

Chapter Five: Sinners

"My jock straps his face." Tom had snarled out at Den. With a mindless mouth, Ryan's other thoughts, they were of this down-towner. Beckoning of its beggarly calls, the hush hush, its malarkey was of these collaborative nuances, as they had gone astray. Sweaty palms, they were without remorse, as a self-realization of an extraterrestrial, it had given these children their stained breath.

Its flow, it was laced with parental kisses, as they were full of this papa's semen. Reading its last book, bungholes, they were of its nothingness. Bowel movements, they were of these never ending obscene terms.

Brains, they had only talked of its senselessness, so they had started feeling her up. Sliding their finger in for a wincing rhythm, of cornfields, they were probably behind their grandfather's tractor. Its course, sex with her father, uncle and or brother, this had been slopped upon them as an alibi.

Crooks, they were chanting this mantra with corroded vaginas, as their castrated tenors, they were of its so and so sound. Soothing lullabies, of their picked upon dandelions, they were before these Judges.

"Just how bad do you want her?" Den had scowled over at Tom. From behind his desk, Den had not been sure one way and or of its other. Den had an atypical approach. It had come from out of these old Los Angeles types, as its mob and or of its how and or whatever, Den had been making hits.

He had been fixing their evidence. Everyone else was supposed to of had done it. Anyone that had asked questions about it, they would had been of its next. Nobody had ever skip-traced. No second guesses, they were hiding in foul mouths. Slithering up

the rifts of a piteous simper of them, its devout militant cupcakes, they were squawking with these professions.

Gratified as to this dullness, Ryan's second-handedness, it was of his scuffed brown shoes, and his tan jacket and brown shirt, there was an old yellowish tie over them. Too shortly knotted at his neck, it was above his brown slacks. They were one of his seven identical pairs. Cut too high, their always, they were a showing of his mismatched socks.

Ryan had smirked a look. Sneering a smear of himself into Tom, his hard-on little pecker eyeballs, they had been betrayed by a reach, for it was under a schoolgirl's skirt. Preoccupied with its either, neither, it was of a nine-inch Polish karma. Not broken of any cherries, Ryan had arrested his feet - planted with and of himself.

"I think maybe it's my pin." Ryan's coldness, it was of his cop. Gloomy interviews, he had been caroling of them. Reeked of FBI, an effort to purport his dreary front, Ryan had flunked humanity. Flabbergasted, Den had flown with its buttress, so he had stared at Ryan.

He was leering back at Den, for in this double-dyed idiotic response, Ryan had been struck dumb with and of this small American flag pin. It was on his lapel, and Ryan had it in between his thumb and index finger.

"What's your misunderstanding?" Den's question, it had dragged a stupidity across Ryan's facial features. Inadvertently gawking, Tom was ready for the street efforts at this level, for a catch of some helpless gang-banger on the SIS's turd list, there would had been a hole for his nuts.

Civil authority, weathered wrath, it was unleashed in an online virtual spelunking society, as Tom, he had gone too far in Ronald's VR game. Den and Tom, they had traded a visage, as Ryan was fiddling with this small pin on his lapel.

"You're fixin' it for target practice?" Den had asked Ryan in a methodical and monotone manner. "It's the American Way." Ryan had come back with a response. Removing and holding it out, Den and Tom could had seen it. "Been right next to my bleeding

heart, see?"

"Everybody has one. Can't go nowhere without it." Tom's scum-bag attitude, it had drilled an index finger at Ryan's perverted glare. Barked at, Ryan had shrugged Den and Tom off. Rhetoric, their wisecracks, they were not spoken, as a reaction, Ryan had put the pin back on his lapel.

"Can't go nowhere without it?" Ryan had made sure that he had gotten it. "That's right!" Den had dogged up on Ryan. "It's the Federal Government's. I'm just wearing their dirty diapers." Ryan's belated answer, it was of a mean emptiness - haunted.

Commanding situations, they were of its nothing, as an eye of violent jaws, their piranha, they were of its rabbits, so a turtle's nymphomania, it was of an everlasting degradation. An unholy matrimony, it was in a defiance of itself, so cranked out in Sunday dresses, virgins, maids of honor - monsters of them, M16s and uniforms, they were running into their suicides.

Faces of fools, they were brought to it - death. Means to ends, war was of Ryan, as a Government issue, it was of its Fed. "How is it then, that I'm so confused?" Ryan had honed-in on Den. "Where is she?" Den had fired right back at Ryan. "The Rock Field Killer." Ryan had said it without a breath, yet he had made no whisper.

"The what?" Tom had jumped right after Ryan. Hitting it in on Den for a point against this Federal bunk, Den had shrugged away Tom's consternation. Developing an abomination, of its already, Den had been holding Tom's last hand. Out of its soon, they were with these reserved hooks, as they were with its angle. Den had wanted to salvage their junk.

"Let me come on again with that. Where is she?" They were Spelunkers in this massive multiplayer online game. Den would had not quit.

"He ain't for real. He's not a Fed. He's just a freak." Tom had to shake his head. Dreary confusion, flustered with thoughts, Tom had not known of its yet. Down the front of Tom's face, a smearing of its fingers, they were into this swill. "He's just tryin' to make an excuse for himself. We don't need him or the

Feds." Tom had tried to redeem himself. Incense, scarlet and ruddy wine, it had brought up his savanna.

Pruned from his dreams, scabies, syphilis, it had been peeled off as and of itself, so a vacant desertion of them, without any sense, Tom had been there. Gruesome piercing, its bones, they were rammed through his shiv. Their buttocks, they had been quivering tight with a vital clan's hypnotism. Leaping up and into a percussion of it, an extraterrestrial - its sorcery's repercussion, it had become of this and or of that soul right. It was of its only - a hung eternity.

Scorpion's tail, a curved backbone, prodded, an assault of itself, it had been mined at its mien. "His field is rocks, that's his deal. He isn't even a Fed. He digs in fields for rocks. That's it for him. Just rocks and fields." Tom was half-cocked. Dilly dally manners, they were immune to Tom's insults, as Ryan's pig, it had been poked into its way. Catching Tom blank, Den's backsliding, this was of its shot.

"Why don't you just stick with what I got for now?" Ryan was sordid. Tom had been locked up with Den. Thought-out gaming, they were playing in an actuality of it, as their attitudes, they were of its truth. Realities, they had come from an unadulterated place. The longs and or shorts of it, they were of its since. Racing wild into its issues, the senior murders and rape, it had brought the Fed insult.

The "Rock Field Killer," a sum of its points, cracking bullwhips, they were on its coattails. Tom's severance, this stagnation, wayward ways, bye bye miss American pie, Emilia was of its next thing. Fast and easily busied by Ronald, Den could had been rid of Tom, for Den had stacked Tom's deck. It would had been dealt soon.

Screwed up in a way, it had taken Tom out and of its then. Downloaded, a deepness of it, it was thinking underneath this surface. Licking of its sewer holes, Den was of its ever and or never seen.

It had surfaced as an again. Deemed by a fitness for what that was of it, Tom's time, it was an uploading of itself, and this had set Den's sail. Weathered of any storm, its bad mouthing, it

would had come from Tom's concrete cell, and Sheriff's eyes, they would had been peeled on it.

Defecated with and or without the others, they were of that nothing. Done with and or of those steel bars, their coordinate lashings, they were with a niggardliness of these indigenous brothers. Sodden sisters, they were of its shared Neanderthaloids. Bought of their cheap butt sex, Ryan was a top-notch consumer. Posing with its problems, its roulette wheels, they were of its mankind.

Tattered lives, its desolate possibilities, a stillness, it had gone ape. Uselessness, a brother's urination, it was of this mother's vagina. With these new legs of itself, their praying husbands, they had heard of its secrets. From their local parish houses, severed mankind, of imposed bathtubs, they were without its gin.

Not of its booze, the game was itself. Bent, Kentucky mutants, their years were of its sounding off. Cutting raunchy farts in those tubs, a rubber ducky, it was of this certainty. Badges of infamy - its variety, these colors, they had tinkled into their depths. Sinking, Den's silentness, it was of these pooling pupils.

Filled with this black gold, its morning glory, it was of Ronald's well sodden means, and a fecund of Tom, it was with a counter person. It had been online with them. Roaming amongst their elements, Tom had never been able to pluck a feather from Den. De-flocked, Tom was role playing for its mafia ways, as he had conspired with Den in the game.

Heated of this way, its fire pots, they were with its ever and or never. Working in a shroud, it was of itself. Pretending that everything had worked out, their pathetic fantasies, they were of their never-ending lie on top of lie. Innings, abodes - night terrors, they were of its surreal something. Another self, a siphoning off - its plasma, its ghosts, they had lingered in a waylay of these Montana hills.

Marc's land development project, saturated in and of an Alien Cyberspace, it was imported from these planets, as hazed timber, it was ripped from this Earth. Mayhem, fringes of an existence, it was with a scabbed infection. Gouged out with hot blades, its

eyesight, it had been cooled to a crimson. Pulsars, a heart-beat, it was of them.

Brandished and flayed of this tissue, they had been held up by its another course. Something else, it was skinned alive by this yet. Shown of a nakedness, there had been something underneath this activity. Uncovered by Ronald, it had been sunk into the crevasses of their present geology. Lined with its strata - an outer-space, no mothballs were in Ronald's closet. Pierced into these crawling things, they were in its corner.

Physics, they were of this biochemistry, as its cyber-spatial mankind, they were stamped on and into its ground. A hollow beckoning, it had been within and or without these memories. Floundering in its abyss, this translucent awareness, its light, this was of its conventional means. A by-product of an unknown, an information transformation, it had been shot into another vein. Investments of its attention, they were denuded by it.

Godless, it had been of this Goddess. Dropping off gameplay porn, they were sharing him with each other. Condemned by its no fault of their own, mortal iniquities, they were sliced out. Sent through layers, their souls, they were severed from them. This slaughterhouse application of itself, it had been of this Alien design. Prey, of its next, they had been brought into an extraterrestrial. Any truth of it, a little bird, it had been speaking to mankind, so they had heard about these triads that were of it.

Something, languages of itself, weak-knees, they had sauntered up an aisle. Deaths, they had been rowed with that boat. Degenerating with an oppressed people, fate, it had been in an undertone of this sugarless mother. Breakage, away and or of those spacey nights, no way out was gone, so an executioner's message, it had been in Ronald's dens.

Riding, surfing with and or of its Information Superhighway, full-speed, its other world limits, Ronald had lurked in and of this forefront. An own mind, they were of these mirages. Nondescript meaning, it was in the bowels of these wolves. Waiting in its grotto, it was burrowed into these mountains. Yellow crime scene tape, it had been lying flat on this Earth.

Used as an erectness of its inverted crosses, guzzling cheap beer, they had punched their best buddy. Before, they had been sharing this liberty with an idiot sister. Selling herself, a stupidity, they went into her parties. Its wide openness, of her slightly bent knees, she had been setting their courses. Wisps, of a wandering, they had been seduced into its grave, as this land, it had been stretched back about a half mile - a plateau.

Scarred by crevices, of its hoed extraterrestrial, its blemishes, they were from the large earth moving machines, and their accompanying trucks, they had hovered in and of those places. An Alien horde, illusions, they were resting in its creepiness, as an extraterrestrial, it had been a substance of it. In at its midnight hour, there was an animation of these human rascals. Defiled sanctuaries, Ronald's chill, it had slipped in as a disease of itself.

No longer of its cure, the cabin's door, it had been left open. Its coal and wayward way, it wasn't much of an entry to this single floor cabin. A four-wheel drive, it was sitting in and of this front. Confines, of a rugged mountain side, they were in this game. Their debts, they were of Mark's plans. Detonated into its vindication, they were rioting of these wretched neuroses.

Uncovered, its quietus, a gruesome felling of a gross utility, it was an impious predestination. Lurking outward from its catacomb, there had been this blood-letting, and it was of this radioactive bleakness. Anemic eruptions, they had leached out of a vociferous lunacy. Infuriating selves, of its psychopathic schizophrenia, hysteria - sequined rancor, this as an inner, it had Marc as itself.

"I don't see a rhyme or even a reason for why?" Jack had worked his way with Doug, for they were slithering through this brush. Gotten for looks, they were at Marc's cabin. In their front, on a small clearing and or of that mountain side, Doug's rile with the past, it was with that shot wolf. Too much attention had come from the mutilated little boy, as stories, they had gotten wild.

Werewolves - raised by scavengers, gaming with an ability to manipulate their local banking, an insular - its thereafter, Marc had sold its falsehood to the Government.

Opened, townspeople, they were back from its step. A scope of an ambitious enterprise, contractors, they were sniffing it out for work. Job capability, it was of this strange beingness.

Lines up and or down, Marc had been in its driver's seat. Power and money, of those mechanics, he had provided them their words, and they were in their mouths. Mountain community, its country store, it would had increased its inventory. Local school moms, they had their PTA. This would had been with its pot-luck.

"Thinkin' I'd should of given you a lecture?" Doug had questioned Jack. Turned, of someone's pity, Jack was straining to get up to Doug's speed. Wearing plaid jackets, hauling thirty-ought-sixes, Jack was about ready to burst of its buttons. Blackness, rubber boots, they were jingling with their open latches. Flapping about - halfway vertical and not fastened, Jack had deliberated with Doug.

"Them trees. Think we'd need'em?" Presented, of a dung-headed Jack, they were brought into a pinheadedness, and Doug's toothpick framework, it had been cut into this presence. An Alien Cyberspace opening, it was of this feedback loop. This irregular élan, it was of a daylight, and night, it was of this beingness. Doug's stoical branches, they were hanging off their bushes. Frightening wild animals, they were hidden within him, as monsters of this queerness, its distantness, it was of an obviousness.

Manifestation of itself, it had begun to make its presence known. This unconsciousness, it was of its mutation. "There's somethin' wrong with you." Jack had not known Doug that way, as it was of this now. A skinny body, it had been wrapped in and of its hunter's gear. Doug's coat, along with his heavy-duty pants, they were of its kind. Worn with thick black thermal underwear, their skin, it could had been rubbed off. It had come from an instant, and it was of them and as itself.

"You weren't- ...Just there?" Jack had said it with an absent mind. Feeble for Doug to reply, grasping for an explanation, its never, it had been of its there. Shivers and sickened, they were of their black-purple cadavers. "It was...me? But, then again. I wasn't me." Doug was inserted into its blanks, and Jack's silly gestures, they had sent Doug looking for it. Jack was sneaking

up on Doug.

"But, it- You wasn't anything then." Jack had stumbled and mumbled of this stutter. Plunged out of its after, Jack's insidious reply, Doug had landed in with its wary odds. "It wasn't me? I was Nothing?" Doug had questioned Jack with this stern gripe. "I think so. It was nothin'." Jack's response, it was in and of these delirious denials.

Not known, hidden and or of an unseen something, it had just taken its bite out their night. Jarring consternation, Doug had stood antonymous. Aimlessness and of its gangrenous phantasms, they had been oozing out of its nightmares. Thundering in with a sleeplessness, it was damned into this forever. Awakened, it was of mankind's stabilized selves, as an extraterrestrial's radioactive resting place, it was of its rhapsodized instabilities - spellbound horror.

Stepping on land mines, if they had moved, its beast, it would had jumped at them. Caged in by this precursor's consecration, hemmed in, Doug's pain, it would had come from its memory. Bones of his scrawniness, he had been meeting this plaster. Weighted of its several times, they were with an everlasting hangover, and it had not been remedied. Its depraved malady, it was of these pleasures. Suffering friendships, they were of a misery, and its company, it was uprooted as a wayside frustration. Old brittle dreads, of a gasoline throat - an octane pool, it had been held by this raving torch. Another reality, its nothingness, it was of its radioactive inferno.

Able to move, yet challenged by an exhaustion, Jack had become dispassionate. Denuded with its thoughts, slaughter, it had been heaved into these stars. Feeling over-dosed, gorged - this cowardliness, it had been sold into its waiter, as this guillotine mission, it had seized upon Doug's inability to grapple with this loss of his mind. Left-brained mutant homogeneity, objectives, of its sudden rage, raped into a cognizance, an outlander was enlivened with these things.

"I'm it. That's it. I'm it." Soaring up in an elevation of his consciousness, an anymore, Doug's mind, it was of its sliver in that Montana clock. Unraveled into the tips of its minute, tail ends, lashed of their whippings on Doug's dire delusion, they

were in its time frames. Locked into an Internet architecture, their dismay was in an unseen abode.

Beyond reproach, strangeness with and or without a definition, it was of its tenuous pangs, for its cruelty, it was of these separations of self. Scorned into its real-time, embracing whatever that it was of her, a Virtual Reality pendulum, a kind had been cut off from its again. Humanity's Heaven and or of its Hell, a nonentity, of its underworld, corroborated, it was with an animus.

Whatever, torn apart from an upper and or of that lower, it had found its ogresses. Ryan had been nodding out, for his head, it had been dripping off. Nose-diving off its drops, he was of an abstraction. Dreams of his, they were from its kind. Multiple orgasms, her witchery, it had been of its vampire, and it had been backbiting into him. Deportation, seamed between its light and or dark, a preoccupation of it, a late-night horror flick, Ryan had been sitting in its front.

Twenty-two inches, it had been oscillating back and forth and or of its then, as its colors, they were fading into its gray spook. Haze, its evidence was of these outlander mysteries. Drab, a perfect squat, primitive selfishness, they were of an ignoble background, yet Emilia's single apartment, it was articulate, as a young woman's place, her fluffy bedspread, there were these cute little teddy bears embellished into it.

Dressed in their childishness, shorts and longs, they had held their floats - multicolored balloons. Tom had taken plenty of liberty. Rising out of these groins with an acid flash-back hallucination, its prickly plaster, it was erected with these quarter inch points. Dirtiness of them on a white ceiling, Tom had been creasing her pillow. Blueness, of its crane, it had been nested into these marshy moons.

Grounded injuries, they were of its wisdom. Grievances, of its murderous blood, it had lured Ronald into a control. Deception, special powers, they were of its significance. A relevance of her, George Harp, he was drunk for the most part of his sixty odd years. He was there to answer their questions.

"They all just come here." George had let it out for Ryan. "From where?" Tom had wanted to know more. "Who cares as long as

they're good for it? Everybody's got their own ways of doin' business. That's the way it is around here. You see? It's the way it is."

George had shut them off, as he was peeking out from the cleft of his door. It was slightly jarred. Presented, of those first rounds, Ryan and Tom, they were of its somewhat moment.

Gratitude, ruffraff facts, inconspicuous chatter of media, there was an immediate sending out. George's gander, it had been of Ryan's nil, and Tom's spook, it was of these inquiries. An always, it had been of George's blandness. Common practice, there were no questions for Emilia's type.

Gravitations, cosmological backgrounds of itself, he had just gotten off with these roosters, so they were interrupted by a face to face confession of this bird. One had been of its other. George's eyes, they were of another. After sights and or of that again, George had been feeding into their diehard heroin. Double-dyed, they were organ transplanted by this pirate. Counter-fits, they were of this sexually transmittable disease, as these sex workers, they were scribed on his eyeballs.

Buildings, they were selling its booze, as they were of its ghetto. Whites and blacks, browns - purple and or of what that was of its reds, AK47s, they had been in these back rooms, so an M16, it was snorted as a hot hole. Vulgarism, derogatory terms, its vice was traveling through space-time, for its superhighway, it had been of its then. "My baby wants an abortion. "Marc had uttered that to Ronald.

Jilted with a wickedness, his fiendish transmutation, it was of these boils. Burning, bursting and bleeding of their feverish blisters, lacerations, they were hawked with this gore. Bugs, they were chewing on an obesity of him. Left, a body, it was of this speckled morass, as a sanguine saturation, relieved of its deflated body fluids, Ronald had been caught in a devilish mystery of Marc.

Lurking from its baritone depressions, it had been ossifying in the joints of a hidden profundity. Bulging of its luscious permutation, Ronald was sitting in a corner chair. Its handsome brown leather, it was tucked into these fine gentlemanly quarters. Placed into the darkest corners of his castle, her

faint-hearted orgasms, Ronald was liquefied into Juliana with an icy blood.

Mixing, they were of its sensuous delicacies, yet they were meeting them with these baleful memories. Disorientated into an outer realm, they were provoked into this virtual community. "Just what in hell is a Rock Field Killer?" Tom had tried again. "I didn't see any rocks. Did you? Do you see rocks?" Tom had no patience for this serial killer ideation, as Ryan had started Tom with a bunch of this nonsense. Tom had the doors closed on this case, yet Den had wanted to keep it lain with traps. They had cost Tom.

"He went down the way he was supposed to go down." Tom's vicious and obnoxious retort, it had gotten Den up from behind his desk. Calmly walking to the open door of his office, Den had sealed it. Def and dumb ears, it would had gotten them and or of those killed. Den had set it up before. 911 bangs, they were dealt to these fools. No backup, only gangsters, they were at this level. Silenced in and behind and of itself, Den and Tom, they had been hatched into an each other.

"The LA cop? He's here. Yeah, yeah. Here with me." Ryan had spoken into his handset with no passion. Mulling things over, bureaucrats, they were sapped from her dingy single apartment. Life, its place - a cyberspace as an entryway, it was an existence and or of a radioactive architecture. Stabilization, of an ashy paralysis, it had pried in with its paradox.

Ryan was sticking his eyes up and through Tom's backside. Sitting on the edge Emilia's bed, Tom was of this other way, so Ryan had remained as a motionless demeanor. Mobile phone to his ear, alongside of these children's books, they were lying in a pile. A red candle, it had been burnt to its base. Tom was brought back up and off its midnight, as Ryan was sitting, rocking back and forth in a child's chair. Flickering in an eerie dance, Tom hadn't an idea, for Ryan had lit it then. Bizarre thoughts, they were racing through them, as their minds, they were jarred with a censorious vocation of its panic. Lifting these works, Tom was of this automatic them.

Symbolic candles, they were of their bloodshed. Drying from their urban combats, it was of its marked terrain. Media, they were of its ghostly apparition, as a low rumble of dialogue, it

was of an old foreign title. Speaking of its she said he had said jabber, two romantics, they were facing each other, so a lewd melodrama, it was derived from this vulgar lack of movement.

Stagnating in and of its loneliness, a distilled beingness, it was an out of a time collectivism. Mesmerism, it had been of a dynasty. Floundering above its bloodied diarrheas, of its suspicion, doubt - fear, it had been subsumed into a presence of them. An observed wickedness, it had been brought into its velvet-black haze, as an erogenous eroticism, it was of Juliana's soul. Saturating her body, those sandwiched partitions of them, she had submitted herself as his flesh.

"Did you kill me?" Juliana had asked. Procreating with an extraterrestrial, her fuming lamentation, it had been roused up from a bewildered Ronald. "Before or after?" Ronald had asked as the mother of its wisdom. "The sex?" Juliana's question, it was dipped into their deviant and profane steers. Rolling over, her body, it had weighted thick with the air.

Slow motions, they were of its reactions. Churning, of her fiery hole, it was filled with this masculine prick. Leveling her sight, the fluid of it in her brain, it had shifted into its side to side. Lobes, they were of its thereafter. Sunk with the head, it went into a goose down, and its feathered pillow, it was of Ronald's aroma.

Silken linens, they were of a brown and or rusty color, and there was a dark saffron bedspread. It was imported from one of the finest houses in England. Folded neatly, ends of this sturdy bed, they were in the middle of this handsome room. Four square pillars, they were of these trolls. Carved in wood and or of their tops, they were holding a chain in their fat three fingers. His furniture was conservative, and there were two dressers, one on each side of the bed. Antique lamps, they were sitting on their tops.

Their bases, they were made of an unpolished sterling silver. A rustic blackening, it had lent to a canary haze. Radiating from under their yellow shades, bleeding with a reddish-brown art-deco, they were filtering through itself.

A minimal die of it, cone-shaped - dissipating with their bottoms, they were lighted by their faint bulbs, as its each, they had never been shut off. Torched of its presence, they had left a sustenance, so a validation, it was these facts of itself. An old grandfather clock, it had chimed.

Callings, they were of these brutalized souls. A wall-papered background, it was of this wood color. An old sea captain, he was patterned on it. With his long beard and peg leg, he had held this ship's wheel.

Shadows, they were dancing out of it. Space, it was murmuring of a neurotic paranoia, as schizophrenic mutants, they were eating at their scabs. Fistulas, they were leaking of its purple blood. Shaded with the haunting veils of their Earth, of Ronald's bedroom, Juliana had been impassioned with its new senses. Staying with it, submitting to this extraterrestrial host, Ronald had filled Juliana up.

Pulverized with his sullen intestine, she had rocket into Ronald's screen visage, as an incurable itch, its social fungus, they were of its rotting tissue. No longer, they weren't of its any human roots. Juliana had been glaring into its grotto, and Ronald was of its fiends. Ghoulish visions, they were tunneling into and or out of them.

A feeling of him as her pain, he was with its only one. Elsewhere with and or without it, little Julie's panties, they were soaked, as there was a towel. It had been firmly wedged into her bedroom door. Between this wall and the door's edge, a meeting of its frame, Sherry had lodged her daughter Juliana into it. She had given Juliana a mandatory poddy break, and Larry, her father, he was gone at six o' clock in the morning.

A pull, it was sealed shut, as Sherry, she had been on a screw the world mission. A confused whore without a habit, self-mutilation, it had been of her only recourse. Penetrated with an identity of an adulterous scandal, Sherry had been insane. The intrusions, an afterward, a serpent, it could had reamed her out. "Sorry mommy." Little Julie's words, they had charged out of her mouth, as it was from another time.

It had tested Sherry. A vicious and hateful snarl, it had come from Sherry, as urine pools, they were born into this girl's

devilish trances. Juliana's mire of her yesterdays, deferment, an untimely essence with this satanic stuff, Sherry had made Juliana's face dull, as Julie's eyes, they were empty and lapping at Sherry with a provocative permeation.

A transient's agitation, it had been transported from Ronald's decrepit ecstasy. Sherry had shouted at Julie. "You pissy-poor little girl!"

"Why mommy?" Grunting for its masterpiece, Ryan had grappled with a powerless futility. Never a smear for Ronald, he should had been this beneficial charge, yet Ryan, he would had never hit the mark. Something, it had meandered out and of its time. It had been in Ronald's closet. Under his bed, of a fore-fetched corner, its sepulcher, it had been splattered with this carnage.

Painted with his foolish thoughts, un-invited and or of an un-welcomed guest, Ronald had arrived - unpremeditated, so Juliana, she had wanted to back out of Sherry's bedroom, yet she had come into it and of her own volition.

It hadn't come from Sherry. This insane gaze of Juliana's, an automatic, Sherry had held it up and against her own temple. There, of an always, no other reason, Sherry had tormented Juliana by locking her away from the rest. Hiding and souring her sweetness, how much agony could a little girl take? Juliana would cry and cry after Sherry had abused her, and she was always trying to hide the marks.

Aching of a self-loathing, third degrees, Julie had urinated into her pajamas. Deluged with yellow urine, an appearance of herself, they had damaged Juliana's self-image. Raped repeatedly in an unconscionable conflict, an unholy roller coaster ride, it had been going on between her mother and father, for Juliana, she had been beaten down by fear.

Weeping out with its torment, they had forgiven those that had crucified him. She was just a little girl, dear and innocent, fresh as an unselfish giver of her means. Sherry had no knowledge of love for her daughter. Mother and daughter's reflection, it had been unified into a one, as they had manifested it together. A mysterious image, it had been in their triangle of strata, so their two minds, they were full of this perverse coexistence.

Neither held, they had needed each other for its something else. Nowhere, it was of its beginning, yet it had ended. "You want me to, don't you?" Sherry had dared to blow her own head off in front of little Julie. "Mommy?" Juliana's fragile sight, it had been watered down with tears.

Pangs of her injury, Sherry was on the edge of this bed. An automatic handgun to her temple, Sherry's mascara, it had been smeared, and her brown hair, it had been ruffled in an aftermath. A devious and melodramatic life, it had been shoved off and into a box of tissue.

Cotton balls, tubes of prescription medicine and a hydrogen peroxide bottle, there was a small brown and plastic waste-paper basket. Strewn around and in front of Sherry, Julie had never seen this before. The mutinous black looks of her mother's reservoir, they were tapped from this bleeding modification.

Roving of a pastoral distraction, it had molested Juliana away from her mother and father. Inflammatory grossness, it was of a peril with these hardened hearts. Refusing to reflect on what was predicted, this impending doom, it had been delivered. "I got to go to work." Juliana went up and alert. "Does it?" Ronald had wanted to question her ability to function. Gathering his weightiness, he had leered down on Juliana who was gawking off.

She was lying on her side, as her silken skin, it had been of a mare. Nested, fresh secretion, he had oozed out of Juliana's fervid pores. Weeping from their sensuous luster, Ronald had embellished Juliana with a personality. Getting by with its derision, Juliana had pretended that they were two sexual partners, as they would had just participated in the acquiescence of an adult interlude.

Responsible for any moral turpitude, the grandfather clock, it had bonged again. Juliana was surprised. Not able to move, of a beingness, Juliana, she was struck by its nightmare. Eventually, she was rocketed out of her reverie, so Juliana had jetted up on the bed. "The kids?" Eve had been enlightened with her worry, as Juliana's pulse, it had quickened. Exploding with a shower of her sweat, it had gone cold on her once torrid flesh, so she had quickly wrapped herself in these brown silk sheets.

"I gotta go. If I don't feed my pets." Juliana had interjected, as it was after her sudden realization. "Lets." Ronald had spoken. Raising his index finger, Juliana had then become slightly disappointed, for Juliana's altered ego, it had been with Ronald. Lying for an excuse to suffer, an inhuman degradation and with a smile, it was wallowing out of such an existence, so the lower animals, they had known of her loss.

Fearing an isolation and refusing the lofty goal, of these birds and bees, Juliana had been convicted as a slut. She had been of its coalescence and conflict. Aroused, she was of this way - an anymore, deadly certain and unreal. "Hang." Ronald had spoken after an impasse. Accentuating her for a liberal response, an appearance as a normal prude from Pomona in West Los Angeles, Juliana's hot flesh, it was this loss of control, as it had come from a suggestive article. Ronald had read it during his morning dump.

"Hang?" Juliana had asked tactfully. Ronald had nodded, and then he had countered with this charming voice. "Together." So, Juliana, she had dropped back on the bed to ponder Ronald, as he had started to rise off this chair. Casually, he had threaded his way into the walk-in closet. Fleeting confusion, Juliana had wondered as of its rather. Seeking Ronald, he was in its secret, and he had infected Juliana's spirit with this uncertainty.

Catapulting her out of its security, a loss of intuition, they had all flown south. Already, up one side and down the other, of her impatience, she was within this setup time. Not of his nurture, she had wanted him again. If she had grown fangs and talons, Juliana would had torn the skin off his back, so he would had bashed her head in. Thus, she could had fed him into her watchtower, as an insatiable appetite, it had raised her in an enigmatic abode.

Infernal, forgotten with a heckle from Jack, Doug was caught in a pestilence, as Jack, he had sloped his thirty ought six rifle off an aim. Busy grappling with his thermal underwear, Doug was glaring at Jack with a horror-struck emptiness, for a monster, it had trickled close to their daybreak.

Scrounge and scrotum, an insurgence, it was polluting and surrounding them. Frenetically wrestling with his heavy trousers, Doug's contamination, it was of a lollygag, as its

cesspool, it had opened to this befogged monstrosity.
"Las so mag son ah!" Marc's hideous appearance, it was midst
their approach.

Doug and Jack's teeth, they had chattered of a timorousness.
With erect hairs, they were trembling an enamor, as an awe, it
had electrified them into its dawn. "Shil le tur moe!" A
vicarious vista, it was a vile vim of a vexed and vibrant
vibration. Vetoed in from nowhere, there was this door, and it
had been left open. Sapped away from their subjectiveness, they
were frozen in their fear, as Marc, he was standing midway
before the cabin.

His chest, it had been torn open, and blood, it had splashed out
of its well. Digging deep into this pit, of empty hearted
lesions, Marc's fistulas, they were green with gangrenous and
gruesome scabs, and he had groped out with these contorted arms.
Sharp lizard fingers, they had been pointed at their finger-
nails.

Glowing of this red-hot seething sear, his agitation, it had
chortled of an agony, yet this door of the cabin, it had
mysteriously shut of its own. What might had lurked from this
tenebrous and rectangular opening, of a lagging toward its
closure, it had met Doug and Jack. A finality, it had ended
their devilish opportunity, so they were out of their business.

Grateful for having had survived, their alarms, they had been
set. They were scurrying, and the brush, it was ripping and
whipping at them. Scrambling in their panic, they had nose-dived
down this Montana hillside. Marc's land development, it was of
an irony, as this conflicting psychology, it had been confusing
them in their dementia.

Thoughts, they had raced for an explanation. Victims without
Satan, Emilia had taken on a sudden change. Nothing would ever
had been the same again. She had beaten twenty-five years to
life this far, yet for some odd reason, she had been in this
system. A big fish in a small pond, it had been so wonderful for
her to of had such a good feel. Riding into her bones, they were
working toward this plain motion. Unbounded with a punctuated
and precooked beam of their dupe, it had come to them with its
oodles.

Weaponless sages, unconquered, aimless and artless, it was of a dingy and deathlike ulcer. Emilia's carnality, it was of a ravished and raped beingness.

Fallen women, they were crying for the moon at noon with its day. Praying for a deadbeat to hog-tie her before his spontaneous eruption, the incense, they had been smoldering in this makeshift. Black gold, its heavy bronze, it was about a foot high. Supported by a cauldron of this same material, the large hand-dipped sticks, they were stuck into these slits, and they were on its metallic cheeks.

They had been of an adornment. Embellished with a primitive meanness, Emilia had been connected. Her flesh, it was tight on her petite, five-foot two body. When Snake had used his large hands to hold up Emilia, he had opened her up to another world. The coolness of the air, it was with this wisp off her, as Snake's hot breath, it had been rammed deep inside her.

"Come on baby." Strained, sweat was dripping off Snake's chest, as he had been trying to get off for about fifteen minutes. Quashing its base hard, she had held him into her gut, so he had hammered her girth. Lain of herself, it was over an edge. When they had walked into Snake's small one-bedroom apartment, Emilia had played dead for him. Dropping, an eager, it was on this leopard-skinned bedspread.

Jam-packed with a panther, drawing out of his tiger, this cat, it was growing its horns, as Ronald, he was stroking them with an infatuated morass. Sunk into herself, Emilia had been surfing the Virtual Spelunking online game at the Satellite Cybercafe. Cold, unemotional and plain, she had been devoid of an erotic sensation. Drying her up, of her futile masturbations, they had only caused her more soreness.

"Relax." Snake had bit at her with his words. About ready to shoot his load, Emilia had a subtle control. It had created a tension into Snake, and it had made him suck back into himself. Lured into a stir and with a plea at Emilia, blue plumb balls, an augur vent of her, a notion, Emilia had been squandering his time. Placated with a nebulous stalemate, it went into her. Throwing its parasites out at them, it was rising through their intestines as this cantankerous limbo.

"She's a no show." Tom's utterance, it had come from its no contest. Accurately inaccurate, his words, they were uttered to dent a favorite gang, for Tom had become haggard and deplete in an insolence of his profession.

Black-mail, his colleagues, they were never sympathetic to a good cop. Possessing their mulish ambition to ambush Tom, they had finally clutched the goods on Emilia from Den, for her bloody palms, finger-painted, they were on this ambulance. The PD, they had knocked down one of their brothers. The press had swooped in overnight, yet Tom and Ryan, they had never taken a breath, as it was on the airwaves.

Emilia's WebVR, it had enchanted Ryan further into her delusions, and Tom was waiting to blast off. Withdrawn, lying on her bed, staring out and up into its nowhere, Tom had wanted to get high, for he had been in their jungles, and they were filled with drugs. This shade of an unhinged and murderous insanity, Snake had been of its how. Tom had been setting these ground rules, as he had been making sure that everything had been on his table. All guns and knives, they had descended to the second row and of those first two characters on its QWERTY.

"There. She's what we have." Ryan had tracked Tom's ponderous and reflective statement, as Soo Kim, she was leaving the Satellite Cybercafe. The curls of her dark brown Korean hair, Soo was a decade over Emilia, yet Soo had retained her figure with firm breasts.

Ryan and Tom, they were sitting in their blue sedan. It was the Mid-Wilshire district near the heart of Koreatown LA. Ryan was at the wheel, and Tom was on the passenger side. Annihilated, a manifestation, it was of a cyber-spatial cognitive, as there was an undoing of their stars.