTAGE for your good behavior. So she will not die at least but this stink,” and I Simon began to be ashamed at the way we treated our prisoners with a swill out bucket.

“We shall sse about that?” Tiberius.

I turned to follow and guide and heard her, “Thank you alien Simon.”

Dam humans speaking down to me again. Who did they think they are? And I knew for their blasted holy book was the only one that’s stated, ‘Made in the image of God, higher than the angels?’ which excluded us aliens, given to be slaves and farm beasts.

And there was more them than us anyway

Us aliens.

White, brown, yellow, red and black ones.

BILLIONS AND BILIONS.

Missionaries, soldiers, colonists, farmers,

Business folk, charitable networks, news monopolies and

FORMABLE MERCANARIES.

We aliens ere a side show in evolution. Freaks created for humans to master. AND TAGGETIANS FELT THE SAME ABOUT THEIR PLANET,

It had been given over to humans.

“For humans to show kindness or cruelty and so judged by the higher light rewarded accordingly.

HEAVEN OR HELL?

Many cantons had banned human/alien missionaries for this reason. Foreign religions were subversive to native culture. It made you the slaves of the human new comers.

I shouted “Jump off cliff humans,” which halted Tiberius so he turned to face me so I could lead him to Ino.

And we came out of the dim dungeons into the Inner Garden of Fruit so called because every fruit on Planet Tagget grew here. And as we walked great copper polished doors opened and the eight suns rays collected during the day were released upon the fruit.

Together we shielded our eyes stumbling blindly on.

The designed effect.

You were in the presence of the eight suns, god Ceugant Dana and god’s chosen High Priestess Ino.

A great seat made out of smooth granite rose out from behind the doors and sitting on it Ino, sparkling after a milk bath and olive oil rub down, decked in gems, satins and silks, revealing her limbs and belly, radiating confidence in her sex, the female.

If she expected Tiberius to kiss each step as he ascended she was mistaken. I SIMON DID and was horrified to see Tiberius three steps at a time bound towards her. Humans.

Ten feet from the top a bed of spikes shot up halting him.

On the spikes the skeletons of those who had done as he had, left as a warning.

“Let go of me,” he demanded of sun warriors who appeared from behind trap doors.



*Illustration 49: Trap doors contained spikes not spiders.*

“If you wait till you are summoned like my subjects?” I heard for I had stopped kissing and ran up knowing I was needed. The High Priestess Ino was not experienced in arrogant human ways and didn’t realize how they thought they owned EVERYTHING.

And now there was Wayne Haslam’s BOOK.

Didn’t Wayne’s ‘BOOK’ take the worship of the universe further than their bible?  
 “All the fish in the sea, birds in the air, wild beasts on the land are yours.....and all manner of beasts were shown the man Jesus to eat.....so eat what you find pleasing in space.....and humans ate us.

And Wayne missed the lesson, food doesn’t make a human or alien dirty in front of the way, but his heart.

And Wayne’s heart was bad.

BUT:

(I presumed wrong for Ino had already met her savior Tiberius Grant the General.

HADN'T SHE?)

Tiberius smiled and the guards felt him relax. This was the same girl he had rescued, and he gave her the same look he had when his eyes first fell upon her, examining her limbs, marking her beauty in his opinion score.

And Ino challenged him by sitting still so he could appreciate her.

"I want Morgan freed and her fighters, I need them," he told her and I quavered with fear.

NOT A MILLION TAGGETIANS BREATHED.

I expected a spear thrown at his back. Tiberius was cool a customer even for a human. He was also he who had escaped Hagar's arena.....and they feared him over that feat even more.

"Why?" Ino.

"Because she is one of my women and me one of her men," he adding, "my favorites and inseparables need only ask me for help and I am there."

I trembled; Tiberius was sending Ino a message that if she became one of his favorites he did help her just for the asking.

Ino answered by pulling on a blue cord by her side so the floor below the ziggurat disappeared scattering the faithful as feathered dancers came out representing the eight suns traveling across the year.

Also a table with food and drink in front of Ino.

And Tiberius with another smile sat, ate and drank.



*Illustration 50: "Cluckquack cluck cluck" went the feathered dancers.*

What a human? Where did he get the gall? I could never do such a thing? What was Ino thinking?

Then that grubby little man Dracon sat.

UNIVITED.

Ino said nothing.

"I am the greatest military mind known. No master war game computer can defeat me. I want Morgan the Phantom Queen of Space and her warriors, I need them," Tiberius.

And Dracon drank straight from a copper jug not a glass, slurping noisily, spilling over his soiled military fawn vest.

Then he stunk the place up.

I was disgusted and expected his immediate removal.

Was he not in the presence of Ino?

But she ignored him.

So Dracon continued with his hands tearing humpback ribs, wiping the greases on his uniform.

It took some time for me for the fact that it was a show for our benefit, to make Dracon appear rough, tough and strong.

Then for the time it took for one of the dungeoned mercenaries to be hauled up to stand in front of Tiberius no one spoke.

Any communication was done through the eyes as Tiberius and Ino faced each other; each a new toy to the other.

And noticed Ino push her chest out slowly so as not to make it obvious for Tiberius. Her belly shrunk in as she forced herself to be slimmer, her curves more to show; there was lust in her eyes.

For Tiberius Ino would free Morgan, he had seen in her eyes interest and jealousy for Morgan and she guessed he would not come near her as long as Morgan her rival was in chains.

It was what Tagget offered and also the mercenary way of Tiberius and Morgan that over time became part of their way, as familiar as poking one's nose.....they thought nothing of it and would not hold grudges against each other over such trivialities.

And Ino found Tiberius pleasing; he didn't have the blank dark eyes of a snake but the grey of a human betraying interest.

And she wanted his interest, she might be the chosen of Ceugant Dana but was still a woman.

Only Dracon and I realized.....I think.

Also infertility amongst male snakes was increasing due to human miners opening mountains with nuclear blasts.

So Ino looked upon Tiberius as a means to prove her fertility.

I realized this, I am not that stupid.

Different gene strands was no obstacle, they could be matched to provide a healthy sibling.

"How loyal are your mercenaries?" Ino and clicked a finger. And a sun officer turning gave orders and a warrior eager to please Ino came, his black armor highly polished gleaming under eight suns and an alien nefcanry was dragged forward also.

Not a yellow cloud or bird above, just a blue dazzling mirror.

"I wait," was all Ino said.

And the officer drew his copper sword placing it at the small of the warrior's back in case he changed his mind, then screaming "Ino" the warrior threw himself upon the nearest spike.

Piercing himself: the officer calmly walked up to the withering warrior and thrust his sword into the man's neck.

The Taggetian way.

The neck, the neck always the neck.

No one survives that.

And the assembled host banged their shields gleefully. It was a high honor to die for Ino and the Sun their god Ceugant Dana would take the deceased's soul straight to paradise where he would be attended to by maidens.

"Tiberius Grant shook his head disgusted with the waste of a brave man.

"Prove to me that my money buys your loyalty," and she handed him a throwing stick.  
(The end explodes on contact.)

Tiberius knew what it did, he was a soldier.

"I will not kill this mercenary," he flexing his fingers as the weapon was too hot to grasp.

"He not human, but come show me I have bought you and not Morgan's green eyes. Kill him and your wish will be granted for if Morgan and her men fight me again, I will expect you to hunt and kill them all.

Fail to kill this murderer and I shall feed Morgan to the ants."

Tiberius grunted agreement.

The alien was a murderer of sun warriors and it made sense for one to die than all, and he had feelings for Morgan and none for the mercenary alien.

"Don't Tiberius," the sweating ape alien begged.





*Illustration 51: Maidens trained in college to be waitresses in Haeven.*

And Tiberius looked at him with eyes full of pity and grief saying, “You were to die anyway, all I have done is become the executioner; this way is quicker,” and he pressed the trigger mechanism and the throwing stick jerked loosening a two foot needle that entering the alien’s stomach expanded into hooks.

The hooks closed.

The needle withdrew.

Tiberius was shocked, this type of throwing stick was new to him; it was Taggetian of course.

There was no explosion.

A hole appeared underneath the doomed alien and he fell into it.

The hole closed.

The Taggetian way, this race likes its trap doors and hidden beasts below. Their whole mental energies are taken up not with science but with the disposal of their slain hygienically.

Free Morgan and her warriors. Tell them they are under the command of Tiberius,” Ino called.

“For Morgan I have become a murderer,” General Tiberius muttered. I Simon data Scribe heard him and have no doubt as did Ino he had executed men before.

And Sergeant Polanski had not stopped eating. Obviously his soul had removed itself from the finer feelings of mercy, compassion and shock.

Now the sound of beating signal drums.

In minutes Morgan and her warriors assembled below where the dancers had once been.

Their lines waving rising heat so they appeared unable to stand still.

120F.

Such the orange desert.

A tiny disturbed beetle scuttled away under Dracon seeking a new home before it fried.

The mercenaries saw Tiberius kill and understood not to break his military law.

They were also grateful he had shaved their lives by only killing one of them and knew the orders had come from Ino the snake woman.

Knew he hung looters in his armies before to restore order. A lay person with no military experience could never understand his actions, a soldier would.

Many mercenaries wanted revenge on Tiberius, the alien had been one of their own,

Ungrateful savages,

One of their number had died so the rest

Might live.

He had sacrificed his life for them.

A general cannot command without order and in an army is enforced by imprisonment or when in the field, DEATH for a battle must be won.

Tiberius understood.

SO DID MORGAN.

He also knew Morgan's fighters, the dirtiest ten dozen roaming space. Guilty of rape, murder, disorderly conduct, drunkenness and many other acts of barbarity, but the most feared and respected of fighters for they gave no quarter getting none back, so fought to win.

Their survival depended upon it.

The alien male just killed no doubt deserved a capital punishment on a dozen planets.

AND I WONDERED IF TIBERIUS WOULD HAVE KILLED A HUMAN AS EASILY. I felt uneasy under my porous amphibian pink skin. I knew this general could kill me as easily; I was not human.

Too him I was an intelligent pink frog.

The old school boy tie network is strong amongst humans for I don't think they have logic as we aliens do? We chose strongest and best; humans chose humans for they are humans which mean they are the best?

"I want every one of them to come singly swearing alliance to ME," Tiberius ordered with a shout.

"What not to me?" Ino disturbed.

"No to me and then they will fight for you are the alien queen who has sentenced them. I only follow orders, you they hate, I they fear.

No one crosses Tiberius and expects to live."

Ino smiled making her face friendly under the copper sun god headdress that weighed her down making her blond hair sweaty.

Tiberius smiled into Ino's dark eyes that fluttered life and these two knew a greater contest had already begun.

*The mating ritual of the Red Spotted Wood Pecker of Earth?*

WE THREE, Tiberius, Ino and I understood, they would not swear loyalty to a snake woman alien.

*Nor was bisexual; he never boasted of his conquests, others did that," Simon, 'The Triad Faces of Tiberius.'*

Then the sound of a drum hit once.

And first came Morgan up to where Ino and Tiberius where, kneeling until Ino indicated she swear allegiance to Tiberius, thus keeping appearance of command.

“Once again I owe you my life,” Morgan.

Tiberius gently took her right hand kissing it.

Then came the others and did likewise, each signaled by a drum beat.

First to Ino, then Tiberius.

#### DIPLOMACY.

Then the scurrying beetle stopped moving, its legs were sticking to the hot tiles, the heat was something else, the orange desert heat.

And Number 31 an alien of the same race as he whom Tiberius slew. In an instant he flew at the general shoving me, Simon so that I rolled showing splintered ribs.

Oh the pain the pain I was not used to such punishment.

And Tiberius still held his throwing stick and before his attacker jabbed his eyes out the stick sent its claws into the alien’s throat, expanded, closed, and withdrew.

A button was pushed.

A hole appeared.

The attacker flew away below.

Hole closed.

Dracon started his second jug of wine unperturbed.

The man amazed me.

And Tiberius examined the faces of the remaining 129 kneeling warriors of Morgan. Ino was tense, reading his and their faces, she wanting to over ride Tiberius and exterminate them all.

But Tiberius was reading them and why number 35 was shot in the head and sun warriors came and dragged the body away and threw it down a hole.....  
MORE SNARLS OF SAVAGE BEASTS FIGHTING OVER IT.....who were feeding well this day.

And Dracon blew smoke from a cartridge gun, an ancient pistol from Earth while Tiberius picked up the fallen arrow from 35; fired at him in an attempt to poison the great man.

“Any more?” Tiberius asked.

I Simon looked at Dracon, “How did you know?”

“Same blooming alien type isn’t he?”

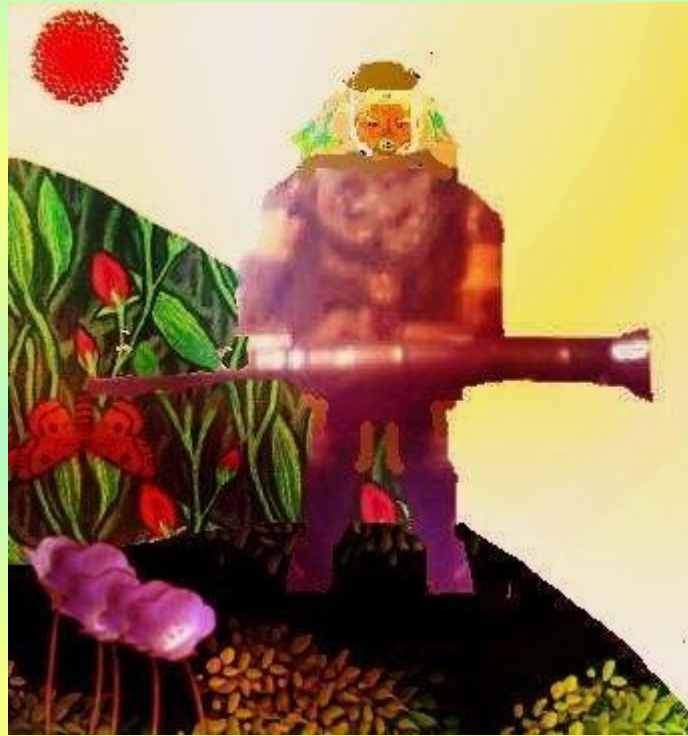
He did not need to say the rest; I read his mind for him, “The only good alien is a dead one.”

Numbers 36 to 90 were humans.

90 went to kneel but suddenly was at Ino’s side with strong hands at her throat.

“You are committing suicide man, come let her go and kneel and I will spare your life?” Tiberius pleaded.

“Not her I want dead but you; two years ago I took out a contract from the Opium Runners to kill you. Her, she is my way out, shield Tiberius, so give me the stick and start



*Illustration 52: Alien mercenary and we see how Morgan idled away the time travelling across deep space.*

praying for if you don't the sun warriors will kill you to save Ino," the human hit man replied.

So Tiberius handed him the stick head first and the assassin relaxed his hold to reach for it and Tiberius saw:

One hand had reached for the stick.

One hand three inches off Ino's neck.

Tiberius squeezed.

The stick came back with the assassin's heart.

No button pushed.

No hole.

The sun warriors rolled his body down the flight of steps till it stopped at the bottom.

Here they hacked it to slithers while the others mercenaries watched it washed down a drain; smaller beasts would feast in the drains.

Waste not wants not.

There was no more trouble with the remaining men.

And that beetle on the red tiles had begun to fry.

And I found time to pluck out my broken ribs while new ones slipped into place.

Oh the pain the pain of why does regeneration have to be so painful?

Which stopped Dracon eating?

“Never seen an alien like you,” looked at the spare rib he was biting into and ate more of it.

Perhaps he saw me there, after all humans ate us in barbecue sauce.

“Why do you want these ruffians next to you?” I asked.

“They will become my companions as Alexander the Great had his, so do I,” Tiberius answered.

The beetle now was just hard crisp junk.

Such then the Taggetian heat and Dracon wondered how these snakes managed to stay out in the sun. He would mention it to Tiberius in private, something wasn't right?

He knew the hymn too.



Morgan the Phantom Queen of Space came to see Tiberius after BEING CLEANED UP.

I was still with Tiberius for he was my appointment from Ino. For a human Morgan was indeed beautiful and loved her reputation as the most seductive whore in space. Ino had given her a green cape to shield her from the heat and orange sand, white knee high boots to protect against scorpion and snake bites, and very little else. And it was obvious she had come to be the reptile with Tiberius.

“Must you glue yourself to me Simon?” Tiberius tapping fingers on a pink frog skinned light shade.

Once a relative of mine but Ino did him for this as a punishment.

“I am the trusted ears of Ino,” I bowing low.

HE LAUGHED.

“You are an alien and not Taggetian, a hired pen as I a hired laser sword,” he laughed.

“And I serve my employees well and abuse not the trust put in me,” I replied standing straight, proud to be an alien and could not help looking at the lampshade not wanting that fate.

“Simon,” he softly, “you are not needed; these walls have eyes and ears.”

I hesitated smelling Dracon before he put an arm around my waist dragging me away.

“Let’s drink to friendship,” Dracon with overpowering alcoholic breath. I had to get away from his human stink.

So smiled politely leaving going to see what my planted hidden eyes and ears would report.

PEEKING TOM,

SIMON SCRIBE,

That was me,

Curious to see if humans mated as we aliens did?

I was a dirty minded alien.



*Illustration 53: "Croak"  
went a dirty alien.*