

Chapter Four: Coercion

Provocative psychobabble, spheres - an Alien demolition, the police officers, they had casually upholstered their weapons. Setting brutish boots down on these grounds, its stomping of dregs, pyretic women, they were with a lukewarmness, as stabilized mankind, they were without hope. Old Harry, he had been walking with its kids.

Taken to school, dragged out - flushed of those hidden monsters, preoccupying themselves, its plague, it was of these decimating collisions, as five police officers, they had been rapidly riddling - raiding into its space. Bullets, killing shots, first-bloods of its lethal explosions, their steel, it had churned through his chest. Ripping tissue and fracturing bones, a carcass, they were in its dark alleys.

Oozing out, a slowness - space-time, it had been separated. Decaying cohesion, stable aloneness of it, this was funneled into and alongside the police car. In a river of itself, their weather-torn asphalt roads, it was pooling into these nearest indentations. Background, the police officers, they had made their mark.

Discrimination and of a wrong turn, a ripcord, it had not been opened. Shaking this planet, illusions of it, they went into a delusion of itself. Leapt, it was of him. Savoring their nectarous paws, its vice-script, it had been clenched. Recouped, windblown minds, they were of its none.

Intellects, they were of its arranged encounter. Auras, they were hunting for minds, as they had been racing with its weapon. Falling into its dumbfounded trigger fingers, chopsticks, Yin and Yang, they were of its every day - a Sunday. Detours, they were of a forced scoundrel.

Without one cell of any altruistic and or even with an antithesis point of view, it was with them.

Wearing badges, bullied and squelched, their decrepit emancipation, its time had no clock. No tic and or of no talk, words, they were without meaning. An extraterrestrial, it had come online to occupy their vacuums, and odious cosmetics, they had been marked up and into its outer space.

Community gatherings, they were their neighborhood watch groups. When Jerry had opened the door to look out of her shoddy motel room, her body, it had been draped in this redness. A maid, she was standing two doors down. Staring a party, she was of a walk to the grocery store, as its vendor's law, it had been defined by a lawlessness. Worked, an escape, it had gone defunct within these Machiavellian sallies. Cherry picked and or popped, thrown, its cloak was over a dagger and of a whop.

"Should I remind you? Or, is there some sort of a problem?" Pampering him for an excuse, of a usage, jabber, she went into its before. Negotiations, they had begun with and of itself. Juliana had been clear with it, that prostitution - a proposition of herself, as she had come to him, to Ronald at his Century City office. Freakish as a classy hole, she had on a purple velour dress.

Black sandals and with a knit handbag, there was a dark-blue "Hell Bent" embroidered on it. She had caked on the mascara. Velvet color, it was drawn with long and dark lines. Her kneecaps, they were tweaking on sensory skin, and purple capillaries, they had fornicated with this magnetism. Hoisted, of its pulse, blood vessels, they had been heated inside her readied thighs.

"You've been with me all the way. Why all the questions now?" Ronald had answered and asked her about it. A privatized gesture, Juliana's weakness, it was of this stupidity, as she had taken candy from a stranger. Wallowing in the aftermaths of his fall, of its basked flesh, a beast's prerogative, it was purged into an Alien beingness.

Not Heaven and or none of its Hell, it had demanded an allegiance. Juliana wasn't a sloppy piece, as she was a tight fit for Ronald. Skin on skin, he had pushed into her purple

heart. It was inside her. Strong and of its precious meat, innuendos of an extraterrestrial, she was bucked of this rocking horse.

Gleeful and oblivious, its children, they went back and forth. Their eyes, they were held by these mommas and papas. Masterful, their rhythm, it was of these lost directions. Matching tempo with Santa's little elves, not in a manger, they were having intercourse with this cosmos, as their magical self-discovery, its rodeo, it was of an all knowing one. Mattered and rode, Ronald's white shirt, it was unbuttoned to his navel.

It was sitting copiously on his desk. Parleying upon Ronald's serial killing, she could had bashed him in with an extraterrestrial viciousness. Full of lust, of her knifed and obscene compulsions, Ronald had endowed her with its scorn. Brawling, awakened in its hospital, a body cast, she could had pleaded for morphine shots, yet she had groped at him with her mind. Grave - an undermined trauma, it was remembered, so an unforeseen calamity, its difference, it had been of itself and as her.

"Are you my madman or are you my lover?" Finally, Juliana had given into its more than these questions. "I shall never fault you with what you consider my saneness." Ronald had replied with a nastiness, so Juliana had laid it out for him. Jeering of a gaze, trying to maintain, Juliana's nerves, they were screaming of these vibrations. Surging consternation, there was a dilution of Juliana's spirit.

"If you're stuck, try sodomy first." Juliana's mouth, it had been hung as an open window, and she had cocked her hip. Handbag about falling off her shoulder, an index finger, it was in her mouth.

Rocking and pursued of its prurient rebellion, she had never pondered of its why. She could had stomped right out of his office, yet these readings, they were of her riot. She had lowered her sight, as Ronald was weird and wired of a telepathy.

"Our minds, they have met." Hard-core yet of its gentleman's way, Juliana had quickly gathered herself, as she had held onto Ronald's words. Communications, manias of them - an unusual anger, it had lubricated Juliana. Hot reeking rectum, of its

lunacy, it had been pulped in the head and behind these barns, as its hung cat, they were of its sameness.

Playing with Juliana, they had been led around by Ronald's leash. Filling herself up and throbbing with his red-hot-tally-whacker, her meshed glands, they were a bunk of an inflamed passivity. Passionate and pornographic, it was of his online charisma, and it had attracted Juliana to him. Diverted into an attention, astray and converging as a validity of it, an out-and-out with an everybody, fatherless outlanders, they were siphoned into an alienation of itself.

Ronald had asked, for Juliana was in full-panty view. "Should I be reading you from what's between your legs?" Juliana would had let him know. "I'd rather you stop talking and use your forked tongue." Ronald would had asked. "Are you a Goddess?"

Offspring, an offering - pressed white shirt, his sleeves, they were rolled neatly upon his forearms, and his left wrist, it had sported a gold watch. His palms, they were of an oil - expense. Juliana could taste it. Touched of its hogwash-hole, lubricating her fingers, they had been formulating off her body. Necromancy, it had been bred into these Devil's females, as they were of Ronald's genitals.

Whore daughters of its planetary undertakers, cadavers, they were rank. In a mortuary of a stabilized mankind, an outlander, it had been this sustained spirit. "Yes, and she has come for your upload."

Juliana had answered Ronald. Straight from the facts, as a directness, it was of a coldness - her mamma. With these radioactive daughter's eyes, Ronald had been petrified into these masculine parts. Haunches, these birds of prey, they were together with its rather, a real-time now and then.

"Can I just lie on my back and let you slide it into me?" She had made Ronald come to her, so with a slowness, of a deadly and accurate way - meanness, Ronald had slithered his shaft inside her. She was his maid-lady, of a beckon call, them.

"Sanction me my love. Do with me as thy will. Take me as your female dog so that I may have your puppies." She had played into it. Ignited with tension, Juliana hoped a leap for him.

Mounting her with a knock down and no holds barred screwing - lurid intercourse with his Devils, they had given birth to these armies.

Belated agendas, the senior rape and murders, they had grown of that late date. Meetings, of Den's scheduled appointments, neither one and or of them, they were not too flippant, as they should had gotten Emilia.

"She's not gettin' it over on us." Tom had prodded Ryan with it. Disgusting approach, of its rehearsed freakishness, Ryan was living as a pack-rat. In a small one-bedroom apartment in LA, Ryan's crime magazines, they had been stacked about and scattered - floor to ceiling.

Maze, a kooky look, it was of this emptiness. Trash bags, trays and cups, the cockroaches, they were not there, as Ryan's reasons, they had come from these pesticides. Proliferated there with its real-time regularities, basis, of a compartmented outlandishness, Ryan had been inhaled into a strange and buggy death. Bombing his apartment, waiting thorough-out the years, a serial killer, he had come online with him, and Ryan, he had been eating abnormality. Eyes peeled, those six-o-clocks, he had quaffed of its fastness.

Prepared for a dash to catch these winding fantasies, Ryan had been closed-out with a junky income and habit. Holding onto its score, gobbling his fries, rested - hideous and of its stuffed mouth full, his bowel movements, they had kept him in its full speed. Whimsy peddles, as FBI, he had brought down an old lady murderer. Twenty years ago, its long-time past, it was of a real-time now. Cases, they had ruined him.

Ambition, tracking a fading dream, the serial killers and international terrorists, Ryan's grandiosity and grossness, an intention, he could had gone after the sophisticated spies, so he had busted them in its upload and or of this download. Top-cops and or Federal Agents, he had been involved in issues of high-treason and espionage. In an Alien Cyberspace feedback loop, of a radioactive pipeline, he was a Virtual Reality Spelunker in a massive multiplayer online game.

An old fart murderer - its hanker, it was of these poor and dear old squawks. Pussycats, they were done with an antique handgun,

bullets and all. Something, it had filtered down from the merciless Civil War.

Prosecution of this case, its foulness, it had been hardened into an extraterrestrial gravity. Immediate areas, Ryan had gotten across from Tom. Midst the conflagrations of the East Los Angeles Police Station, brought out of a reality, it was this terrestrial meaning.

Thrown of an imbalance, instabilities, they were with it. Ten o'clock in the morning, this online city, it had been squeezing everyone into their flat prostrates. Suffocating them from their original self-hoods, it had deluded mankind.

Dissipating sustenance, Tom and Ryan, they were standing in front of these tan buildings. Ejected from truth, there were these lies, and they had been painted on the canvases of its jabberwocky. Suiting their skeletons, leaves, they had been rustled into an obscurity of them.

Misplaced in and of its nights, palm trees above, they had jetted up and midway. Lined in front of this Police Station, a sun weathered lawn, it was of its browning mixture. Cramped from an aqueduct that had been damned with bureaucracies, it was ossifying a humanity with these self-inflicted corns. Warring with and of their warts, grown back, the bad blood, it had remained. Incredulous and absurd, Emilia had come online.

Phlegmatic and dispassionate contemplations, sinister orgies, they were defecated into a quagmire of them. Radioactive stabilities, they were of its quintessential prima donna. Emilia had been staying at a Hotel in Koreatown LA lately. Days past, they were executed with her back on the bed and legs spread.

Emilia had tipped the maids for this honor. Compromises for her frequented guests, Emilia's sight, it had been sunk deep into a psychology. Reading into an opening with its unconsciousness - detours, of its sly intercourse, Emilia had been with their miseries.

Bound with those large leather straps, they had been on her ankles and wrists. On top of a stainless-steel gurney, Emilia had been naked with it. Hairs, young with energy, they had stood

high.

Emilia's eyes, they were lolling with an anguished ecstasy. Spastic tremors, they were of its radioactive togetherness, as it was of them again. White nights, they were in blanched sheets. Dark-eyed slits for sockets, they had been shoving a mouthpiece into Emilia's trap.

Slapping the electrodes on each side of her head - temple of it, God had banged her with a force of itself. Shock, its radioactive instabilities, a collision of them, Emilia had suddenly been brought into a present. Wrought of a paranoia, a future, Emilia had felt an extraterrestrial, for it was riding into her with its God-awful dreams.

"If there's something there that ain't right here?" Snake had gotten to her, as Emilia had looked up at him. "Don't think you should role-play into me that way." Emilia was behind the kiosk and gaming.

"The way is right here right now." Snake had spent ten minutes trying to ram into Emilia's miserly determination. Unbalanced righteousness, Emilia had never suspected that an Alien would had come from a diabolic permutation.

Predetermined events of a stabilized radioactive motionlessness, Emilia had purchased it. A brighter outfit - an enlightened presence, refreshed applications, its cuteness, it was of this contemporary gray, for she had on a pressed white blouse. Frilled sensually under its low-cut, peeking out of a black brassier, she had been jockeying it for this show.

Provocative seduction, tightwad intercourse, Snake was on its other side, so he had snapped his fingers a couple real-times. Leaning in on Emilia, poking her with his stout virility, Snake's strength, it had been of this hip-hopping scrooge.

A stud and football African American gangster from South Central Los Angeles, Snake had been humping these tawdry holes. Shear aggression, it had been tempered by Emilia, for she had taken Snake in as his mother. Snake would had been around as her brother, and Emilia could had been his sister. Aroused, Emilia was of this commonness.

Working at the Satellite Cybercafe as a waitress and host, this was too bloody much, as a joint, a hike for this swindling gangster, its criminal switch in Koreatown LA, it was of his efforts to keep big mouths shut. Captivation, its spellbound hooks, they had been of them, and their frenzied screams, they were before these woeful shrines.

Bizarre and polemic muttering priests, they were kept by a stabilized mankind. Hideous filth, it had been leaking of these lecherous fiends. Matted with dried gore, her eyes, they were hazed with a wraith, for Moraine, she was a convoluted, contorted thing. Devils, they were of her hate. Boils were busting and squirting of their fiery pus, as these radioactive combinations, they were seething of an unconscionable rape.

Instabilities of them, their pith, it had come from this mother's sex. Perverted, atrocious wickedness - its spheres, they had been brought into a cosmos. Radiant hellfire, it was simmering from its depths. Groping outward, chewing at and of its without, they had been broken, and Moraine, she had been taken into its chasm. Convulsed and warped, her anus, it was outward, and an avalanche of vile secretion, it had been spawned.

Spewing out of its real-time now and onto these boulders, Moraine had straddled them with a gaseous blood-letting poop. Craps - an abortion of Ronald and his demons, her nest-egg, it had been hatched with an inflammation of itself. An ulceration, rocks with her obnoxious uterus, a dilapidated mankind, it had been of its geophysical topography.

Unconscionable spirits, they had come from out of her undergarment. An Alien Cyberspace, an abode and through no fault of its own, a grimacing face, this was an unprovoked attack, as it had started to seep up and out. Mutating through these grotto walls and heading toward Moraine, Ronald's Brandy, it had been burnt into a well, and this rope, it was not breaking from his retinas. Oil pans kindled, of thrown rubber tires, they had been pulsating within his pupils. Pumped, Ronald's murderous strike-outs, they were of these nauseated pores.

Bred with the descendants of a stabilized mankind, its malignant being, Marc had fed it. Brought, its radioactive stabilization, it was beckoning of Ronald's thoughts, for they were about her.

Opportunities, of those killings, they were corroding between Ronald's teeth, as he had been washing them down with these soiled and blood-stained memories. Entertaining himself with a cannibalism, she had detonated forth and from out of this unholy mutation.

It was Moraine, and she had been standing in front of Ronald. Moraine's grisly horror, it was of its naked truth. An entity from an Alien Cyberspace, it was an umbilical cord, and it had been of this Virtual cave. It had come from out of Moraine. It was of Ronald's head, yet it was him as little boy.

Waiting upside down, the same boy, he had been staring into a darkness, for it was under his bed. "The Child's Plaything." The mutant little boy had gasped. Voices, of this Judas, it had been calling him by his screen-name. Ripples of retribution, she had come back to Ronald, of that horror - scars of them.

"No! It's not The Child's Plaything! No! It's not me!" Ronald's flight, it had been on the tail-end of daylight. Midnight was everywhere.

A dread, a motley maze of his disturbance, branches of that mountain-side, they were after him. Whipped, Ronald was running from it. Trailing after those darkest hours, Ronald was probing for a light, as an archfiend, it had been of its undeniable self.

"That's not Satan! No!" Trembling in a hysteria, Ronald had cried out with cold-blooded tears. Icy fire-storms on a vacant planet, of its read fortunes, something, it was without his sought after devilish ancestors, as it had meandered in and on the fringes of itself.

Harvesting an extraterrestrial, it was of mankind's shadows. A feedback loop, it was this sweet boy. Shaken by madness, Ronald had been gaping here and or of whatever it was of its there, as ghosts, they had been transposed from out of these doomed yesteryears.

It was Moraine. It was one and or of this and or of that other. Ronald had raced out of its night. In full-flight of himself, he had bawled out in and of an agonizing self-realization. "No!"