

Chapter Two: An Entree

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

"Go on Tommy. It's your family." Picture perfect, posture - Tom was onto Carl's over-sizedness, as his father, Carl, he had repeated an infamy into Tom. Carl was a seasoned truck driver. Tom was but a boy, and Carl, he was a big man with a shaved head. Grabbing the back of Tom's head, Carl's large palms, they would pull Tom into this ball and chain incest.

Drunk and drenched in an upload, Carl had withheld himself, for his wife, Tish, she was this History teacher at a local college. She was teaching a night class. Sustainable determinations, an erotic euphoria, forthcoming of an undernourished visage, these foul mouths, they were full of their selves.

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

Seething cracks, it was hiding in the clefts of this asphalt. Dilapidation, an abundance of impoverished city politics, its corruption, it was tear-dropping in ink-stains, and they were of

an orchestrated revenge. Resentment, hardened hearts, they had been playing with this cardiovascular enterprise.

Brandished as deficient dawdles, Emilia Riff, she was of a picayune African American, and she wasn't given the usual condolences. Introduction, it was from Tom, for he had sifted this telephone number from out her grand-parents belongings.

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

Ryan had made a curious peer at Tom then. Alongside and next to an opened refrigerator, Tom could had seen the milk and bananas. The motor, it was kicking on and off, and the light inside, it was flickering of this short circuit. Flashing an eerie cadence, blunted cockroaches, loony of an alertness, they had bravely ventured out and into its humid interior, as it had been molded and rust wrinkled with these pin-sized cavities. They were eating through its metallic top, dripping away in a corrosion. "Somebody must of had brought them their meals."

Tom had brandished this small piece of paper. Emilia's phone number, it was written there. Clutching one of the several bottles of prescription medications, there was a gathering of them on this kitchen counter. A gallon of half-consumed white wine was near. Ryan had sat the medication bottle down, so he had snatched up the Chablis. "All prints have been pulled. Think our killer drank?"

Ryan had affirmed and questioned Tom. Inspecting the refrigerator - confirming his previous investigation, determining movements, the cockroaches, they were swarming in and of these scatter-brained squads - a scrambling of their community. "Bugs and bananas. No mango."

Tom's investigative speech, it was of a stupidity, a conclusion of the evidence. Loophole patterns, Ryan had sent Tom messages, flames and insults. Dropping in on Tom, Ryan's words, they were back and of an eye-shot. "Prehistoric urges?" The question had pricked at Tom, as it was without the fruit nor of its laxative.

"But there's milk too?"

Gaping at Ryan with his best fool face, Tom had come back as more dumb than dumb. Condescending, a rung of its truth, it had made Ryan leap at him with a self-sameness. Tarrying and teasing, Tom was of his father's sneak preview. Slithering and humongous, of Tom's tightness, Carl had encouraged Tom with an ability. Denial, it was between them. Blatant reality, it was of Tom's hypocrisy. Cheating himself, dark with his mouth, Tom had been of this French connection.

Not a Nazi firing squad, exhaust of the transit bus, it had puked this coagulating filth, and Emilia's make-up, it was thickened on her cheeks. Fat lips, they were on a petite, twenties coddle of a face. Her baby doll-head, it was served without milk and or cream. An evenly cut hair, she had quickly pulled from her purse a hand-held mirror.

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

Villainous vampire, it was of this oldest profession. Discretion, an embellishment, Ronald's cave, it had consumed her as them and as mankind. Lashed out lust, it was of Ronald's heart-throbbing wickedness. Sexual prowess of his psychotic opiate, his fingers, they were wrapped in this old African American woman's hair, for Ronald was riding her Brahma. An exasperated respiration, a non-current, its diabolic penetrations, they were of these possessed souls.

This stale lady, she had been choked away from her bodily functions. Technically dead, resonating a dense ecstasy, of unconscious instants, it had opened her up to him.

Fleeting out of her body's sapient, slavish, salacious and surging sanguine seductions, her pupils, they were nondescript. Dilation, spiritual exhaustion, this death of humankind's spirit strength, it had been of this rocking back and forth. If only she could had spread her cheeks wider, urinate longer and

defecate, it would ohad been known. She was of its ballerina. Emilia had been it then.

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

Now as his whore for this horror, black and from Inglewood California, Jerry was a fifty dollar a day drug addict. Ronald was making promises to her, so she could get more. "Do you have a pain in your butt?"

Ronald had shot out at Jerry as a cool-headed playboy, for he was in this new luxury sedan. He had leased them right off the Beverly Hills show-room floor every year. Enjoying delusions, illusions for superiority, isolating a wary salesman, full-popping them, it had been paid off.

Fingered choices, this sameness, it had been there, of this lack of them - self-awareness. Communication skills, of these under-aged neophytes, they were ordering whiskey - not drunk, no bathtub gin. "I can cure you."

Ronald had shown Jerry his party balloon. Tied, not inflated and about a quarter-inch in diameter, it was filled for dope fiends. "Why you do me like that for?" Jerry's eyeballs, they were full for his heroin. "Why? Because, I'll smack you. Reason enough?"

Ronald had taken a-hold of its thickness, as it was lying alongside his pant-leg, of a showing - strength. "Do that with me? Is that it?"

Ronald had lifted Jerry's spirit. Spending all morning doing tricks, twenty-dollar jobs off Century Boulevard in Los Angeles, of this main pike and poke, Jerry was trying to pick it out of the gutter, yet she had gotten too sick to hold another. "Shoot your junk into my cherry pie."

Leaning up to his sedan's window, she had given Ronald a flash of her mamma's milk. Memories, Jerry had aroused Ronald with an

evil chemistry. Seeped, tender and swelled, of Ronald's introduction, Jerry's obsession, it had routed him.

Liquefied as this outlander, this insensible kleptomania, melancholy, it was of an unresisting corpus. An outsider, it had been leaking onto Jerry's fingertips. Addictions and withdrawals, they were planted into her, so these nodding slumbers, they were falling-out of an unfeeling and distracted prey. "Whatever you want. It's yours."

Jerry had loosened her grip on the eight-ball of dope, yet a madness, it had been flogged up and into her vessels. An Alien leer, it was of Ronald's voodoo percussion. Resounding from his opera, computer technology, Ronald had been playing with its peripheral freedom, for it was of his devilish search engine.

An outer-space domain, it was indulged in the massacring of mankind, as an annihilation of their spirits, Jerry's psyche, it was dwarfed by narcotics. Demons, of this silkiness, it had dared to propagate out. Rough pigmentations, they were leeching of its yellow wraith - black.

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

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

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

"What's he got?" Roy and Arnold, they were two street parasites, and they had been feeding off these junkies. Prostituting themselves, they were without a room. Where-with-all for their twenty dollar whatever, clients had insisted on it. Taken into an abandoned warehouse, of this reek, it had come out its coal.

These multitude, they had never seen a condom. A quick douche, it was of this sink at a dilapidated laundry-mat. "What you lookin' at?!"

Vicious snarling, it had been of their heart-aches. Bemoaning of their thoughts, they had to piece off their twenties. Unjustly earned, of foreign loads, their backs were to a wall - slosed of water. Legs spread, fermenting this laundry mat, stench - it was passed off as these belated beach whales, and they were blistered by these seagulls.

A plucked carnivorous dank, it was of their Friday's observance, so Roy and Arnold, they had flocked in with their predatory presence. Bloodsuckers, pus and blister lickens, Jerry's nefarious predilection, it was of their cannibalism, as they were the un-bred ones.

Beyond their desolate corners, of its repulsing grossness, pathetic lives, they had devoured them. Sweet music, its melodrama, it was of this monologue of him. Authored by all - another dialogue, an anti-social networking with him, it was of these shadows.

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

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

Scratching the surface of this redefined terrestrial ground, it had been bake by this heat, then - again. Loosened of its

topsoil and of that thin silt, sprawled out, its head had been fractured by the thirty-thirty, and this Ranger, he had cranked another shell into his rifle chamber.

A first-person-shooter, a psychotic had been downloaded into this punctilious dementia. Howling, a snake's tongue, it was choked on a barren soil. Chucking this recent concussion, its carcass, it had been shed of itself.

Echoing of its real-time, fates - same date, this puff of a pipe dream, it was embellished with gunpowder. Easy, the moment, it was of its every part, and it had wanted to scratch their eyes out. This little girl, she was with him in that cave in Montana. Praying for an absolute reversion, a Jewish head-stand, it was between these two side-shows.

Deluded into this serial killer's thoughts, of this right side up, they had been gazing up and into its cosmos. Not of a loving father, it was this injustice.

Nailed to this cross, the great men, they were of these Philosophers. Cross-sectional purposes, it was this main course of them. Vain attempts, they were without their better selves. The Alien God, it was well fed. Unbelievers, they were bearing witness of themselves, as mankind, they had come from an antiquity.

It was of this cosmological transfer. Arnold had taken Ronald's shot. A first finger, he was the rankest of the two, for he had yanked open Ronald's passenger side door, conveniently left unlocked, ajar.

"You shot my brother!" Roy's drawl, it was saliva filled for Ronald's forty-four, and it was still out and in Ronald's hand.

Arnold's teeth, they had exited stage left. Untimely departure, the Ranger had been kneeling somewhere, and it was with them. Lifting the gums of this dead wolf, a vacant initiative, it had been forgotten. The forty-four, it had sent Arnold's remaining jaw up and through the top of his head.

Laughing, brains were splattered on this surely worn asphalt. Slick erosions, they were resounding of their memories - sloppy concussions.

"What are you asking me?" Emilia had not heard it. Counter of a bonding macabre, macho masochism, it had gone into their victim's geisha.

Menstruating of their copious and erogenous submissions, Emilia had parted them all the wider. Purged through her cheap cotton panties, permeating into them, an infection, it had raised their testosterone levels. Flush with thugs, they were of an unrestrained concupiscence.

"Sodomy. Up the Yin Yang. In the pooper." Tom had made it clear, and Ryan had dared her with a seriousness. An introduction, this two peckered dildo, it was of her nocturnal quivers. With this serial killer, it was of this brand of atheism. Raging with this storm, Emilia had been liberated from herself. Confined vexations, they had melted into its pussy-pot.

Libido, hot-blooded mulatto infernos, their prehistoric window and biochemical interjection - its colors, they had flip-flopped into an instinct. Inflamed, Emilia had been with this fecal-stained rubber penis. In her knitted handbag, of its usually, it was hanging over her shoulder, and it was filled with stolen after-effects.

Cosmetics, Emilia was of an unassuming kind. Her purse, yellow - a knitted sunflower, it had held its parameters, beige burlap. She had bought it online. Being a waitress at the Satellite Cybercafe in Koreatown LA, Emilia had common down to an art.

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

Emilia was pulled from an outer-space, as of its always, it was of this next. "Haven't you ever had it that way?" In a Hawthorn Mall, she had spent an hour in this bathroom with a dildo. Burying her fingers, they were of these frantic attempts. Orgasm after orgasm, they had mysteriously come to her in waves. No more wailing, squirming in lost efforts, not embarrassed of its nothings, she had finally ruptured with this plethora of a

sexual zenith.

"What'd you do it for? What for?" Roy's pow-wow, it was in his pants, and Jerry had not given - gone, of an anyway. Conterminous repudiation, it had enlivened Roy with this contamination. "Shoot! Shoot it!"

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

"Row, row, row your boat." Wickedly slow, Ronald's face was on him. No emotion, it had no meaning - of a no time. Ronald had come with this real-time dread. Its glue, it was of this lifelessness. Soaking them up, their blood, it had been wrung around Ronald's neck. An everlasting also run, it had catapulted them into an emotional exhaustion. An eternal state, it was of this vacuum diversion.

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

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

He had been on the fringes of this day. Fourteen years of his juvenile, it was weltering with these vaulting throws. A levity, it was moiling into this emptiness. Venom, it had been venerated by Ronald. A design, it had been cooled by Tim's sorrow, for he had been beyond repair. An evil chemistry, its sweetness, it had come from this frigidness.

Splashed on Ronald's forehead, it had glistened of Tim's LSD horizons. Lapped up and of a lick, Ronald had rubbed his cheek against it. Bespattered on Tim's face, scandalized by zealousness, they had been inhaled in by its influence. An offering, it had come from under the heels of Ronald's delusions

with Beelzebub.

"Sing me a sing-a-long song." Ronald had commanded it of Tim. Fragile, not scathed by any destiny, scintillating of its gullibility, Ronald's pathological lies, they were dive bombing from this outer space. An inevitable reprehension, of an uninvited guest, Tim's thighs, they were lifted and into Ronald's intentions.

Fumbled grip, he had massaged Tim into a slattern neurosis. A savage serpent, it had been dejected from Tim's nirvana, yet he had pushed himself up even harder. Ronald was holding him. Guidance into its mouth, Tim had been devoid of his serum. Inflated with Ronald's veritable vice, Tim's bird song, it was spiraling to the ground.

Feathers, they were of a Bald Eagle, as it had soared so high that it could only descend to chase another rabbit. A snake had subsumed into two, and it had isolated these variables. A chameleon, it had solved their equations, perpetuated - calculated. "Row, row, row your boat."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cosmological dreams, its voices, shadows of history, Ronald had made his mark chronologically, for he had been gifted with an erection. Revealed, it was of this cosmological architecture. A multiplicity of lines, they were stacked and nested as itself. Floundering, after toiling in vain, Ronald had crushed a grip on them, for he had Tim by his testicles.

Quashing against Tim with his body, Ronald had become a rigid block. Dead weight - concrete, it had not been of any brick nor of any mortar cement. Tim's life was over, as Ronald's right hand, it had engaged Tim's throat. Hand-peeled atomic shells, they were of those cold and metallic sheers. Offing, wet and blood-stained, their waned spirits, they were sucked out of themselves.

Ronald had been standing there. Gazing at the young chicks in their incubation chambers, occasionally petting at them with the tip of his fingers, it had gained access to Ronald's computer technology, so the chicks, they were flocking over to him.

Movements, butt-cheeks and fingers, Ronald had been seen acting that way with the birds. Conservatively dressed, handsome - hard and mature, he was begging for this little something between Juliana's legs. At a distance, Ronald had become her man. They were all talking to them, yet they had nothing to say.

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

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

She had majored in Animal Husbandry. Her father, after taking his last gulps of air, he had left Juliana as his beneficiary - a Life Insurance policy, so she had invested it in a Pomona Pet Store. Ronald had been a frequent customer, and he would buy into the smaller chicks. Juliana was of this never and or ever tell.

This Life Insurance Salesperson, Ronald was its why, of this anyone. The jump off the bridge, Juliana's mother would had met with the first and fastest moving semi, yet Sherry had collided with Julie instead. Ronald's quiet, personal sincerity, he had composed a romance with Juliana. Caught by this serial killer, Juliana had been this lonely hole. Laid of herself, it was for him.

Weakened, Juliana had brought herself there, for she was with him. The flirtatious chatter of a first nurture, its instead, it had no cuddly kitty. Bizarre intimacy with the destruction of her self-image, Juliana had been taken to Ronald.

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

It had opened Roy's grotto. Grave-digging eyes, they were pillared into the depths of Ronald's darkness. Roy was suspended, and his groin, it had been rived. Stoic desertion, it was of its once, an occupied moment. "You shot me"

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

"What the hell you do'em for?" Jerry's scream, it was for her brothers, as they had been brought into Ronald's felonious refuge.

"You're gonna be payin' for that!" Jerry had put her hand up her tight mini. Three fingers, they were of this deepness. Groping and stretched out, it would had been better suited for an African tribe's woman - encyclopedia. Basket on a head, she had been luxuriated with this thick flesh. "You see where to get it?"

The muscles on Jerry's thighs, they were erect. Contractions, of her patronizing postures, her legs had been opened. A volition of this Satanic prophesy, Juliana's hips, they were fluid. Vulgar seduction of this slimy toilet, it was fermenting from Juliana's wild imagining. Seething in its cesspool, of humankind's soullessness, it was from Juliana's nicotine and booze. "Whoa, baby!"

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

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

"Maybe it was a friend of yours?" Tom had hit on Emilia with an insistence. Tinged, of Emilia's nerves, Ryan went deaf, dumb and mute. There was no frosting on a store-bought cake, and its entree, it was left on her blank face.

Bleeding, of a profuse spot on her panties, an untimely menstruation, it had vexed her. No spirit sustenance, no confidence, billowing fumes, they were leaking of this synthetic ammonia, and it had been testing Tom's lungs.

"She's smart enough to know who she's been with." Tom could had yelled it for Ryan. Rotten eggs, they had been lying on Ronald's kitchen floor. Tim's blood vessels, they were swelled with these

spastic tremors. Weeping pernicious poignancy, a ghost, it was of their short-sided fates.

A trophy had traveled from victor to victim, and there had been one that had known and the other that had dared not. The urban doctor had clamored for wealth, yet there were these dreams of this quietude.

"It be damned." A cautious quip, it had come from the Ranger, for he had just closed the back of this four-wheel-drive truck. The dead wolf, it was of these coal olives, for its eyes, they had been polished of its rigor mortis. Built into this Cognitive Cyberspace Robot, it was designed by an architect.

Jack had shoved the rest of the cupcake into his fat face. An outlander, it was hidden in the stench of this dead wolf. "Got a dead stink already." Jack's stomach, it had hung well past his belt, so an obese planting of his sloth, it had originated from his boyhood.

Paranoid, he had spat on his food. An unkempt delusion - discouraging this varmint that might had been snacking off his obsessions, Jack Baily was a sixty-year old mountain Ranger. Slow on checking for fishing and hunting licenses, he was hasty for a break, bite and or a bark at something and or the other, as he had to maintain some semblance of status for himself.

Whiffing his stools, Jack's intelligence, it was comparable to the country police in his vicinities. Eating the same, they were all prone to order from a picture-filled menu.

Grunts and or of their stares, Doug was not far of age behind Jack. Even though the child's neck had been torn in this cave, it was purported to of had been from this particular wolf. Preposterous, it had been blowing their minds. The information transfer, it had eaten of human flesh. No way, it had not happened, only in Hollywood, yet Doug had gotten to pull his thirty-thirty off the wall.

Doug could had chewed on its brains, as they were full of this and or of that shop talk. Satisfied, everybody else could had gone back to masturbating into a melancholy.

Den was of an old Los Angeles shoe with a Chicago mentality. He had salt and pepper hair, and it was frosted on a strong frame. Gleamed pride, accomplishments, as an African American, he had held his tongue in its cheek. In an overly starched uniform, Den would pull his sleeves down, so his shoulders, they would sink into it.

Tightening on his back, his wife, Althea, she had them tailored to his widely built upper torso. Brute determination, their bed, it had been bouncing off their floor. "Where's she now?"

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

Tom had answered Den's question. Wham! The impact of Den's hand, it had been slapped on his desk. Literally making Ryan reach for his pea-shooter. Playing this fantasy out, an elite few in an online community, an inside perspective, Ronald had been providing them with their delusions of his grandeur.

Denials as afterthoughts of them, their company, it had been these whores, drug dealers - gangsters and along with the rest, degenerates. Dragging them down into its gaming system as its flunky employees, it had been leading Tom and Den into this nowhere. Clogged without a wheel of fortune, un-perfect with a fat-faced twenty-three-year-old Cybercafe waitress, of a corrupt, macho cop and a hard-hearted FBI agent, Den was insistent. "You'll bring her down? Is that it?"

Den's hands, they were resting on his hips - now a foot and about this police business. "She's gone. She's goin' down." Tom had replied - an again. Glanced, Ryan had shrugged Tom off, yet Den had badgered Tom all the more. "You didn't chase her? Couldn't you had shot her then?"

Emilia wasn't clued into its good and or bad news. "Screw yourselves!" Resounding deep into the core of an awakening, Emilia had been reaching outward. Demanding her space, of an

even there, Tom had taken notice, as he had seen the resemblance. Memory and of the finely jagged scratches, they were a baste upon him, and its bantam's lice, they were filled with its stray cats.

Without any fish - of a scraping on this ground, a chicken had been pecking for corn, as its horn of plenty, there, something had been thrown. Lobbed into idiots, they had been eating it with their foul mouths. Found in an outhouse that was frequented by its relatives, of its construction, it was swimming into this cesspool, as bizarre gasses, they were thriving on this human-kind system.

An Oedipus force, it had been snarling of this horror. There was this back, and it had been curved into an extraterrestrial eye. Sorcery, it was of itself. Spiting mankind, of its evil beam, it had been for Tom. Knavery-pawed, this spirit, it had been poked into him.

Cornered, this calico cat, its hiss and gnashed teeth, they were of a monomania, and its monophonic yearning for Tom, it had gone into this sordid and empty futility. There had been this no surrender. Glaring at Tom, it had gone into and through him.

Watching them, Ryan had shouted. "By the neck! Grab it by the back of the neck!" Fearing that Tom might had retreated, this calico, it had been holing itself up behind a toilet. Yellowed with urine, of that murkiness - old folk's diarrhea, it had been hardened and caked in from its repetitions. Successive exposure from humidity, it had been brought about by their bathtub and shower.

Splatter, it was of its rank quagmire, for slime, it had been darkening in and of its bottom. Rising grayness, of its haze, it had been fading into these solidified soap bubbles. Stubborn fermentations, they were of these biochemical representations. Uncompromising, a gangster's malignancy, it had been of uncontrollable, liquor-drenched, pot-choked and crack deprived - horny, aroused demon studs.

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

Noosphere. Tom had fought back with an everything, for there had not been a second guess. No possibility of any innocence, Tom had shot first.

Gaming as the SIS, Tom was a known. He had hunted and was feared, for the one that was bleeding and full of holes - hard and brutal, it would always come down to the first-person-shot - the kill.

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

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

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

"Fall back and spring dis!" Cantankerous, a self-reliant compulsion, Emilia's petite body, an abhorrence, it had been of its without.

"Wrong, wrong. She's gettin' it wrong." Ryan had made himself of a notice to Tom, as inflamed scratches, they were etched on the top of Tom's right hand. "We'll be gettin' it right later."

Tom had countered, so Ryan had smirked of a tempered delivery. Tirade restrained, a chuckle, cliché quipped, it was of their biting snaps. "Keep the cat out of this game when we're dealin' with her." Tom had added impetus, so Ryan had held up his hand, of a backing behavior. Tom had stared Ryan down - a sudden. An index finger, it had been brought back - binary, for there had been this pull of its VR trigger." First person shoots."

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

"Shooting ain't a game." Tom had interjected, for he had been caught by Ryan's deviousness. "Do you want me to fire it for you?" Tom had delayed his answer. Jabbed, his eyes had widened at Ryan, of a statement - an unintelligent look. "I'll be blastin' her. You'll see." Tom had rested his case. Scorched into his renegade, they were of this pedigree.

"You just can't handle the pussy." Ryan had defined Tom's possibilities, for the recent senior murders, not immune, of Ronald's infection, it had reached these outlandish proportions.

Contagiousness in its continuous rage, her skull, it had been cracked. A narcissistic narcosis, it had come from his heroin. Spine-tingling mushrooms, they were of a live wire. An enraged fetish, from his soles, they were ejaculating out of his pit-fallen eyes, as their faces, they had been of these obscure memories.

Dragged from this erudite serial killer, it had been imbued with an evil genius. A fiend song, they were singing of these solemn marches. A coconut, it had fallen. Its drop, it had been of its forty feet. On its solid ground, of that cement - impact immovable, concussion indelible, Ronald's passion, it had been uncontrollable.

Raising the four-foot long, dirty and blood-stained two-by-four, smudged with old and new blood, Ronald had defied his existence. Pulverizing power, this room, it was filled with their ailing whispers, for they had come in as its phantoms. Darkened, their leaps, they were from its underworld. "Ach ah la sum ma!"

Ronald's voice, it had crackled of a devilish incantation. Arriving at this seedy hotel in LA, Jerry had lost all inhibition. Not called upon, she wasn't of its any reasonable acknowledgment, for he had just blown two of her brothers away. Illness, it had consumed her very bones, so they had started to bend. Drugs, their rather, they were of her system breakage. Impregnated with a delirium, an archfiend, it had soothed the

fiery pain of Jerry's restless vacuity, for she had nothing in her mouth, other than it.

Its blood, it had been filling the space that had been between Jerry's eyes, and she had been relishing its every real-time moment. Ronald's ejaculations, they had been caressing Jerry's sore cerebrum, of those breasts. "Ek sun nah nu chaw ma law."

Concentrated sorcery, Ronald had become its servant, and Jerry had reaped of its whatever teardrops. Gouged out, they were of this riveting penance. Its sharp edge, it had come from the top of Jerry's forehead, of its middle - summit. Paining her, its end, it was of its something before, and it had come again. Rounding its slope, it was at and of its back.

Avalanches of blood, it had gushed over her face. Ashes, they were of its glow. Done nothing, said nothing, it had meant nothing. Ronald's bad blood, a psychotic pool of a tributary pith, it had been seeped into this sogginess. Percolating of an encroachment on the drab white sheets, Jerry's torrid drips, they had become of this sticky marsh, and it had submerged her into a puddle, of her blood-drowned breasts.

Leaves of seed, she had been outstretched as this unholy flower. A refraction, Jerry was of this centipede. Connecting her, it was of an embellished plasma, for Jerry's breath as his whore, its horror had escaped her. Rites, its delicate depletion, it was of an evacuation of her. "Sah mah haw tah!"

Evoking itself out of Jerry's childish whimpering, it had opened a wanton dissidence, as an outlandish ethereal wail, beckoning for a raunchiness, disheartened ghosts, they were of its nether world. Fluctuations and vaporous vicissitudes, they had been of Ronald's viciousness. An acidity river, it was moiling from Ronald's disgusting eruptions.

Obituary meaningfulness, its heaving spasms, they were of his hellish fluid blisters. Convulsing on his steaming face, it had twisted his neck. Contorting arms, they had been bursting, busting boils, and these frenetic shadows, they were of those cries. Cold blood, it had been hazed in as a synthetic synthesis of it. Made in this darkness, the bed, it had been bouncing in and of its slowness, and the lights, they were scintillating of

its divisions. "So las shun non nee moe!"

There had been no grace, as this ghastly fiend, it was of Ronald's voice. Speaking in tongues, he was hideous and deranged with proud flesh and pus. Leaking from his demented sockets, wrinkled and of this purplish-red face, it had been bubbling on his facial contortions. Popping its blood, of these heated sores, Ronald's hands, they had shoved his fingers into their long spears.

A spider grip on the two-by-four, Ronald had raised it above his misshapen head. Blowing brains, they had been burning with its blisters, as Ronald had been bursting with these stew geysers. Vapor, it was of its every part. Ronald's gruesome body, he had crushed Jerry's head with the two-by-four.

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

Emilia had let out a hopeless and violent scream. Whirling and spitting at them, shirking, they had their cellular phones out for their 911 calls. "Huh! What are you doing to me?"

Rage, it had ripened into her. From its past, Emilia's spittle, it had been spewed from above her kinky and torn disarrangement, as something, it had invaded her. Eluded, of Emilia's insanity, it had rushed up on her. Out of everything and everyone, there was a lying bastard, and it was the father of this son-of-a-bitch.

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

imprisoning them.

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

An outlander, it was interfering as an economic software, so data management, it was of its pros and cons, of its face to face and or of its blow to blows. It was about 4:00 PM on a Monday, and Tom and Ryan, they should had their body. Emilia's sudden move, of no orchestrated end - fugitive, Tom had wanted to settle his injured pride. He could restore himself, shoot her. Den's aspirations about Tom, it had sustained him in the game. "What was it between you two?"

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

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

"Get your butt back in here!" Tom's nine-millimeter, it was stretched out. Even at Emilia's head, his left palm, it was resting under his right hand - of his first-person-shooter, gun-handled.

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

"No way! No way! No frickin' way!" Emilia had let herself out of her head - a suicidal state. She could had been pistol whipped and gun-raped, as she was without and or within as it.