

### Chapter Three: A Risen Lord

ALPHA: It was a distant hallow, and her head, it had been rocking back and forth. Wandering from her aspirations, Emilia was fading in and out of her soul's fluttering shades. Its homelessness, it had been of mankind's loneliness, and they had become it. Deteriorating, wood markings, its cave etchings, they were of its Pyramid. Erect tits, of its clitoris Earth, selves, they had been cast aside.

Lifetimes, they were seeping into and of their re-dated carbon, as they had become one with this foreign biochemistry. Erotic memories, priorities, an extraterrestrial cosmological aroma, it was of an eternal application.

Beget, an English castle, there - it was of an exotic eighteenth Century England. Emilia was there and alone. She had been watching these well-fed beetles, for they were licking this mildew off an electronic architecture. Ancient corners - of an information transfer, an antiquity, it had come from its present.

Spider - a crawler in and of its matrix structure, there was a galactic beaming in and of those dilapidated cellars. Romancing these shipwrecked fools, Alpha, Beta and Gamma, the Dragon's tail, it was of this Mermaid's head. Nebulas infrastructure, it was of its treacherous lot. "She's trippin' out on us!"

The Paramedic's hand, it was on Emilia's forehead. Prying her eyelids open, plunging into a dawning of an unholy gracefulness, of Lucifer's eloquence, it was of these sepulchral and sensuous illusions.

Penetrating deep into Emilia, it had excited an erection. Burning within this Paramedic's testicles, of its suppressed ardor, it had permeated him. Perfunctory spectacles of

vehemence, it was coaxed into him by Emilia's nasty and anesthetizing limps.

"Kill her. As much trouble as she gave us." Dazed - of a lost gaze, his eyesight, it was of some other day, as there were these marks.

Crusted into him, deep red, inflamed of blood, they had been drying on his forearm. Finger-painted and smeared, they were of its struggle. Torn shirt - ripped and full of holes, it was stretched out of shape, and its rife, it had been stamped on his face. One of his eyes, it was bleeding into its bloodshot corner.

"I'm takin' the long route to USC. We'll let her seizures put her in the bag. We take her in feet first and she's out feet first."

The lights of the ambulance, they were glinting of an entry, as its tree of knowledge, it had been blossoming of its seedlessness. An outlander's sphere, it had been sapping the life out of their patients. Gained strength, it had come from an ability to kill.

Caressing, purring with a feeble humility, Emilia was of its before. Snuffed, it was of an estranged death warrant. "Joe's ease'n in so take it easy ho." One of the LAPD Officers on the scene, he had the front position. There were choppers and gun-wielding back-up. Police cruisers, they were angled off Main Street in Los Angeles, as Emilia had boarded a bus before. This was of its after - her panic, for she had been running, like Ronald, like the wolf and like the way Moraine had run.

"Ronald! Don't!" When Ronald had pulled Moraine's face into him, it was brand-new - hard, yet Moraine had to quit. She had to get from it, for it had horrified her. Its perverted tongue, it went into Emilia's mouth.

"Do me." Emilia had been roused. Sensitive and giving of its manners, tenderness, the Paramedic was osculating an orifice. He was there - barely able to control himself, so the driver of their Emergency Ambulance, he had done a double check.

Glances, they were through rearview mirrors, and they were of their selves. Lowering himself, Emilia's anus, it was vanquished of lust.

Mysterious and beholden submissions, they were silently searching for it, so a nearby exit, it had been off this interstate. Two plus two, it had an equal of five.

Palpating the back of his hand, it was drooling with pus. Relieved of this heated pressure, Tom had raised his mind to Ryan. In its quantum information transfer, sponged off its snoot soreness, they were in this small one bedroom LA Koreatown apartment's bathroom. An entryway, it had included this gravitational misinformation. "Do we need to toilet train another cat?" Tom's injury, it had caused him to ask of Ryan's neglect.

"Should be enough here for us to find." Ryan's sudden impact, it was of an assessment. Sensing his partner's dread, days past, they were of their sealed books. Hidden in its crypts and originating from their first investigation, Den had to cover for Tom, yet they were never able to rack Tom's butt. Sharing Tom's evil ways, no cop had held the belief that their kissing daughters would not had gotten it.

This true killer of the LAPD Special Investigations Services, of this handle - the East Los Angeles PD, Tom had been this lone wolf in an elite part of this game. Level rules, they were very careful, and they had been very good. "Seems she's playin' us." Ryan had become slightly confused. Now of this after, it had been with him then - add a simper. "No, no - Don't think that was it." Ryan again, he had spoken to Tom - weirdly.

"You gettin' any of this?" Prying into Ryan's depths, Tom had been paying his dues, as others, they were sweating it out - Death Row.

"What's there to get?" Ryan had asked about Tom's mind-set. Not of an either, it had been its one way and or of another, as this wasn't about arresting Emilia. They were of an even - never. This was about painstaking victory, period.

Next case - pace, they would had never looked back, as Juliana's soft skin, it had been mated with a tranquil night. Pin-

cushioned in this sky, glistening of its stars, it was summer. Crisp, it had wallowed of winter.

Choked of itself, its firm breezes, they had been brushing off Juliana. Cutting across the horizon, Juliana had just closed her pet store. Pensive most of the day, she had been romanced - moistness. From her need for a man, it had touched her. Pulsations, they had filled her hot cavity. With this strong rod and groin, its urging, it was of its steel, and it had been deep inside her restricted grasp.

She had held it, him back with her tense muscles. She had mixed with them, for their organs of reproduction, they had met each other. Juliana had populated into him with this sweet honey-dew. Love making, it had been of a birth. Glowing inside her, of a woman's frame, it had been perched into a dawn's songbird.

Enchanted, Juliana had been rocking back and forth. She was twenty-nine years old and single. Obsessed with her pet store, living in this modest park, of a three bedroom trailer in Pomona California, not even a gold-fish had been with her there.

Her hair was light brown and with placid curls. Stringing her fingers through their locks on this night, Juliana had been led astray. Falling into her own spells, she had answered its beckon and call. She had become of its then, as its glutton passion, it had reached into Juliana's states of witchery.

Prostituting herself to it, if only a transient could had found her alone and behind this small commercial strip mall in Pomona, she would had done it. She would had professed it as rape, yet she would had enjoyed him. Struggling just enough and at the right moments and before it, Juliana would had relished his beating. Spreading herself all the wider, Juliana had known of him - his guilt, yet Ronald had been beyond redemption.

Chilled degenerate fluids, they were seeping into her canal. Leaking into Juliana's position, Ronald had come into her store only too regularly. First week of every month, Juliana had decided on him. Role playing, Juliana had sucked Ronald into her. Dreaming and fantasizing before and or of its after, inconspicuous and away from Juliana, Ronald had appeared out of the blue. On this lonely summer night, he had stood there with her.

Juliana had her eyes closed, for she was swaying in a sexual reverie. Relentless and premature premonitions, she percolated into Ronald's VR Spelunking.

Lava beads, they were dripping out and into their sunshine. Shown, its cosmological radiance, it was of an orange collage. Profane and pestiferous possessions, it was them and of their radioactive instabilities - a stabilized mankind. A fluid seduction, an embodied mankind, they were of her arms, as she had spread her extraterrestrial limbs.

Drilling, it had been plowed into its Earth. Erotic contortions, they were reigning as a reinforced Juliana. An exultant Gregorian ballet, Juliana was of its big dipper. A bucket, its blood-red moon, an apotheosis, it had come to Juliana with this promiscuous rake. Saturating her with a black-hearted heathen bond, its randomness - abstraction, it was of itself.

Juliana's trance, it was of this intoxication, as an extraterrestrial, it had come to her from a Virtual Reality darkness. It had seeped in from Augmented Reality cracks, as they had been splitting open into its Mixed Reality.

Juliana was naked in this parking lot this night, and she had been with Ronald. They were behind her Pomona pet store. Ronald had become this Virtual Reality Spelunking craze, as he had been starting up all of these whacked out virtual cave digging communities.

Juliana's skin, it was a velvet invitation, and a charismatic passion as an extraterrestrial, touched of its soullessness, betterment, Juliana had not received it, for he should have been giving it to her. She had wanted it. Complete control of her spirit, Juliana was seizing it with her fingers. Lubricated, ungracious - she was rescued from her bitterness.

Rapt with a serial killer's spiritual abolishment, Juliana had embraced it - Satan. Unburdened and with no more restraint, Juliana had been yielding up and into this evil power.

Victory, it was caressing her glands. Tightening, they had become energized inside it. Balmy coolness - galvanized of Juliana's organic epidemic, she had been thrown out, for she had her legs parted. Her knees, they were slightly bent, and her

nipples, they were pointing up and toward a celestial ejaculation of God, of that lustrousness - its juiciness.

Fogging, its murk was on her chest. She had an erect face, and her nose, it had been of an upload. Catapulting her into a climax, she had pushed for another pregnancy. A redemption of itself, an ungracious relief, it had swamped Juliana's feet - up her calves.

"She's a black cat that's crossed my path." Tom had reflected, for Emilia had split from them. Tom was into one of her dresser drawers, and Ryan had an uninterested visage. Lapping Tom in Emilia's apartment with his unspoken reasons, buying into Tom's rhetoric, probable cause, this rebellious Cybercafe waitress and host, her grandmother, she had just been raped and murdered. They had gotten that far.

"There's somebody else." Ryan had been made it known. Dank-eyed shots, a dilation, Tom was trying to focus, as Ryan was sitting in its smallness. At this doll-house, of the children's chairs, Ryan was buying into its preschool. Reading them, they had been strewn about. "So what's under her skirt?" Tom had said with a devious grin.

"Pork or no cork?" Unadulterated, Ryan was not of a hint, for their dilemma, its black box, it had been of that something, a sameness - itself. Outer-space, Ryan had mulled it over. Children's books, Ryan was flipping through one. "We needed to get a warrant." Ryan had stated. Consumed with a visage, of its own serious nature, locked, Tom had nodded at Ryan.

"We had enough reason." Tom had rambled back at Ryan. Dolorous perspiration, it had been tinged into a predatory mitigation, as the Paramedic's pugnacity, deluging into Emilia, of this beingness, an overflowing, waves, they were from his large shaft, as Emilia's coal-mine mind, of its stretched lips - tight, she could no longer breathe.

Shackled to the stretcher, she had numb arms, as the Paramedic's knees, they were cutting off Emilia's circulation. A roguery scowl, it was glaring of an extraterrestrial mindlessness - a Virtual Spelunking vexation. His fingers, they were wrenching their tangle into Emilia's hair.

Her neck, of its yoga vice, the white Paramedic, he had pulled himself into her. Billowing an imbuing vacuum, he had been spewing body fluids out of Emilia. Pressure exacted, its finely escaped depravation, it had been spurting out - vulgar profanities. Rivers, they were slithering off Emilia's chin. Her chest, he maliciously had grabbed one of her hapless mounds.

"Swallow!" Lost in its shadows, brains - they had been bludgeoned. Curved backs with an antiquity, feasting of this cold and motionless life, Emilia was with these inverted wings, as they had been hung from those musty rocks. They were inside those abysses - Ronald's origin. He had sought to corner the Devil. Surfing in this Virtual Reality Spelunking gaming environment - bashing heads, Ronald had been gnawing off an inbred VR mankind.

Blighted as the lower animals, they had been chasing their own tails. The windows of this emergency vehicle, they had been sweating of a rose-colored mist, for it had been spotted in an Alien Cyberspace - an isolation.

"Do'er other hole." People-workers, they had been given these keys. Dumping their dead, there would had been no questions asked. The Paramedics, they had checked each other out of it, as they were about ready to wheel the gang-banger into the back.

His shirt, it had been sliced off, and his pant-legs, they were cut open. They had jabbed in their intravenous tubes, and bloody gaze, it had been stuffed into his bullet holes.

"Toilet route on this one." The bravest coward had jibed, for they had let them bleed to death - five, six, seven-eight, so the gang-banger, he was onboard for their killing time. Broken laws, more inclined to of had taken the longest way, these transit passages, they were from Tom's conspiracies, and they had been brought about by Ronald's murderousness, campaigns. Vengeance, crossing its hairs, an infamous antisocial solution, it had been of their revulsion.

"It's dead." Tom had not meant well, for he had the gurney: an effort to halt, delay and restrain them from shoving it up and into the back of their emergency vehicle. All were unlike the rest, yet they were of its buried scum. Directing traffic on a

street that had been leading to nowhere, gang infested, its hangout was still spitting out of its crack.

Scoring it in Tom's parade, of tagged walls, streetlights, and or toilet stalls, the Sheriff had his courtesy flushes, so Tom had nailed his connections. Coaxed into these Devil's ways, the driver, he had been polarized. Watching his partner in the back of their ambulance, Emilia's lamina, it had been stretched out of oxygen. Proliferating her into a placid prognosis - a prologue to her deleterious detachment, it had waded in at first prowl.

Moans of wailing women and babies, they were crying. The Paramedic was sitting on Emilia's chest. Yanked out, she was steaming with a purgatory, and it had come as this breath of an underworld. "Wah set toh man."

BETA: Emilia's wicked, vicious, virile and vile verse, it had a discharge that had been fermenting in and of her possessed cant. Cancerous sores, they had busted of their fluid. Splashing on the pagan Paramedic, she had soused them with a devouring acidity. It had chased away all her tears. Struck in their hearts by a cold-blooded horn, it had sanctioned them as an extraterrestrial prey. There had been a hunter, and there had been the hunted.

Bothers, they had been sighted by each other. A sensory moment, the alienation had come, as the hunted had been seen by the hunter. They both had waited, coldly - not moving, for they had been chasing this pack in this game for hours. They were these skinny scavengers of this night. Their hound-dogs, they were barking of a lethargic terrorization. Fragmented steel, its corkscrew - hackle, its plow was of this midnight God.

Drowning in its haze of gunfire, the wolves, they were snorting this ground. Indigence, an indulging of itself - forlorn conflagrations, they had brought spikes, and they were bored through them. Hands past and feet of an uncertain massacre, there was no full moon to howl to. There, a monopoly of their geography, it had set them at this mountain cleft - an unknown foot. The hound-dogs, they were skittish, and there was a reminiscence of it.

No pardon, the last wolf, it had sat in its spastic fumble to hang on, so Emilia's fiend, it had a profound dominion. Vim reincarnation, it had been of her thereafter.

Salvaged, it was of this sorcerer's idée fixe, as her eyes, they had been bulging out with cantankerous and gruesome leeches. Radioactive stability - itself, seductively whirling with that real-time then, it was of them again - evil mysticism. Poisonous, it was of another gray face. Boils and sores, its blisters, they were of their deep red and purple-black pus.

Thronging of their shrewd, filthy spears, toothlessness, neck contortions, they were without an angle. A snare, there had been a squelching, peeping Paramedic. Unclothing itself as it and of them, an irascible fire, this was with an inflamed witch, and she had been filled with its serum. Belching of itself, its upload, it was downloaded with these sporadic lesions. Decomposing, it was of her and as itself.

"Snah rah set teh!" The police cruiser, it had inched up, yet there had been a demon. Barking at it as and of itself, this was their place. It was of their free ticket back, and it had gotten them their quotas. Cops, they had drawn their straws, for they would had been able to write this and or of that up. Better grades, they were in the trenches with the scum, yet they had pushed this paper up their holes.

Gleeful castrations, of their constipation, they were running into it, themselves. Self-same real-time realizations, inundated and independent of its reason, this policeman, he had been beckoning for its God-awful flesh-eating trepidations. Smattered blood, it was dripping in its interior. Weltering, this one was packed with its cold feet. A smoking gun, it was burnt into this grinding ax.

Vigilant phalanxes, they had been sliding secrets into their wives. Dive-bombing, its obsession, it was of themselves. Negotiating for a same sort semblance of it and as themselves, their biological perversions, they were of them again, so this numb-nuts, it was of another dumb daughter. She was for their carnival brothers. Goofy families, they were booting up with its selves. Torn from their realities, they were nestled within it.

Swaddle and painted of its red, slashing, its sanguine serum, it had been mangling mankind into its unexplainable vitro. Conjured of Ronald's sudden furies, it had become an everlasting investment as a stabilized radioactivity.

"Beasts killing children?" Transfixed, Doug's meaning for an existence, it had been smashed, as man, they had been his prima facie demigod. It was of their primordial exclusive to wear a wiener. A back buddy - an old shoe, he had been fishing with the ultimate creator.

The child, he had only been six-years old. Naked and of scabrous dried wounds, they were over this darkened puddle. Below his neck, an oil pan, this had been sopping it up on a damp ground, as garbage, it was hiding in this quarry. Jack was neurotically whipped. Grease of its subconsciousness, a reaction, psychoanalytical responses, they had made Doug shrink, so Jack was sucked up and into it.

The East Los Angeles PD, they had come out in full force, for there had been this strange origin. The previous police officer, he had gotten the draw on this parking lot, yet a nothingness, it had come out of the ambulance. He had tried to pry through its windows, for they were sweating of this gore. It had known of his ponder.

Exterminated, its outer-space, it had been of an extraterrestrial beingness. Shaded spots, they had been in this ambulance. His radio, it had been kept for an attempt. If only he could had moved, he would had come back and into himself. It had been of them and of their evil intentions.

Desperate, throbbing of its pain, he had been standing on this edge. Readied to leap into a final exit, the police lights, they had become darkened in its tunnel.

Too fast, fainted - an extraterrestrial consciousness, it was gaining stabilized radioactivity. Its awareness, it had been of them again. They had not returned, and it was of mankind's spirits. Peevish fervidness, it had become her fountainhead. Fraught animalistic frailness, it had penetrated an erstwhile verge. Courage - such and sameness, Emilia had plunged in an eight-inch dildo.

Hallucinating a haunting and gore covered bareness with an erect and wanton shivers of itself, of virgins that had been lustfully roving for Ronald in this Virtual Spelunking gameplay environment, its painfulness, it had been shirked there, of its every slighness - movements.

Precious and precise, it had been stabbed in with its thrust. Bowels gutted, of that weightiness, it was of a death defying roller coaster ride, orgasmic plummets. Nether world, they were falling from an uncharted reservoir. Madness, catastrophic whimpers, they were chilled with its tears, as they had been diluted.

Spirits as itself, stabilized and of an alien abasement - stripped of their radioactive instabilities, it was of itself in Ronald's Virtual Reality Spelunking community. Tried, this remedy with its attitudes, there had been no adjustment. Screams, unbearableness - harks of this riving dildo, it was trembling with itself.

Bleeding away as this spiritlessness, it had been left in an extraterrestrial domain. Convulsing from its sight, it had been caked on thick. Blackening of a redness - fecal shot, it had dangled with this trail. Large, it had quaked in Emilia's hand. Repugnant puke, its splash, it had forcefully mattered into the bathroom sink and on this mirror.

Heaved from an extraterrestrial, replete with feverish and gross remnants of Lucifer's diarrhea, drenching the bathroom floor, pooling for larva, they were swimming between her toes.

Meandered, from the Valley, they had pulled up and alongside of Emilia - a vacant cavern on these streets. Trek of that 4:00 AM, most of the battles, they had been fought, so the wicked, they had remained as its truth.

"Hey ho. Expectin' company?" They had stalked Emilia, yet she was not of their usual white-trash. Dress hanging off her shoulders, she had set her bare feet down on the ground with a cautious walk. Not paying attention to the late model green sedan, it had wobbled from its efforts.

Exertion - pistons dire of an exhaust, songs of its past, cold war madness, they were of these two in-and-outers, for they had

their twenty-five years to life reserved. Nipping whiskey, smoking pot and fondling crowbars - supplementation as painters, gravitating, they might had been able to roost a junky.

Idiotic excursions, hung-over eight hours, they had pried into neighborhoods as workers on the hunt for children to molest, old ladies and or their old men to rob. Two to train on an inebriated black chick, a hole for their poles - a slut with lost shoes, it had been of its no problem, as Emilia's luck of that draw, it was of their tribal tempers.

Depraved balls, fistula of an illness, they had been starving at their cores. Repugnant dregs, they were simmering of her uremia. Crusted, its reddish filth, it was of a quarter inch overlap - Emilia's nails. Veneer hepatitis, it had risen and through her fingers. Skid row gutters, from the mouths of Calcutta's rueful mutiny, it was of its venomous acrimony with mankind's afterthoughts.

Stepping in someone's three-day old feces, this was spoon fed into an obsession, as it had been cleaving to a radioactive bloodsucker. Bellows, they had sliced through their morning, and Emilia, she was floundering in and of its extinction. Animated with its hollow ghosts, it was of their scattered debris.

Their beer cans - an empty forty ounce, a discarded paper bag, it was of its cardboard six pack. Blemishes, they were of its second thoughts, yet there had been no forethought. Loathsome despots, they had been speckled about. Compulsions, they were there at daybreak, as everything and everywhere, it was of itself. Decaying structures, zombie-eyed, they had seeped in from an outlander's sorcery, as it had risen out of these delirious shades of themselves. Lost battles, human spirits, they were echoing in and of their gnashed teeth - agonies.

"Ho's a nut casin'?" Their mummies, they had been gone. Extorting their beasts - pumping them out of himself, Ronald had turned the matriarch upside down. Worn heels and of blistered feet, she had been too poor for a bandage. The old sedan, crouching off the passenger's words, they were driven in with a mindlessness. Albert Dorsey, he had reported his six-year old son, Damson, missing, as he had been kidnapped from his home just off Butte Montana.

It was ten miles east of this Land Development Project. Suspicion, the perpetrators, they might have originated from the undocumented workers that Marc had been hiring. Reverberations, Marc had opted for an out, so there could have been this snow white. Marc's resolution, he had done the right thing - never to sin again.

PD, they were slinking in closer for a look, and their guns, they were drawn. Not responding, he had been one of them, yet he was sitting in his cruiser. Parked behind this abandoned emergency vehicle, it had come. Tearing away at their spirits with its provocative fetters, they had seen it in that ambulance. Shriveled, it had a mutated face.

Perversion, he had gnawed on its tongue. Lingering around, of their languished thirsts, filthy, it had been a used mop in a degenerate porno shop. Flopped-hopped and pop-popped, its pop of a mop, it had been hopped up. Waxed for slivers, it had placated their fiery glands. Oil saturated handles, they had reaped of its wood. Devout grips, their butts were warped of its violence.

"Stay away from me!" Emilia had snuffed of her wanton liaisons. Revelations, it was written in and of its marks - 666, as there had been no salvation. Cosmos, its descent, its predetermined moments, they were of an outlander. Online, she had become an accomplice. Conniving with him as a demonic harlot, intrigued, Emilia was of its tort.

Negotiation, after-lives of a desultory dethronement, it had come to Emilia. Networked scorns, they had routed her into its venom. Darrel had snapped. "She's psycho."

Tony was more nearby to Emilia, and their ambulance, it was there. 5150, she would have been heading to the lunatic farm and out of its thereabouts. Emilia, she was puking at the LAPD.

Mementoes, they were of a wretched blood-letting - blotching her dress. Hybrid menstruation, oozing of its surely sickness, Satan's evil sermon, it had mounted her with this wicked and sinister witchery, as backbones, they had been fractured into these secret rites.

Lucifer was of their fallen hearts. Banished and doomed from their spirits, they were seeking its eternal revolt, so Ronald

had been with them. An idolatrous flesh, it had been led away from its risen Christ. Branched into an extraterrestrial's vein, they were feeding back into an online pipeline. Its pervading place, molecules and atoms, they had been bashed into each other.

Violence, chaotic - gentleness lost, it was of itself. Beasts had ruled with a dullness of mankind. Null, stabilized with and or without, their juicy farts, they could had been of its tart and or of its tort and or of which was of itself in court - snort.

Everything gone, of this abortion, it had given birth to Ronald. Cops, they were poking it. Darts of their blackness, they had been aimed at Emilia's heart. Trepidation, it was of itself, and it had been jarred into Emilia's central nervous system. Fear, they might had missed its bullet, as it would had been tearing through and apart.

Bang, bang-bang and down, they were clobbered into a heinous revulsion. Momma's boys, they were without women, so these girls, they were trading lip-locks. Others, they were of its man-made melancholy. Fungus toes, they were of its decaying teeth. A favorite meal, an innocent and ancestral incest, it had been derived from a proclamation.

A Nazi was spying for pimples, for he was puckering up - rhinoceros. They had found its stray cat, as its rank chops, they were smeared with this cheap peanut butter.

"She's plumb nut pudding." Tony had tried to make some sense out of Emilia. Glare and with it, of Darrel's ample gestures, he had to make his move, as LAPD's baton wielding swings, they were of its nonsense.

Crowds - they had gotten weary waiting for the show. An anxiety, resolution, it went beyond all of mankind's denial. Fidgety daylights, etching closer to its midnights, it had gone down with an everybody. Disjointed confusedness, compassionate moments, mankind had spared her life.

Dress lolling off her shoulder, it had been of its over, as her cheap and black brassier, it was showing of its flesh. Carnal yearning of Ronald, an immortal reason, Emilia had been banged

silly.

There was a never, and none's, they were of its zilch and cipher. Latent breed, intuition captured, their nonhuman movements, they were of an innate catharsis - obliterated.

Scintillating with a radiance, it was of their radioactive selves. Enlivened visages, there, occupying tatty motel rooms, its censorious profanity, it had been of its germicide. Cutting its meander, it went under a wooden door. Smudging, grimy hands, they had girded off its course.

Brass handle, a door, it was laying in and with these depths of mankind's despair, and it had churned in the bowels of this wanton gastritis. Belching of its garlic-starved parasites, they had been unsuccessfully administered.

Infinite and of its last grasps, Ronald's online Devil, it was not found in his VR Spelunking, for an extraterrestrial, it had been there instead. Children, they had devoured its worms.

Self-righteousness, it was shoved down their offspring's throats. Tears for them, they were of themselves, as cold fevers, morgues, they had been costly. Terrorized, its drenched sewers and sockets, their eyes, they had been sighted in and of its defiance. Wailing with an angelic tempo, of its inebriated babies, it was of an industrious labor - aimlessness.

Fruitlessness, coddling a serial killer, it had been without its meal route and right of transit. Siphoned radioactive instability, it was dispensed without flesh. Forging into its slut, it was of her erotic nonsense.

Uterus, it had been drenched and filled with derision. Portals, its mutiny, they had been scoured into its meanness. An ethereal river, it had wagged in and out of this poetic loss of grace. Whirling, twirling and winding its dance up and through its murky mayhem days, nights, they had reached out with this raping eloquence.

Floating of their radioactive instabilities, pungent chemistries, inhaled by the dead, they had become of itself. Jerry's nostrils, they were primitive cavities. Spread, flaunting an inferno, her fiery vessels, they were seething from

an embalming. Paint thinner, its mind had been coagulated with a fluidity.

Numbness, glue-sniffing, it was of an after affect - psychopaths. Influenced as a someone, it had been with its brains. Scolding them as the purchasers of these parts, they were made of itself - their suture.

Remembered vengeance, of their wanting it later, they had lied about their models. Leered with fearful hopes, of that something, its spiritual recognitions, they had been with this so certainness - an immortal deviation. Without truth, soulless holes, they were of their glossy and blood-shot maledictions. Cynicism, it had bit them with this malicious scowl. Laid out with determined damnation, she had inhaled an ozone of them.

Factories, zombie screwed, hustling for any booze beater, of this first-class ticket to the penitentiary, they had been hailing for a cab. Soon with this flopping of its meat, they were down on these tenebrous stretchers. Devious devises, they were a beeline pathway - a free fix and sale at the methadone clinic.

"Do me like my grandma." Emilia's words, they had come without a weak explanation. Breaths shortened, Darrel had played with her act. Size, this and or of that bigness, it had come of before, thrown tantrums - clutched. Locked arms, bear-hugs, a forearm against Emilia, fronting her chest, Tony had caught round one, so he had nursed his flayed arm. Emilia had scrawled it on him.

Heated sores, they were festering of a bone awesome repercussion. Intimidating, blushed and of dreadful proliferation - locusts, Emilia had been pivoted in a hellfire grapple. Convulsing from its bludgeoning, its host, it had been vomited online, as its bugs, they had swarmed and then receded. Before another memory had rocked her, its cocoon, it had become of a reservoir.

Built in Ronald's darkness, fog, it had soiled in with these maddened and flesh-eating bugs, and they were torturing Emilia. Shreds and then and there-after, there had been an ebbing for this and or of that flow. The policemen, they were joined into and of her tantrums, as Emilia, she had given birth to their raunchy babes.

Screams of an anguish, relished at junctures, they were of an outlander. Entry, vector with an extraterrestrial electricity, radio-waves, their possibilities, they were of its something, and they had revolted into her spreads - womb, of an even wider trick.

Opening and of its ravished men, its whatever, it had been born into their heated roads. Paved with no-good intentions, retreated, an evil bitch-goddess, she had won. Sustenance with her, an able frame, of his predictions, they had sown doubt into mankind.

Devoid conditions and of its no truth, they had been late for work. Crowds, of its malignant kills, they were waiting there, as they were digging into its sepulcher. An erection, it was for this sister. Hidden in horrific shadows, alike - Emilia had been gaming in and of its many hours. An Old Testament, it had gone into a backwardness, for Ronald had shoveled ever so deep into its crevice. He had tried to mesh with it - Lucifer.

No peace, an evil power with a serial killer, it had slipped in and out of his reach. Fleeting gestures, its selling of this life insurance, it was with these perfect answers, as its thoughts, of Ronald's profiteering circumstances, starting with an ending, Ronald had hosted an extraterrestrial cadet.

Death's enchantment, of a demonically charming Ronald, he was debonair with an elusiveness. The police, they had been driven in with these heavy-weighted concussions. Feet, they were planted firmly on its mats. Glue, an extraterrestrial's drill, of the Earth's core, plowed with its horned right hook, it went into Emilia's temple of doom. Connecting, Emilia had been taken of its point-blank range.

Riveted from one side, it had wagged back and forth. Balls of a bull, they were gouging into her gut. An unmerciful maintenance - balance, she had been with its diabolic phenomenon. Short-sided analyses, Emilia had wavered with a horrific strength. Noodle-kneed of sustenance, faint mind - an impossible fall, its blooded ice, it had fused into her as a foreign invader, for its discursive rage, it had filled the air, chilliness. "Son tee sa las me ohn."

A black orifice, it was of its nightmares, as these children, they had cringed from these hidden fixations. Suspicion, it had been spat upon them, and it was of its demon's breath. Leapt from a closet, its cave, of their only enemy, it was with Ronald's apocalypse, as he had become detached in Montana. He had eaten of them, for he had stood in its old, black - vacant places. He had become one.

GAMMA: Feeling filth, betrayals, possessions of itself, it was with its worse. Ronald was presented to mankind as a serial killer with an emotional problem, yet there had been no food for this thought.

Up to this point, Ronald had been just a serial killer, and he had been foundling with an introduction to Death Row. Tonight, Ronald had shivered of its malnutrition. Piety, it had sunk in with this perdition. Pathetically cowing, of its wretched diesel texture, it had exploded up and through him. Gaseous chunks, humanness, it had been of this heartlessness, as Ronald had gnawed into these quarter-sized bits of theirs.

He had swallowed them whole. Its evil, it had rattled his bone, so Ronald had flicked of this fetid tongue. Flinched from God's sight, he had soared with these horns, as they were growing up and through his head. Steel pegs, they had been pounded up and from his soles.

Protruding from each side of his skull, throbbing, its anguish, he was this hideous change. A hubcap wobble, he had become subservient to a foreign power, as Ronald's head, it could had been torn from him in a single swipe. Slow boil, an evil ulcer, it had been burned in with its fistulas. On each side, leaking of their grisly geysers, roaring an ache, Ronald was no longer, as he had succeeded. He had lost his soul. Banished from real-time, he had taken a fall from grace. Its none, it was of his mind.

His horns, they had been inching out and of this claustrophobia. His eyes, they had mutated with a bat's, of a skin-scaled - sameness. Dead elephant's piss, it was of this caustic mucous. Fermenting with its fiery heat, a curve, it was of these large mounds, and they had broken the marrow of his stiff spine. Erect, a torque and pulley, it was below his nodular tail, and it had been angling away and from his torrid diaphragm. Pointed

at these explosions of fire, they were reigning in its skies.

Saturating him with an outer-space, Ronald had been standing in a bursting pool of its violence. Resounding with its kismet, a thundering chuckle of hers, its instance, it had been ripped away, as it had vanished. Ronald had gazed up and at an impersonal sky. His pants, they were stuck to him.

Rank, mixed with urine, they were burning of their hell-fire. Indelicate quintessence, Emilia's rapid demonology, it was at cross purposes with itself, as she had been stitched into an extraterrestrial. Alley cat morals for this police officer, he had been sneaking up to the abandoned ambulance. It had been left parked behind this blighted liquor store, and there was an old service station there too.

Wide-open, perpendicular - barricaded, rudiments of its sleazy whatever, its preview was with Earth's deification into this lukewarmness, as their minds, they had gone cool. Locked out of their toilets of yesterday, wallowing absent today then graciously assenting to doles, they were in its circus corners. Transiently blessed, its alcoholic fecal, fatal signatures, they were taken into its bits and bytes.

"It's my call." Speaking into an ear-piece, his testosterone, it went into their mannequin, as an applied mechanics, it was of an idiocy. Maintaining a sole grievance with a derelict's recent masterpiece, it was floating into their whirlpool minds.

Spiraling of an evolution, separating their basic instincts, it had been directing their radioactive instabilities into its hot hole. Diverted expectancies, this police officer, he was standing alongside and just outside his cruiser. The other, his driver's side door, it had been left open, yet he was sitting in his car. Front, around and behind him, his usual back-up, the local East Los Angeles Police, they were doing their war dances.

Sometimes, they had gotten in each other's way, as this was of its marked territory. Its far gone, it had been of its too long. Brain dead, it was in their ball-park. The easy write-up and score, it had taken another turn. The game rules, they were in a different play, for he was not answering them. Attempting to think, they had gotten lead footed, so an escalation, it had filled them up to their brims. Brows, they were beating to

preserve the misery. Den, he was of this methodical whatever.

He was of its perfection. His wife, Althea, she had won every argument. Den would call upon her for the bed spread, as Althea, she had been blessed with rich African American hormones. Soul food, it was of her women's right. They had been added to these radio waves. Playing of their songs, they were with a technological voodoo. Disguised and with its frugal idiosyncrasies, big-boned, Althea's flesh, it was of an invigoration for Den, for she had drawn Den's choleric arousal into her.

"Why'd you stop me?" Althea's voice, it had echoed of its last twenty years. Den wasn't onto all the facts, as Althea, she had just beaten a murder wrap two months prior. Self-defense, she had purported this before the court. Against, Jay Jay Cooper, she had taken a letter opener to his bowel.

Bled to death, he had been sleeping in and at when and where that Althea had been lying in wait. His side, it had provided her the means. Its effect, his wound, it had mutated of this maturity. Not with any internal surgery, it could not had been repaired. Althea had studied its lunge. Copping expunges from his beatings, they were of their past abuses.

Dead weight, twenty-five pounds of rice, an anatomy rehearsed, it was of this before. Jay Jay's siesta, he had downed his usual forty-ounces and a pint of Vodka, as this had counted his sheep. Fallen asleep, little bow peep, it was weeping for his lizards.

Althea had grown up in a small apartment. Her mother was a maid, and her father had been a local janitor. Glories, they had belonged to labor unions. Den hadn't rose through the ranks, and the low-riding tattered sedan, it had pulled right out in front of Den's police cruiser - an illegal turn onto Century Boulevard, of its main drag to the Los Angeles International Airport.

Althea had crashed landed, and Den had come onto her - a rescue, of its done deal. Den was about ready to hang up his night shift. After he had left the donut shop - frequented, the local PD, they would hang there. Stint, entering daybreak - new dawn, Den's law enforcement career, it had moved him onward as a sergeant.

Her light-blue sedan, it was washed out in and of its appearance. Two-toned splotches, of the surviving parts, the original paint and primer, it had been wearing off. Staring wide-eyed and goofy, the ogres, they were thrust full of this stark raving madness, as they had lit Den's heart up with this secret righteousness.

"You just made an illegal right turn in front of me." An aversion, Den's silver-tongued voice, it had an ire. A bulge, it was in his trousers. Unadulterated, of its electricity, it had festered for Althea's riveting seizures. Done with a well, lowering of her gaze, she had opened her mouth, and she had spread her thick African American thighs. They had gotten the dumbest. "I know, but you'll be lettin' me go."

Haze, it was bled from the drops that were tearing downward from a celestial sphere. Windshields, their late model green sedan, Indian squatted, it was teepee side of this road. Traffic, it had started to pick up. Strangeness, of its smog, it was holding these memories, as they were with its previous nights.

Lingering of a rueful loneliness, severance, it was inside, and its angels, they were of their deaths. Murmuring and with a haunting presence, it was of an obligatory loan. An evil charisma, an inner mania, it had been of its screams, as these two white-trash, they were sitting in and of a glacial emptiness. Their eyes, they were marbled over.

The radio, deafening, it was of this thrashing heavy metal rock and roll. Devious smiles, they were on their faces, and they had bloodless complexions. Glistening of their shadowy and enlivened corpses, of those wary and tormented bizarre beings, they had not been alive.

Barks, grotesque leers, one with an each other, it had been of a blur, a blare. Music, it had been hiding behind its scarecrow. Sound waves, Dave had leaned over on the driver's side, and he had turned off their radio. Insects, they were crawling all over his body. An inadvertent haunting, it was of an appearance, as it had been buzzing with its activity.

Weaving gruesome caverns, cancerous secretions, of its lubricated stretches, they were sketched with and of its

dementia. Chaotic and with its high-pitched chatter, its frenzy, it was of an intensity. A vile and virulent shriek of an unseen madness, whatever that it was - its happening, it had stopped suddenly. Pleasure for Dale, he was of these spastic slides. "Ho did us bro."

Dave was troubled of its something - wraith, its now. An impersonal visage, Dale was wordless and without a response, as Dave had been chasing these secretions. Leeching into his tight crevices, its hips, they were meeting these legs, for they were above this rotting pelvis.

"Ho's makin' me itch." Dave had uttered of it, of an even more. Quiet sureties, of Dale's backward place-setting, he had been staring blankly out and of their front windshield. They were draped in and of its pink mist. Mused, reaching down and alongside of the driver's side door, Dave had hauled it up.

"Never poked in a hole like that before." An almost and nearly empty fifth of whiskey, swirling the last three inches, its remainder, the bottle, it was in front of his eyes, and they were in its counter-clockwise circles. Spellbound with motions, its some abnormal reason, they might had done something terribly wrong?

"Crazy ho gave me the crabs bro." Mean and minute bugs, they were crawling all over Dave's hand. Seemingly lost, of its never-ending negotiation, it was with this beingness - distracted.

"There ain't no answer for any of it." Althea's self-imposed resentment, it was sent out and into Den. Poisoning her husband, reaching out, beckoning him, its evil genius, it had dared Den to take a call before eight o'clock in the morning. Waiting for Althea to respond to him about the call, Den was ready for work. His blue uniform, it had been buttoned up to the top of his neck. Their homey kitchen and dining room, it was the central focus of their family of two.

Den eyes, they were peeled over at his cell next to him, for its ring-tone, it was of a siren. Den had wanted to violate one of their unwritten laws, for he was certain that Tom would had settled with Emilia.

"Leave it there!" Althea had barked out with her neck orbiting around. Tending her bacon, it was frying at its low temperature. An affect, it had calmed their keen mornings. Past twenty years, the Harpers' single family brown home, it had sat at a quiet distance off a middle-class block. An only, of a noticeable difference, there was this police cruiser, normal and in plain view, yet it had been replaced by a blue sedan with Government plates.

Held in a stance, the cell-phone, it had been silenced. Den's conscience, it had been praying for Tom's attentiveness. "Alright then, I didn't answer it." Getting his hand clear, a posture, it was made of its straight awayness. She had bit him back with words, for they were etched into her concentrated African American blood.

"You'll be hearing from me if you do." Saturating her soul and spirit strength, a hard body, it was of its wisdom, and an arrogance, it was of its self-governance. Without its governors, she had been hiding in its guise. It went down the same way every night. Althea had her lines ready - rote, and Den, he would had entered this forbidden room.

"Come on, best be gettin' on with me." Althea would had started it that way. "I'm gettin' on you mamma." Den's cold and mechanical manner, it would put Althea on her knees. Yanked of a semi, it was from his pants. There was a lateness, as Althea had started to build up with consternation.

An ossifying of her bones - joints that had become stiff, a descent, she had copulated with a hurried investigation. An anticipation of it, Den's explosion, it had continued to fill her.

"Go on and do it mamma." Den would had responded, of that defense - a complete obsession. "That's my mamma. That's her. That's what I gotta do."

Today's fruit, it was on these vines. Born, no more seed, of Ronald's rape, it had landed. Soreness with its mask, it had been hiding in and of its herpes cleft. Angry inflammation, of its sangfroid fettle, Den had expired from its steadiness. A benign congestion, responsibility, of an idiot dignity, it had been overridden by this tapeworm.

Flogging him with its gluttony, this precious cheek full, it was of an inverted dejection. This cheap oral copulation, it was of these nourishing swallows, yet it was Honey Love's last straw. Den had wanted him dead.

"I'm gonna beat you and your mother to death." Den's words, they had buzzed, as a large greenish snot-filled fullness, it was of its big chunks of burger. Lobbed, soaking up on Den, it was of a courageous attack. Snail yet without its dirt, Honey Love's name, it had said it all. Hopped up, he had been mixed up with an infinite variety.

Blatantly living out of this haywire existence on the streets, of its hood, if they had wanted to spread his disease in this massive multiplayer online VR game, Honey Love was eager to malfunction. Fatal injections, they were slapped in and of a frenetic tempo. Cams, hot-wired and fried, they were of its smoking boys. Womb, of a bidding, it was with this wretched host. Baggy pants, they had been weighed down with handguns. Peace in their streets, home-boys, they went down dirty.

Den had been given these unspoken rules, for Tom had been nothing but a hit-man. LA County, an understandable, Den had made its affairs leap with Tom, for Den had helped Tom set it up. If someone had gotten away with murder, it would had been the cops. The FBI and LA PD, of their homicides, they had been in its glasshouse, and nobody was supposed to of had thrown any rocks, yet Tom had tossed grenades.

Jerry's head, it was flopping about this blood. Black-skinned balminess, a respiration, it was of its nothing and or of an even. Cardiovascular activity, her arms and legs, they had died down into a spastic headlessness, as a butcher's knife, it was of this machete.

It had hacked them. Landing in its ducts, its eyes, they were of their red slashes. Breakage, it was shoved up and into an enchanted sorcery. Creeping in and out of its ancestry, it had brought this flame. Circuiting up and into her, its plume, it had been of its forked dialect. Drums, they were pounding of its dance. Multifarious and lecherous stipends, they were piling in and out of a salient and sagacious saga with Ronald.

Retiring and lost, maledictions and vendettas, they had been brought back into their silhouettes of it. Evil incantations, shrills and shrieks, they were screaming of itself. Functioning, it was of these blood curdling wails. Directed into an online serial killer, Ronald had become a fiend and a hideous mutation. Bursting with its cancerous lacerations, fulminating pus-filled boils, they were entangled with these fire-fly worms, white hotness.

Cooling maggots, they had gotten readied for their meals. Devouring faces on skulls, they had been placed on their tree stumps. Drenched with its gore, it was of this thickness. Red and bubbling in its sensual and cosmological hues, its moonlight, of jagged jawbones, these edges, they were plunged into an oblivion.

The tribesman's hand, plentiful of body, he had been pierced with this wildness. Jerry had been aloof and on her thighs. She was resting with head bowed. Naked and primitively beautiful, the feathers, they were stuck to his pillar. At its base, there were these jungle lice. Escaping from a turpitude, he was drenched with this dead chicken's blood, as it had been squeezed out of itself.

Frame, of that horny iron grip, it was filled with this throbbing venom. Held between his legs, a slight squat, a riveting clutch, it was of these nail-driving fingers, for they had been in this decapitated and violated bird. Feathers, they were floating down and onto this ground. Hysteria, drops of its seed, they had ever so slowly plummeted. Landing into her cataclysmic reverberations, the shock treatment, it was of this thereafter, as Emilia eyes, they were blank with an electrified hit.

Heads, they were thinking of its another, as they were shot into this game. Plowing into her field state, of a vile furrow, tomorrow, it was with this awakened likeness.

Galvanized jolts, they were of its oblivious wanderings. Large bone bracelets, they were affixed to them. Sheering around and under these necks, a cutting, it was of these deep incisions. This virtual office, it had been of its small and simple decoration.

Adorned with eighteenth century antiques, there had been no secretary, and its reception, this front, it was of its only desk. Signing into this classy book with an expensive pen, a particular client, they had to call Ronald from a handsome and swank land-line telephone. Lending to the decor, a stipulation of proposed beginnings, this was of its whatever business.