

A story from the dark side: A sapphic romance

I Raid on Deafendwarven Park

Night was falling as detectives Sappho Piggerhead and Hasso Roquefort entered the litter-strewn Deafendwarven Park, where the wind whispered a discordant melody of hopelessness and decay through the dying trees.

In addition to the discreet charm of a run-down landfill, the subtle odors of all kinds of human excrement also contributed to the park's special ambience. The green space, reminiscent of a garbage dump, was once intended to serve as a place of relaxation for stressed-out workers and pensioners, but had lost its recreational value for decades, so that a stay in that inhospitable place could well involve a lethal onward journey to a better world. In the meantime, illustrious amateur pharmacists, tolerated by the local political elite in return for donations, were selling all kinds of mind-expanding substances and a wide range of delicious narcotics.

After this brief digression, which the reader may forgive me for, we will return to our guardians of the law, who entered the park with very different intentions. The newcomer from the Police Academy (Part 5), Piggerhead, still had naive, idealistic notions of her future work, while her colleague, who bore a certain mental and physical resemblance to a very stupid, fat bulldog, was light years away from the principle of 'serve and protect'.

Hasso – that's what we call our mutts in the Palatinate, by the way – grinned with mocking contempt, his eyes glistening with self-satisfaction. "Well, little one," he began, casting a disparaging glance over his shoulder, "welcome to the real world. Things are different here. Here we give the rats hell."

The 'little one' sighed in annoyance and cursed in her thoughts once again that her boss Vito Wutzenbimbos (Palatinate for Wutzen=pigs + Bimbos=money), also affectionately called Fatso by his subordinates, had assigned her the most stupid macho in the office as a partner.

"You know, baby," the lawman, blessed with little intelligence but all the more self-confidence, remarked, leaning over to her, "you shouldn't let dolls like you go to places like this. You could ruin your nail polish." He laughed at his own joke, a throaty, unpleasant sound.

Sappho gave the macho king a cold look and decided to be more explicit, as her patience, reminiscent of a winged messenger from heaven, with which she had so far endured the cheeky Hasso's brain-farting innuendos, was coming to an end.

"You're not quite right in the head, Roquefort! Stop your stupid remarks, we have better things to do here!"

Hasso just shrugged his shoulders and grinned with borderline moronic arrogance. He was too blessed with ignorant machismo to take the words of his intellectually superior colleague seriously.

"Oh come on, you're not like that normally! That you chicks don't understand harmless fun! So, sweetie, now I'll show you how it's done. So, there's no room for moral whining here. The guys here are nothing more than dirt under our boots, because the road is hard and only for real men!"

"God, spare me your wisdoms Roquefort and stop calling me sweetie, either you call me Sappho or Mrs. Piggerhead! Capiche!"

Hasso shrugged, an oily grin on his fat face. "Whatever, Piggy. Don't get too big for your boots. At the end of the day, you're just as deep in the mire as I am."

The wind carried an ominous whisper as the two of them continued into the park. The tension between them was almost tangible, like an invisible rope that was tightening more and more. But the Deafendwarven Park had its own rules, and only the strong and clever survived here.

II A lethal acquaintance

"It's paying time, nigger!"

Styx Lumumba looked at the two policemen, whom she had assumed were customers looking for energy-rich white powder, in surprise. Roquefort in particular was known to the black dealer as a regular customer who might have taken a few lines for

free as a bribe, but on the whole paid for his stuff.

"Oh Roquefort, you old white bread, looking for a free nose again? You don't have to get rough about it, I'd be happy to spend you and your attractive girlfriend a shot free of charge."

The drug dealer radiated an aura of self-confidence and sovereignty that made Sappho wonder how a criminal could be so strong and beautiful. This attitude and the mocking smile on her lips now aroused extreme antipathy in Hasso.

A furious hybrid of a Great Dane and a pig, the corrupt law enforcement officer approached Styx and spat contemptuously:

"You want to be cheeky, nigger! We gentlemen from the South know how to treat black pigs. Back home, you would be given a hemp tie. So, that makes three grand! You'd better pay up, you cunt, if you want to do business in this town. Or do you want me to take care of you?"

Far from being intimidated, the potential victim of the attempted blackmail looked challengingly at Hasso, while Piggerhead listened in horror at the unexpected conversation.

"I'm not paying you, you miserable racist pig. You stupid white man can go screw yourself."

Hasso laughed hatefully as he drew his service weapon and aimed at Styx.

"Damn nigger, I'll shoot you like a rabid dog and get a medal for it!"

This unfortunate development now woke Sappho from her state of shock and she threw herself in front of her colleague before he could pull the trigger.

"Hasso, stop! Are you completely crazy?"

Roquefort hesitated for a moment, and then a shot shattered the silence of the night.

Well, friends, life punishes those who are late, and if you want to shoot, you should shoot and not talk, as every aficionado of Spaghetti Westerns knows. Lumumba had reacted like lightning and sent Hasso to dog or pig heaven with her pink 45.

Piggerhead couldn't believe what had just happened, but reflexively pulled out her gun. Her heart was racing as she pointed her weapon at the attractive dealer. Confused, the policewoman realized that she was unable to pull the trigger.

Styx, beautiful like an African goddess of death, looked Sappho deep in the eyes and gave the blonde detective a knowing smile that also contained a hint of arrogance, before carefully stowing her large-caliber revolver.

"You could pull the trigger now, cop, but you won't. You feel it, don't you? Something between us, something stronger than the law and your body is consumed by desire."

Her words had a strange, enticing power for the well-proportioned law enforcement officer. With all her might, her previously suppressed needs came to her consciousness, although the situation was not at all favorable for a coming out. Now completely overwhelmed by confusion, Sappho lowered her weapon and looked at Lumumba with a look that contained not only insecurity but also intense desire.

The two women remained facing each other, in the darkness of the dilapidated park, between right and wrong, sex and duty. Their love story had just begun, and it would forever unholy merge the boundaries of their world, to sink into a maelstrom of lust and passion.

The colored drug dealer slowly approached the policewoman and seized her like a hungry lioness, giving her a passionate kiss that made Sappho glow with desire. However, the black warrior princess pushed her away roughly after the deed was done.

"That's for your trouble, you little minx. See you later."

Quickly, like the shadow of death, Styx disappeared into the depths of the park's underworld.

The police officer stood alone in the park, her thoughts and emotions swirling in a seething chaos as the minutes passed by like hours. Finally, she managed to pull herself together enough to call for backup on her police cell phone.

While Sappho waited for support, she could not stop thinking about what had happened and decided to describe the events in a slightly modified way. In her narrative, the heroic Roquefort was cruelly slaughtered by an unknown person in the line of duty, while she served as a hostage to the brutal assassin, who panicked and fled after successfully killing the policeman. The story had its flaws, but it was nice to listen to and could easily be accepted due to Hasso's heroic role.

Unbeknownst to the two lovers, another dealer named Isca Riot had been watching the scene and quietly withdrawn. Isca was smart enough not to interfere in this strange and dangerous encounter.

When Sappho's colleagues finally arrived, she appeared composed and professional. However, her heart was pounding wildly

and her thoughts were a stormy, dark ocean in whose bottomless depths a destructive passion slumbered.

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III A storm of emotions

Inspector Piggerhead lay awake in her bed and wept bitter tears of loneliness, enduring an overwhelming feeling of inner emptiness. The realisation of her own sexuality had plunged her into an abyss that brought her bourgeois mind to the brink of being overwhelmed. Gradually, the blonde policewoman realised why her previous romantic relationships with men had been so unsatisfactory and why she had never experienced an orgasm despite her lovers' best efforts.

Despite the hurricane of lesbian feelings and the resulting confusion, the conscientious law enforcement officer had been able to plausibly convey her tale of the hostage-taking as well as the subsequent emergency slaughter of her partner. Now, her colleagues were not exactly blessed with abundant cognitive abilities and immediately began to hunt for the Sapphic phantom to the amusement of the local dealers, but their corrupt superiors accepted the crudely woven story without asking any annoying questions. Well folks, a hero is always good for the image and business life goes on after all.

The inspector was rewarded with several days' special leave to allow her to adequately process what had happened. Sappho had not yet seen much misery in her job, but the death of the unpopular Hasso did not particularly shock her. However, the eruption of long-suppressed emotions was traumatic for the curly-haired policewoman. Since that night, they had blurred the boundaries of reality and erupted violently in many an erotic daydream, the protagonist of which was the black drug dealer. Finally, five minutes before midnight, the once staid policewoman could not resist the mysterious attraction of that coloured dealer. Her emotions switched off every trace of rationality, so that she was dominated only by the thought of seeing this free and wild creature again. Sappho hurriedly slipped into a tracksuit provided by her office, which accentuated her feminine curves to great advantage, and finally set off in her stuffy little electric car to the scene of her sexual awakening.

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IV The cockroach

"Hey cop, looking for a fix or your new girlfriend?"

The words, uttered in a shrill, slimy voice, made Sappho jump in horror. For hours now, she had been scouring the squalid shadow world of the Deafendwarven Park in search of the love of her life and had already received clearly dirty offers from all sorts of illustrious figures. With astonishing luck, it had remained verbal assaults - probably partly due to the clearly labelled tracksuit of the well-proportioned inspector. In terms of ugliness and lack of personal hygiene, the creature she was now facing far surpassed the heroes of the night she had encountered so far on her trip. It was not for nothing that Isca Riot was affectionately referred to in informed circles as a 'cockroach', a nickname that did the poor insects a gross injustice.

The policewoman looked at this parody of a human appearance with disgust.

"Excuse me? What does that even mean?"

Isca giggled shrilly and contorted his face into a mimicry that was probably meant to express derision, but was also quite suitable for passing a job interview at any freak show with flying colours.

"What do you think I mean? You're looking for the bitch who shot your cop mate like a mangy mutt. Don't get the idea of denying everything. I've seen it, really the whole mess! But don't worry, I think it's great when a cop goes to hell. I can take you to Styx if you want me to."

"Why would you do that? I wonder what's behind it?"

Sappho, noticing how the unsteady eyes of this repulsive figure glittered with greed and deceit, felt a chill run down her spine.

"Do you want to see your girlfriend or not? I can lead you to her, to your Styx."

Riot's dissonant, hissing voice enveloped the enamoured vigilante like a sickening breath from the putrid depths of betrayal. Piggerhead had an extremely uneasy feeling about the services offered by her untrustworthy interlocutor, but her longing for Styx was stronger than her mistrust. Her eyes fixed on Isca, penetrating his unattractive façade, searching in vain for a spark of truth in the darkness of his nature. Despite knowing better, she nodded curtly.

"Okay, take me to her! But don't you dare betray me."

"By my father's wedding ring Gollum, I will and much more! Just follow me!"

The rasping voice of the cockroach resembled sandpaper on rusty metal in its timbre. With a cackling giggle of exquisite

ugliness, Isca Riot turned and disappeared into the bowels of the Deafendwarven Park with Sappho in tow.

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V Happiness in love and insect extermination

For some time now, the unlikely duo had been wandering through the park, which resembled a grotesque nightmare, dodging excrement and all kinds of rotting relics of human decay. The wind carried with it the nauseating stench of rotting leaves and old rubbish - an olfactory proclamation of desolation. The trees, bare and stunted, reached up into the gloomy sky like the cursed fingers of a long-forgotten deity. An abysmal darkness, which could not only be explained by the blackness of the night, lay like a dirty shroud over the run-down location.

Meanwhile, Sappho regretted that in her haste to leave, she had neglected to take her service weapon with her so that she could keep the vermin at bay if necessary.

"Not far now, copper. You'll soon see your sweetheart."

Isca grinned mockingly and presented the ruins that adorned his mouth. The pestilential odour and the sight of teeth that would have done credit to the legendary Viking king Harald Bluetooth almost made the enamoured policewoman's stomach revolt. Doubts gradually gnawed at her mind, but the erotic thoughts of her beloved drove her on. Finally, they reached a clearing where Styx, more beautiful and aloof than ever before, waited for her junky customers in an aura of danger and attraction. The eyes of the black goddess of love with the mind-expanding job narrowed when she saw Isca Riot.

"Well, well, cockroach and baby cop! You little bitch should get better company when you get the chance."

The drug dealer's voice dripped with mockery, while her body language betrayed contempt and mistrust. Sappho, overcome with romantic feelings, intended to rush to her, to sink into her lover's strong arms, but a cold stare from Styx held her back.

"So, Riot, what do you want?"

Instead of an immediate response, the cockroach quickly grabbed Sappho with a rough movement, pulled her to him and put a knife to her throat. The humanoid insect's eyes glittered with ominous anticipation of the planned coup. The guardian of order, who had now really become a hostage, froze, but her gaze remained fixed on Styx.

Isca grinned broadly, aware of what he thought was his inevitable triumph.

"A simple transaction. I have your sweetheart, and you give me what I ask for. Besides, I saw you take care of her colleague and everything else. So for now, move the stuff and the cash over!"

Styx laughed dryly, a cold, harsh sound. How could this wretched creature think she could get away with her attempt at blackmail? She, who had already experienced many a trauma as a child soldier in her old homeland, had already sent true warriors to Hades in hopeless situations.

"You idiot. Do you really think I'm going to let an insect like you blackmail me?"

She took a step forward, her eyes as merciless as the dark depths of hell, giving a silent promise of death and corruption.

Isca was visibly unsettled, but he pressed the knife even harder against the hostage's throat, causing a small trickle of blood to ooze out.

"You have no choice, you black slut. Stay where you are or your lover dies."

Styx contorted her facial expression into a dangerous, almost maniacal smile. With a speed that reminded Sappho of a lithe predator whose lethal grace was emphasised by fluid, elegant movements, the black Amazon queen charged at Isca. She grabbed him with her bare hands, twisted his arm and disarmed him with a skilful movement. The blackmailer cried out, but it was too late. The dealer's hands closed around his neck, her fingers like iron clamps, a deadly embrace that knew no mercy. Isca Riot's eyes widened, his face turned blue and finally his body collapsed like a pile of worthless flesh...

"I'll see you again in hell, cockroach, and I'll crush you there for all eternity."

Sappho, ignoring the slight bleeding, breathed heavily, her eyes fixed on Styx, who now stood before her, the corpse of Isca Riot at her feet. Although the inspector struggled against it, the dark aesthetics of the act of killing had aroused her sexually and revealed another, unknown side of her true nature.

As if conjured out of nowhere, Styx suddenly held a hemp rope in his hands, picked up the lifeless body and tied it to a single dead tree with inhumanly elegant strength. Thus Isca Riot now hung from his Judas tree as a macabre beacon of failed betrayal and extremely fitting to the ambience of the park; another human sacrifice to the dark abysses of the forgotten.

"You must decide now, baby copper. You can follow me into the darkness and perhaps perish, or you can continue your boring life in your monotonous world, only to wonder when you're old and ugly whether you ever lived at all. Then it will be too late! Will you now follow me into the fascinating depths of my universe?"

Sappho, enchanted by the harsh, seductive voice of the goddess of death in human form, nodded wordlessly, ready to immerse herself in the dangerous beauty of gloom.

"Welcome to my cosmos," Styx said quietly to Sappho, "now let's explore the world beyond banality."

Together they disappeared into the darkness, hand in hand. The night seemed to engulf the lovers, as if it wanted to protect the unlikely couple, bound together by the whims of fate, in its shadows.

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