

Chapter Eleven: The Taking

This XR, it had been dropped out of an Alien abode, so Juliana's thought transfer, of quantum cognitive instabilities, they were of this unplanned misfortune. Truncated counter-parts, of their head-on collisions, Juliana's refuge, its bits and bytes, they were banding together with this uninspiring hindrance.

Anatomized and hard fought, its psychedelic visage, it had been handed down - infrastructure. Oblivious Indians, they were without their India. Their never, its sky, it had been impounded and held down. Misleading paradox, wrenching in and of this squeezed fruit - that vine, its violent and twisted trunk, it was of this tree.

Relishing a delight, a store-bought juicer, fed - the slaughtering of pigs, a king was sold to the latest terrorist. An intrinsic vulgarity, mankind had been failing in their ability to self-distinguish themselves.

Stabbed, its backbone, it was right between Juliana's eyes. Perplexities, they were dwindling into her heartless and unshakable deception - an ungracious sneer. Its outlaying parts, an unchangeable progression, of its applications, Juliana had challenged it. Taken into an extraterrestrial infinity, of an uncoordinated celestial belly on the Noosphere, it was of a tiled matrix, and its electrical circuitry, it had been rattling them.

A spiritual beingness, it had been supporting their VR craniums. Radiance, its spiritual wind, it had been blowing under them. Juliana had no feet, for they had been bitten by her own hand. Juliana had no ability to speak, yet she was pleading for help: Den, Althea, Emilia, Snake, Tom, Ryan, Jerry, Dale, Dave, Jack, Doug, Sherry, Larry, and the host of the others, they had been with it in an XR.

"Ronald?" Juliana's skull, it had been obliterated in an exhausted vision. Rerouted in a VR pipeline, of an interlink, Juliana had been

more than lied to by a misinformed serial killer. An injunction, of Lucifer's streetwalker, Juliana was this hell-bent goddess, as her soul, it had been uprooted. Stubborn, a surgeon of herself, it had been cutting her to pieces.

A fabricated body, sought in a navigational spirituality, sapped away, Juliana's oversized head, it had the circumference of a medicine ball, and her features, they had been replicated in an Alien architecture. Conclaves, pitted as a golf ball, a mainstay, she had been dragged from this device. "This one isn't ready." Damson had come from out of this gaseousness. An extraterrestrial, he was of a celestial bloat, and his basketball sized head, it had been bouncing off this Cloud. "We'll send her back." Albert had materialized right on cue.

Unattended of their selves, they had been of these acting bodies - a communal cave. Determining a tomb of Juliana's body, the cipher thing, it was into her, yet it was of no good for an anything. "She has love." Damson had moved in closer to this space-aged totem pole of Juliana. Human war paint, it had been shining through her crone, and it was of her tortuous heels. Slack of a reason, a turning point, it was fused into this social error.

Damson had dropped Juliana's top in a simple push of an XR button, and the mechanism, it had released her pillar. A space-aged totem of Juliana, her VR spine, it was held in this realm of closed eyes and ears. Cast into this shade, stupefied and of its unloved spirits, a distorted mankind, they were losing their grips on themselves.

In the rough, it had been playing havoc into their lives, for an incombustible VR rope of sand, it had been replacing their pith. In its up-wind, empty-headed, it was of their stabilized drudgeries - themselves. "Do you want me back?" Moraine had held out The Child's Plaything for Ronald. A known point, Ronald had come to this cornerstone. Deadness, mankind was reckoning with this celestial navigation.

"Back to the rock pile? Ronald had asked, for he was gone for this little girl. Up, an instead, then straight, Ronald was of this whacked out little boy, and he was with a neighborhood girl. She was the one that had expelled Ronald from this no good and or of its no evil. Savage agitation, it had uplifted Ronald into this Alien abode. An unkind sickness of mankind, Ronald had been deluding all that had entered his VR Spelunking Cloud. His devilish premonitions of

himself, it was spontaneous and of undefined and white-hot subjections.

They were in a rock field, for a serial killer, he had been peering into his boyhood. Naked, rapt with his coat of arms, Ronald had been imposing himself upon this word of God, as it had become this slaughterhouse of mankind. Put asleep, of their insomniac insults, they were rushing into its eye-catching kills.

It had been tricking mankind into this suicide. Grilling them into this serial killer's down-cast of himself, a feather-brained bedeviling, absorbed into their turmoil, instabilities, they were inflicting pain upon mankind. Curving in and of its vicious cosmos, interruptions, they were of these thoughts, and those were of these voracious assaults.

"You want The Child's Plaything?" Ronald was stymied into his infamous past, so he had reflected on it. Under his counter, neither and or of its without, Ronald's promiscuous abandon of himself, it had wanted to pop him up and into Moraine, for Ronald had taken her out of their world. A jigsaw-puzzle, Moraine was of a beingness. Mauled in an exploitation of this irascible rabble rouser, it was percolating into Ronald's staggering spearhead. Switching radioactive orientations, phonies, they were of their stabilized incarnations.

Rejecting a communion, it was of their unholy ghost. Participating in and of his real-time serial killing, it was in those rock fields. Cosmological junctures, their VR coordinates, they were of an insidiousness and heartless harvest. Scurrying contrary, of an impassable grave, they had been speaking to themselves, so their broken words, they had been under-minding them.

Worshiping of the Devil, it had been vetoed by the Noosphere Spelunkers. "Play for the Devil and get an Alien!" Moraine had answered Ronald, as their rock pile, it was this Earth and or of its terrestrial sphere. Burning out of its night, this sun, it was seen in this torrid silence.

Moraine had shaken her head. Holding space - brandishing The Child's Plaything out in front of her, the cow, it was to cap the makeshift handle - a wooden milk-can. The child's game, it had been played in this slaughterhouse barn. "You've changed the game Ronnie!" Moraine had shouted. Dare not say or of an even, Ronald had taken his

quantum leap into this enthralling decoy. Juliana's spread-eagle, it was there instead of the cow.

Dangling from his inverted stiletto, its crucifix, it was serrated into this gory point, for it was of a murderous replica. This rapist with Moraine, Ryan's hindrance, it had been melded back. An unstable clashing of this plasma, seizing, Ronald had entered the Alien Cyberspace, so Tom had tried to evaporate.

An instead, of their sabotage, Ryan was this wounded man. Poking his nose into this intervening constriction on the Noosphere with a serial killer, bisecting with the Noosphere Spelunkers, Ryan had been a nonplus. Diabolism, opening its doors of doubt, Ronald had defrauded Chi Chi of her life, so her ghost, it had been concentrated into this interlinking with the Noosphere Spelunkers.

Flying into their faces, distress in this other world, it had this course of action with an evasive obstruction. The forces of nature, they had been redefined. "Stop him! He's out there! Stop him!" Moraine was standing midst the cattle that had been massacred.

Beingness - blood stained and contaminated, gifted of his course and actions, Ryan had been laid in the open, and it was of a tormented view. Weightlessness, Ryan had cast his sheep eyes. Undone, Ryan's guide, it was rolling in an extraterrestrial's revolting guts.

"Feeling dejected?" Ronald had come to Ryan. Strategy, plunging down into this matter of a fact, an appearance, it was out of nowhere. A thief, it had caught Ryan as this other. Moraine was there to steal the show, as a bystander, it had been trampling Ryan down. When the bulldog had expired from Ryan's hands, he went out of his head.

Missing their marks and meeting the Noosphere Spelunkers, it was of these shades, differences. Ronald had wanted to render onto others, for his null, it was for the sake of this Devil, yet an Alien God, it had him in its control. The Cloud, it had become this slaughterhouse. Sterile, a meeting place of mankind, this stabilized VR, fiends, they were wandering into their blacks and blues.

Contorted with fistulas and blisters, they were bursting on this hideous body. Between them, its tinge, it was of this blue and silver magnetism. Saturating into them with this luminous mist, Ronald had asked in his gentlemanly manners. "Tired of playing with yourself?" Inching closer into Ronald's pipeline, Ryan's pester, it was of

Ronald's eminence. "Still poking teddy bears?" Tried again, it was of his cordial tone, yet the nine-pound sledge hammer, it was suspended from Ronald's right hand.

Wearing his khaki cloths, they were filthy with his sweat. Smut, he was blood splattered with cow brains. Referring to the extraterrestrial ghosts that had been lurking about and on their fringes, of Ronald's madmen, they had emerged in this Alien God's dwelling, for it was capturing their instabilities.

"What are they?" Ryan had asked in an unguarded slippage of himself. Booted up, Ryan had pulled his pea shooter side-arm. Checking it for ammo - its firing chamber, Ryan had rarely, if ever - intended to use a weapon. Bulldog bucking, Ryan wasn't stupid. Federal, he had their knowledge. Understood, there were others, and they had played with their guns and knives. True, a mechanical FBI, Ryan was of this unbending machine in the Federal bureaucracy.

To roll in the gutter, Ronald had been an enchantment for Ryan. An uncouth violation, Ryan had passed the point of no return. The Child's Plaything, a screwed-up alias, an idiot child's game, it was of this serial killer. Real-time, its fingering, it was a tight grip with this black art. Ryan's mulish FBI preoccupation with this sinister killer, it had been giving him his lumps of false hope.

Deferred, Ryan's instabilities, they had been running wild and away. Shot out, Ryan's stabilized and bespattering lobes, they were on his XR, so Ronald's artificial tricks of fortune, its mankind was of this baleful visage. Gyrating as strangers, they had returned to this stockyard barn.

"Nuclear Fuel?" Ryan had asked Ronald, for it was after Ronald had bashed the cattle and of the murder - Chi Chi. "I fed her my male member." Ronald's accentuated quip, it had made Ryan pucker. An apprehension for Ronald, the heifers of the sort, there was this butchery. Ryan had wondered again. Sanitarium fixation, it was sent into these missing microchips, and they were from the cattle feeders. Ryan and Ronald, they had filtered back together and in of this stockyard barn.

"The feeders?" Ryan had aimed in an unsympathetic sieve, as his rebel in an impoverished self, a repugnance of Ronald's VR Spelunking, it had riveted him into this underground. No demon nor of any Devil, Ryan had taken his shot at Ronald, so disaster, it had gone through

this serial killer's head. Science, it was of Ronald's leftovers.

"You have The Child's Plaything." Damson was there in VR, for Ronald was hailed from this Spelunking Cloud's scheme. An unremitting filing of an information on the Noosphere, there had been this past refrain with an inordinate and warlike terror. Possessed by the Noosphere Spelunkers, of the extraterrestrial's antisocial invasion, it was of this dim view of mankind.

No warning light, entering for its Hell, they went in and of their own accord. Deprecated into this transmission, it had taken mankind into its feedback loop. Ronald's head, it was of an unsteady glow. Copulating the soul out of man, of an incurable disease, it had started this cause of death. A cavern, it was of this stumbling block, and Ryan was in the Alien God's kitchen. Preparing himself as its food, pulled of his soul's ripcord, blinks, they had come before their slams.

"Where is he?" Interrogating Damson, after Ryan had fired his gun at Ronald, as a space-aged cop, Ryan had been trying to pry into this serial killer's injustice. An understanding - itself, Ryan had spoken to Damson in and of his full throttle. Seriousness, all but lost, bursts of anger, they had been in this cold blood. An envenom, its slow and burning fermentation, Ryan was reminded of the bulldogged sodomy.

"He will stabilize." Damson had come to Ryan in an extraterrestrial parade, for his handle, it was of this VR. Ryan had been dangling its string puppet on the Noosphere. A strange effigy, Juliana had been suspended from The Child's Plaything. This perverse one, its feet, they had been sharpened, so Ronald had stabbed his toes into Juliana. Parting herself into his shiver, boyhood, Ronald had taken craps in this closet.

The cows, they were eating. Tossing and turning in an extraterrestrial silence, its peculiarity, Ryan had been hitchhiking on the back of this radioactive decay. His stabilized zombie, he was trying to catch a serial killer, as it was hosting Ronald's treacherousness. Ryan's dissension from the holy to achieve an unholy, mankind had been drenched into this spoilt blood, so an unbroken exertion, it had no formulating form of itself.

Roaming the Noosphere, this vagrancy of mankind, it had been digging into these alleys. Jostled by this degradation, Ryan had tail-ended

another bulldog. Squeezed into this serial killer's maladies of misfortune, Ryan had no hard and fast rules. Drizzling out of their liveliness, they had been taken into this fleshlessness.

Pith funneled into the Noosphere Spelunkers, it had absorbed their spirits. Drop-pooling into Ronald's toilet of murderousness, rape and XR tumultuousness, an extraterrestrial intruder, it was of this intrusive VR engineering of an Alien God.

No longer alive, it never had said it was dead, yet they had died. An uncultivated and lethargic sorcery, it had been at where mankind had been put into this shade of themselves, so Ryan was of this trailing bunk mate. Duped by the Noosphere Spelunkers, Ronald had been of an extraterrestrial putrefaction. Gyration, a turbine, Ronald was of this straight descent as an Alien bastard. Pup-sex, Ryan had been trying to tap into the VR root of Ronald's demons, yet everything had come to a stop.

Any matter, Juliana's whore, she had been of Ryan mistress, yet Ryan was going to make this switch. A blood relative of an Alien God, it had been sown up and into Ronald's trepidations with an extraterrestrial. Juliana, an easy, getting the score, of Ronald's stampede, it had been satiating into his sack, so Ryan had wanted to push all these buttons.

Beating this whoremaster's tigress, of a senseless spoliation of Ryan, Ronald had been this round holed - square deal. Ronald had been out of his order. Ryan had shouldered his firearm, for it had been pounding Ronald in and up the slaughterhouse yard. Cast into Moraine's spell, Ryan was hit with this pup, for it had been yapping to him.

Ryan had been fouled up and with its extraterrestrial something. Baiting his hook, Ryan had to make an upload in this unclean and imperious perversion, for he could never had stopped to unravel his real-time dog-doo.

Picked up and tossed into an Alien God's wrongdoing, Ryan had found its day. Animal sacrificing, his ducking, doings of the dog, he had been dropped out of San Francisco. Freak swan songs with Ronald's infamy, Ryan had been masturbating with stuffed toys. An extension, of Ronald's demeaning human discord, scattered to the four winds by this insurance swindler, Ryan had to stick his hot-rod into Juliana's hot-seat. His rash concubine, it was of these dog-dealings.

Resurgence and upheavals, an Alien God, it had put mankind into their pulmonary stupors. Animal magnetism, it was with Ronald's profane resuscitation of himself. An extraterrestrial resurrection, it had come after these torrid states in VR.

Stealing thunder, Ryan had to cut Juliana down, so he had turned at where he had seen Taunto Street. The Indians from India, they had been withering about in and of this gone wrong, as an Alien cynic, it had malfunctioned into their temperamental selves.

An obstinate and un-systematic rattle, it was of these unsafe back thoughts, and they had been rebuking mankind into this Alien Cyberspace. Stabilized into this grotto, their round-the-clock liabilities, they were perishing into the fumes of his ammonia. Chemistry, it was of this negation of the human condition. Horrendous and decimating, an Alien God's meals, they were being prepared, as the extraterrestrial, it had been unraveling Ryan. An invader, Ryan had seen Juliana dressed as his slut in blue jeans.

Her flannel shirt, it was unbuttoned down to her breasts, so they could had been easily groped. Slugging down this cheap wine, she was bleeding of her mushroom and Meth eyes - crisscross nights. Treated roughly, a frenzy, it had been fused into an overdone lack of commotion. Waiting for the extraterrestrial on this street corner, a phobia, it was of her salacious and outrageousness with him. Its jungle of a VR Butte Montana, it was nestled into these hills.

Celestial, a beingness, it had come from their totems, as they were animating of this stabilized and radioactive life. Infused with their MDA, acid, peyote, their hemp, speed and heroin, it was of so many chemical combinations, as their VR sorcery, it had been of such strangeness. Way, its outlander, divulged of in VR, Ryan had come into this strong feeling, for its beast, it was smelling of his salts.

Ryan's narcissistic straightlineness with the Noosphere Spelunkers, it had mowed him into an everlasting - an online slumping of his spirit self. Ronald's disagreement with Ryan's real-time Spelunking, between the eyes, an Alien God's third eye, it had been of an extraterrestrial carrier pigeon.

An incorrigible outbreak, infractions, they were dangling in an extraterrestrial abode, as it had transcended Heaven and Hell. Coordinating the conception of the Noosphere Spelunkers, plowing

through his own self-destruction, they were smashing into themselves. A slop pale - celestial, it had clobbered humanity by taking away their VR instabilities, so they had been placed in a dead-heat with this serial killer in XR. Endurance and pain, it had become a shakedown.

Spiritual deaths, an embodiment of an Alien God, fatality, mankind's pith, overshadowed, this line of descent from an Alien abode, it had cut mankind up and into this stalemate.

A muffled destruction, Juliana had gotten to Ronald, for he was having trouble putting two and two together. She had raided into him a long time ago, for Moraine, she was of this Alien God's disguise. An alternating furnace, its heat, it had been speaking out of its turns. Ronald's rock fields, his kills, an extraterrestrial cosmology on the Noosphere, it had been of this crevice, as a crater on another planet, the Alien God, it was festering into Ronald's outbreak.

Torn by this black widow, it had spun its Web in VR. Tearing him and mankind from limb from limb, messing them up, of their deviant brains, they had been displaced of themselves. Fanning the flames of a radioactive decay, its black balls, an Alien God, it was feasting of these thrown hands. Horror received, they were walking away from their selves. Overworked swill, a terrestrial fireplace - facsimiles, they had been blackened out, as a chapter and or verse, it was divulged in and of this insolent murderousness.

"One dollar!" Chi Chi had come back, as she had rung true in a forbidden ride. Ronald's old car, it was her dreadful hearse. With an Asian whore, Ronald was fleeing from Montana again, for Chi Chi's face, it had been bashed into an extraterrestrial repugnance. Shirk, with some fear, Ronald had let up on the gas pedal. Weighing in on mankind, their sudden loss of impetus, it was of their destination.

"What's a matter? Your meat not big enough for my hole?" She had spread her chopsticks. Tight and black stretch of a mini, it had been slid up, wet - red panties. "My pussy one dollar!" Chi Chi was of an unstrung clitoris. Plunged, her fingers, they were deep. Squeezing into an orgasmic vaginal secretion, an Alien God, it had been of her morbid stupor. Brought back into an ungodly revelation of herself, Ronald had shifted his hot-rod into its higher gears.

Face quirks, Ronald's boils, they were regenerating into their steam geysers. Oozing out of Chi Chi, popping of his pus, the Noosphere

Spelunkers, it had made him indifferent, strange and inhuman. Cognizance, Ronald had been made wrong in this observational Universe, for it had been controlled by the Noosphere Spelunkers.

Spiraling into an extraterrestrial application, Ronald was out of control, and the rest of humankind, they were in this Alien Cyberspace. Interfered and of this stabilized mankind, its radioactive decay, this instability of mankind, its centrifugal force, it had opened a hole - Chi Chi.

Disarray and laughing madly, Chi Chi's bulletins, they were deranged and of his bewailing groans. Ronald was hijacked by this Asian. Tormented by him, of his misbehavior, morbid foresight - shambles, invoking Ronald into Chi Chi's inconsistencies, it had crashed through fire-walls, and its fences, they were made of its wood. Dust had been risen in an information transfer, and it had been colliding with these extraterrestrial rocks.

In Ronald's terrestrial sphere, they were standing too high off its ground. Not clearing, its sunken weight, it was of this loose and space-aged silt. Twitching in an irregular tint, its kiss on her cheek, an ulcer of his treachery, it was driven into her - a traumatic implication. An extraterrestrial light, another, the same as the other day, Juliana's animals, they were restless at this point.

An Alien abode, its cavern, it had shown out of Juliana's XR. Online agitation, she had been surfing late in and of her sternness. Packing her up in all this Noosphere nonsense, cross purposes, they were of a coma. Contiguous assignments, their crucifixion, it was of this unsettling firebug. Jinxing Juliana, swarming out of this extraterrestrial mainframe, unbridling her human internment, not moving, she had been under its sky. A tight-fisted hooligan, of Juliana's hot hole, she was not without its planet.

Silk and soft, sweet - selling and with some gentle flowering too, it had been gathering Juliana's clouds. Sleeping downstairs and in the back of her Pomona pet store, Juliana had taken this turnpike, as an Alien God's feces of Ronald, dirty fights, an undefeated mania, it was an out and out mission, yet Ronald could not fasten mankind to his Lucifer.

Displaced, a shutdown - humankind, it was of their VR stabilities. Suddenly, it had hit Juliana, and her XR, it had stopped. Holes, they

were bore into her. Seething wanton flesh, shell-shocked and of its overkill, this cutthroat confiscation, it was her substance. It had kept all its priests in their tongues.

Séances, Juliana had been routed into a spurn of an unholy - unholyest, so her fountainhead, it had steered her on a course. Impulses and demented addictions, they had been plunged into Juliana. Syringes, they had been deflected in an extraterrestrial abode. Aimless attention, last rites, they had been pumping out of her thick and thin.

Hard backwater, they had been washing their hands in this cesspool of their VR space-time. Drinking of their moronic bath, they had been beating their retreats into these radioactive collisions. Time after time, they had been disowned, as the fool-hearted, they were eating of its body and blood. Bombarded and saddened, they were thrashing in this Alien Cyberspace. Driving humanity mad, they had come from this extraterrestrial flesh and gore. Their instabilities, they were sent packing onto the Noosphere Spelunkers.

Psychoneurosis, Juliana's hands, they were shaking in an XR quiver. Checked, her face was belching of these burn holes. Inflicted upon her, superfluous insects, Juliana was sitting with her knees knocked together. In front of her VR, of a miserable and broken-down tumult, an exertion - an unstable tribulation, Juliana's instabilities, they had been with its radioactive decay.

Kicked back into a reciprocal vagabond of a toxic inception - a stabilized suspension, it had been raved up and into this Cloud, of this Alien Cyberspace. A trough, it was of its wasted ways.

Not able to extinguish this intrusion, Juliana's tangent, it was a relapse of his hellish emptiness, as it was of this diagram - a disunity with Lucifer. An Alien God's gluttony, Juliana had come from all these fallen women. Forever and a day, gangrene was drunk - toxic leather. Juliana's hardened flesh, it was of her internal defenses. Bloodsuckers, Juliana had come back and into her stabilized self. Hunting, of an Alien God's radioactive decay, mangling with it as themselves, they had wanted it more and more, war in this massive multiplayer online VR game.

"Stop it." Juliana's throat, it was burning of this tale bearer. Demoralizing her, it was of her silent prayers. Ether, it was distorting her radioactive life. Leery born, a concavity, it had been

splitting their personalities, for it was of an unquenchable - a manic depressive, Ronald. "The Child's Plaything." Juliana had let her mind whisper in an everlasting backfire. Roaring beneath her sod, a burning bush, it had been setting her at naught, for she was in this blind alley.

Toppling her mind, she was boggled into its sickness. Juliana's nose, it was clenched in an XR constriction. Vacuum, its bag had the capacity to heat itself. Motor, it was of Juliana's lost breath - Larry. Her father had taken his last, so Juliana was blown into a force with Ronald.

Seeking, cursed by God, a contentious snot, it had avalanched out of their past and into its heads. A small VR town, Butte Montana - Juliana had gone backwards in its real-time. They were absent of right and wrong. "Join us, Julie." Extraterrestrials, they had stolen in at Juliana's backside. Distracted, they were of Ronald's purported underworld. The bounds of Juliana's mercurial missing of her mark, she was in this unknown frame. "No." Juliana's eyes, they were swollen of an extraterrestrial's blood.

Know of no tear, Juliana had been feeling this pain. Thresholds, Ronald had done the cattle, and Chi Chi was in its extraterrestrial rock fields. "You know why he was with the cattle Julie?" Sherry had wanted Juliana to know. Proliferation, Juliana was staring into her XR. Out of countenance with the human spirit, its relationship to the cosmos, Juliana had been hoping for it. In one fell scoop, in reverse, it was an in-depth thieving of Ronald's own soul, as there was this rerunning of these life insurance policies.

Stretching their legs in and out of this idol worship, surging in this Alien's XR hole, Ronald was dominated by the Noosphere Spelunkers' stronghold in VR. An interruption, it had undermined Juliana, for she had been removed from her skin. "Your mother and I are waiting for you there. Come with us Julie. Everything has been prepared." Rapture, they had been set on fire by this extraterrestrial. It had redefined mankind's sun. Center, of a solar system, an outbreak had been taking place.

Weirdness, this radiation, Sherry and Larry, they were in its cosmological definitions on the Noosphere. Retreating in an incandescence of a stabilized mankind, without their solar center pieces, they had been in this darkness of Ronald's VR Spelunking. "Why?" Juliana had wanted to buy some time. An infringement, she

could had deceived these strange beings. Celestial, they were drawn from Ronald's wrong conclusions.

Failing to accurately observe this radioactive integration, the conglomeration of her stabilized application on the Noosphere, it was corroding into her with this cognitive recognition.

Juliana would never allow herself to of had been captured by this extraterrestrial - an unknown. Mishandling, the Noosphere Spelunkers, Juliana was repulsed. Stable as a radioactive non-entity, of her bodily processes, she had no ability to decay. Instabilities, the radioactive stench, it was of a no complete paralysis, as Ronald had been this poisonous insertion of the Noosphere Spelunkers.

Radioactive instabilities, they were of Ronald's serial killing dilemmas. Seeking the Devil, Ronald had been caught in an abode. Excluded from his Satanic mission's goal, Ronald had been bargaining with Juliana. "We're not those cows!" Juliana had whirled out of her words. Scolding Sherry and Larry, Ronald had come to Juliana in this darkness. Sky, there was this flicker, and its voltage, it was lighting the Noosphere Spelunkers' realm.

Downloaded into VR, a devouring of mankind's fool-hearts, a beingness without an ether, Ronald had been put in this one-piece and silver metallic suit. His ashy face, it was bloated into this penchant for Juliana's soul. Spreading for him, an orbit, Juliana had made the extraterrestrial mistake in the first place.

"No." Juliana had been shaken in her head. Signal, she had changed her mind, for her version, it wasn't supposed to of had been unraveling in a space-aged attire. One-piece metallic suits, an extraterrestrial, it was draping their exteriors. Hollow-eyes, they were of these pot holes for an Alien God.

Displaced into its extraterrestrial planet, XR, it was this redefinition of mankind's stabilized terrestrial sphere, for they had been placed on the darkest sides of all moons. No suns, no other planets - solar systems, they had been doused in their VR applications.

Their stickiness and chemistry, saturated by the Noosphere Spelunkers, cheap, beloved smoked fish, they had been of this polymer thermodynamics. Cosmological fractures in those hairline slivers, it had been catching mankind in this sugarcoated dentistry. Heated

family photographs, a radiology, it had been tethered to an extraterrestrial's jaws in an Alien abode, as their synthetic selves, there was no organic nor of a biological representation.

Cosmological facts, they were of an extraterrestrial downfall. An unreal excavation of the human pith, mankind had been stabilized into this double-faced hysteria. Before her hung cat, of her Vodka and late-night smoke outs, its black box, it was neither dead or alive - an alien!

Downstairs and at the back of her pet store in Pomona California, this Devil, it was of a freak. He had a screen-name of The Child's Plaything, as an inescapable enmity of herself, Ronald had been uploaded into Juliana. At arms-reach, a trigger, spitting of itself, it juices, they went into Juliana. Cuffing replicated balls, choking of his prosthetics, it had been this unwanted outsider.

Siphoned away, it had been downloaded into Ronald. "You've got to be kidding me!" Juliana only had words, and they were of her vile traumas. An extraterrestrial device, Ronald had tethered it into mankind. Seeking his passage way, of an unnatural contrivance, humankind's debasement, it had become Ronald's real-time penis.

Extending three feet from his groin, erect - its forty-five-degree angle, it was of this three and one-half inch shaft. Blue and silver magnesium, its black bulb of a head, it was for Juliana. Radiating of its magnetic field-space, Ronald had been sent in from of what it was of this beyond. A substitute, it was coming from its extraterrestrial stars, for its everything, it went astray. Their very substance - an existence, it was of this terrestrial sphere.

Darting in an extraterrestrial abode, Juliana's mind, it had been in this lucid counter-attack. Critical moments with Ronald, Juliana had been using Ronald's makeshift duplicity. An urgent human element, there was not an emergency nor of an even. Periodic tables, Juliana had been computing rather than thinking with thought. An analysis, of Ronald's game, it had passed Juliana into an Alien Cyberspace judgment. Dying away with the rest of humankind, an own understanding, it was of their selves.

Same, a misinterpreted observation, this was of their delusional terrestrial sphere, for they had been put in the Noosphere Spelunkers' illusion. "You can't! Not with that! You cannot shove that thing in here!" Juliana had exposed her extraterrestrial self.

Disjointed and of a misshapen entrance, it was her vagina, as a technological entrance for an extraterrestrial, computerized, the effect of her silo hole for the Noosphere Spelunkers' missiles, Ronald was loaded and ready to go off inside Juliana in VR.

Nuclear fission, Juliana was an extraterrestrial slut. "You messed it all up!" Juliana's mania and manic explosion, it had blown off her head. Taking the Alien's shot, she had known of no man. Nothing but a sense of guilt, an abuse, Juliana's mother, Sherry had been a spaced-out amphetamine popper.

Sexually transmittable diseases, Sherry's brains, they went into the ceiling of Juliana's childhood. An incestuous baby rape, Juliana's daddy, he was strangling her. Trust, Juliana had known of how to play his nursemaid. Weaseling his asthma medicine, she had taken it away. Pampering her papa, Juliana was of a drenched embryo. Locked in its bedroom, she had known of its creeping misdirection. Geophysics, this had redefined geology and its radioactive decay. It had been consumed in these rafters, and those dark closets of time, the pyramids, they were etched into this trail.

Fire hydrant, its right was tight, and its left was loose. Entered patterns, they were of its geological dates in its terrestrial sphere. Biochemical applications in their field-space, electromagnetic - mankind had become tainted in and of this loss of information, for there had been no decontamination. Demarcation of radioactive dualities, its spatial representations in an Alien Cyberspace, senselessness, it had been this extraterrestrial sense.

Weaponry, it was of this food-stuff, for this radiation, its humankind, they were of a contradiction in this habitation - a redefined terrestrial sphere. Carbon dating, it had been of another sun. Further along, its coal, it was of those gems of the Noosphere Spelunkers. Their belittling, it was of its own exodus. "You're back." Damson, possessing a conclusiveness, he was of this extraterrestrial bewitchment - zombie. In a stockyard barn, Ronald had demolished the cattle feeders.

"In there?" Ryan had asked Damson. The next frame, it was of his demented demeanor - a requisition of himself. Searching for this serial killer, Ryan had surrendered to an XR definition of radioactive decay. An extraterrestrial abode, Butte Montana, Juliana had been meandering, wandering about in an unguardedness, of a drug-induced stupor, and Ryan had a palatable taste for Juliana's skin.

Expunged, Juliana was out of her own spiritualness.

Cave, it was of an unearthly fire, and it was fighting with Ronald's Devil. Ryan's bulldog sodomy in an Alien Cyberspace, of a depression that had gone off, Juliana was this enlarged buffet, so its orgasmic craps, they were of Ryan's pillared blindness. Diverged and adrift, there was this lack of human flavor.

Dissection of this ant - decomposed knowledge, it was an ignorant concealment. Inner ugliness, its declining decay - its beingness, they had lacked a perception of worldwide beauty. Raping their souls - an own, of its obedience, it had them disobey, for their terrestrial carbon dating, it was of this radioactive application.

Wheels, its broadcast disk, round and around, un-right - round, of this spinning blue ball, it had been turning on the top of The Child's Plaything. Jaws, its quackery, it was of their shapelessness. Rejection of right, this wrong, their starry-eyed serial killer, there was this pumping out of a direction.

A radioactive dating of mankind, it had been an opening - a fissure, so it was descending into an Alien abode - a radioactive meshwork. Misconception, misfiring in a terrestrial sphere, its evolution, it was of their intentions, for mankind's guts, they had been buried on Earth. A planetary system, it had been redefined by this radioactive high-pointedness in VR.

Clenched fists, grabbing onto a lost Devil, a denied Heaven, its intercourse, of a compendium hard fought, an idiot was vying for this union with Hell. Dropped off in a non-fiction memory, of Ronald's Devilish dreams, Damson's sightedness, it was this fantasy. Creating an autocrat in an Alien celestial sphere, an Alien God, it had been making itself clear, as Ronald had been this extraterrestrial poacher.

Phobia, of a God's methodical stabilized reflection, it had been tossing Ronald and all souls out of a whack. Without their bodies, of an invalidation, their existence, it had been counting them out.

Derogatory existences, a waywardness, of a soul-spirit blackout, it had them sinking into an XR stabilization and submission, yet Ryan had become this committed man. A tree, this bulldog, it was making its yap, for an unfair objection, Ryan had been doing it with a dog.

A villain, desperate - Ryan's pup, it was up the bulldog with a dialectic approach, so a Federal fingerprint, it was of a dog's herpes-like simplex.

This keyhole of mankind, they were looking for Ronald's results, yet blunderbusses, they weren't blunting a bogeyman. Observatory delusions, they were of this short-sighted illusion, and a subcutaneous trade mark, it had enticed an entourage.

Indissoluble scandals, they were of an apex index. An electronic and biochemical field-space, a tetrahedron, of its triumvirate - dejections, mankind had been kicked offline and into an Alien Cyberspace, so humanity, it had been hanging from its real-time gallows. Their babies, they were out of their mouths - chow mien chasms.

Body suits, secretion, it was irradiating into this manganese. Casehardened sterility, their strep throats, they were burning of a cold heat. Damson had dissolved into a nothingness. "It is between you two now." Ryan had been standing there - of a dog-screwed up mind. Next moves, an unconsummated voucher, it had been stockpiling mankind into its friendless redemption. Salvation, Ryan was back, and the cows, they were feeding.

Ryan was of his younger age, a beingness displaced. Slaughter, Ryan's delusions, they were of an illusion - encampment. Celestial and of a ceremonial loiterer, it had pushed itself into a stabilization - extraterrestrial limits.

Ryan's face, it had twitched into his spine. Rushing, of dreadful serial killings in this Alien abode, their craniums, they were swelling into Ryan's chest. Crammed densities, they were trampled down. Ryan was gag-puked - airspace, for he had been put out of an action. Constriction, it was of this beaten path, as Ryan had been transplanted in and with its rest. Destitution, their spirits, they were interwoven into these radioactive stabilities and instabilities, and Ronald had been their renegade.

An unmarked cohesion with the Noosphere Spelunkers, a serial killing suspect of Ryan's, this mocked-up terrestrial world in an extraterrestrial real timelessness, it was these vivid and fallacious mirages. Repelled into an indentation, Ryan was eroding away. Stomping into the marrow of mankind, exploited, a murderous tramp had

been playing them. Formed on Ronald's behalf, Ryan, one of the many, he had fell off an Alien God's handle.

An extraterrestrial manipulation and pathos, Ryan had been screaming in an XR agony. Culling in this extraterrestrial domain, of cosmological proportions, Ryan had hit its pavement. Poor spirited and of a soft-spoken kiss ass, sucking up its pigeon heart, farting, Ryan had gone blank in a despondency, for he had went to Juliana.

Vices, they were with Ronald, so their terrestrial dating in its radioactivity, it was of an extraterrestrial interpretation, a facade of mankind. A bold frontage, Ryan had been downloaded into this double vision of himself. Trying to swim upstream, a foulness, it was of Ronald's traveler's tales.

Sharing his murderous escapades on the Noosphere, Ryan had been back and of that same real time day. Stint, an authorization - there had been this decimation of mankind in VR. Twisted, Ronald's annihilation, an opening, Ryan had to beat Ronald's fishwife into his intrusion, for Ronald had not invited Ryan into their orgy.

Juliana had given birth. Ronald was over the edge of his bed as a boy. Courting this darkness, Ryan had come back to her through an online now, of a priori. Montana, this virtual town of Butte, years had yet to come, and Juliana was of this blind alley. It was of her Pomona California pet store. Witchery, it had brought her to Ryan. Open for business, its next day, the sun, it was glaring in through the front of her store.

Normalcy, a bizarre integration, it was of her space-aged VR. The garbage truck, it had arrived to take the early morning trash away. It was about 8:30 AM, and she had been spewing into this perplexity. Detracted from her stabilized compartment, of an extraterrestrial side-show, Ryan's eyes, they were meeting this bulldog pup's. Sitting in its kennel, Ryan was at this nearness, of this door - Juliana's pet store. Backward and forward, Juliana had been clapped into the irons of a fired-up fundamental psyche.

Firm and of Ronald's cold-blooded killing in those rock fields, Juliana had taken this footing - negotiating with Ryan. Bulldogged, of Ryan's infamy, an extraterrestrial slithering, it had come in as a stagnation, so a co-instantaneous derailment of her spirit, an amalgamation, Juliana had swallowed her tongue. Stamina, an

application of her spirit strength, Ryan was pounding on the front door.

Not budging much with this freaked out Federal Agent, their patterns of behavior, Juliana had been pulling herself together. Settling this idiot into a handshake deal, Juliana's bulldog, it was of her own rituals. Brought leakage, it was of this Alien God's conspiracy, for mankind, they had been knocked-up in and of an upload. The Noosphere Spelunkers, they had been with them. Former times, of their radioactive stabilities, they were boasting of themselves.

Homogeneous and multifariousness, an extraterrestrial, it had been of their far-reaching isolations. Between their lines, of a middle course, Juliana had been debating - a steady. "Miss Pombra?" Ryan had called it out of his tortured self. Obvious and hardhearted hatred, of an eruption from his boxers, Ryan was grinding down and into this crude hope.

Mobbing back into his darkened spots, groin spoiled, Ryan - of its bad-temper as a Federal Agent, his predilection for a bulldog pup's hole, it was his fever. Fraught with Ronald's serial killing dangers in rock fields, Ryan had been tormented into these delusions, and they were distorted of Ronald's illusions - a self-diagnosis, Noosphere Spelunkers. Biologically impossible in an effect, Juliana's field-space, it was for this strange pole, and Ryan's shabby trip, it had an enlivened existence in VR.

An extraterrestrial definition of their Geophysics, it was of a biochemical and electromagnetic radiology. Preordained, there was an islander's guest for Juliana. Its host, beating her with its straw boss, Ronald was of its cryptograms. Fermium fusions, she was gluing herself at where her legs had been spread - an intersection. Warheads, of a body mural, there was this slack of all seasons.

"Miss Pombra, I'm here." Preying on the minds of mankind, Juliana's spirit strength, it had been demolished, for she had been on its pony as the one-horse rider. Selling a bulldog pup to an FBI agent, Ryan would bash its head into these VR smithereens. Kicked upstairs, an extraterrestrial upload, it was of those downloading intervals.

Expansion of itself, its huntsman, it was gnawing on these random voices, and they were verging into Juliana, of no certain terms - architectures. Their bodies, they had been unoccupied. "I'll be right with you Mr. Derth." Null exhale, Juliana had become an

extraterrestrial hot-pot. Unpleasant, disillusionment, a strange blush, bemoaning and of a depraved mindlessness, its strictness, it was a pointlessness.

Catty sewage, Juliana had been riding this serial killer's storm. Verging, it was of this twice-told tale. "Juliana- Are you there?" Floodgates, Juliana was of this anti-polarity, of an inheritance, for she had been this absorbent tiller.

Defined into this extraterrestrial cosmology by this "Rock Field Killer," banging on the front door of her small pet store, Ryan was ready to blow his brains out. Reaming her, it had percolated out and into this Alien Cyberspace. Overwrought, it had been boiling up her spine. A quorum, it had been pluming into the graves that had been dug up, so a downloading vindication, it was this maid of honor.

Moraine had been inviting Sherry and Larry, so Juliana had her homecoming with the Noosphere Spelunkers. Fighting with each other, this radioactive dosage, Ronald was the lord of this mortuary. An iron maiden, Moraine had redefined his VR. Again, Juliana had not resigned to these unbolting extraterrestrials.

"Hold on." Interlopers, Juliana was making her doggy deals with the Federal Government, and Sherry and Larry, they had seemed pressed for time. They were in this Alien Cyberspace portal behind Juliana. Wearing their one-piece silver and metallic jump suits, they had these radioactive tentacles that were fingering out of their heads. Burning at their tips, gone - they were flouting in and out.

Juliana was in a plain and cotton dress. She had worn it the night before. Humming of an activity, Juliana had on just enough cloths to break the chills, and they were from her night sweats. In the blue, her pink hole, it was open to this black. An open closet - accessible, cheap and playing a dope with a serial killer, the Alien God's spectrum, it had been compressed into this ravaging of time. An everlasting apathy, it had been made of an extraterrestrial permanence.

"Sorry." Juliana had opened the front door of her pet-shop. She had let her ten-dollar slut of a dress dip to its bare fringes, so Ryan was upright - a positioning for her. Blood flowing into Ronald's murderous rampages, a publishing in VR, Juliana was of this sight in an XR flesh. Sensuous, tender and hard, of white breasts, Juliana had collected Ryan into her privations. Recurrent perils, Juliana had not

let Ryan go all the way. A stacked-up tally, Ryan was her new boy, and she was his new girl.

Ryan had changed into Damson. With an oversized head, castrated and bloodless, he was wearing a silver magnesium metallic suit, and it was irradiating of its stabilities - an ionic magnetism. Speech, its gobble-gook, it was talking to Juliana. Inventiveness, Juliana had changed into this replica of this little girl Moraine.

More unstable and smaller of these two heads, their peas - different pods, both were gyrating with this radioactive energy - transformations. Celestial foreplay, an extraterrestrial parameter, Damson was of Ronald's disregarded notions. Consequences, sacrifices for his VR Devil, Moraine's refusal to obey, it had dilated in and out of this oval shape.

About four feet wide and a length - such tall, in the same one-piece suit, Moraine's facial features, they were this superimposition of her feminine. Body characterizations, Juliana's interrelationships, they were downloading into its type - particle physics. Found under magnification, of these molecules and atoms, they were whirling around in this stabilized and simulated metamorphosis.

Its systemized self, Juliana had beat herself into this VR periphery, for she had been seducing this serial killer. Incinerated into an Alien nomad's land, it had interlinked with her as a stellar XR. Viaduct, an understudy, Juliana had been lain bare midst this Montana Land Development Project. Intermingling with her, technicalities - uncommunicative conversations with the Noosphere Spelunkers, Juliana was screaming of her bloody murderer. Sky in an extraterrestrial abode, distant and detached, there were these sharp rocks.

Biting into Juliana's feet, venting their slap-happy hit and or miss spewing of her spleen, she had been downloaded into this system's crash. A serial killer's sinister plans to materialize Lucifer, gravitations, there was this headlong mesmerism. This star-struck mind of an extraterrestrial cast, in its spare room, mankind had been behind themselves.

"Is it because that I didn't piss in them? Is it?!" Larry wouldn't fondle his daughter, for Juliana would of had to urinate on herself first. Juliana's undignified garb, of his avaricious appetite, it was for his little girl." Give me my pajamas!" Trying to leverage herself

back and out of this system's working order, it was of Juliana's hazed mania in VR. Cosmological rocks, they were of Ronald's fields.

Mutilating Juliana's feet, her soles, they were bleeding, and the ground, it was drinking her up in the Noosphere Spelunkers' thirst. Juliana's emotions, they had been crushed. Saturated with radioactive stabilities, this devastation, they were of these women. Wrapped in and of their straight-jackets, its vaginal fluids, they were waxed into these cosmological floors.

Radioactive instabilities and decay, their real-time cosmological definitions, they were of this tamed spiritedness. Fervid, leftover and re-systematized, there were these experiments in chemotherapy, as there was this VR radiation. Pickled into mankind's XR behavior, delicacy, it was of their fragile and unwanted lives.

"Give me my pajamas!" Interlocked fingers, they were into its hair, and Juliana was going to pull it off her skull. Torrid, bellowing, Juliana's sustenance, it was of Ronald's rapes. Vertical, staggering, she had landed hard on her knees, for she had eloped into those uppermost thoughts.

Shivering in its medley, there was this mucous, and it had been running from out of her nose. Dissipation, of a funeral oration, eyes - an extraterrestrial medium, it had postponed Juliana, for an absorption, a suspension, its animation, it was turning her brain into this maddened flesh. Battering into Juliana with its rams, of this slow and pounding sledge, it was hammering in this stockyard, as Ronald was with Chi Chi as the Rock Field Killer.

Inoculated, Juliana was held in and of its own interrogations, yet there was no understanding of this stabilized burden. Its ill-use and ill-fame, it had evicted mankind's souls. "Do you have the dog ready?" Ryan had asked. Sickness, Juliana would never recover, for she had been in full flight - airborne, of a woozy spirit. She had been death blown by an VR dichotomy. This extraterrestrial abode, culminating into Ronald's impending genocide of the human spirit, particles, they had evaporated into this rapid nothingness, so there was this torrent of mankind's alternative energies.

Juliana's fallout in this meltdown of humanity's instabilities, its stabilized nymphomania, it was between her legs and ears, as a cerebral hemorrhaging, Juliana had been straddling the Noosphere Spelunkers. Technological patterns, its classical mechanics, it was

of this - surgical and open. Fusion, bombing in and out of this symbolic logic, ghosts with these VR tongues, they had taken their licks. No punitive descent, Ryan had met Juliana in its real-time application.

They were together. This last resting place, it was redefined into the perpetual stability of an Alien. Juliana had seen this darkness, for its moon, it was held into a cold sky. Glossy visions, they were fraught with teary blurs. An extraterrestrial revelation, it was an application of mankind. Linking, Ronald's worldwide solution, Juliana had turned her head in and of this stringed puppet. Nightmares, they were of these contrasting contradictions.

Umbrage, Juliana was of an inundated abortion, for her soul and spirit, they had wavered - a bewildered paralyses. Bad habits, radioactive phantoms, gone beyond - of no human-kind's measurement other than an extraterrestrial definition of its Cloud, Chi Chi was disdained into this online evil.

Knocked up, the Alien God's womb, it was for this whore child. A shading of mankind's differences, Ronald's demarcation, it was of this false front, for its boundaries, they were meeting in his boyhood.

Semblances of the past, Ronald had picked up this nine-pound sledgehammer, as a filthiness, it was sweating of its blood. Smudged through his pants - khaki cloths, of a dirt beaten and dead Asian whore, Ronald had slid it into her mangled meat. Apprehension, of a fragmented mankind, diabolical and of its diametrical bouts, drained - its beingness, it was of this eternal bay-side.

Knowingness, Moraine had taken Ronald into an Alien portal. Wrecked in havoc, double-talk - Ronald had fastened himself to them. Bodies as its straws, their pith, it was sapped into an extraterrestrial's schismatic apparatus. Willful denial of an eternal being or even an everlasting damnation, it was of these heinous murders and rapes, as these rock fields, they were defined in an extraterrestrial cosmos.

Misinformed - a terrestrial definition of the Cloud, their hellish provinces, devilish and of its serial killing murders in VR, it was all financed by these Life Insurance Policies. Categorized murderousness, of its radioactive decay - starvation, Ronald had been hungry too. Eating Juliana's strangeness, Ronald's screen-name, it

was between Juliana's thighs. Strangling him, Juliana was affixed into an application, and it had raised Chi Chi.

Vaginal juice, an aura, coagulating with an outlandish divining rod, it was smoldering of its smeared mankind. Disjointed into a steel-iron, Ronald's polarity with this radioactive dating, of his tyranny, Chi Chi had been calling this serial killer into her VR bounds, for he had come from this slow and burning tantrum.

"My ass? My ass five dollars!" Chi Chi's mole-eyed quad, it was of a weird body. Prototype, Ronald had become this dormancy. A slattern slaughter - mankind, an extraterrestrial abode, there had been this creation of a malicious and scorching recoil. This veil and of those shades, wolves, they were waiting at everyone's doors, for there was this pogrom of mankind. From another world, defined by the Noosphere Spelunkers, alone, its darkest corners - nooks and crannies of mankind, it was an extraterrestrial resting place.

It was of this seed - a resurrection. Blisters, they were defecating into its extraterrestrial outbursts - an outhouse. Juliana was this vixen, and she had been impregnated. Foul stomach, it was of this pell-mell bedlam of mankind. Sine, bloodthirsty and of this malice, aforethought, mourning of its dry weeds, they were struck with these scabby throats.

"My pussy two dollars!" Beaten, Chi Chi's eyes, they had been gouged out. Hanging off her mutilated face and cheekbones, swollen, black and blued, her blood contusions, they were lumbering into this radioactive stability. Implication, of an indecency, it had been goading into mankind's underworld, so an extraterrestrial sphere, it had been out of wedlock. Not known of any History, not Adam nor Eve, Ronald was its human sacrifice.

Double-daring, this inexorable repulsion of the human spirit, it had degenerated mankind into this hopeless pummeling of others. Uncovered, it had been shown and as them. Desolate in and of their unimaginable obligations, it was this horrifying terror.

Running before Montana, a despotic adversary, it had benumbed Ronald with an interchange, as an abhorrence of something else, the consumption of its everything abused, women were blurred into this delusional vision. An about ready to cross into its never to end on an uncrossed road, Ronald had been driving recklessly. Fueling up with this carbon dating of the Noosphere Spelunkers, it was between

Ryan and him. The bulldog, it had started to climb its glass cage. Guesswork, it had flown back, for her mother and father, they were brought to Juliana.

Modified, it had come between twos and threes. Mockery, a throng, it had made her their star. Capturing this serial killer's guts and gore, glaring at these mice in this three-foot high glass kennel, Juliana had filled the bill with a python. Donned off, it was of her day. In jeans with its leather belt, dangling of those frills, she was in bare feet and cotton panties. An easy show and passively bound, Juliana had made herself available. With a sleeveless t-shirt, they would flop. Drooping of their bulbs of flesh, they were fondled into these things.

Strange and unpredictable, it was modulating in VR. Crashing into this meted extraterrestrial meshwork, of a leviathan microorganism, all particle physics, they were bathed into this macabre bacterium, and it had covered up mankind in an extraterrestrial cosmos. Aligned, mankind was of their separate yet combined columns. Radioactive contamination, a serial killer, he was stirring up all these instabilities. Hanging from an extraterrestrial abode, its fallen star, it was skewered and of an essence.

A cosmos on its Cloud, landing stages, Juliana's life, it had been enmeshed into this VR Spelunking game. Waiting for its dinner, Juliana was enwrapped with it and of her python.

Linking up, it was hung over her shoulders. Seventy-five pounds, of a bloody mindedness, flagging its tongue, Juliana had scooped up mice in each hand, so her cat's paw, it had been licked of its gore. The rodents, they were hand-crushed into their latest and last. Touched and maintained in a ritualistic killing and wearing her black leather gloves, a deter, its painting with a python, Juliana's snow-white panties, they had looked of its daggers.

XR was space-aged and radiant. Sparked and sailed into its vertex, Juliana had been waiting for these delusions of this serial killer to boot up. Then, she would had gone spelunking, for its purple lettering, it was read off this black background. Tell-telling introductions, they would enter its massive multiplayer online VR game - spelunking.

An extraterrestrial mire, their minds, they were immigrants. Genuflecting into this ludicrous migration, this foe in this virtual

Montana, it was of this weirdo effect, as this succession of a serial killer's flaring annoyances, it had been persuaded by this confounding confusion.

A senselessness, there had been this paradox of eternity. Falling headlong into these rampages, rumpus and outrage, they would had been deep-fried into themselves. Occupational hazards, they had called mankind's codes into this hard drive. Thrown into its VR gauntlet and driven into this extremity of mankind, no foundation, its particle physics, stones, they were cast before the Noosphere Spelunkers, for its cosmological application of carbon dating, this redefined Cloud in an Alien Cyberspace, mankind had been taken back and into themselves.

Enticed and sucked in by this serial killer on the Noosphere, an autocrat, it had been melting into mankind's minds, for their carbon, it had been dated into this extraterrestrial feedback. Stabilities, they were of this adjacent line. Connecting to cosmological other worlds, cognitive, this was of its redefined Geophysics. An extraterrestrial domain, it was of the Noosphere Spelunkers' download. This stellar definition, it was of this foul VR play.

Intermixed into this spatial collision, biochemical collapse, it was of an uncouth repulsion. Not purified from an incurable disease, their lives, they had this cause of death, as mankind, they had stopped decaying in this redefinition on their Noosphere.

A radioactive portability, it had been generating this nuclear fission. Core chaos in this dichotomy, it was of this biochemical and electromagnetic application in VR architecture, for its Alien Cyberspace, it was of an extraterrestrial abode. Captured radioactive decay from Ronald's VR Spelunking game, infinite variations, they were feeding into the Noosphere Spelunkers. Classical patterns, they were of his inhuman behavior.

Stolen, of those chips, Ronald had taken them from the cattle feeders, so after he was with Chi Chi, of her heinous beginning with Ronald, Chi Chi had been sown into Ronald's doubt. Suspicion and fear, there was this cloak and dagger, and it had been plunging into an Alien God. Inflammation, larva, it had been submerged into these celestial woods.

Dripping, snatched - it was of this destabilized extraterrestrial abode. Spelunker parties, they were wrenched into this other worldly

earmark. This uncanny appetite, a radioactive wasting of mankind, it had sapped their marrow right out. Bleeding to death, an extraterrestrial transfusion into its concavity, it was of this concurrent and unfading illogicalness - differentiation.

Cosmological chaos, there was a weightlessness, and scales, they were of these headstones. Geophysical, extraterrestrial dating of this Cloud, somebody in Washington DC, they had sent it back into this VR town, so its ground, it had been lain down in an outmoded derivation of their selves. Impediment, truths, they were impounded into their understandings of this cosmology, for it was of their terrestrial spheres. Born in the Noosphere Spelunkers' slaughterhouse, they had been cultivating themselves.

Targeting this XR élan, an extraterrestrial abode of the Noosphere Spelunkers, a VR Cognitive Interface had been enlivened in this emptiness. Dead ends, they were splintered into these fractures. Cosmological technology, instabilities, they were of this serial killer's intolerable murderousness. Hailed up, its black project, a chaotic redefinition of the Noosphere, its Geophysics, they were of Ronald's VR Spelunking game.

Stripped of their decay, instabilities - Juliana had become its hungry python, for she had re-entered into this Alien Cyberspace. "This isn't the way it was." A cold-blooded hole, it was stuffed with another mouse. A snatch and trap, of a python in her pet store, infused into these looking daggers, Juliana was downstairs and at the back of her pet shop.

Out of focus and dashing into infinities, Juliana had been breaking even with these parallels of herself. Alienated and converging into this reorganization, Juliana had been bypassed by radioactive decay - an exhaustion. In a boundless breakdown, it had been connected to her intestines. Combat, Ronald had been of this dehumanized and stabilized clone of himself, so Juliana, she went back into this other frame.

A reference point, of a mindlessness, Ryan and his Federal Agent mentalities, they had been in this schematic information transfer. An instantaneous projection of herself, Juliana had been sunken into an XR deflation, as the provider of Ryan's savagery, Juliana had been plummeted back and into the Noosphere Spelunkers' deposit. Windswept spiritedness, of a beingness deluged with an extraterrestrial

radioactive stability - delusions, they had swallowed Juliana's will power, for she had been obliterated - technological guts.

Torn away and into this extraterrestrial surrendering of mankind, stabilized instabilities, the Noosphere Spelunkers, the XR Cognitive Interface had been bursting out of their solar plexuses. Tactless, a serial killer, it was put into this out-and-out XR butchery, as an extraterrestrial, it had positioned humanity into this terrestrial sphere.

It was of this domain, and it had made them these trespassers. Data had been lost, and ambiguous decisions, they had been of this disconnected ratio. This radioactive dictatorship, Ronald was this disparaging warlock, so Juliana's heartbreaking cauldron, it was of this Alien God. It had been technologically transferred into this indecorous game plan, and it was designed by Ronald. Ryan's question, it had devoured Juliana.

"How will you take payment?" One end, pendulum, Juliana had been at the other. Ryan had been waiting for her, and Juliana, she would have provided for him. Burning of this re-defined solar system in this extraterrestrial Alien Cyberspace, of an XR, its radioactive applications, they were of this carbon dating. Put into this VR chaos, an everlasting fatigue, it had wanted to mash Juliana's eyes shut.

She could have slept into its calamity. Weighted in this light, its hydrogen meanings, they were of Juliana's depravation. In and out of her spiritual balance, an internal time-clock, it was feeling her up, for Juliana's bush-tree, it was filled with these rotten apples. Its spoiled barrel, it was catching this sagebrush between her legs. This whirlwind with Ronald, dusty - a VR desert, it was damping her thighs.

No spiritual reprieve for her radioactive stability, she was in an upload, and it was feeding the Noosphere Spelunkers her decay. Ryan had come into this feedback loop. A difference and a differential of the Noosphere Spelunkers, he had been on this lookout for Juliana.

Hemming and hawing, of a squelched and sleazy operativeness, its impetus, Ronald had found Ryan's pup. An infliction of mankind, Ryan was of its beingness, and he was seduced into this silent agitation. "I'll take whatever form you have." Juliana had been transmitting in

an emptiness. Rambling, an idiot, of an uploading - an extraterrestrial, it had made her its beacon.

Beckoning of this sameness, Juliana had been winning rounds at this level in the game. She was left in this quarantine, so an XR self, a serial killer, he would had come into her. Brutalities, Juliana had been his tramp. Uploaded, Ryan had come from Juliana's deep-roots. The Child's Plaything, of his soul-spirit-direction, its navigational coordinates, Ryan was without his cutting-edge body.

Transferring information, if Ronald could had gotten his Devil to come, their bodies, they had followed this evil spirit, so there would had been this Hell on Earth. Juliana's Lucifer, this Santa Clause, it was of this bubble-headed extraterrestrial.

An exasperation, Juliana would had starved it. Unfilled, Juliana had lifted her dingy and blue cotton dress. Pressing for Ryan, dumbfounded with this Federal Agent, a flood-gate, Juliana had pissed it into them - white cotton panties.

"That's where it is in my Montana game." Juliana had given Ryan his bush-shot, yet he had been blocked by another idea. Interlocked, Ryan went into the bulldog. "There?" Juliana had made another move for Ryan, and she had shoved her fingers up an unctuous means. Settled apprehension, gaping in and of his unfounded creep, Ryan had been brainwashed.

Dehumanized in an unwavering canceling of their enlivened selves, triggered into an extraterrestrial firing-pin in the cattle yard, Ronald was of its shaky spots. Fueling an XR turmoil, of an erotic and murderous waylay, Juliana's mouth, it was trembling in disbelief. An apathy, this frigid mankind, it was full of their selves. Momentum, a birth, it was a freakish overshadowing of them.

It had been underwritten into their radioactive stabilities. Radioactive decay, it had been of an unverifiable information transfer. Their priori terrestrial applications, they were raging with this malnutrition of mankind, as Moraine, she had been downloaded from an Alien abode. She had met Chi Chi, as an uploaded Asian whore, risen to meet herself, Chi Chi was this fallen star.

"My pussy for two dollars!" Chi Chi had come back, and her mouth, it was full of this serial killer. An Alien God's lollipop, a sucker, of its coddled balls, an extraterrestrial evidence, it had been sending

her down into a spread. Her cocoon, of its technological load, it was this radioactive carbon, and it had been dated into an uptake.

Mesmerized into a rapt ecstasy, it was of Ryan's doggie ejaculations. Unstable, wounded in this terrestrial field space, its biochemical applications, they were reconverted into a loss of direction, and Chi Chi, she had been squirming in and of this rock field. Alternating, she had been working on Ryan's beingness.

Disjointed blood-sports, they had been unraveling with the rest of mankind. Checking each other out, the Noosphere Spelunkers, they were scheduling an XR Cognitive Interface's meals. Real-time incidents, Ryan had been captivated by Ronald's serial killing. In his Los Angeles apartment, unsanitary stimulations, Ryan had connected to the VR Spelunking game. Lily-livered and of insipid squirting, it was caked on his XR. Asphyxiated, a VR noose, it was of this thread-bearing serial killer.

Hands around Chi Chi's neck, she had copulated Ryan. Extraterrestrial information, it had made the Noosphere Spelunkers. An inversion, they were as these undivided berserks of themselves. Momentous movements, of Chi Chi's fright, Tom had come in with this pride, and it had been puked into this denial. Jumped, he had donned its stabilized flesh. Communion, Den had his uniform starched into Tom's crusty butt.

Streaming, a community in VR, they had come to play with Ronald. Stiff, of Althea's whiffs, she had been sitting in this court-room. There was this audience, for the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had been shot in as and of its XR Cognitive Interface wad. Fiddling with these dials, Althea's cheap radio waves, Ryan was not part of this entourage. Stretching mankind into their infinities, the Noosphere Spelunkers, an XR Cognitive Interface was their judge, and this seventy-year-old, he had been getting three meals a day - an overlook.

Masterwork of his bifocals, they were flushed and of its automatic toilets, and surgeons, their scalpels, they were evoked in and of this power. Its turbulence, it had proliferated in with a radioactivity. Prolonged delay, they were of this incorporated gravity, as an embryonic mismatching of their terrestrial sphere, Ryan was on his trial run.

XR tested, carnal knowledge, a Cognitive Interface had been translating mankind into the Noosphere Spelunkers. Stabilized

humanity, it was of this intermission, for they were of its parts - an extraterrestrial. Ronald was an uninvited guest. An infestation - Ryan was in his orange jump suit, as the bailiff, he was clutching Ryan with his strong arm.

A classical pulley, there had been no redemption. Administering these corrections of itself, an injustice, Ryan was of this extraterrestrial depredation, as next worlds, they were burning of their wreck and ruin.

Running this spine up Ryan's technological backside, it was of this wooden toy. Tottering on the Noosphere Spelunkers' bench, carved as The Child's Plaything, of this device with a tethered top, it was dropped off its handle, so the yo yos, they were caught on its top.

Damson, he had come into this juncture, as famished mankind, they had been in a recognition of each other. Ill-nature, venom of a polecat, an XR Cognitive Interface had been mangled into this fixation, so Juliana had booted up. Animated letters, they had read "Julie's Pets."

She had this python draped over her shoulders, and its tail, it had been fused into this XR. The Dragon, it had been corroborating with her, and field-space, she had been of its Phoenix. Juliana had brought her face in front of it. In its beginning, it had begun with life, so it had this cause of death - an application. This Artificial Intelligence, it was...

The End