

Manuscript: **ALIEN TOTALITARIAN GOD Akuma Sutra Abduction**

MMO Alien Cyberspace.

Science Fiction Horror Fantasy.

Probability, permutation, combination and game theory.

Japanese esoteric cosmology/disembodied physics @ 104,000 words

E.C. McCready

530 South Lake Ave 130
Pasadena, Ca. 91101-3515

(tel) 818.919.0633

(fax) 818.334.2803

ecmccready@mangamccready.com

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Synopsis

A serial killer in a massively multiplayer online game that's an anti-social spelunking website network that has a goal to present the Devil, it has been over-ridden by a re-dating of carbon - an Alien! Written as a stream of consciousness, Ronald Reese was role playing as serial killer in his Spelunking Website network.

Juliana had went online to meet Ronald, yet her past had manifested into her virtual present. "The Rock Field Killer," he had taken the microchips out of cattle feeders that murderous day, and Chi Chi was raped in its dirt. Their destinies were changed by an extraterrestrial.

E.C. McCready

Edward Charles McCready

My first name is from Old English, meaning a "rich happy king." My middle name is Germanic, meaning "man." I was born on a Sunday of May 24, 1959. My mother was seventeen when I was born; my father was thirty-three. I am Scottish, Sicilian and French. I have been and am estranged from my family since my early teens. I have some college. I have no children and have never been married. I am a Buddhist.

Contents

- Chapter One: A Lost Dream
- Chapter Two: An Entree
- Chapter Three: A Risen Lord
- Chapter Four: Coercion
- Chapter Five: Sinners
- Chapter Six: The Faithless
- Chapter Seven: A Thinning Veil
- Chapter Eight: Inside
- Chapter Nine: The Lie
- Chapter Ten: The Child's Plaything
- Chapter Eleven: The Taking

Chapter One: A Lost Dream

I had to wrestle with it. Inside me, it was in my rent-a-car. I was on its technological road. An electronic architecture, it had been fused into my biochemistry. An extraterrestrial field-space, a carbon dating of me, my cosmological definition, it had been put into this geophysical mania. I was lost, without Lucifer. My spaced-out highway, it was before me. Its source codes, they were of an un-real time.

"Do it, Ronald. Be me! Be without grace! Join me. Join us!"

The lights in my front, they had blinded me. Was it a tractor trailer? Or, was it - another thing? These things, they had not let us alone. I had need of a shave. Without a thick blanket, of no cup to drink the rain-water, cellular vibrations, they were in the cracks of this digital thunder - an outputting glimmer. Input from the lightening, it had been

E.C. McCready

making its way. Torturous thrusts into me, I was knifed to death as a non-being - blood ejaculated. Against myself, I had been there. My temples, they were squeezing my eyes into it. Something had clenched onto me, yet I had a hold of it. Agonies, blown of our eyes, they were out of its head. Lop-sided breasts, I was all theirs. My torrid brain, it was between myself, and my ears, I couldn't swallow. Not dead and with wet feet, I had felt it. Dirt, it was rubbing me raw. Some sense of warmth, it was welling between my legs. Running down the back of my calf, it had gotten cold. Soaked in an upload, of this foreigner's chills, they were downloaded into me. A throne, it was promised by this jail-bird, and it was watching me. Ronald Reese, he had been in full flight.

Trying to escape the terror that had known of no end, soullessness, beyond and past the darkened room of his mind, of his boogie-man, it was of a liar. Soon to of had been bursting with these horns, a blinding light, Ronald had been caught in its storm. Hotfooted forces, they were fractured away from its nothing. Pulling his car into its whatever, they had been traveling away from themselves. I couldn't keep this rent-a-car on its road. I had no understanding. Not an anything, I was of its anymore. Window too foggy, I had thought that my nose would bleed. Begging for it, wanting something to give, it was inside of my head. My brain, it had

E.C. McCready

been flooded with this cool fire. Fermenting within me, it was of my agony. Melodic percussions, my windshield wipers, they were beating of their frantic tempo, for the crippled rent-a-car, it had now wobbled off the wet, windy and foggy road. Boulders, they were tumbling off this terrain. Fronting my hapless car, I was harassed by these increments - powerless.

Gaunt, increment weather, Ronald was leaning too close to its steering wheel. Trying to keep the staggering car on the lane, another mud-slide, it had collided into him. He could hear its wickedness. It had come, and Ronald could feel its heart. It was beating in his chest. His feet, they had gone cold. Bloodshed - thinned into a fear, the front window of his small rent-a-car, it was covered in soil, and the wipers, they were smearing in the mountainside's quagmire. Ronald had become weak-minded, so he had tried to cry.

"Just, just get me out of this. Get me out of here." Choking out of himself, of this vain attempt to weep, it had smacked into him, as their master, these forces of evil, it was of his nature. Directing its fate into his spelunking website network's massive multiplayer online game, it had come from another world. Shepherd girls, they had gotten pregnant, and this wasn't of its boy. Conception, it had driven him into a madness. An avid spelunker, it had come as a night. This outer boundary, it was now with him. Something,

E.C. McCready

it had been of its everywhere, and it had permeated its everything. Sitting unmovable in these horror-struck moments, of a claustrophobic mania, it was a tin can of a rent-a-car. Backward, his shoulders, they were hunched, and squinting, his eyes, they were welling of their gore. An icy silence, he could hear them screaming. There had been this hit-and miss tempo, so Ronald had closed his mind. Sealed from himself, hyperventilating with hushed terror, every joint in his body, a vacuum of arthritic dolor, it was welling up and into him. Redefined radioactivity, it had burned him into this planet, as an extraterrestrial design and architecture, it had been holding Ronald in and of its hollow ache. At forty-five, a lean disposition, he was a gate of an educated dignity.

Flying through as this space traveler, proud, focused and confident, Ronald was of its always. Worn of his usual - a button-down collar on a proverbial white shirt, dry-cleaned and pressed slacks, one of his several pairs - Italian loafers, steady brown eyes, of a long line, it had been holding his thin nose. Over his thick lips, Ronald was a real charmer and a sociopath womanizer. Never of a tried - an aisle, Ronald was too paranoid and selfish. At his stint at the University of Berkeley, Ronald had majored in sex, drunkenness and English. Then, he had copped a job selling Life Insurance. Richard, his father, he was lying on his deathbed. Leukemia, Richard had busted his butt for thirty

E.C. McCready

years. Working for Southern California Edison Company, he had given Ronald a clear-cut claim to college. Over-heated brow, Ronald was an only son. Every opportunity, of a relished privy for paternal attention, Ronald would run to his mother, Ann, for his father, he had been questioning Ronald's nonchalant attitude toward life.

In an economic arena, ripe for an aggressive training, Ronald had caught onto it with an ideation of death. Bilking the Insurance Industry royal, he had been taking exotic trips to dig in caves. Thrusting his self-righteousness into them, of his Devil's triangle to control their bodies, one of a great spirit strength, orgasmic raptures, they were of his conquest. Deriving an energy, Ronald had possessed their delicate and wanton natures, as they would submit to his overpowering and spellbinding virility. Montana was just another cave, yet this one had been uncovered by a property developer. He was clearing this land for construction.

Previously financed by the US Government, it was of an ancient burial grounds, so Marc McClutchen, he had role played in another deal. A perfect killer, whipped out, of this contract, it was leveled, so Ronald had stabbed his pen into the page. Writing up this client, Marc had been captivated by Ronald's presence and pitch. Reverberating in and of this wincing intimacy, behind his belly and swollen up against his shirt, Marc's tie, it had choked his fat neck,

E.C. McCreedy

and he was breathing like a stuffed pig.

"You know why I'm doing this?"

Wiping his blubber-bald-head, Marc had asked it. Ronald's greedy palm, it had etched on. Not moving his eyes off the contract, the tip of Ronald's pen, it had locked noxiously in a noticeable pestilence. A latter of his premature ejaculation to write up this policy, Ronald had wanted to scribe down the contract. Fighting an unevenness, involuntary muscle spasms, they were of his lust to close this deal. It had generated an energy, and it was of a hardened beingness.

It was thickly pressed up against his inner thigh. Bleeding from out of the tip, red-hot and pulsating, of a seasoned sensation, it was agitated with an arousal, of its slightest movements.

"Such a pity if you had not the security. You know your family's going being to be taken care of. What if something unfortunate should happen to you?"

Ronald had answered. They had been infatuated by Ronald's serial killing. Wanting to meet the Devil on the Web, Ronald would dig again. Another hole somewhere - coolness, the bats, they were hanging from its ceiling. Rock and roll - jazzed with some blues, of his own graveyard, the smell of this soil, they were buried into its bins. On its terrestrial sphere, Ronald was there, with them. Detached in a chilly separation, Ronald couldn't stop his raptures.

E.C. McCready

Skulls, they had been fracturing, pelvises too. Shattered within their cosmological shells, of these extraterrestrial embryos, hard-boiled and egg-headed, she had been dropped online, and it had downloaded into him.

Purposes, hardwood floors, Ronald's West Los Angeles high-rise town-home, an electronic architecture there, it was of this re-dated carbon in an Alien Cyberspace, as an Alien Totalitarian God, it was derived of itself in a massive multiplayer online game. Out of these instabilities - stabilized on the World Wide Web, this sameness, there was an each time. Explosions, they were of his nose-diving rock-hammer. Marc had been staring a blank at Ronald's hand, as it was at a standstill on this insurance contract.

"I've been sleeping with my daughter."

Ronald's pen, it had scrolled a skim.

"Jenny?"

Dead-headed sight, it had been directed at Ronald. Self absorbed, a blubber-butt, he was with Ronald, for Marc had been gawking off into space. A pit-bull's brain, it was equipped with computer technology.

"Yeah."

Marc had responded. Left of his mouth, it was hanging open. Spending all of his biological might, there had been this seemingly weirdness. Marc's lard, it was of his nervous system. Kicked up and between his ears, Marc was trying to

E.C. McCready

squeeze it out from under these lumps of flesh. The wooden chair that he was sitting on, of its rumors, they were of his incorruptible dialogue.

Marc had spoken to Ronald. Short, of a shallowness, Marc had cut a long, tight-ass fart.

"Daddy really messed her up."

Pushed out from his lower stomach, it had ended in an grunt.

"Excuse me my dear."

Marc had went wicked.

"Your excuse Mr. McClutchen?"

Ronald had pried for more of an understanding, yet Marc was in a deadpan muse.

"My daughter. She- They will take care of you."

After that, Marc had leaned back into his chair.

Straightening - watching Ronald, brushing across the canvas of this mountain cabin, a stuffed elk-head, it was right behind Marc. A steel-head fish, it was perpendicular. A grizzly-bear rug, it was tossed on the wooden floor just to their right. The fireplace, it was smoldering of its remnants. Stacked neatly alongside the lava rock, supporting the fireplace chimney, there were a myriad of smaller taxidermy strewn about - logs.

"Have you eaten from these dead animals when you were

E.C. McCready

with your daughter?"

Not trying to reconcile himself a deal, Ronald had wanted to consume Marc. Devious, diabolic and with a deviated point of view, Marc had come from an old stare. Reflection, of its cosmological refraction, it was of these marble eyes. The stuffed elk-head, Marc's snicker, it was of a snot-filled regurgitation. Eventually, it had become this gut laughter, and it had rattled him as a spastic. Buoyant and muffled, Marc had regained control. Dropped, it was of his slob. Tongue hanging out, Marc's eyes, they had rolled back into his head, for they were going to poke up and through his brows. Invisible yet divisible, Marc was hosting a serial killer's fiestas with this flesh.

"I was with her that way all the time."

Marc's methodical and incestuous confession, it had made Ronald hold onto its each other. Without their real-time blood pressure, Ronald's now, it was of its pale face, nondescript - an extraterrestrial, a none.

"Was it you or was it your daughter?"

Ronald had wanted it, as it was about to come.

"Yeah."

Marc had answered Ronald with this vulgar release of gas. Wedged out from under him, it was popping on his wooden chair.

"You were with her too."

E.C. McCready

When Marc had said that, Ronald's nerves, they had shut down. Jolted into an impasse - mankind, stability, they had been destabilized on the Web. A splash of vermouth, tinged into this moodiness, Ronald was of this wretched cold-blooded killer. A thirstiness, bats, they were of this beingness. In a psychopathic state, drinking this online blood, it was of mankind's paranoia. Never fear, it had not entered into the temple of Ronald's carriage. One on one with his father, Ronald had went at him - straight-faced.

"She fell daddy. I didn't do it."

Richard had pried with consternation.

"How many times have I told you to stay off them rocks?"

There was a large mound, and it had been left behind their middle class home in Oakland California just east of San Francisco. Ronald would play there against the wishes of his father. They were picked out of this nearby field and dumped yonder.

"It was Moraine. She just ran into'm."

Besting his daddy's powerful threat, Ronald was able to toy with his dad.

"You want her some more, don't you?"

Marc had made a vacuous query of Ronald. Diabolical and of a devilish nature, it had penetrated their air, and it had become icy. There had been this evil mind. Rapt intercourse, mayhem and of mental reverberations, they had

E.C. McCreedy

been of this information transfer. Innuendos in and of their insidious insanities, they were vibrating of its venom. A telepathy, Ronald was shuddered back and into this other profundity. Perversion, it was swelling into mankind, as Ronald was of its proud scatological flesh.

"I always want them."

Ronald had lambasted and interlocked. He had made Mark smirk.

"Caves, that's what you want. You want them in caves. Don't you?"

Marc had known better, and he had said so. A foray to mutilate, it had gotten to Ronald.

"What type of Life Insurance do you sell when you are in caves?"

Marc had questioned Ronald with a kinky smile. Lurking across and over at Ronald, of Marc's awkward gaze, it had suggested a satyriasis with Satan, as a spastic jackal, it was of this extraterrestrial position.

"My heart, it knows yours."

That was of Marc's bond, and it had brought Ronald on.

"It should. You've been gaming me."

Ronald had spoken of his delicacies, as they were reserved for the special.

"Which kill in the game pleased you the most?"

E.C. McCready

Ronald had pressured him for more, yet Marc had started to lose it. Slipping into and out of life, with a spaced-out gaze, Marc had tried to fix on Ronald's face.

"Did you play Spelunking for Satan?"

Marc had nodded. Wavering in and out of this nervous twitch, Marc's eyes, they had become of a dull slobber. Stopped, not working and without, nor of a clear sentence, Marc couldn't communicate to Ronald. Denuded in and of his vitality, brought on by his gape - a delirious death, Marc's mouth, it had been left open. Black and of blank space, a hell-hole, it had been transfixed into Ronald. Refreshed, of this previous dreadfulness, Ronald had heard Marc's spirit resound from a stoic carcass.

"Deus Ex Machina."

Ronald had pulled the insurance policy toward him, as Marc had been bound in an eternal grave.

"So, you were an fan of mine?"

Ronald had queried. Placing the contract in his briefcase, as an innocent bystander in a strange and of a bizarre land, he had encountered an outlander. Ronald had kept questioning him, yet Marc had teetered forward.

"Were you with her before me?"

Ending with a whack on his forehead, it had slammed into this hardwood table, as a dead-weight blow, it had cracked Marc open. Cranial nerves, they were spitting out of an

E.C. McCready

eyeball.

An after - a sloshing of his blood, gurgling an impact, slick on the tabletop, it was an obese facial, as there was an offer to solicit a Company Life Insurance Policy. A Real Estate Developer in Montana - travel expenses, transportation and a hotel provided, from one page to the next, Ronald had been living in this online game. Sucking them in with his serial killing sprees, rampages - never say never, not of a missed out beating death in a rock field, it was of this cosmological warp.

Things, they were always falling into place, and Ronald had this boutique office. Pawning death, of a partnership with his childhood dreams, they were redefined in this terrestrial sphere, as Ronald had been identifying these dated insurance policies. They were of these ill-fated and sickly histories. After the Montana incident, Ronald had nodded into this heavy headedness. Shouldered and floating, Ronald had let his mind become deranged. Petrified, Ronald had been of these forgotten dreams.

"But, we'll be dead."

Her age was ancient, and her white hair, it was stringy and straight. Toothpicks for arms and legs, she was wearing a washed-up yellow and white cotton dress with a dirty apron.

"You'll neither be alive nor dead."

E.C. McCready

A cold and baneful response, Ronald was in his usual white, button down collar shirt, black tie - pressed slacks. Slouched forward - readied to leap out of this worn easy chair, there was a knitted blanket tossed over it. Ronald's briefcase, it had been sitting on their floor, as he had set it in between his legs. A calico cat, it had been frolicking nearby. Rubbing against his legs, leaving these hairs on Ronald's pants, purring with and of its delight, it had been extrapolated from Ronald's beast. An old man's eyes, they were following this sway, as Ronald's tie, it had been wagging back and forth. Its tip, it was dangling in an equidistant of his knees. Ronald's elbows, they were resting on his thighs. Wringing for an attention, diverted, there had been this cat's heed, and this small single family home in East Los Angeles, this was of a tackier call for Ronald. Filling mankind full of this radioactive carbon - infections, a beingness, they were of these drug-addicted whores, and Ronald had taken them into these abandoned buildings. There were these other derelicts, addicts, and alcoholics.

Along with the homeless transients, all were urinating of its fecal. Ronald had grabbed the cat's tail. Deriving a gleam from this vitality, it had come from an animal's intrinsic self-hood. Somberness, presence, of lingering old people, they were wasting away. No fault of their own - no meaning, no purpose, nothing but a sulking brood to pass their time,

E.C. McCready

wallowing in this conscience-stricken melancholy, there was this without and within. Ronald's murderousness, it had disturbed all mammals.

Warming up to him, this real-time spilling of mankind's blood, they had become affixed to a pet. Woven into this circular rug - populated with its hair, the cat, it was pulling them out of its place. Roused of an ire, consternation of an old woman, it had upturned into her. Tubes in an old man's nose, they were helping him gulp his last breaths. Oxygen canisters, their presence, it was of this nearby.

"Being not dead nor alive, this is what alienates us."

Ronald was withdrawn into the cat, as it was for Moraine. Dragging around this calico, of its tail end, it was reaming in its talons. Digging into their souls, it was of this fish, and they had been hooked up and into these demented moans.

"We're in the game's black box."

Ronald had told them. Sickly, the old woman, she was taking up its space, so Ronald's unforgiving ways, they had become of a post haste response. After, Ronald had given the cat its fling, of its teeth, nails and tails. Hindquarters, they had been tossed aside. Jammed into an extraterrestrial, its cosmological carpet, it was of their selves. Plucks, of

E.C. McCready

redefined quantum leaps, their souls, they had taken flight from a priori. Bloated with this redefined carbon, an extraterrestrial redefinition, it was of his terrestrial sphere. Graceless delving, it was of these putrid lives. Two desolates, they had needed to be deleted. Flushed in an extraterrestrial definition, a dumbness, it had been saturated into the old man's grip, for his moments of life, they were gone. Now poker-faced, they were wandering in and out of this dreary and sleepy state. Breathed into a pathological muddle, it had settled into Ronald's dupe, for the old man, he was gone in an incubus.

"What pain or hurt can you bring us?"

The old woman had drearily asked Ronald. Languid of body, she had been lacking these intricate glandular secretions, or they would of had come from out of her horror-struck sockets.

She had waited, for Ronald was ready to explode. Leaning over and onto his thighs with his elbows, his forearms, they were of his skin for skin. The tip of his tie, it was in and of its neurotic wag. Going back and forth, of this slight and provocative rocking - wanton and of a mortifying wickedness, there had been no heirs, for they had not been named or known. Ronald had forged himself as their beneficiary. After his before, paying himself with these estranged policies, he had been forcing this death upon them. A never ending chain of Peters paying Paul, digging into this cave, of a grave

E.C. McCready

cornerstone, it was of Ronald's morbid delights.

"It is not I that will hurt you."

Ronald had communicated with an impersonal whiteness, and it had shaken the senior. She had went to her feet in fear. A nodding of her head in an arthritic jitter, of a wobbled neck, she had wished her water. It was of its glass, and it had been jostled by a sharp tap - volatile. Stammered of an escape, her arms, they had waved with weak legs, and they were above cooled feet. Terror, a bloodless creek, it was in her marrow, and it had sapped the life right out of her.

A head, it had tilted up, as the old man, he had one eye half-open. Fighting its slumber and a crap, a last grasp, it was of this oxygen. Inflated into his shrunken lungs, she couldn't contain, so she had burst out. Poisonous fortitude, Ronald had shaken his head. A demeaning strip of her, a generation, she had landed hard on her hip - breaking it. Her body, it was lying in convulsions, as a floundered halfness of her consciousness - darkened, it was standing over and above her.

Moving flutters, a dark pole, it was flirting of a comparison, and a center line, it had been a part of this flashing neon. Porno-strobe - a dark-light, it had been speeding forward and into this foul fiend. Fornication, frightening the frail, an unspeakableness, it was of his lewd

E.C. McCready

acts, as they were of Ronald's real-time. Violating mankind, there had been no human decency. Overwhelmed with its cells and glands, an erotic coercion, consumption of an anus, it was this yearning cavity.

Submitting to this serial killer - Ronald, of an erogenous vacuum, Ronald's eyes, they were erect with bestial contortions. Saturating him, a lucidity of this stranger, its rakish perversions, Ronald had been ripping out this old woman's hair. Rousing blood, Ronald had shoved himself into her. Last, frenzied rams, they had brought the smell of its feces, and a grinding of her brittle bones - atop a broken pelvis, relishing and panting its panther, Ronald was on the back of this old woman's body.

When Tom Bertram had pulled up to the precinct in East Los Angeles this day, he had been thinking of this Devil, for Tom had seen these cool-aid drinking, crack smoking, dope slamming, Angel Dust, acid-fried pot heads, and they had sniffed their glue before breakfast and paint thinner for lunch. Playing with their Saturday night specials, teething, its something, it had wrought mankind into this never ending entertainment facade. Offering them a visit with Lucifer, there would of had been no hope, and charity, it would of had been banished. Tom's mean spirited heart, it had been attacking others in this Spelunking Website network's massive multiplayer online game. An infliction, it had been of this

E.C. McCready

enmity. From page to page on the Web, its unfurling waves of pleasures, Tom was six-foot-two, as a sweat sock mentality, he was of this mad-dog with a propensity to ram his know-it-all up a dead pup.

Offensive, aggressive and shirking everything and everyone around him, Tom was an African American with a two hundred pound body. Not yet middle-aged, he was engaging his indigenous brothers, and these guerillas, they were not of the Congo. In the game, Tom had roamed free as an absolute man of the law for the Los Angeles Police Department. Their Special Investigation Services, it was of his badge. A chip on his shoulder, big as the crack of dawn, no mending, its disproportionate delving, a prehistoric carbon dating as mortal beings, Tom was flipped as an outer-space cadet, as he had been curved into a beingness that had been fried into this World Wide Web.

"Pullin' on me?"

Laced with twenty years of ghetto lineage, it had been brought about by his decades of prison time. Locked up sperm, of loaded hindsight, black as his own, they had been squirtin' into him. Smoked, squeezed and plastered, everything had been going off. An extraterrestrial sphere, sides, angles - it was from their every which and or way.

"It's from your mamma's ho!"

Hard-core glare, wetted from its dryness, of a father's

E.C. McCready

cotton picking mouth, it was stowed from this rabbi's breath. There, its pounce, it was without its circus tiger, and no leopard was poised on this edge of an existence - quantum leaps.

"My mamma's do yours!"

Full-proof, stuffed and snatched - crazy Cuban achievements, they were of their heated moments. In among their recesses, these kids of theirs, they were without their donut holes.

Soda pops, candy shops and belly-flops, they had been playing as if they were the cops. Toy fire-trucks, off to school, the prom - college, hup-two-four and the score, more, more and more whores, it was unfortunate that someone should of had gotten themselves boxed in this way, yet Tom was playing it over and over and in these minds at this level. Pathetic plans, Ronald had been this practicing Satanist, and the rest, they had been sanitized online and of themselves. Re-dated with this strange real-time carbon, its celestial spheres, they were of its Information Superhighway. The whole ball wax, doused with this blood, exploding into this cesspool of their nightmares, they were controlled by an Alien God.

Remainders, a misinformation of itself, Jeremy had been hunted down, for Tom had followed him. Toothlessness, empty on a blacked-out face, he had been holding Tom with his stray

E.C. McCreedy

eyes. Flying upwind, its boozed brotherhood - a shared breakfast, Jeremy was fond of his cigarette butt, and it was behind his ear. Dirty sweatshirt, it had "Chicago" inscribed on its front. Pressed work pants, they were of their proverbial second handedness. Attire - black sneakers, squashed at their heels, loafers, of his grimy feet, Jeremy had gripped the thirty-eight. Cocked and alongside, of its other bulge, it was next to his gun-filled pocket.

"Shoot it! Shoot!"

Tom had given Jeremy his murderous orders.

"Your mamma!"

Jeremy had lurked back with spite. Without bragging rights, of no bang nor buck, Tom had given Jeremy an eye for an eye.

"Take your shot! Take it!"

Tom was point blank and of a grave emphasis - gun readied and spelling it out for Jeremy.

"It's coming. You'll get its whippings."

Yet, Jeremy had no need, nor of a want nor of a willingness to take out his thirty-eight.

"Just, ain't comin' out the way you want it too. That's all."

Jeremy's disdain, it was ranted more. Delusion - an intermixing of suicidal breakdowns, a homicidal psychopath, it was of these two, and they were of the one. Distant, they

E.C. McCready

were of these hidden meanings, yet they were brought together. An enigma, it had been ripping these necks open.

Murders, rapes and mayhem of mankind, it had no meaning to this life. The point was to prove its Devil with these serial killing escapades, and they were in its rock fields. It had made mankind an empty vessel. Deaths, certain and stupid, straight forward and simple, Jeremy was too far gone, none of the fear. Cold sweat, it had come from his drug and alcohol induced reminiscence. Pellets, they were beading on Jeremy's forehead. A shake in and of his sweatshirt, cooled of the stench, weeks, months - years, a history that had been fanned out and onto his defiled cloths, of an indolent indulgence, Tom's nine millimeter - out, it had hammered into Jeremy. Jacked into its ground, pincushions, the bullet holes, they were of their darkness. Mirror images at night, Jeremy was known only to its gravity. There were flies, and they were swarming about his body. Feces on a hot day, re-dated and of this strange carbon, cosmology, it had redefined mankind's sun. An inevitable demeanor, Satan had been banished. Bounced of Tom, an African American clone with Jeremy, it was of this "blue eyed devil." Slave, there was this dead weight. Moistness, Tom had savored Jeremy's large, black lavender blood.

Dense fog, the rent-a-car, its stillness, it was crippled by this thunder, a rainstorm. Mud-slide, it had slammed into

E.C. McCreedy

it. Wipers, struggling back and forth, of its grimy windshield, its headlights, they could barely hold any radiance. Hidden behind the veil of its day, a refusal to escape, a beingness, it was close to a difference, so its night, it had been shed into its light. I had fallen - asleep. I had been afraid to wake up. To of had been roused, devoid iniquity, inflicted with a prohibition, I had been burning into this Internet. Devilishness, it had been of this delectation. Not of my deign deism, control, this way, a soullessness, their graves, they were with me in those caves.

Christian whitewash, Ronald's trepidation, it had left him. Transcendent mysticism, the wipers, enthralling him with their hypnotic stall, there had been this radioactive struggle, and its writhe, it had crawled out of this whole. An ungracious entropy of humankind, a nether world, Ronald had invited them. Belched, it was warmed, of its once - a heated self. Lateness of the Brandy, Ronald had consumed it. Fermenting on the floorboards, a cheap hike, navigating the extraterrestrial, of this something, Ronald had been playing this massive multiplayer online game, and it had been of this biochemical field-space mixture in his Spelunking Website network. Its terrestrial sphere, it was this priori carbon - pipeline of an Alien. Ronald's beginning, it was over, as an unplanned response, Ronald had started his car. Tocsin of this momentum, it had inspired him, so he had to bring down

E.C. McCready

his window. Caught by this wolf, a double-sighted one on one, they were of an each to each.

Same same so so, of Ronald's morbid revulsion, there were these quick licks on its nose. Risen slightly, finicky flaunts of its teeth, raising one paw, weak scratching, it was not in flight, as Ronald had seen Marc deep within the eyes of this beast. Ronald, as himself, he was there too. Marc had gotten his start in this Spelunking Website network's massive multiplayer online game. An incestuous piece - offering his daughter, Ronald had found the Brandy in an old wooden desk, and a large buck-knife, it was stabbed in its table-top. It was alongside a map of this Montana Land Development Project. Particular location, it was encircled in a red-blooded heaviness. Hurtling in an upload - an Alien Cyberspace, this Devil, it was sought by Ronald's entourage.

A doorway to Hell on the World Wide Web, stabilized, mankind was no longer transferring information from their bodies, as their priori cosmology, it was redefined in and of a feedback pipeline of this Alien Cyberspace. Cosmological architecture, of radioactive instabilities, its gravitational collapse, chaos, it had become of this re-dating of carbon.

Ronald had developed it with a slew of these others, and they had been willing to encounter his Devil. Ronald had thought that he had found the key to Lucifer's abode, so after Ronald had soused himself to a point, of his delusional and

E.C. McCready

diabolic obsessions, they had taken their grips upon him. His greatest thrill, it was spelunking at night. Poking into a darkness, alone, it was there. Lying in wait, awake, Ronald was a young boy, and his eyes, they had been wide open. Trying to grasp it, whatever it was of her sweet kiss good night - goodbye, lights off and the whole bit, Ronald had opened himself up. Hiding in their closets, its doors, they were of an invitation into this Internet semblance. Imagination of an online brain, dis-crediting Freud, it was out as itself. A badness, it was inadvertently booted up.

Its host, it was in a pipeline of this never ending disappointment, and Ronald, he had never found himself. Without any evidence of this Satanic evil, Ronald's Lucifer, it had been cursed by an Alien God. Hell, it was interrupted, so Ronald's dolorous and schizophrenic contradictions on the World Wide Web, noxious and loud, Richard, his father, he had to make an inquiry. Pitching for the Devil, praying for perks, to stick his battle-ax in their gray matters, Ronald could of had pounded them into this ground with his rock hammer. Sheep's plea bargains, cautious reprimands, Richard had made his secret deal, as he had hung it in his garage. Rather than this talking to an outs, of daddy's data management, there was this downloading of those cosmological types - parental nonsense. Patterns of chemistry, its biology, it was of a synthetic organic life. Soullessness,

E.C. McCready

one a conjurer of a black-hearted fauna, of this wickedness, two-fold pits, Ronald was tongue-tied into these worshipers.

Chasms, of uncivilized witching hours, staring into this wolf's demonic slavery, a mortification, it was of this numb instinct. Its scorpion, it was uploaded into this death defying refusal, as it had not made a move. Blending into this pith and squall, of Ronald's online quest for Satan, an abysmal, it had opened up these gates. A quondam, Ronald was pigeonholed into himself. Own makings, this vulture, savoring it - a cannibal, it was of this foodstuff. Murderous moments, they were of Ronald's serial killing escapades. The wolf, it had not eaten for two days, and its last meal, it had been a gopher. Drug off the road, it had been hit by a logging truck, as its driver, he was an uncouth hillbilly. Swallowing complex organs, he had been letting his logging truck idle loudly in low gear. His haul, it was in a particular part of this mountain pass. Flushing, he was always enchanted by the jar. When his tractor had squashed a gopher, it was of an invariable coincidence.

Ronald was living in a high-rise. It was a high tech three bedroom and two and one half bath town-home in West Los Angeles. Haven for him, randy perversions, penetrations into its electronic cottage, its cave architecture, it was of this feedback and loophole. Sitting on top of an oak-wood table, a six chair set, he had sat there. Multimedia, it was at his

E.C. McCready

feet, and it had played his latest fetish - stroked and hard. Holding back, Ronald would pluck out a hard-boiled egg from this glass bowl - tosses. Raptures, an orgasmic impetus, his convulsing undulations, it was of a spastic ecstasy. Ploughed, of his solar plexus, regurgitation with an epileptic quivering on his contorted face, Ronald's body, it had quaked rhythmically. Eyes rolling back and into their sockets, of a crushing impact - they had been hitting this marble floor. The wolf, sniffing up this wet mountain-side, thunder-jolted and of its cautious stances, its quick glances, they were of this midnight gore, and it was lingering on this heated breath.

Consumed from those two days prior, of the sudden storm, it had been fed back. Poking close to this something, it had been on the road again. Hunting another squalid prey, slinking up to the cave's opening - nose low, of a possible intrusion, or a competitor, the wolf, it had taken a few last glints before entering this cave. Its eyes, they were aglow. This fervent fire, there had been these tongues, and they were dangling out of its mouth. An olfactory atrophy, it had enticed an archfiend, and an extraterrestrial appetite, its due was pinned on mankind. Rigor mortis, this cosmological carbon, this copy, it was of its barbarity. Stiffening shoulders, planting its feet, the wolf, it had been raising its nose muscles a fraction above its yellow blood teeth.

E.C. McCready

Silent growl, it was of this demeaning father to all the scum.

Grandiose imagines, they were from his visceral obsessions. Perpetrators, they were up and down and or of this drain-pipe. Throats, they were of their malodorous mouths. Not spoken, an element of chance, yesterdays, there was not an explanation. Tom had gone there. This Criminal Court, it was of its time after real-time. Wining, whimpering cowards, they were quick to pull. Pranks in their pants, Tom was of this corruptible bastard. Copped with him, popping pleas, these systematic rehearsals, spineless and of their Judicial system, it had been taken in and upon themselves. Impish gawks, licking their chops, of an after, it had made itself known, its next. Strangeness, it was in and of this disbelief. Cameras, they were flashing for these criminologists. States of peril, they were of its evil creations. Infecting Tom with an alienation, of a beingness, it had been disjointed into an injurious genius. Emotions, patterns and of those reckless behaviors, there had been these shots fired, murders, mayhem and rapes.

"First on my crime scene?"

Ryan Derth's beady eyes, they had wanted Tom's oink. Halftime, Ryan had been flipping coins ten years older than Tom's kick-off. Laser glaring for an answer, Ryan was behind his large lenses. Black and thickly framed, Ryan had on a

E.C. McCreedy

dowdy suit, and his tie, it was of a cheap standard. Bought out of a second-hand store, he was wearing scuffed brown shoes, and they were in full view. Thin, white ankles, they were under his tatty and transparent beige and knit socks. Ryan's hair, it was a proverbial mess, and there was residue on the side of his mouth. The chocolate donut, he had just finished it. Shoving in the remaining piece, an afterward, he had washed it down with his coffee. Tom was belated, with no reply to Ryan's crime scene analogy. Dark as pitch-eyed perception, a one or another, it was of this vulnerable position.

Senior sodomy, she was lain on her stomach, as her cotton dress, it had been violently molested above her waist. Her legs, they were spread. Verifying this eerie rape, a delusional dream of the Devil, it had entered in at a blood letting - an afterward. Body fluids, they were of a dung seeped floor. The calico cat, it was rubbing up against Tom's leg, as its curious and somber allurements for attention, a pussy-cat kick in its butt, Ryan had been snapped into it. Somewhere, an attention, there had been this movement, so Tom had become guarded. Not too distant memories, of all the many more, nowhere investigations, detectives, they were prying into Tom's past. Unable to change with the scenery, no graciousness - the most peculiar anathema, it was of an overwhelming loss. Satirical self-sameness, it was morbid and

E.C. McCreedy

roguery with a viscous venom.

A vis a vis, the wolf's eyes, they were snarling in a madness, as it was frothing with a freakish, feverish and virulent respiration. Churning within this stomach, Ronald had been of this malnourished brute. An exodus, it was of a prehistoric curvature. Re-dated carbon, contorting their human spirits into an Alien Cyberspace, Ronald's sentient revelation, it was of this perception. Extraterrestrial introspection, Ronald was fleeing from his thoughts.

Run, run, and running from himself, from Marc and from of what that it was that he had encountered in that Montana grotto, captured in his post haste, it was that date and of that real-time and space. Vacuum, there had been this meaninglessness, so an estrangement of Ronald, it had become itself. Across from him, fearlessly growling, foaming - threatening him with an attack, it had followed him. Chasing him, it had surrounded him. Permeating presence - a beingness, of an evenness - now-ness, Ronald was this desperate little child. Struggling with his footwork, with flustered feet, he was shuffling with this terror, and it had swept him along this mountainside. Not through a marsh, he had stopped suddenly, as his feet, they were sucked down and into its Earth.

Ronald had drank of the blood that was from under his own toenails. Grabbed and held by its gravestones, of its

E.C. McCready

digger's intentions, they were planted into an unholy cavern, and it had wrenched Ronald down with this odd pulley. Damnation was not there. No-where and not beyond, an outer boundary, it was of this unknown. Trickery, horrific screams, they were of their frenzied mortifications. Devilish delusions, the figments of its imagination, there was a self-reflective verification.

There and everywhere, Ronald's bottle of Bandy, it was halfway finished by the time that he had found the entrance to this abyss. Searching for this sinister genius on the World Wide Web, an electronic architecture, it was a well charted playground for Ronald. Quite familiar, proficient with this ability to disseminate those diagonal charts and or graphic descriptions, Marc's death, it was this veil of another witchery, and it had come upon Ronald. An Alien Cyberspace cult, it was of Ronald's online persona.

A cipher of their human bodies, beyond their reproach and or of any wrongdoing, Ronald's spirit, it had been torn way. No longer with a soul, Ronald had been cast out of Heaven and or denied Hell. Enchanted of a finality, an unjustness, it was of his biochemical, electromagnetic architecture on the Web. Death wishes and blow outs, they were of this criminal infestation. Deranged perversion - unoriginal procreations, mankind had been fed back into and or of their online selves.

Chapter Two: An Entree

"I get there. Whenever there's a crime, I get there first."

Tom had made it certain to Ryan. Pedigree, Ryan had wormed his way into a blatant denial of himself, relinquished - a prejudiced vision. When Tom had popped off his cock-sureness, it was wrought on its outs. Divine rights, of these sickle-cell disease searches, an engine, it had leered back at Tom, for Ryan's rabid determination against Tom's debate, it had withheld them. Breast feeding off a father, he would caress Tom.

"Go on Tommy. It's your family."

Picture perfect, posture - Tom was onto Carl's oversizedness, as his father, Carl, he had repeated an infamy into Tom. Carl was a seasoned truck driver. Tom was but a boy, and Carl, he was a big man with a shaved head. Grabbing the back of Tom's head, Carl's large palms, they would pull Tom into this ball and chain incest. Drunk and drenched in an upload, Carl had withheld himself, for his wife, Tish, she was this History teacher at a local college. She was teaching a night class. Sustainable determinations, an erotic euphoria, forthcoming of an undernourished visage, these foul mouths, they were full of their selves.

Sweltering weather, it had rose off the city streets in

E.C. McCready

East Los Angeles, and in this gameplay, it was steeped in Hispanic and African American poverty. Both barely tolerant of the other, there were tensions between the two. An oil-stained center of this street, it had been belching of itself. Fervidness, it was weltering of an each other.

Seething cracks, it was hiding in the clefts of this asphalt. Dilapidation, an abundance of impoverished city politics, its corruption, it was tear-dropping in ink-stains, and they were of an orchestrated revenge. Resentment, hardened hearts, they had been playing with this cardiovascular enterprise. Brandished as deficient dawdles, Emilia Riff, she was of a picayune African American, and she wasn't given the usual condolences. Introduction, it was from Tom, for he had sifted this telephone number from out her grandparents belongings.

Kept neatly in this small box, it was in a quaint little drawer. It had been in their kitchen. In fact, it was the only number in the box. The rest of the contact information, it was from medical doctors. Excluding another, a rectory number, when they had answered, Tom had immediately slammed the telephone down.

"It's a church."

Ryan had made a curious peer at Tom then. Alongside and next to an opened refrigerator, Tom could of had seen the milk and bananas. The motor, it was kicking on and off, and the

E.C. McCreedy

light inside, it was flickering of this short circuit. Flashing an eerie cadence, blunted cockroaches, loony of an alertness, they had bravely ventured out and into its humid interior, as it had been molded and rust wrinkled with these pin-sized cavities. They were eating through its metallic top, dripping away in a corrosion.

"Somebody must of had brought them their meals."

Tom had brandished this small piece of paper. Emilia's phone number, it was written there.

Clutching one of the several bottles of prescription medications, there was a gathering of them on this kitchen counter. A gallon of half-consumed white wine was near. Ryan had sat the medication bottle down, so he had snatched up the Chablis.

"All prints have been pulled. Think our killer drank?"

Ryan had affirmed and questioned Tom. Inspecting the refrigerator - confirming his previous investigation, determining movements, the cockroaches, they were swarming in and of these scatter-brained squads - a scrambling of their community.

"Bugs and bananas. No mango."

Tom's investigative speech, it was of a stupidity, a conclusion of the evidence. Loophole patterns, Ryan had sent Tom messages, flames and insults. Dropping in on Tom, Ryan's words, they were back and of an eye-shot.

E.C. McCready

"Prehistoric urges?"

The question had pricked at Tom, as it was without the fruit nor of its laxative.

"But there's milk too?"

Gaping at Ryan with his best fool face, Tom had come back as more dumb than dumb. Condescending, a rung of its truth, it had made Ryan leap at him with a self-sameness. Tarrying and teasing, Tom was of his father's sneak preview. Slithering and humongous, of Tom's tightness, Carl had encouraged Tom with an ability. Denial, it was between them. Blatant reality, it was of Tom's hypocrisy. Cheating himself, dark with his mouth, Tom had been of this French connection. Not a Nazi firing squad, exhaust of the transit bus, it had puked this coagulating filth, and Emilia's make-up, it was thickened on her cheeks. Fat lips, they were on a petite, twenties coddle of a face. Her baby doll-head, it was served without milk and or cream. An evenly cut hair, she had quickly pulled from her purse a hand-held mirror.

Rung of its reflections - she had thought that she had died and had gone to Heaven. Each to each, an erratic cosmological pulse, frenzied, it was supposed to of had been Lucifer. Lubrication of Emilia, it was her pagan mission. Breadth of this florid greed, it had been slobbering into her juiciness - a squirting. Birds of prey, they had wilted into Emilia's ageless vice of herself.

E.C. McCready

Villainous vampire, it was of this oldest profession. Discretion, an embellishment, Ronald's cave, it had consumed her as them and as mankind. Lashed out lust, it was of Ronald's heart-throbbing wickedness. Sexual prowess of his psychotic opiate, his fingers, they were wrapped in this old African American woman's hair, for Ronald was riding her Brahma. An exasperated respiration, a non-current, its diabolic penetrations, they were of these possessed souls. This stale lady, she had been choked away from her bodily functions. Technically dead, resonating a dense ecstasy, of unconscious instants, it had opened her up to him. Fleeting out of her body's sapient, slavish, salacious and surging sanguine seductions, her pupils, they were nondescript. Dilation, spiritual exhaustion, this death of humankind's spirit strength, it had been of this rocking back and forth. If only she could of had spread her cheeks wider, urinate longer and defecate, it would of had been known.

She was of its ballerina. Emilia had been it then. Uploading into him again, again and again, downloading, they had rolled all over in it. Juice and milk, the spit and hot mess, it had been seeping down the inside of her thighs. It was of this mud in a rainforest, and it was drenched between her toes. Delusions, she had been hosting Ronald's illusions. She had come from his boyhood, yet she was a different friend then. Now as his whore for this horror, black and from

E.C. McCready

Inglewood California, Jerry was a fifty dollar a day dug addict. Ronald was making promises to her, so she could get more.

"Do you have a pain in your butt?"

Ronald had shot out at Jerry as a cool-headed playboy, for he was in this new luxury sedan. He had leased them right off the Beverly Hills show-room floor every year. Enjoying delusions, illusions for superiority, isolating a wary salesman, full-popping them, it had been paid off. Fingering choices, this sameness, it had been there, of this lack of them - self-awareness. Communication skills, of these under-aged neophytes, they were ordering whiskey - not drunk, no bathtub gin.

"I can cure you."

Ronald had shown Jerry his party balloon. Tied, not inflated and about a quarter-inch in diameter, it was filled for dope fiends.

"Why you do me like that for?"

Jerry's eyeballs, they were full for his heroin.

"Why? Because, I'll smack you. Reason enough?"

Ronald had taken a-hold of its thickness, as it was lying alongside his pant-leg, of a showing - strength.

"Do that with me? Is that it?"

Ronald had lifted Jerry's spirit. Spending all morning doing tricks, twenty dollar jobs off Century Boulevard in Los

E.C. McCready

Angeles, of this main pike and poke, Jerry was trying to pick it out of the gutter, yet she had gotten too sick to hold another.

"Shoot your junk into my cherry pie."

Leaning up to his sedan's window, she had given Ronald a flash of her mamma's milk. Memories, Jerry had aroused Ronald with an evil chemistry. Seeped, tender and swelled, of Ronald's introduction, Jerry's obsession, it had routed him. Liquefied as this outlander, this insensible kleptomania, melancholy, it was of an unresisting corpus. An outsider, it had been leaking onto Jerry's fingertips. Addictions and withdrawals, they were planted into her, so these nodding slumbers, they were falling-out of an unfeeling and distracted prey.

"Whatever you want. It's yours."

Jerry had loosened her grip on the eight-ball of dope, yet a madness, it had been flogged up and into her vessels. An Alien leer, it was of Ronald's voodoo percussion. Resounding from his opera, computer technology, Ronald had been playing with its peripheral freedom, for it was of his devilish search engine. An outer-space domain, it was indulged in the massacring of mankind, as an annihilation of their spirits, Jerry's psyche, it was dwarfed by narcotics. Demons, of this silkiness, it had dared to propagate out. Rough pigmentations, they were leeching of its yellow wraith

E.C. McCready

- black. Jerry had started to panic. Flapping her emotional winds, wings, spirit diversions, they had been running off in all directions. Complete control, an at once, its real-time, it was of this God's right.

"Just do me!"

A benign hideousness, it had been absent of any dignity, and it had arched Jerry's back. Her left wrist, it was lying on its same waist. Propping out of her basketball cheeks, a butter-butt, full of Ronald's charm, it had been warmed for this hanging of an index finger. Phallic, it had been in her mouth. Pointing at Ronald, of an opposite gesture, Jerry had nailed herself down as his slut - pigeon-holed, a battle-point.

"He's playin' with me!"

Jerry had spit it out. Not swallowing, of these two blacks, they had been near for her fives - tastes, yet Jerry was now Ronald's truelove. Favorite notes, they were hammering out of their bones, and they were bent and pulled across Jerry's forever. Light and strings, they were humming of its vibrations. It was of this renaissance, a soothing, as a spirit brittleness, it had melted into them.

"What's he got?"

Roy and Arnold, they were two street parasites, and they had been feeding off these junkies. Prostituting themselves, they were without a room. Where-with-all for their twenty

E.C. McCready

dollar whatever, clients had insisted on it. Taken into an abandoned warehouse, of this reek, it had come out its coal.

These multitude, they had never seen a condom. A quick douche, it was of this sink at a dilapidated laundry-mat.

"What you lookin' at?!"

Vicious snarling, it had been of their heart-aches. Bemoaning of their thoughts, they had to piece off their twenties. Unjustly earned, of foreign loads, their backs were to a wall - sloshed of water. Legs spread, fermenting this laundry mat, stench - it was passed off as these belated beach whales, and they were blistered by these seagulls. A plucked carnivorous dank, it was of their Friday's observance, so Roy and Arnold, they had flocked in with their predatory presence. Bloodsuckers, pus and blister lickers, Jerry's nefarious predilection, it was of their cannibalism, as they were the un-bred ones. Beyond their desolate corners, of its repulsing grossness, pathetic lives, they had devoured them. Sweet music, its melodrama, it was of this monologue of him. Authored by all - another dialogue, an anti-social networking with him, it was of these shadows.

A rebellion, it was against them. An estrangement of Lucifer, transfixed as its spellbound hark, Ronald had been selling death with an alien presence. The wolf's fedora, of a shaded frock, it had become a forlorn instinct. Circumventing deviousness, a statue of Darwin's foretaste, it was this

E.C. McCready

derivation, an evolution - mankind on the Web. Succoring with Ronald, their sustenance, it had been out of communion with other beasts. Pulped skulls, a ricocheted force, it was spiraling of this rare body. Whirl-winded tails, they were the replications of this cosmological dust. Powdered air, it was above their feet.

Scratching the surface of this redefined terrestrial ground, it had been baked by this heat, then - again. Loosened of its topsoil and of that thin silt, sprawled out, its head had been fractured by the thirty-thirty, and this Ranger, he had cranked another shell into his rifle chamber. A first-person-shooter, a psychotic had been downloaded into this punctilious dementia. Howling, a snake's tongue, it was choked on a barren soil. Chucking this recent concussion, its carcass, it had been shed of itself.

Echoing of its real-time, fates - same date, this puff of a pipe dream, it was embellished with gunpowder. Easy, the moment, it was of its every part, and it had wanted to scratch their eyes out. This little girl, she was with him in that cave in Montana. Praying for an absolute reversion, a Jewish head-stand, it was between these two side-shows. Deluded into this serial killer's thoughts, of this right side up, they had been gazing up and into its cosmos. Not of a loving father, it was this injustice.

Nailed to this cross, the great men, they were of these

E.C. McCready

Philosophers. Cross-sectional purposes, it was this main course of them. Vain attempts, they were without their better selves. The Alien God, it was well fed. Unbelievers, they were bearing witness of themselves, as mankind, they had come from an antiquity. It was of this cosmological transfer. Arnold had taken Ronald's shot. A first finger, he was the rankest of the two, for he had yanked open Ronald's passenger side door, conveniently left unlocked, ajar.

"You shot my brother!"

Roy's drawl, it was saliva filled for Ronald's forty-four, and it was still out and in Ronald's hand. Arnold's teeth, they had exited stage left. Untimely departure, the Ranger had been kneeling somewhere, and it was with them. Lifting the gums of this dead wolf, a vacant initiative, it had been forgotten. The forty-four, it had sent Arnold's remaining jaw up and through the top of his head. Laughing, brains were splattered on this surely worn asphalt. Slick erosions, they were resounding of their memories - sloppy concussions.

"What are you asking me?"

Emilia had not heard it. Counter of a bonding macabre, macho masochism, it had went into their victim's geisha. Menstruating of their copious and erogenous submissions, Emilia had parted them all the wider. Purged through her cheap cotton panties, permeating into them, an infection, it

E.C. McCready

had raised their testosterone levels. Flush with thugs, they were of an unrestrained concupiscence.

"Sodomy. Up the Yin Yang. In the pooper."

Tom had made it more clear, and Ryan had dared her with a seriousness. An introduction, this two peckered dildo, it was of her nocturnal quivers. With this serial killer, it was of this brand of atheism. Raging with this storm, Emilia had been liberated from herself. Confined vexations, they had melted into its pussy-pot. Libido, hot-blooded mulatto infernos, their prehistoric window and biochemical interjection - its colors, they had flip-flopped into an instinct. Inflamed, Emilia had been with this fecal-stained rubber penis.

In her knitted handbag, of its usually, it was hanging over her shoulder, and it was filled with stolen after-effects. Cosmetics, Emilia was of an unassuming kind. Her purse, yellow - a knitted sunflower, it had held its parameters, beige burlap. She had bought it online. Being a waitress at the Satellite Cybercafe in Koreatown LA, Emilia had common down to an art.

Homely and vulnerable, guise as this nothing, she was of its nymphomania. She was in this whatever one may want community. Demeanor, she had worn a plain brown dress with a yellow trim. Hanging just above her knees, they were ready to drop a mouth. Emilia had sucked back. Eagle struck, the cops

E.C. McCready

were out.

"He stuck it up her what?"

Emilia was pulled from an outer-space, as of its always, it was of this next.

"Haven't you ever had it that way?"

In a Hawthorn Mall, she had spent an hour in this bathroom with a dildo. Burying her fingers, they were of these frantic attempts. Orgasm after orgasm, they had mysteriously come to her in waves. No more wailing, squirming in lost efforts, not embarrassed of its nothings, she had finally ruptured with this plethora of a sexual zenith.

"What'd you do it for? What for?"

Roy's pow-wow, it was in his pants, and Jerry had not given - gone, of an anyway. Conterminous repudiation, it had enlivened Roy with this contamination.

"Shoot! Shoot it!"

Roy had held them out with spread fingers. Slight curl, they were without a grab. The forty-four, Ronald had it in his hand, and it was about ready to blow Roy's head off. Face wiped with a stupidity, defeated, there had been this delivery, so it had cleared up for Roy. Defenselessness, justice was a tight hole for this chapter and verse.

"Row, row, row your boat."

Wickedly slow, Ronald's face was on him. No emotion, it had no meaning - of a no time. Ronald had come with this real-

E.C. McCready

time dread. Its glue, it was of this lifelessness. Soaking them up, their blood, it had been wrung around Ronald's neck. An everlasting also run, it had catapulted them into an emotional exhaustion. An eternal state, it was of this vacuum diversion.

"Copulation. Either or both."

Those voices, they had come from Ronald. Not finished, if only he could of had stopped, and, again, it wouldn't of had ended. Ronald couldn't finish. It had been of its then - an either.

The same way, of their piteous queries, Tim hadn't been to school most of the year. Brought into this bad trip with Ronald, Tim had been frying on acid.

"What you want?"

He had been on the fringes of this day. Fourteen years of his juvenile, it was weltering with these vaulting throws. A levity, it was moiling into this emptiness. Venom, it had been venerated by Ronald. A design, it had been cooled by Tim's sorrow, for he had been beyond repair. An evil chemistry, its sweetness, it had come from this frigidness. Splashed on Ronald's forehead, it had glistened of Tim's LSD horizons. Lapped up and of a lick, Ronald had rubbed his cheek against it. Bespattered on Tim's face, scandalized by zealousness, they had been inhaled in by its influence. An offering, it had come from under the heels of Ronald's

E.C. McCreedy

delusions with Beelzebub.

"Sing me a sing-a-long song."

Ronald had commanded it of Tim. Fragile, not scathed by any destiny, scintillating of its gullibility, Ronald's pathological lies, they were dive bombing from this outer space. An inevitable reprehension, of an uninvited guest, Tim's thighs, they were lifted up and into Ronald's intentions. Fumbled grip, he had massaged Tim into a slattern neurosis. A savage serpent, it had been dejected from Tim's nirvana, yet he had pushed himself up even harder. Ronald was holding him. Guidance into its mouth, Tim had been devoid of his serum. Inflated with Ronald's veritable vice, Tim's bird song, it was spiraling to the ground. Feathers, they were of a Bald Eagle, as it had soared so high that it could only descend to chase another rabbit. A snake had subsumed into two, and it had isolated these variables. A chameleon, it had solved their equations, perpetuated - calculated.

"Row, row, row your boat."

Tim's singing, it was of a strained orgasm, and an oppression, it had overwhelmed him. Sensual sleepiness, Tim had been imbued with this revulsion of mankind. Animation, it had faded to black. Fear, it had been flashing up from Tim's solar plexus, and it was lighting the dungeon of his mind. The bogeyman, its motion, it had wiggled from out under Ronald's bed. Parasite, it had been gnawing in and or of this

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spiritual anemia. It was of itself as an alluring innocence. Ronald had spoilt its blood. Pounding up these haywire hair-ends, hallucinating about this World Wide Web Lucifer, astir in Ronald's darkness, reclining mankind into its mortal dispositions, of its devilish marks, an immortal definition, it had vetoed religion for its science.

An atheism as and of its feedback loop, it was his delusions. Illusions and or of that drop-pooling reservoir, Ronald had regressed into Tim's sing-a-long. A ding-dong song, it was of their hopelessness - an outlander's pith.

"Yes. Yes. That's it. Life is but a dream. But, I shall kill the dream. And, you and me? We shall become its nightmare."

It was of this vulnerable and visceral position, for Ronald had been holding them wide open. Lying over the edge of his bed, he was driven down and into a wickedness. An open closet, it had been sending Ronald into a glacial knowingness. Sexuality, of a bizarre pompousness, its something else, it had been with him. Jubilant splashes of an enthralling wanderer, a little slut, Ronald had raped her into these murderous enchantments. Moraine, not yet ten, she had met this at that rock pile.

"Sing me a song about your nightmares. Sing to me about your dead dreams. Sing to me about Lucifer. Sing to me a song about my spelunking. Sing to me about what I did to you."

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Cosmological dreams, its voices, shadows of history, Ronald had made his mark chronologically, for he had been gifted with an erection. Revealed, it was of this cosmological architecture. A multiplicity of lines, they were stacked and nested as itself. Floundering, after toiling in vain, Ronald had crushed a grip on them, for he had Tim by his testicles. Quashing against Tim with his body, Ronald had become a rigid block. Dead weight - concrete, it had not been of any brick nor of any mortar cement. Tim's life was over, as Ronald's right hand, it had engaged Tim's throat. Hand-peeled atomic shells, they were of those cold and metallic sheers. Offing, wet and blood-stained, their waned spirits, they were sucked out of themselves.

Ronald had been standing there. Gazing at the young chicks in their incubation chambers, occasionally petting at them with the tip of his fingers, it had gained access to Ronald's computer technology, so the chicks, they were flocking over to him. Movements, butt-cheeks and fingers, Ronald had been seen acting that way with the birds. Conservatively dressed, handsome - hard and mature, he was begging for this little something between Juliana's legs. At a distance, Ronald had become her man. They were all talking to them, yet they had nothing to say.

Thoughts, marks of their graffiti, puppies and yuppies, their frolics, they had been grasping for some joy. Teething-

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tails, they had been propelled, of its squirm - sperm. Juliana Pombra had it figured - a way, manner. Her quaint Pomona Pet Shop, it was after her stint at Cal Poly.

She had majored in Animal Husbandry. Her father, after taking his last gulps of air, he had left Juliana as his beneficiary-a Life Insurance policy, so she had invested it in a Pomona Pet Store. Ronald had been a frequent customer, and he would buy into the smaller chicks. Juliana was of this never and or ever tell. This Life Insurance Salesperson, Ronald was its why, of this anyone. The jump off the bridge, Juliana's mother would of had met with the first and fastest moving semi, yet Sherry had collided with Julie instead. Ronald's quiet, personal sincerity, he had composed a romance with Juliana. Caught by this serial killer, Juliana had been this lonely hole. Laid of herself, it was for him. Weakened, Juliana had brought herself there, for she was with him. The flirtatious chatter of a first nurture, its instead, it had no cuddly kitty. Bizarre intimacy with the destruction of her self- image, Juliana had been taken to Ronald.

Roy had heard and had seen the forty-four fire. Instantly regretting it, a fleeting discovery, his life, it had passed him in and of its flash. Before his death, queer, Roy had seen the bullet, so fast and yet so slow, Ronald's hand, it was of its then - the disappointment, vague. It had opened up Roy's grotto. Grave-digging eyes, they were

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pillared into the depths of Ronald's darkness. Roy was suspended, and his groin, it had been rived. Stoic desertion, it was of its once, an occupied moment.

"You shot me"

Roy's sinuous thoughts, they were swamped up and into its mind, as a serial killer had felled him. Roy's gutless balls, they were angled from his kneecaps, as Ronald had sired his dementia. Roy had rambled of its razed separations, and they had subsumed him into two portions - an upper and lower body, none. A two beat tempo, joints above, they were of his dead-weight percussion, so his face, it had landed with a bashing on its ground - denouement.

"What the hell you do'em for?"

Jerry's scream, it was for her brothers, as they had been brought into Ronald's felonious refuge.

"You're gonna be payin' for that!"

Jerry had put her hand up her tight mini. Three fingers, they were of this deepness. Groping and stretched out, it would of had been better suited for an African tribe's woman - encyclopedia. Basket on a head, she had been luxuriated with this thick flesh.

"You see where to get it?"

The muscles on Jerry's thighs, they were erect. Contractions, of her patronizing postures, her legs had been opened. A volition of this Satanic prophesy, Juliana's hips,

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they were fluid. Vulgar seduction of this slimy toilet, it was fermenting from Juliana's wild imagining. Seething in its cesspool, of humankind's soullessness, it was from Juliana's nicotine and booze.

"Whoa, baby!"

Jerry was flippant. Caught, an absorption intensity, a taunting of her spine, it had confused her central nervous system. Releasing her, of its movement and urine, Jerry had relaxed her anus glands - precious vibrations.

"Her mouth too?"

Emilia had asked of it, for she had seen Ronald in these beauty marks. They were on this face of evil. In a massive multiplayer online game, Emilia had compiled all this information. Delusions and illusions of Ronald, those black arts, Emilia could open and close it.

"Maybe it was a friend of yours?"

Tom had hit on Emilia with an insistence. Tinged, of Emilia's nerves, Ryan had went deaf, dumb and mute. There was no frosting on a store bought cake, and its entree, it was left on her blank face. Bleeding, of a profuse spot on her panties, an untimely menstruation, it had vexed her. No spirit sustenance, no confidence, billowing fumes, they were leaking of this synthetic ammonia, and it had been testing Tom's lungs.

"She's smart enough to know who she's been with."

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Tom could of had yelled it for Ryan. Rotten eggs, they had been lying on Ronald's kitchen floor. Tim's blood vessels, they were swelled with these spastic tremors. Weeping pernicious poignancy, a ghost, it was of their short-sided fates. A trophy had traveled from victor to victim, and there had been one that had known and the other that had dared not. The urban doctor had clamored for wealth, yet there were these dreams of this quietude.

"It be damned."

A cautious quip, it had come from the Ranger, for he had just closed the back of this four-wheel-drive truck. The dead wolf, it was of these coal olives, for its eyes, they had been polished of its rigor mortis. Built into this Alien Cyberspace framework, it was designed by an architect. Jack had shoved the rest of the cupcake into his fat face. An outlander, it was hidden in the stench of this dead wolf.

"Got a dead stink already."

Jack's stomach, it had hung well past his belt, so an obese planting of his sloth, it had originated from his boyhood. Paranoid, he had spat on his food. An unkempt delusion - discouraging this varmint that might of had been snacking off his obsessions, Jack Baily was a sixty-year old mountain Ranger. Slow on checking for fishing and hunting licenses, he was hasty for a break, bite and or a bark at

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something and or the other, as he had to maintain some semblance of status for himself. Whiffing his stools, Jack's intelligence, it was comparable to the country police in his vicinities. Eating the same, they were all prone to order from a picture-filled menu.

Grunts and or of their stares, Doug was not far of age behind Jack. Even though the child's neck had been torn in this cave, it was purported to of had been from this particular wolf. Preposterous, it had been blowing their minds. The information transfer, it had eaten of human flesh. No way, it had not happened, only in Hollywood, yet Doug had gotten to pull his thirty-thirty off the wall. Doug could of had chewed on its brains, as they were full of this and or of that shop talk. Satisfied, everybody else could of had gone back to masturbating into a melancholy.

Den was of an old Los Angeles shoe with a Chicago mentality. He had salt and pepper hair, and it was frosted on a strong frame. Gleamed pride, accomplishments, as an African American, he had held his tongue in its cheek. In an overly starched uniform, Den would pull his sleeves down, so his shoulders, they would sink into it. Tightening on his back, his wife, Althea, she had them tailored to his widely built upper torso. Brute determination, their bed, it had been bouncing off of their floor.

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"Where's she now?"

Den had asked, not raising his pen - questioning Tom, casually writing. Tom had been in an arrogant stance next to and alongside of Ryan, both before Den's desk. Ryan was gawking off and around at the various accolades, as Den had been adorned with them: local schools, youth clubs, the Mayor, the Police Chief of Los Angeles and some sports figures and or celebrities, of those that had fought and or found their way out.

"She's goin' down just like all the rest do."

Tom had answered Den's question. Wham! The impact of Den's hand, it had been slapped on his desk. Literally making Ryan reach for his pea-shooter. Playing this fantasy out, an elite few in an online community, an inside perspective, Ronald had been providing them with their delusions of his grandeur. Denials as afterthoughts of them, their company, it had been these whores, drug dealers - gangsters and along with the rest, degenerates. Dragging them down into its gaming system as its flunky employees, it had been leading Tom and Den into this nowhere. Clogged without a wheel of fortune, un-perfect with a fat-faced twenty-three- year-old Cybercafe waitress, of a corrupt, macho cop and a hard-hearted FBI agent, Den was insistent.

"You'll bring her down? Is that it?"

Den's hands, they were resting on his hips - now a foot

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and about this police business.

"She's gone. She's goin' down."

Tom had replied - an again. Glanced, Ryan had shrugged Tom off, yet Den had badgered Tom all the more.

"You didn't chase her? Couldn't you of had shot her then?"

Emilia wasn't clued into its good and or bad news.

"Screw yourselves!"

Resounding deep into the core of an awakening, Emilia had been reaching outward. Demanding her space, of an even there, Tom had taken notice, as he had seen the resemblance. Memory and of the finely jagged scratches, they were basted on him, and its bantam's lice, they were filled with its stray cats. Without any fish - of a scraping on this ground, a chicken had been pecking for corn, as its horn of plenty, there, something had been thrown. Lobbed into idiots, they had been eating it with their foul mouths. Found in an outhouse that was frequented by its relatives, of its construction, it was swimming into this cesspool, as bizarre gasses, they were thriving on this human-kind system.

An Oedipus force, it had been snarling of this horror. There was this back, and it had been curved into an extraterrestrial eye. Sorcery, it was of itself. Spiting

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mankind, of its evil beam, it had been for Tom. Knavery-pawed, this spirit, it had been poked into him. Cornered, this calico cat, its hiss and gnashed teeth, they were of a monomania, and its monophonic yearning for Tom, it had gone into this sordid and empty futility. There had been this no surrender. Glaring at Tom, it had gone into and through him. Watching them, Ryan had shouted.

"By the neck! Grab it by the back of the neck!"

Fearing that Tom might of had retreated, this calico, it had been holing itself up behind a toilet. Yellowed with urine, of that murkiness - old folk's diarrhea, it had been hardened and caked in from its repetitions. Successive exposure from humidity, it had been brought about by their bathtub and shower. Splatter, it was of its rank quagmire, for slime, it had been darkening in and of its bottom. Rising grayness, of its haze, it had been fading into these solidified soap bubbles. Stubborn fermentations, they were of these biochemical representations. Uncompromising, a gangster's malignancy, it had been of an uncontrollable liquor-drenched, pot-choked and crack deprived - horny, aroused demon studs.

Playing Russian roulette, of their pistol-gripped hands, they had held its brains in their hair-triggers. Fingers were readied - gone off. It as itself, indexed, it was of that light-speed, and it had been dropped out of this cosmos and

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onto the Net. Tom had fought back with an everything, for there had not been a second guess. No possibility of any innocence, Tom had shot first. Gaming as the SIS, Tom was a known. He had hunted and was feared, for the one that was bleeding and full of vents - hard and brutal, it would always come down to the first-person-shot - the kill.

"Answer our questions!"

Tom's index finger, it was evened out at Emilia, for she was starting to back out and toward the door. Growing her claws, of those fangs - an anger, not daunted, of a non-secretive mass murderer, Ronald was her Sunday-school weirdo, and Emilia, she had role-played in as his preschool teacher.

"She's goin' monkeyish for the door."

Not wanting to chase her, Emilia had just put herself on the top of Ryan's murder one list. Emilia would never realize Ryan as a good cop, as a Fed, Ryan had always looked for the obvious. No motive, it was flogged by this proclivity to pensively ponder Emilia's reactions - evidence hidden, of Ryan's stalk.

"We'll see'er again."

Tom had wanted to wait too. Irritated, of Emilia's wayward falling back, it was her middle finger, for it had been flown. Upwards and toward them in an obvious digression of their communication skills, it was a turning point - their prognostic fugitive. Emilia's vulgar bird, it

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was upon them.

"Fall back and spring dis!"

Cantankerous, a self-reliant compulsion, Emilia's petite body, an abhorrence, it had been of its without.

"Wrong, wrong. She's gettin' it wrong."

Ryan had made himself of a notice to Tom, as inflamed scratches, they were etched on the top of Tom's right hand.

"We'll be gettin' it right later."

Tom had countered, so Ryan had smirked of a tempered delivery. Tirade restrained, a chuckle, cliché quipped, it was of their biting snaps.

"Keep the cat out of this game when we're dealin' with her."

Tom had added impetus, so Ryan had held up his hand, of a backing behavior. Tom had stared Ryan down - a sudden. An index finger, it had been brought back - binary, for there had been this pull of its World Wide Web trigger.

"First person shoots."

Ryan was blown off in and of its heated dreams, as he had been cooling with this make-believe gun. Breathing, it was of this hot breath on its imaginary barrel.

"Shooting ain't a game."

Tom had interjected, for he had been caught by Ryan's deviousness.

"Do you want me to fire it for you?"

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Tom had delayed his answer. Jabbed, his eyes had widened at Ryan, of a statement - an unintelligent look.

"I'll be blastin' her. You'll see."

Tom had rested his case. Scorched into his renegade, they were of this pedigree.

"You just can't handle the pussy."

Ryan had defined Tom's possibilities, for the recent senior murders, not immune, of Ronald's infection, it had reached these outlandish proportions. Contagiousness in its continuous rage, her skull, it had been cracked. A narcissistic narcosis, it had come from his heroin. Spine-tingling mushrooms, they were of a live wire. An enraged fetish, from his soles, they were ejaculating out of his pit-fallen eyes, as their faces, they had been of these obscure memories. Dragged from this erudite serial killer, it had been imbued with an evil genius. A fiend song, they were singing of these solemn marches. A coconut, it had fallen. Its drop, it had been of this forty feet. On its solid ground, of that cement - impact immovable, concussion indelible, Ronald's passion, it had been uncontrollable. Raising the four-foot long, dirty and blood-stained two-by-four, smudged with old and new blood, Ronald had defied his existence. Pulverizing power, this room, it was filled with their ailing whispers, for they had come in as its phantoms. Darkened, their leaps, they were from its underworld.

E.C. McCready

"Ach ah la sum ma!"

Ronald's voice, it had crackled of a devilish incantation. Arriving at this seedy hotel in LA, Jerry had lost all inhibition. Not called upon, she wasn't of its any reasonable acknowledgment, for he had just blown two of her brothers away. Illness, it had consumed her very bones, so they had started to bend. Drugs, their rather, they were of her system breakage. Impregnated with a delirium, an archfiend, it had soothed the fiery pain of Jerry's restless vacuity, for she had nothing in her mouth, other than it. Its blood, it had been filling the space that had been between Jerry's eyes, and she had been relishing its every real-time moment. Ronald's ejaculations, they had been caressing Jerry's sore cerebrum, of those breasts.

"Ek sun nah nu chaw ma law."

Concentrated sorcery, Ronald had become its servant, and Jerry had reaped of its whatever teardrops. Gouged out, they were of this riveting penance. Its sharp edge, it had come from the top of Jerry's forehead, of its middle - summit. Paining her, its end, it was of its something before, and it had come again. Rounding its slope, it was at and of its back. Avalanches of blood, it had gushed over her face. Ashes, they were of its glow. Done nothing, said nothing, it had meant nothing. Ronald's bad blood, a psychotic pool of a tributary pith, it had been seeped into this sogginess.

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Percolating of an encroachment on the drab white sheets,
Jerry's torrid drips, they had become of this sticky marsh,
and it had submerged her into a puddle, of her blood-drowned
breasts. Leaves of seed, she had been outstretched as this
unholy flower. A refraction, Jerry was of this centipede.
Connecting her, it was of an embellished plasma, for Jerry's
breath as his whore, its horror had escaped her. Rites,
its delicate depletion, it was of an evacuation of her.

"Sah mah haw tah!"

Evoking itself out of Jerry's childish whimpering, it
had opened a wanton dissidence, as an outlandish ethereal
wail, beckoning for a raunchiness, disheartened ghosts, they
were of its nether world. Fluctuations and vaporous
vicissitudes, they had been of Ronald's viciousness. An
acidity river, it was moiling from Ronald's disgusting
eruptions. Obituary meaningfulness, its heaving spasms, they
were of his hellish fluid blisters. Convulsing on his
steaming face, it had twisted his neck. Contorting arms, they
had been bursting, busting boils, and these frenetic shadows,
they were of those cries. Cold blood, it had been hazed in as
a synthetic synthesis of it. Made in this darkness, the bed,
it had been bouncing in and of its slowness, and the lights,
they were scintillating of its divisions.

"So las shun non nee moe!"

There had been no grace, as this ghastly fiend, it was

E.C. McCreedy

of Ronald's voice. Speaking in tongues, he was hideous and deranged with proud flesh and pus. Leaking from his demented sockets, wrinkled and of this purplish-red face, it had been bubbling on his facial contortions. Popping its blood, of these heated sores, Ronald's hands, they had shoved his fingers into their long spears. A spider grip on the two-by-four, Ronald had raised it above his misshapen head. Blowing brains, they had been burning with its blisters, as Ronald had been bursting with these stew geysers. Vapor, it was of its every part. Ronald's gruesome body, he had crushed Jerry's head with the two-by-four.

Emilia was still running. It was everywhere. They were all looking at her. It had went into them. It was in and of their eyes. Everybody was everything and everywhere. They were it, or they were all conspiring to terrorize her. She had been knocking over these little old ladies. Scattering their memories, mummies, babies, businessmen, and women, they had suddenly stopped, as everything had been halted.

"What you all looking at?"

Emilia had let out a hopeless and violent scream. Whirling and spitting at them, shirking, they had their cellular phones out for their 911 calls.

"Huh! What are you doing to me?"

Rage, it had ripened into her. From its past, Emilia's spittle, it had been spewed from above her kinky and torn

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disarrangement, as something, it had invaded her. Eluded, of Emilia's insanity, it had rushed up on her. Out of everything and everyone, there was a lying bastard, and it was the father of this son-of-a-bitch.

"You all had better stop with me!"

She had come to some strange sense. Disavowed, this had been of an abandonment. An untruth, it was waiting there - seduction. Ronald had led them, and they had followed him. Parleyed, squatting for jealous erections, lunatic songs and of its lewd malice, it had come from an abode - an adjacent provision. Foul feces brains, their minute gems, an incurable ventilation, of its chaos, Ronald had been hammering on their faces, for he was in their bedrooms, alleys - imprisoning them.

Uncovering, it was in its deepest drawer, so neither Den nor would there of had been anyone else that could and or would of had found out about it. Tom and Ryan, they were starting to get each other wet. Two budding cops, they were of Den's soul food. Wearing his black gloves, Den had been staring up sweaty holes. Criminal anuses, they were of this mind replacement. Self-gratification, it was without Ryan's good dog, and he had taken it for more than a walk. An outlander, it was interfering as an economic software, so data management, it was of its pros and cons, of its face to face and or of its blow to blows.

E.C. McCready

It was about 4:00 PM on a Monday, and Tom and Ryan, they should of had their body. Emilia's sudden move, of no orchestrated end - fugitive, Tom had wanted to settled his injured pride. He could restore himself, shoot her. Den's aspirations about Tom, it had sustained him in the game.

"What was it between you two?"

Ryan had jabbed an impersonal query at Tom. Riding alongside, Tom was driving their government sedan. Night-time, it was edging in without the sunshine. Burning out of their day, an affect, orange, it had thrown them another Jupiter. Grayish weltering fog, it was fading into a white night. Traffic, it had been veined onto their congested streets, victimizing them. Dominos, of lewd road conduct, they had been marauding within these needles.

"He told me to kill her and to watch you."

Tom had laid it out plain and simple to Ryan. Shrugging, Ryan had pondered the facts. He could of had almost witnessed Emilia's murder.

"Get your butt back in here!"

Tom's nine millimeter, it was stretched out. Even at Emilia's head, his left palm, it was resting under his right hand - of his first-person-shooter, gun-handled.

His index finger, it was wrapped taunt and up against the trigger, and his piercing sight, it had Emilia at gun-point. Its penetration, it had made her a blankity-blank at the seat

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of her soul, devoured.

"No way! No way! No frickin' way!"

Emilia had let herself out of her head - a suicidal state. She could of had been pistol whipped and gun-raped, as she was without and or within as it. **Buy Now**