

**Victim City Stories**  
**Issue 1**  
**written by Dale Hammond**  
**Published by VC Storyhouse**

### **The Chains That Bind, The Skull That Bleeds**

They thought they could trade in flesh and broken wills. They thought the women of Victim City were theirs for the taking. They thought there would be no consequences. They didn't know they were being watched. They didn't know there was a man who would stop at nothing to break their chains. They didn't know about the Bleeding Skull.

### **Beer Bong Bloodbath**

Hearts are broken, bodies used, and desires fulfilled that are so shameful they demand the privacy of the unsold lake house on the edge of Victim City.

They didn't think they would have to live with the regret.

They were right.

### **Violation: Red Holes**

Will the killer become the target, or does Death herself fear George Murdam, the Murder Man?

## **The Chains That Bind, The Skull That Bleeds**

By Dale Hammond

“You’ve been taking all your meds?”

“Yes, Miss Holly. Except for the Devratote. The headaches aren’t so bad, so I got taken off that.”

“Well, that’s some good news. I heard you did some volunteering at Services for the Blind. Is that for community service, or...”

“No, no. Just had some time on my hands, figured I could make some use of it,” he told his social worker. He didn’t tell her he was picking up orientation and mobility techniques.

“Have you thought about starting in a work training program, maybe looking towards getting a part-time job?” asked Miss Holly.

He stared at his hands on his lap. “The, the volunteering I can do for an hour or two, and not every day, before I start getting too, you know, out of it.”

“Of course. I don’t want you to think anybody’s rushing you. You can’t rush healing. But you are looking better, especially without those cuts and bruises on your face. I take it you’re keeping yourself safer than you had been.”

He made the mistake in the past of trying to cover up a black eye with makeup, something he wasn’t particularly suited at, certainly not enough to hide it from a woman’s eye. “Yeah, yeah I’ve been safe.”

“Good to hear it. Is there anything you wanted to talk about while I’m here?”

“No, ma’am. I’m good.”

“I’ll be on my way then.” Miss Holly gathered her bag and stood up. “Since you might have some time on your hands, would you be able to help me with something, Dean?”

“Always.”

Miss Holly pulled a small stack of papers out of her bag. Photocopied missing person fliers with a young woman on them. “My sister’s friend hasn’t come home in a few days. With this new thing the Police Commissioner is... well, anyway, would you be able to put up some fliers?”

“Anything to help.”

“Thanks. I’m not sure when my next visit with you will be. They’re doing some stuff with the caseloads and, well, not your problem. Thanks again, Dean.”

“Thank you, Miss Holly.” Dean saw her out of the one bedroom apartment.

Dean knew what his social worker was referring to regarding the Police Commissioner. Commissioner Foley had quietly dissolved the Missing Persons Unit of the VC Police Department, citing budgetary restraints and jurisdictional issues. “The purpose of a Police Department is to enforce the law,” he had said in press statement. “If the citizens of Victors Crossing want to report a kidnapping or a murder, these are crimes we can investigate. But it is not illegal

to be missing. If a grown man or woman isn't where their loved ones want them to be, it is not a matter for the police."

He looked at the flyers. Miss Holly had only given him a small stack, probably more to give him a sense of purpose than to actually be of help. She knew that he didn't like having his house, food, and medical bills paid for by social services, and that he wanted to do something to earn his way. As Dean Mason he could help putting up fliers.

As the Bleeding Skull, maybe he could do more.

His disability card got him a bus ride to VC University. He tacked up the flyers on various bulletin boards across campus, then took advantage of the area's many wifi hotspots to do some research on his netbook. He found some shade in a small park and began working.

From the flyer, her name is Alana Favors. She is nineteen years old. Last seen five days before. He knew that it was probably too late and that she was dead, but he was going to operate under the assumption she was alive. Her loved ones were surely doing the same.

He started with social networking sites. One of the pages had been taken over by a parent or friend, and directed her friends toward the efforts to find her. A website was put up, and several of her friends and family had posted what information they had. He learned she was a student at the community college, and that she was last seen after leaving an anime club get together on campus. Her roommate said she never made it home. Dean scanned old comments and posts, looking for a love interest. A couple of mildly creepy comments proved to be a cousin, but Alana did not appear to be in a relationship, occasionally lamenting the fact in her posts. Her last post was "I guess I'll give it one more try. Wish me luck!"

If she had left town voluntarily, she did so without a goodbye or change of clothes. Without a relationship or known stalker, the abductor was either a stranger or had a low profile. Aside from the odd movie, the only regular social event Alana attended was the anime club at VC Community College. The next meeting was in two days, a week after her disappearance.

Dean spent the rest of the afternoon over the various social networks, learning everything he could about anyone associated with Alana Favors or the anime club. Some of the members had restrictive privacy settings. Dean had a series of false profiles on many networks and message boards, many of them with pictures of sociable young women, which usually helped him gain access. He found pictures of events and studied the faces.

He looked up a satellite view of the VC Community College campus. Between the hall that housed the meeting and her dorm there were no public streets. The meeting adjourned at 9 PM, early enough for some light foot traffic around campus. A snatch off the streets was looking unlikely. But who could say she went straight home.

Dean was lost in thought, and missed his bus stop on the way home by several stops. On the walk back, the faces he had examined got mixed together. Some were guilty, some were hiding something, some were asking for help. He made it back to the apartment and tried to clear the faces from his head.

The next morning before dawn, Dean got up and began his training. Using the wifi of a neighbor who hadn't figured out how to set a password on their router, he quickly looked up the faces of Alana's friends and the members of the anime club. He looked up the VC Sheriff's Department website and reviewed the mug shots from the previous night's arrest. Dean was not naturally good with faces. So he tried harder.

He warmed up with some simple katas and shadow boxing. Elbows, fists, knees, feet, all striking the air in the middle of his apartment. Knuckle press ups and crunches.

The apartment complex was backed by a tree line, some undeveloped land, and one of VC's many abandoned construction sites. Dean slipped out the back window of his apartment, opening it just enough for his slender frame to slip through. He hopped the back fence and ran through the trees, trying a different route so as not to create a trail. He was getting better at avoiding the branches lashing at him as he ran in the dim morning light.

The construction site was abandoned, the builders bankrupt to the point they couldn't hire security. Some occupied bedrolls lined just inside the fence. Dean ran deeper into the construction for some privacy. Today was weight training.

For weights he used cinder blocks and rebar, and his routine was for strength rather than show. Deadlifts, squats, pushups with cinder blocks on his back. Between sets he ran through the mug shots in his head:

Erick Rudniki, Burglary

Jeffrey Crossley, Aggravated Assault

Marquis Johnson, Evading Arrest, Northside Murder Syndicate tattoo

Dean jumped up, grabbed the end of an exposed I-beam, and did a set of chin-ups and muscle-ups, reviewing the anime club members: Cody Carston, Tina Saddler, the faces of two men and one woman he didn't have a name for.

He jumped to a vertical I-beam and shimmied up to the next floor, jumped back down to the concrete below, practicing his tuck and roll. He finished with a jog out of the site into an adjacent park. The faces began to blur together, so he kept running and cleared his mind, concentrating only on his breathing. When he stopped, he was a mile away from where he thought he was. He jogged back to the apartment and reviewed the pictures again, quizzing himself, matching names to faces.

Dean geared up as a college student: VCU t-shirt and backpack. He didn't risk attending the anime club directly. He set himself up on a bench near the main entrance of Welsh Hall, netbook on his lap, looking studious. He checked faces as the club members filtered in, checking them off against a file of group photos, while pretending to study. Looking for known members that did not attend.

He narrowed the field to a dozen regular attendees. He excluded the women for now. He checked for posts from the men:

"Can't make this one, test coming up."

Jonathan Wexler is at VC Wing Stop.

"Sry Savior Dragon Twilight is gay."

Dillon Dawley is attending Mu Theta Pi Playbro Ball.

Dawley had some of his accounts set at private, but a request Dean had made from the account of "Tayshalicious" had been accepted. No mention of the anime club on his accounts, but he had been tagged in group pictures, and had left comments about the club on other members profiles, including a "I'm all over that shit" referring to the last meeting. Dawley had been editing all the accounts he could, removing any reference to the anime club. There was the possibility grief was a factor, but the grieving don't go to frat parties. And neither do anime club members.

There was no other reference to Mu Theta Pi on his profile, and he didn't appear to be a member. Either he intended on crashing, or he was a guest. Either way, the Bleeding Skull wanted to know why. He was going to crash a frat party.

In the Welsh Hall bathroom he took off the VCU shirt, revealing the black wife beater below. He pulled his hoodie from the backpack and loaded his pockets with some of the smaller gear. The netbook went in the backpack, and the backpack got stashed in a trashcan a block from Mu Theta Pi house. Dean waited until the party was in full swing, judging by the holler and whooping. He would have a problem passing for a fraternity brother, but drug dealer he could manage. And drug dealers were always welcome.

He pulled the hoodie up and walked to the front door, cell phone in hand. A particular beefy frat held a hand up to his chest as he came inside. "Private party, bro."

"Got a text," Dean winked casually

"Who from?"

"Jay," Dean guessed. If there wasn't a Jay, he could pass it off for John or Joe, but the frat at the door looked like he stopped caring and nodded him in.

He weaved through the crowd of drunks until he found Dawley, waiting his turn to play Guitar Hero at a TV. Dean grabbed a beer and positioned himself near a trio of girls. He had his back to Dawley but made sure he was within earshot. Dean didn't want Dawley recognizing him if they crossed paths again.

"Oh, man, you hear?" Dean started, matching his volume and obnoxiousness to the crowd. "They found that girl!"

One of the girls took the bite. "Which one?"

"That girl. The one that was missing. They finally found her."

"Is she OK?"

"The police are working on it now." Dean hedged his bets on whether she was alive or not. Either way, Dawley bolted. Dean turned to see him and another man head to the front door. Dean tore away from the girls and headed out the back door.

He rushed around a keg line and came back around the front through a side gate. Dawley and the other man were rushing down the street, arguing in hushed tones Dean couldn't quite make out. Dean ran at a crouch behind cars on the other side of the street. The two got in a jeep two blocks from the frat house. Dean darted across the street as it pulled out of the spot. He crossed behind the jeep as it sped up, tossing a small metal box that stuck to the bumper. A GPS tracking device with a magnet on the frame. The placement wasn't good, but he hoped he'd only need it for the night.

Dean ran to the trashcan where he had stashed his backpack and retrieved his netbook. The GPS could be tracked via the manufacturer's website, through an account Dean had opened under a false name with a prepaid debit card. They advertised it as being real time, but the location was only updated every fifteen minutes.

Dean called a cab and ran five blocks to a coffee shop to meet it. By the time the cab arrived, Dean had tracked the jeep to a freeway headed to the suburbs.

"Where to?"

"Wilson Heights. I'm waiting for my friend to text me directions from there."

"All right, but the meter's running."



On the move, Dean kept hitting refresh on his browser. The tracker was moving into the outskirts of Wilson Heights, where graveyards of half-built developments stood empty or unfinished. He lost his wifi connection and couldn't find another open one. He had the driver drop him off at an apartment block nearest the last location he had and paid him with most of the rest of his cash. He would need to find a different way home.

At the apartments, he ducked between two cars and tried again for a wifi connection. There were several at the apartments, and he tried passwords like 12345 and admin, or the same as the network name. He got in with cutekitty92 and checked the GPS. It was at the far end of an empty development, down a short unnamed dead-end road a half mile away. Dean took in the map for a solid minute, memorizing the street layout and various routes.

Dean jogged the distance, on the lookout for car headlights. He cut from the sidewalk to a backyard when a pair of lights started to turn towards him several blocks ahead. He couldn't tell if it was the jeep. The development was sparsely populated. Sun-worn "For Sale" signs littered the front yards. The outskirts of VC were littered with such developments, built during the real estate bubble, and left languishing after the housing market collapsed and the developers went bankrupt.

As he came up to his destination, he cut through an overgrown field instead of approaching by the street. The house was a small two-story. Overgrown lawn, no yard furniture aside from a single chair by the back door. The paint still looked okay. Like its neighbors, Dean guessed it was never sold or rented. No vehicle in the driveway, but a couple of interior lights were on. The jeep likely double backed while he ran through backyards.

Bleeding Skull pulled a thin surgical mask from his jean cuffs and slipped it over his face. The hood came up. He slipped through the backyard and checked the windows. No sound, no movement. Inside there was little furniture. A couple of cheap chairs in the living room, a TV on a crate on the floor. No kitchen fixtures, some pizza boxes and bags of chips.

The back door was unlocked. Bleeding Skull turned the knob silently and slipped into the kitchen. He crept with practiced silence through the bottom level. Nobody there. A few DVDs by the TV, a game console, empty cigarette packets, a bong. He crept up the carpeted stairs to check the upstairs rooms. Only one door was closed. He stuck his head into the open doors first. No furnishings aside from a couple sleeping bags and air mattresses. He approached the closed door and lowered himself to the floor. He held his breath and listened. Some sniffing, a little gulping. Bleeding Skull cracked his neck, ready for movement. He turned the knob silently and opened it into the room.

The sounds came from the far corner. Soft gasping. Crying. And some buzzing. Bleeding Skull's eyes grew accustomed to the dark, and from the light creeping around the window blinds, he made out a shape quivering in the corner. He stood straight and felt the wall for a light switch.

He saw the girl first. Naked in the corner, on her knees, a chain coming a hole in the wall to a metal loop around her neck. Her hands were in front, in prayer possession. She didn't react much to the light. Bleeding Skull quickly

took in the room. An air mattress on the floor with a single sheet. Some condoms and wrappers. Torn stockings, tubes of lubrication, beer cans, whiskey bottles. Stains on the carpet, though at least not blood, he thought.

Bleeding Skull grabbed up the sheet and approached the girl. She curled in a bit but kept her pose. "I said I was sorry," she yelled through her tears, an edge in her voice. "I don't have a fucking bathroom, what do you expect me to do?" Bleeding Skull came up to her and laid the sheet over her back. It was then that he noticed that she was in a prayer position over some feces. The buzzing was flies.

The girl flinched when the sheet came over her. Bleeding Skull made an effort not to touch her. "I'm not one of them. I'm getting you out of here. You're going home."

She turned her head, but recoiled when she saw the mask and hood.

"What the fuck are you supposed to be?"

She was not Alana Favors. "Someone who doesn't like to see a woman in chains. Let's get you out of here." She had police style handcuffs on her wrists. She pulled the sheet closed in her front as Bleeding Skull led her away from the corner into the middle of the room. "Relax, I'm not going to hurt you," he said, as he undid his belt. The girl became alarmed, until Bleeding Skull pulled the belt up and used the prong to pick the cuffs. He put his belt back on and examined the neck shackles. It was attached to a thick chain by a padlock. The chain led to a hole punched in the wall, and locked again in a loop around a thick supporting beam. "Do you know where the keys are?"

The girl sniffled and had problems catching her breath. "I don't know. They don't take it off."

"We'll figure it out. Do you have clothes here?"

"Yeah. I think they're in the closet."

Bleeding Skull went to a walk-in closet. There were some clothes, a purse, and a selection of lingerie on the floor. He scooped it all up and laid it in front of the girl. "Here, get dressed. I'll find the key and get you out of here."

She started sorting through the pile of clothes on the floor. "OK, OK, just hurry. They were just here, and I think they were just going to get some beer. I think they're coming back."

Bleeding Skull went into the adjoining bathroom and rummaged through the drawers. Some toilet paper, condom boxes, no keys. He started downstairs to check for tools in the garage when headlights shone through the front windows.

Bleeding Skull slipped down the stairs silently and backed up to the end of the living room. He started running when he heard the key in the door. It was ajar about a foot when he slammed into it with a flying shoulder tackle. He heard skull bounce off wood. Bleeding Skull snapped to his feet, cut off the porch lights, and swung open the door. There were three shapes on the dark porch. He kicked the middle one in the chest, knocking him back over the stairs and spilling the other two like bowling pins.

The one on the right got a snap kick to the groin. He doubled over, and Bleeding Skull wrapped his forearm around his throat in a headlock. Bleeding Skull kicked his feet forward and the two fell backwards, driving the top of the

man's skull against the door frame.

The one on the left made a blind punch in his direction. Bleeding Skull side stepped it, caught the arm, and locked in his shoulder. His knee came up into his solar plexus, then met his face. As he fell, Bleeding Skull swung him through the open doorway.

The one on the right started to stand. Bleeding Skull slammed an elbow into the back of his head, smacking his face against the door jamb again. Bleeding Skull grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled him into the house as well.

The last one still lied on his back in the front yard. Bleeding Skull's eyes had adjusted to the dark. This one was Dawley. His legs slid around beneath him, and he didn't look like he could exhale. Bleeding Skull left him for a minute and came back to the two inside the house.

He recognized one as Dawley's companion from the frat house, still conscious, but looking like he couldn't see. Bleeding Skull yanked a handful of cables from behind the TV set, pushed the man to the floor, and tied his hands behind his back. "Don't get up," he hissed.

Bleeding Skull turned his attention to the other man. College aged like the others. A comic book t-shirt and belly. He was starting to cry. Bleeding Skull grabbed some more power cords and turned him over. "Don't, don't," he gasped.

"Shut up and don't move." Bleeding Skull quickly bound his wrists and turned his attention back outside. Dawley was at his feet, but stumbling. His face had more anger and less fear than his friends.

"You from another clan?" he sneered between snatched breaths.

Bleeding Skull played along. "I'm here for the girl."

Dawley stood up straight, a fire lighting in his eyes. "Get your own brood sow! You want mine, you challenge me for it, coward!"

Something more is going on. Dawley sized him up. No glasses, no squinting, but telltale marks on the bridge of his nose. An Affliction knock off shirt and new designer jeans but a cheap haircut. Some muscles at the bicep but skinny legs. An outcast in high school, trying to get with the cool kids in college. Just started lifting weights and thinks he's tougher than he is. Bleeding Skull would have chalked him up as harmless if he didn't keep women chained up.

He would play his game for now. "Consider yourself challenged."

Dawley started "I'll name the..."

"Right now, you fat fuck," Bleeding Skull taunted. He cocked his head to the side, put his hands behind his back.

The fire in Dawley's eyes flared. "I'm not fat!" He telegraphed a right hook. Bleeding Skull leaned out of its way without trying. He didn't like fair fights. He wasn't very good at them. But he hoped a sound humiliation would dowse that fire and get Dawley in the mood to answer some questions. Dawley turned and swung again before he was even in range. Bleeding Skull giggled softly. "I will vanquish your faggot ass!" Dawley screamed, his voice cracking. He tried a front kick.

Bleeding Skull decided it was time to take control again. He grabbed the ankle and twisted, while kicking Dawley's other leg out from under him. He fell on his face, and before he could get up Bleeding Skull had his ankle trapped in

the crook of his knee. He bent it up behind his back. Dawley felt the pull in his leg as an elbow crooked at his head and pulled his neck back. Pain popped around his stomach, knees, ankle, and neck.

"I submit," he managed, flailing his arms.

"The keys," Bleeding Skull hissed. Dawley pulled a single padlock key from his pocket. Bleeding Skull didn't have anything to tie him up with. Fucking shame. He stood up and football kicked Dawley in the jaw.

Bleeding Skull started back up the porch, running when he heard a voice. The companion from the frat house was talking into a phone lying on the floor, arms still tied behind him. Must have been in his back pocket. Bleeding Skull snatched it up and turned it off.

"The rest of us are coming," he taunted. "It was stupid for you to come alone."

Bleeding Skull took a USB stick from his pocket and stuck it in the phone. He took his captive's car keys, pulled out his wallet, and memorized his name: Michael Bailey. He checked the other man's pockets. The software wouldn't work on this one's smart phone. The name on his debit card: Cody Bianca.

Bleeding Skull retrieved the USB stick and tossed the phone to other side of the room. He had no time for questions, and he wasn't willing to bet this woman's life that the police would get there before whoever was on their way. He ran up the stairs and knocked on the open door in case she wasn't ready.

"We have to go. More are coming," he said, showing her the key. She started to kneel, then stopped herself and just turned to allow Bleeding Skull access to the lock. The padlock and shackle slipped off.

The woman grabbed a handful of chain and struck Bleeding Skull across the forehead. She ran out the door, high heels in one hand, purse in the other. He shook it off and went downstairs. He wasn't going to chase her. She had every right to run.

Downstairs she was kneeling over Bianca, smacking him in the face with a sharp heel. "Where's my phone, mother fucker!" She saw Bleeding Skull descend the stairs. She pointed a heel at him. "Get the fuck away from me!"

Bleeding Skull held his hands up in submission and stopped. "Tell the lady where her phone is," he suggested to Bianca.

"We threw it in the river," he blubbered, tears mixing with rivulets of blood from his forehead. She stood up and gave him a quick kick in the midsection before rushing out the front door. Bleeding Skull followed her outside at a respectful distance.

She looked around the front lawn, deciding her next move. Bleeding Skull pulled out Bailey's car keys and pushed the remote to unlock the door. The jeep's flashing lights in the driveway got her attention. "It would probably be better to drive." She turned and glared at him. He tossed her the keys. She caught them and stood for a moment, weighing her options. "I wouldn't blame me if you wanted to leave alone, but seeing as how the rest of them are coming to kick my ass for what I did to their friends, I could really use a ride." Bleeding Skull's voice softened as he talked to the woman.

“What’s with the fucking mask?”

“What I’m doing isn’t exactly legal. I’m on my fifth felony tonight, by my count.”

She nodded to herself, then tossed the keys back. “Better if you drive, I’m kind of fucked up.”

Bleeding Skull caught them and tossed them back. “Better if you drive. I’m still a little dizzy,” he said, pointing to his forehead.

She took the driver’s side. Bleeding Skull pulled his magnet mounted GPS device off the back bumper and popped it in a more discrete place under the car before getting into the back seat.

“Sorry, I thought you were one of them, and you were fighting over me.” She started the jeep. “How do we get out of here?” Bleeding Skull directed her away from the freeway to a back road behind the development to avoid crossing paths with anyone on the way out that may recognize the vehicle. He produced an old flip phone and dialed 911. He reported screaming and gunshots at the house, then hung up. Bleeding Skull doubted that the police would be able to make any arrests without the women’s cooperation, but he wanted to cause some trouble. The chains might open an investigation on the police’s end, or at least generate an incident report that he could get some names out of.

“So if you’re not with them, and you’re not with the cops... what’s the fucking deal with the mask, dude?”

“May I know your name,” he asked gently, going through the items in the back of the jeep. He focused on a laptop.

“Sintalia.” Her stripper name, which matches the heels and surely fed her abusers disrespect. “What’s yours?”

“The Bleeding Skull.” She snickered at that. “And when the police asked who broke into the house, let you loose, and kicked the asses of those three pieces of shit, what will you tell them?”

She giggled despite herself. “Some crazy fucker in a hoodie and skull mask. Fair enough. I’m just glad somebody was looking for me.”

“I’m sorry to say I wasn’t looking for you. There’s another girl. Alana Favors.”

“Fucking figures,” she mumbled under her breath. Then it came out. “I sat there and did everything they wanted me to, and all I could think about was who was going to help me, and I couldn’t think of anybody who would even know I needed them.”

Bleeding Skull opened the laptop and found that it was still turned on and logged in. He produced his USB stick and stuck it in a slot. “I’m sorry I didn’t know about you. Ms. Favors is a friend of a friend, and that’s why I knew about her. But I’m glad I found you, and I’m glad you’re out of there. Head over towards those houses.” Bleeding Skull was steering her back into a different development.

“I’m sorry I’m being such a bitch. It’s not like I don’t disappear for days anyway, I shouldn’t be surprised. I think I was only there for two or three days anyway. It just seemed like forever.”

“You’re not being a bitch, Sintalia. Nobody should go through what you must have gone through. Nobody has the right to do that to another person. I’m sorry

for what happened to you.”

Sintalia smiled and looked at Bleeding Skull through the rear view mirror. “Thanks. Thanks for that, crazy skull face, dude, whatever. Where are we going?”

They were moving closer to the freeway, houses and apartment block giving way to convenience and grocery stores. “That’s up to you. I don’t tell you what to do. The police or the hospital would be my suggestion, but that’s up to you.” He tore a page out of a comic book lying in the back seat and started writing with a sharpie from his bag. “Here is the address you were at, and the names of those three men.” He tore another page. “Here is an IM address. If you don’t want to go to the police, I can understand, but you may be able to help me. If you feel up to talking, message me. And if you’re not reporting it, I’d ditch the car if I were you.” He produced a digital voice recorder and felt around the plastic interior moulding for a suitable cavity.

She stopped at a red light. “Are you going to be able to get where you need to go?” Bleeding Skull asked.

She looked out the front window. “That sounds really deep the way you said that,” she sniffed. “But if you mean am I good to drive, yes. I can take you..”

The light turned green. “I’ll miss my bus. I hope to hear from you.” Dean Mason pulled his mask off as he got out of the car and stepped onto the sidewalk.

Dean meditated in lieu of sleep on the bus ride and three connections back to his apartment. He went over everything he knew while doing his exercises. It was too late to hit the construction yard safely, so he did them in his room. Hindu squats and handstand pushups.

His leads: three names, a rental property, a frat house, an anime club, and some odd statements. He kept his mind away from speculating. Get as many facts as you can, then start the guesswork. Dean dropped to near splits and stretched out his legs. Some future sources of intel: spyware on a cell phone and laptop, a voice activated recorder in the jeep, and Sintalia, if she contacts him.

Dean pulled a bag from behind his hot water heater in a utility closet. He closed his eyes and reached inside. The bag was filled with a variety of cell phones, most deactivated, that he acquired from a variety of sources. He practiced identifying the brand by the shape and feel of the phone, and tested his memory of how to navigate the menus quickly.

Unless Sintalia went to the police, it was unlikely that his earlier call would lead to an arrest. But it would turn up the heat. Heat makes the scared talk, and the stupid make mistakes. Sintalia was alive. Dean hoped the same for Alana Favors. He cursed himself for taking his two hours of practice and exercise, but if he skipped them every time there was a crisis he would be ill-prepared to face the next one.

He did make a shortcut and bathed while practicing holding his breath under water. He took his netbook and began researching on the bus ride to the library. The central library was near the courthouse, and not all records were to be found online.

He checked the booking logs for his three sparring partners from the night before. No such luck. He skimmed the rest of the night's mug shots and skimmed through their associated charges, but nothing related jumped out.

He did social media recon on the three. Dawley he was already familiar with. Michael Bailey was too common of a name, and he couldn't find any public accounts with his face on them. Cody Bianca had some presence. A freshman at VCU. Some "likes" for anime and comic books.

He moved on to the house from last night. Several real estate listings as For Sale. The taxes were paid by Lloyd Dawley, as were the taxes on several other houses and condos. Dean made a note of those locations for future reference.

Mu Theta Pi wasn't connected with the community college. Dawley could not have been pledging. Dean forced himself again to stop making connections. Facts first. He checked as much of their membership as he could from their website and connected social media. A search of the local news revealed a hazing scandal eight years previously, but those alumni should be long gone.

He got off the bus and entered the central library. A security guard went through his bag on the way in. Dean went straight to the fiction section and turned the paperback racks around until he found what he was looking for. He had never read these books before but the covers used to turn his head, especially during puberty. He found one: *The Slave Wenches of Dominus* by

Murray Walton. On the cover was a beautifully painted barbarian warrior in a loin cloth holding a chain. At the end of that chain, a woman in a metal bikini, kneeling, hands in prayer, a shackle around her neck.

“Gogan the strong, thou surely are the strongest of the warriors of Dominus. Thou shalt do whatever is thy will.”

“Silence, sow!” Gogan used the least of his strength as he introduced the sow to the back of his hand, lest his full force strike her as dead as the Lizardarians of the burning swamplands he so recently vanquished. “I need not your permission to have my pleasure, for I would take what I desire. Besides, I have a mind to put your mouth to better purposes.”

Dean flipped through the paperback, not able to read through the whole page. Sword fights, chains, lengthy descriptions of muscled warriors, and the strange words from last night liberally sprinkled through the pages. Clan. Sow. Vanquish.

Dean returned the paperback and settled at a table with his netbook for some internet research. Murray Walton wrote a series of fantasy novels beginning in the late 1960s set on the world Dominus. Clans of warriors fought for survival against the reptilian Lizardarians, and fought each other for breeding stock, as the Lizardarians had kidnapped most of the women for food. The Lizardarians’ had a taste for the fat and old, so only fit young women were safe. Early books had male domination as a subtext, but it began to dominate the plots of later books. An attempt by some of the woman to withhold sex for better treatment led to women being literally enslaved in chains, and in later books it was explained that women weren’t truly human, and started to be referred to as brood sows. By the 1980s the Lizardarians rarely made an appearance, and the series devolved into bondage pornography.

The series was cancelled in the mid 1980s, and Walton became famous in the publishing world for his angry letters to editors, claiming that weak men being dominated by women was the cause of his work not being published. The letters were reprinted in fanzines, and it became a running gag to read excerpts from his unpublished works at Sci-Fi conventions.

In the last decade, the series found a new life in the form of Endless Worlds of Fantasy, a massively multiplayer online role-playing game. The game’s concept was that any fantasy or science fiction character or franchise could be simulated on the same world. The crew of Star Trek could go on a mission with the hobbits from Lord of the Rings. Players began creating their characters based on the world of Dominus, as a joke at first. Clans would fight over “sows”, and the vanquished would send porn pictures to the winners. Some of the players would send actual pictures of their wives and girlfriends, and the practice came offline in the shape of the Ways of Dominus.

Dean read a blog writing about the “Cult of Dominus”, but as far as he could tell, there was no actual leadership or even organization. Players of Endless Worlds of Fantasy began wife swapping outside of the game, and this circle began attracting people interested in BDSM, mostly in rural areas. Swinger



parties were held, and friendly games of poker (or online duels on EWOFF) were held, the winner getting sexual favors from the sow of the vanquished.

He found one news report from Georgia in which a fight club was broken up by police that intersected with the Ways of Dominus, but that was the only instance of any illegal activity that he could find. The “sows” were consenting to their roles, though many of them were undoubtedly in abusive relationships. Nothing like Sintalia’s situation.

Dean moved on to YouTube. There was a phenomena of “challenge videos” posted by those that followed the Ways of Dominus. These preceded parties, and different clans would taunt their opponents, bragging about their might, and sometimes showing off their sows and how well trained they were. Dean plugged in some ear buds and found a seat against the wall so the rest of the library wasn’t disturbed.

A search of Dominus Victors Crossing or Dominus Victim City did not yield anything useful. He began slogging through challenge videos. Skinny shirtless men with peach fuzz moustaches holding bored toothless women at the end of chains. Some in double-wides, some in apartments, some in the woods. Dean clicked quickly through related videos looking for faces. Some wore masks, giving him the unpleasant task of listening through whole videos and trying to remember the voices from last night. He wasn’t good at voices.

It didn’t take long. A fat kid in a flame shirt and skull mask on his bedroom webcam, X-Men poster in the background.

“First of all, Rockarolla69, I’m not fat! This is pure muscle, sculpted in the burning swamps.” The kid flexed from the safety of inside his shirt. He looked at his computer screen below the webcam. “No! No! You’re the fag! You are!” His bedroom door starts to open. “Mom!”

The video stops. “Fat Ass Loser Responds” has well over a million hits. Little Dillon Dawley had gone viral. Several Fat Ass Loser related videos and remixes were reposted, but clearly Dawley had taken down his original posting profile. Dean suffered through the rest of the videos. Several recurring themes: he’s not fat, you’re the fag, not him, and he’s looking for a brood sow.

Fat Ass Loser was too broad a search term, but he managed to find the handle Dawley gave himself: Domicide. From there he searched Ways of Dominus message boards, where he found that Domicide was the stuff of legends. Several long posts told stories of him inviting himself to swinger parties, getting beaten up and thrown out, claiming to be twice his age on dating websites.

This was in Arkansas. Fits with the idea of Dawley reinventing himself in a new city. Would he move out of state for any community college, much less VC? Might have gotten in trouble living with mom, so dad sets him up in VC. Dad has some real estate that Dawley’s taking advantage of. Alana Favors may be in one of those other properties. Unless she’s dead and Sintalia was her replacement.

Dawley’s first reaction was that the Bleeding Skull was from another clan. Dawley had a clan of at least three. Were there more in the clan? Was there more than one clan involved? Dawley found a couple of BDSM want ads in VC, but no organized presence that he could find anywhere near that part of the

state. Dawley's reinventing himself. He's starting his own clan. How does an internet joke start a kidnap ring out of community college?

Dean cross references Endless Wars of Fantasy with Domicide. Here, Dawley was a bigger man. A muscled, skull masked warrior. One with the respect of other players, and head of one an elite clan in the game called DoMa\$teRz. More message board recon: user names of others in the clan. Domilicious, Domzilla23, F\_ur\_MOM, URHOMOFOSHO. Only one avatar picture had a regular picture, a cellphone camera shot in the bathroom mirror, a young shirtless man with the phone covering most of his face. A Mu Theta Pi baseball cap.

Old message board chatter:

Domicide: Those Dominus Dominion fags are going to get their asses vanquished. Fags think they can raid.

URHOMOFOSHO: foshizzle niggas lol

Domilicious: Master can vanquish any foe

Domicide: SILENCE SLAVE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SPOKT 2

Domilicious: Sorry, man

Domicide: DUDE STOP TYPING

Dean briefly considered some online undercover work. Developing a character and trying to join the clan. He decided it would be quicker finding Dawley and beating the intel out of his fat loser ass.

By early afternoon, Dawley had closed all of his social media accounts. Dean checked the website of his keylogger spy ware. The laptop hasn't been used since he installed it. Bailey's phone had some minor chatter, "sup bro", "were u @". Dean had Bianca pegged as the weak link. A check of the VCU student directory gave him his permanent address in Indiana, and his current address at Hopper Dorms on campus. In a few minutes, Dean had Cody Bianca's parents' name and phone number in Indiana.

He spent the rest of the afternoon riding the bus and checking out Lloyd Dawley's real estate listings. He cross referenced them against listings for sale or rent, and started with the ones in less developed areas. The first house had a car in the driveway and toys in the backyard. The second had an overgrown lawn and a couple of newspapers in the front lawn.

If someone called the cops, his story was that he was house hunting and wanted to check it out before calling the realtor. He circled the house, peering in all the windows. There were no blinds or curtains, and he got a good look at the inside of all the rooms, including the garage. No furniture, no basement, no place to chain Alana Favors.

The third property was also unoccupied, but some of the windows were covered. Dean knocked on the front door, and when nobody answered he went through a gate to the back yard. He checked windows until he found one unlocked. He slipped through and quickly ran from room to room. Again, no furnishings, no Alana Favors. He let himself out the back door and walked back to the bus stop.

Dean got to VCU campus around dusk. He stopped at a liquor store just outside campus. Hopper Dorms was a quadrangle building with a courtyard in the middle. Dean had changed into a VCU jersey, his hoodie stuffed in his backpack. He walked to the back of the dorms, by the loading docks for the cafeteria. When there was no foot traffic, he got a running start at the wall and shimmied up a drain pipe until he could grab on to an awning above the loading dock. He pulled himself up, then used a covered electrical junction box on the wall to step up to the cafeteria roof. He pulled himself onto the roof, which was a floor lower than roofs of the adjoining dormitories. He got to the other edge which lined the inner courtyard. Too many students milling around the trees and grass for him to drop down.

Bleeding Skull kept low and produced a small pair of binoculars and a cell phone. He had the landline number of Bianca's dorm room, and from that he found his roommate's name. He trained the binoculars on area he expected Bianca's room to be. Several open windows, but no faces that he could see.

He dialed the room number. He trained the binoculars to a room that had some movement. Tree branches obscured his view. "Hello?"

He asked for Bianca's roommate. "Jason Newsom, please."

"This is he."

"Mr. Newsom, I'm calling on behalf of the Victors Crossing Spectator, and we have a special offer for a five year subscription..."

“No, thanks.” Newsom hung up. Dean got enough of Newsom’s shape and clothes to distinguish him, and he could tell that he was interacting with someone else in the room. Bleeding Skull laid down and watched.

Less than an hour later, Newsom put on a backpack and went through the dorm room door. He left the light on. A few minutes later, the light went off, but he could see the shine of a computer monitor before the blinds went down.

Dean checked out the rest of the roofs from his vantage point. They were flat, and varied in level, but he saw one section with a railing. He got a running start and ran up an adjoining wall, grabbing on to a storm drain. The drain buckled a bit, but did not give. He pulled himself on to the roof, and proceeded to climb and drop down through the various roof levels until he reached a section that had the railing. Some lawn chairs were scattered around, as well as coffee cans filled with cigarette butts. There was a door to a stairwell with a magnetic pass key panel on the outside.

He picked up a butt and waited. It took five minutes before someone opened the door, cigarette pack in his hand. Dean pretended to put out the cigarette and passed the student smoker into the stairwell before the door closed.

He went downstairs and navigated the halls, keeping his head down, keeping his thumbs tucked in his backpack straps. When he got to Bianca’s room, he took out his phone and pretended to text until there was no other traffic in the hall. He pounded on the door.

“Mr. Bianca?” He kept his head turned away from the door’s peephole.

A few seconds passed before a meek, “Who’s there?”

“VCU PD, Mr. Bianca. Please open the door.” Dean tried to keep his voice forceful without being too loud. The door opened a crack. Bleeding Skull slipped his mask on and burst through the door.

He stood eye to eye with Bianca, and punched him in the solar plexus before he could cry out. Bleeding Skull pushed Bianca to the ground as he stepped in the room and shut the door. He propped Bianca in a chair and let him catch his wind.

He produced a bottle of whiskey from his backpack and twisted off the top. “Drink.”

“I don’t want..” started Bianca.

“I don’t care what you want. You will drink.” Bleeding Skull said it more as a statement of fact than an order. Bianca took a sip from the bottle.

“Who are you?” he whimpered. Bleeding Skull sat on the edge of one of the two fold out beds that lined the small dorm room.

“Someone who doesn’t like to see a woman in chains. Drink.”

Bianca took another pull and began crying. “I thought it was just going to be larping!”

Bianca had only met Dillon Dawley a couple times outside of the game and chatrooms. Dawley said he wanted to take the clan live action. He didn’t know about the girl until he got the house. He thought she was into it, or maybe somebody paid her. But when he saw her naked, in chains, he just...

Bleeding Skull stuck the bottle in his mouth and tipped it up. Bianca choked, spilling whiskey over his shirt. "Look me in the eyes." He did. "Tell me you thought she wanted this. Tell me she wanted to do the things you made her do. Tell me you didn't know that something was wrong."

"I can't," Bianca whimpered.

"But you did it anyway. You took what you wanted. And whatever lies you told yourself to make it okay, you still knew better." Bianca didn't disagree.

"It's over. Over for you, your clan, and everyone in it. Who else came to that house?" Bleeding Skull handed Bianca the bottle and let him take a drink on his own.

"A couple of frat guys. Michael is the only one that would hang out, the others just went upstairs and left when they were done."

"Mu Theta Pi?"

"I don't know the difference."

Bleeding Skull motioned to the bottle. Bianca took another swig. "Was she the only woman in the house?"

"While I was there." Bianca burped in his mouth, whiskey crawling back up his esophagus.

"Do you know about any other women?"

"Frat guys had their own, I think. When they came over, they said that ours was better, so they were going to take a turn."

"Where are they keeping her?"

"I don't know any of that shit. Dawley got into their parties, but only Michael would even talk to me."

"The frat. Is it part of your clan, or another?"

Bianca shook his head. "Dawley was the only one that took the Dominus stuff seriously. Everybody else just wanted the pussy." Bianca realized he put things the wrong way.

Bleeding Skull's eyes flared. "That pussy is going to cost you, Cody Bianca. Here's where you start paying. You are going to finish that bottle."

"Dude, I can't..."

"You are. If I have to shove it up your ass and give you an enema, you will finish that bottle." Bianca started drinking. "Tonight, Cody Bianca, you are going to get alcohol poisoning. You are going to the hospital. You will tell everybody every horrible thing that you've done. You will drop out of school and leave VC."

Bianca wretched, whiskey and bile coming up his throat. Bleeding Skull stepped back and let him puke over his shirt.

"I know who you are, Cody Bianca. This is not the last time we'll meet, and the further you get away from VC the more time you'll buy. Keep drinking."

Bleeding Skull slid the bottle back in his mouth. "This is a taste of the pain, the helplessness, the loss of control, the things you did..."

There was a pounding on the door. "VCPD. Open the door."

Alana sniffed at the half eaten burrito one of them tossed her. She was so hungry the last time, she didn't notice someone just shit in a tortilla.

"I'm going to fight next time. Kick, scratch, bite. I don't care anymore. It doesn't matter what they do. If I just keep taking it, they could just let me go. Just open the door. Nobody would believe I didn't want it because I didn't fight.

"Maybe they would just let me go. They can't do this forever. I can act like I don't care, or that I like it, and they'll get bored and let me go.

"No, I've seen on TV, that one in California, in Holland or some place. Years. They kept them for decades. Had them so afraid they wouldn't try to get out. I'm not like that. Not yet. I think it's only been a few days.

"I probably have diseases now. Probably not AIDS, but I have to at least have herpes. I have to be pregnant. No way I'm not. They wouldn't make me have babies. I think the girl in Holland had babies. They wouldn't be that weird."

Alana wasn't hungry, but she made herself eat the stale burrito. "You're not stupid, Alana. You got a 2200 SAT. Frat boys are stupid. You can outthink them.

"A lot of fucking good that's going to do me. I can't get boys to do what I want. I can't trick them. Can't believe Dillon would do this. He seemed kind of angry, but this? This doesn't even happen to people. It had to happen to me."

Alana had trouble swallowing. Her throat hurt. She remembered why her throat hurt and broke down. "I hope they just bury me in the swamp. Nobody will know what happened to me, I just disappeared. I can do it myself. Wrap these chains around my neck. I know you can hang yourself just kneeling the right way."

"Shut up!" she said out loud.

"Sara, I'm coming back for Thanksgiving. That's less than three months from now."

"You're not coming back!" Sara had locked herself in the bathroom.

"You know how much I like our stuffing. We're going to make stuffing together. I'll see you before that. I'll Skype you as soon as I get to the dorm."

Sara unlocked the bathroom door. "You promise? You're not going away forever like Tanya?"

Alana bit her bottom lip. Big sister Tanya was not coming back. Littlest sister Sara was eight, so "going away forever" sounded better than "died when her boyfriend crashed the car high on ecstasy".

"I'm just going to school. You'll see me all the time. I promise."

Sara came out of the bathroom, tears staining her cheeks. "Pinkie swear?"

"Jesus, fucking sow. Figured you'd lose some of those fucking rolls by now. What fucking good are you?"

Alana closed her eyes. I will live to make stuffing with Sara. And I will live to be a hundred. And I will live to see all of these fuckers in their graves.

“Open the door, Mr. Bianca.”

Cody Bianca’s eyes lit up. The police had come to help him, Bleeding Skull shot him down. “They’re here for you,” he mocked. “They’re not here for me, because I’m not even here.” He shoved the whiskey bottle in his mouth and poured the rest straight down his throat. He grabbed him by the hair and pulled his body to the front door. “It’s time to pay the price!” Bleeding Skull cracked the door open with Bianca propped in the doorway. From behind the door, he gave Bianca a rabbit punch to his gut. Bianca lurched and vomited over the waiting policemen.

“Oh, Jesus.”

“Hey, Bradley, you see that email? The one about how we’re responsible for our own dry cleaning?”

“Just for that I’m not cleaning it. You can ride with this stench. You okay there, Mr. Bianca?”

“He’s in there! He did it, not me!” Cody gasped.

“Who’s in there, Mr. Bianca?”

“The Skull Face guy! He’s the one that took her!”

The door swung open. Officer Bradley took a step inside. He slid open the doors of the small closets on either side of the door.

“There’s nobody here, Mr. Bianca. Do you need to grab your keys and your cell phone?”

“He was there!”

“Mr. Bianca, we’re placing you under arrest for public intoxication. Now, do you need your phone or your keys so they’ll be in your property when you get out?”

“He’s hexed you! I’ll find him!”

“Oh, geez, there he goes.” There was some scuffling at the door. “Please go back in your rooms!”

Some handcuffs clicked. “Dude, don’t tell my dad! She’s still alive! We let her go! I haven’t even seen that other girl.”

“Are you talking about...”

“Whoa, zip it, Owens. Let’s get him in an interview room and get him to waive first. He even says ... it could screw things up.”

“Come on, Cody. Let’s get you somewhere you can sober up,” said Owens. “Radio Detective Perry, have him meet us at the station.”

The door shut. Bleeding Skull heard talking and laughing from the hallway outside, muffled by the mattress and cushions pinning him to the ground. After pushing Bianca out the door he laid down in the corner of one of the fold up beds, pulled up the end, and folded himself into it. He lay crammed inside the metal frame between the headboard and the floor.

Bleeding Skull grabbed a VCU t-shirt from the floor and put it on. He wrapped his hoodie around his waist and stowed the mask. He looked out the peephole. Some foot traffic passed, looking down disgusted at the vomit at the front door. He had to move. Detective could mean a search warrant. These were good things.

Bianca had left his laptop on. Bleeding Skull quickly loaded spyware onto it from his USB stick. He was tempted to take it with him for more intel, but it was more valuable in the hands of the police. He checked the peephole again and listened at the door. When he heard a break in footsteps and voices he slipped outside.

Dean left Hopper Dorms and set up at a bench outside of the Fine Arts Library. Bianca's been taken care of. He had better intel on Bailey than on Dawley, and Bailey had a closer connection to Mu Theta Pi. He pulled out his netbook, got a wifi connection, and logged on to the website for the spyware he installed.

Sent texts:

0824 241-467-112 - DoubleDown - sht hapnd ml

1325 241-332-324 - Domicide - n d jeep

1327 241-332-324 - Domicide - fkg chill il deal w it

Received texts:

1322 241-332-324 - Domicide - Where was the shit?

1325 241-332-324 - Domicide - YOU FUCK

1325 241-332-324 - Domicide - STUPID STUPID FUCK

1325 241-332-324 - Domicide - FUKING DESTROY OU

1326 241-332-324 - Domicide - GET IT BACK NOW

1326 241-332-324 - Domicide - FUCKING NOW NOW

The last GPS entry was at 16:05, at which point Bailey's phone was turned off or ran out of battery. The log showed locations every ten minutes prior to that, but he didn't stop at a single location for more than an hour.

Dean checked on the numbers for received calls. Three had a contact name "Dad - Work". One had an 837 prefix, which meant a city number. He cross referenced it against an online city directory. VCPD Auto Theft detail. He checked the website for the GPS on the jeep. It gave the address of Southwoods Towing. Southwoods Towing was an impound contractor for VCPD. It takes longer than a day for an abandoned car to be towed in VC.

Dean checked the mugshots on the VCSD website. Sintalia's real name was Gaylen Wallace, and she was being held for Joyriding and Unauthorized Use. Her bond wasn't set pending charges being formally filed. He logged into a non-profit victim notification service and entered in Gaylen's offender information and one of his cell numbers.

He walked through campus tracing the pattern of Bailey's phone GPS log. Dean trusted the log to the block, but not always to the building. First stop was the Mu Theta Pi house. From there a coffee shop, then various halls around campus. He went to his classes. He had lunch at the Student Union. More classes. Back to Mu Theta Pi, then nothing.

There was a four story apartment building with an external stairwell a block from the frathouse. Dean walked up to the top flight, climbed over the railing,



and kicked off a window sill to get a grip on the roof. He pulled himself up to the roof and lay down on the gravel.

He double checked the GPS on the car. Still at impound. Double checked VCSD website. Gaylen was still booked in. The jail was three miles away, and it typically took a couple hours for an offender to be processed out. He set his cell phone for two hours and laid back on the graveled roof, his hoodie rolled into a pillow.

He couldn't remember what Alana Favors face looked like. Did he keep a flier? No, they all went up. He knew they were all over campus, but he went in circles from building to building and couldn't find them.

The vibration of his phone woke him up. It didn't feel like two hours. It wasn't. He had received a text. Gaylen Wallace was scheduled for release. Dean climbed back down to the stairwell and walked briskly to the county jail.

Dean sat at the edge of a planter outside the Criminal Justice Center within view of the exit doors of the County Jail. It was approaching midnight, but the area was alive with activity. Law enforcement walked past citizens, mostly women waiting for someone to be released. Offenders just released waited for their rides, and bail bondsmen and lawyers filled out paperwork with clients.

He checked his netbook. Gaylen was still being processed out, but her charges had been dropped. He checked the GPS on Bailey's jeep. It was parked on the street not fifty feet away. He closed the netbook and walked behind a tree before turning to the street. The jeep was in a metered spot on the adjacent street. A form sat in the driver's side, smoke coming out of a rolled down window.

Dean relocated to the steps of a courthouse on the same block, sitting among some sleeping homeless. He kept the jeep and the jail exit in his field of vision. He wanted to have a chat with Michael Bailey, but he couldn't risk it here. Police cars lined the block, officers filling out reports on their laptops after booking in their suspects.

Dean fought sleep as he waited. Bailey stepped out of his jeep and looked towards the jail exit. Dean saw a female form that might be Gaylen standing in the jail lobby, her hand up to her ear. Bailey waited leaning against his jeep until Gaylen left the building. He rushed up to intercept her, grabbing her by the arm. Dean halved the distance between them, but kept observing. If Bailey needed to be stopped, it would be better for a cop to do it. He kept his eyes out for passing cops, catching pieces of hushed voices.

"Where is it?"

"Get the fuck away from me, you fucking piece of shit!"

"Look..."

"Really, right here? In front of all the POLICE!" she yelled.

A VCPD officer passing nearby stopped and watch to see if it would escalate. Bailey let Gaylen go as she got into a car that pulled up to the curb. Dean wanted to slow Bailey down, but he had to keep the jeep operational so he could track the GPS. He grabbed a wire metal trash can and laid it on its side behind

Bailey's jeep's rear tire. He walked low behind the row of cars as Bailey rushed to his jeep. Bailey quickly tried to pull out to follow Gaylen, getting the trash can jammed in the bumper.

Bailey got out to inspect the grinding noise, leaving the engine on and the door ajar. Dean double backed around to the sidewalk and the front of the jeep. He slipped through the driver's side door and crept between the seats, lying on the floor. Bailey was too busy cussing and trying to disentangle the wire from his bumper to notice.

Bailey took to kicking the trash can, screaming "Fuck!" at the top of his lungs.

"Hold on there son," started an approaching officer. "Maybe you should calm down."

"Shit!"

"You can start by watching your language. You back into something?"

After a pause, Bailey began talking between quick breaths. "Yeah. A trash can."

"How'd it get into the street?"

"I don't know."

"Eh. Between the homeless and the people getting out of jail, some folks like to mess around. You have business here?"

"I did. I was supposed to pick my girlfriend up," Bailey lied.

"I saw that. From the looks of things, she didn't want to talk to you right now. Would you agree?"

"Yeah."

"You been drinking tonight?"

"No, sir."

"You smell OK. Let me take a look at your eyes if I can. So what's your plan for the rest of the night?"

"I'm going home."

"Straight home?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not saying this as a matter of law, but a matter of advice. You open to some advice?"

"Sure."

"I don't know what's up between you and your girlfriend, but I suggest you at least sleep on it. No coming by her place, no calls, no texts, no tweets or whatever. Both of you will be more civil after a good night's sleep."

"Yes, sir."

"You need help getting that trash can out from your car?"

"No, I think I've got it."

"All right. You have a good night, now."

"Thank you, sir."

After another minute of grumbling and yanking on metal, Bailey got back in the jeep. He shut the door, cutting out the interior light. He put the gear into reverse and turned around to check his back window. He turned to face a hooded mask.

"Jesus!"

"Hello, Michael Bailey."

"Who the fuck are you?" His voice was more desperate and tired than confused.

"You don't remember? I'm the guy that kicked your ass when I was freeing the woman you had chained in that house." Bailey looked around the plaza for a policeman. "Yeah, Michael. You get a cop. We can all have a nice talk about how we know each other."

Bailey looked at his lap. "Fine. Just... fine, what do you want?"

"I want to find Alana Favors. And I'd prefer to do it without having to kick your ass again."

"I don't know who..."

"The girl Dawley traded with Mu Theta Pi. I know they have her and I need to know where." Bailey was thinking. Bleeding Skull gave him a way out. "Be smart, Bailey. Me freeing her is the best way this is going to end. You know I can't go to the cops. She might, but does she know you? Seen you? Know your name?"

"No. I just knew about her, I didn't..."

"Then you've got nothing to worry about. Because if I don't get her, either the cops get her, or she ends up dead. Either way, it's more heat than you want."

Bailey nodded. "Dillon's going to be a problem."

"Not for me."

"He's lost it."

Bleeding Skull smiled behind the mask. "Dawley is next on my list. And I'm hoping he won't be as reasonable as you. Because, trust me, I can be a lot crazier than he can, and you already know I fight better. Where is Alana Favors, Michael?"

Bailey took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "At Mu Theta Pi."

"I know they have her, I need to know where."

"At Mu Theta Pi. At the frat house."

Bleeding Skull's eyes burned. He was there last night. He was there. "Drive me there. Now."

Bleeding Skull quizzed Michael Bailey angrily on the quick drive to the Mu Theta Pi house.

"Is there a hidden room? How are they keeping this a secret?"

"I don't know where exactly she is, but they're not exactly keeping things a secret," said Bailey, getting more nervous as his passenger got more inflamed. "People know she's there. Sometimes girls do that kind of shit, you know."

"Pull over here." Bailey pulled the jeep into a spot two blocks from the Mu Theta Pi house. "Keys and phone."

"What are you..."

"Your keys and phone!" Bleeding Skull barked, his eyes on fire from under his hood. Bailey turned the jeep off and passed back the keys and phone. A thin plastic noose came down over his head and dug into his throat. Bleeding Skull strapped Bailey's neck to the headrest with a zip tie, leaving him room to breathe,

though not comfortably.

"If she's not here, this is your last chance to tell me before I lose my temper," Bleeding Skull hissed.

"She was here yesterday," Bailey gasped. "If they moved her, I don't know about it."

"Stay here. And relax, Michael. Really. You start struggling and you'll choke yourself out."

Bleeding Skull pulled open the plastic moulding and recovered his recorder. He got out of the jeep and retrieved the GPS tracker. He took his mask and hood off, stashed his backpack in a storm drain, and dialed 911 on Bailey's phone.

"911, what's the nature of your emergency."

"My name is Michael Bailey and I'm at the Mu Theta Pi frat house. They're holding a girl here against her will and I think she might be dying. You need to send police and an ambulance."

They took the chains off when they were sure her legs didn't work anymore. They either got bored, or too disgusted, to use their dicks anymore. They were using other things. She could usually make herself pass out and didn't have to worry about it for a while. Except when they used the firecrackers. The noise was worse than the pain. The pain stopped hurting, so she didn't notice that there were little holes blown out of parts of her. Holes that weren't healing and were starting to smell bad.

This smells worse than the shit. She had held the first shit as long as she could, but finally had to go. She could at least piss over the drain on the floor, but she had nowhere to shit. She ended up shitting over the drain and then pushing it through the slots with her foot. It still smelled bad. It got better when she stopped eating.

"Sara, I hope you have some babies, so I can have some nieces and nephews. I don't think I'll be able to have babies anymore."

It took five minutes for the police car to pull up. Frat row had a better response time than a lot of VC. It was a University PD unit. Not as competent as VCPD, Dean thought, but this was their jurisdiction and would have the quickest response.

Two officers got out of the car, lazily walked to the front door, and knocked. Dean was not liking this. No ambulance, no waiting for back up, just a casual knock and talk. They weren't taking it as seriously as he was hoping.

Someone answered the door. They talked for just two minutes before the officers casually walked back to their cruiser. Dean waited, watching the cruiser. They could be waiting outside for back-up, or maybe they were going to wait for a detective or a search warrant.

The cruiser's engine started up. "You're fucking kidding me," he said out loud. Bleeding Skull slipped his mask back on and sprinted to the cruiser as it started to pull away. He grabbed a stone from the landscaping outside the Mu Theta Pi house and chucked it. It landed squarely on the VCUPD unit's back window, marking a web of cracks. The cruiser pulled into park and one of the officer's stepped out. Bleeding Skull flipped him off with both hands, and waited until the cop started running after him before he ran into the frat house.

"What the fuck is with the mask?" Bleeding Skull let the fraternity brother put a hand on his shoulder. He trapped the hand with his own and spun it into an arm lock.

"Where is she?" he ordered. He applied pressure, stretching tendons. Other brothers stepped into the foyer from side rooms.

"Don't say nothing, bro! Keep your mouth shut!" said a particularly built one.

Bleeding Skull stared this one in the eyes. "You know something, big guy?"

Eyes went to a set of downwards stairs. Bleeding Skull relaxed his hold, stepped on the frat's foot, and dumped him to the ground, twisting his ankle in the descent. He darted to the stairs, the other brothers in pursuit. He tried sliding down with a foot on each railing but there was too much friction, so he flew down four steps at a time.

The stairs let out into a study area. Three students sat sleepily over books at the tail end of an all-nighter. Bleeding Skull dumped one out of his chair and scattered papers.

"What the fuck, dude!"

Bleeding Skull picked a smaller frat and pulled him up by a handful of hair.

"The girl! Where is she!"

The frats from upstairs made their way down. Built frat yelled, "Don't nobody say shit to this asshole."

"What are we going to do, Quinn?" a smaller frat asked anxiously.

The frats kept a respectful distance as Bleeding Skull prowled from the study area to a rec room. A foosball table, a pool table, and a big screen TV.

Quinn, the built frat, took point. "What, some crazy asshole comes in a starts breaking our shit. Pure self-defense."

"He knows something, what if he talks," another asked.

"Then let's leave him so he can't talk." Two of the studiers rushed upstairs, books and papers in arms. The rest were fair game as far as Bleeding Skull was concerned.

"You going to show me where she is or do I fuck some more shit up?" Bleeding Skull taunted.

"Fuck you, freak!" Bleeding Skull sized Quinn up. He had on a t-shirt, boxers, and sandals. Maybe woken up by the police. Broad chest and pumped up arms. His legs matched in size, so he lifted for athletics, not for looks. There was a faint tan line in a wide band over his left knee. A knee brace he recently stopped wearing, or took off at night. Quinn stood sideways, his hands out, palms open and facing down. A half-assed MMA stance that he probably copied from TV.

Bleeding Skull feinted with a jab, then snapped a quick kick to the side of the suspect knee.

"Fuck, not the knee, bitch!" Quinn confirmed.

Bleeding Skull took several steps back, hands out to his side. "Last chance, Quinn. Take me to Alana Favors or you walk with a cane."

"Is that what that fat slut's name was?"

Bleeding Skull grabbed a pool ball, reared back, and threw. Quinn ducked. The ball landed in another frat's teeth, sending him to his knees. He grabbed another ball. Everyone reared back. That ball went in the dead center of the large screen TV.

"Mother fucker!" Quinn roared, dropping the stance and charging Bleeding Skull in a football tackle. Bleeding Skull met the charge with a drop kick with both feet against Quinn's knee. He missed slightly, hitting his shin, but enough to send Quinn sprawling face down. Bleeding Skull grabbed Quinn's left foot, pulled it up, and straddled it. Locking the ankle, he sat down hard on the back of his leg, smashing the knee against the tile. Quinn screamed.

Two more frats ran up the stairs. Bleeding Skull thought he heard arguing from the foyer. He counted five circling cautiously around him as he kept Quinn in the hold.

"Fuck, she's not here, let go, shit!"

Bleeding Skull stared into the eyes of the rest. "You had your chance, Quinn. Say hello to crutches." He spun the lock into a kneebar, grabbed the foot, and twisted his lower leg until it almost popped out of his knee joint. Quinn wailed and slammed his fists into the tile.

Another frat grabbed a pool cue. Bleeding Skull let go of his hold and rolled under the pool table as the cue was swung at him. He popped up on the other side and grabbed his own cue from a rack on the wall. The frat swung his cue like a baseball bat. Bleeding Skull had one hand at the thick base, the other a foot apart to swivel against. He parried another swing, sending the cue to the ground. Bleeding Skull lunged, stabbing the frat in the throat with the tip. He brought it down hard, slapping the cue out of the frat's hand. He knocked him back with a front kick to the stomach, and flung the cue at the remaining frats.

More yelling from upstairs. He wasn't sure, but it sounded like the crackly static of a stun gun. Bleeding Skull backed up out of the rec room down a

hallway. He passed a small laundry room. An exit door to exterior stairs ended the hall.

"I think the cops are here, let them..."

"No! We have to take him out! We can't let him talk!" shouted one desperately. Bleeding Skull locked eyes with his next target. He lunged forward and grabbed his nose in his fist.

"Where is she!"

"Let go, mother fucker!" The rest were beginning to charge. Bleeding Skull brought his free fist down against the other. Blood sprayed from the frat's nose. He left him on the ground and pushed through the rest back to the rec room. He counted four left. Bleeding Skull grabbed a pool ball with each hand from the table.

"The police are upstairs. This is your last chance to turn yourself in and let the girl go. You stay down here with me and I'll make your dentist rich."

"Dude, is he talking about that fat girl?"

"Shut the fuck up!"

"What the fuck are we worried about?"

"He's a fucking loose end."

"He knows something. We can't let him talk."

Bleeding Skull sneered. "None of you like your teeth, then." He feinted with an overhead swing with one of the pool balls. The frat lifted his arms in defense, leaving his crotch open for a soccer kick that lifted him off his feet.

Another grabbed Bleeding Skull by both biceps. Bleeding Skull wrapped his forearms around his opponents, locking his arms before head butting him on the bridge of his nose.

The next connected a fist to Bleeding Skull's temple. He spun around and landed a back fist, smashing a pool ball against his eye, cracking the frat's orbital socket.

The last had grabbed one of his arms from behind in a half nelson. Bleeding Skull dropped to his knees, slipping out of the hold. He swung both fists behind him, striking the frat in the face with both pool balls. He heard cracking. He spun around for another blow, but stopped himself when the frat held his hand out in surrender.

Bleeding Skull dropped the pool balls and turned his attention back to the frat with the broken nose. He picked him up by the hair and dragged him down the hall. There was only one door left before the rear exit.

It was a small boiler room. The light switch didn't work. Bleeding Skull opened the door wide to let light from the hallway in. Some bloodstains over a drain. Something yellowish green. The stench of bleach not covering the stink of shit and piss. A chain padlocked to a pipe. The chain ending in an empty shackle.

Nobody was there.

Three of the frats in the rec room were coming to their senses. Bleeding Skull pulled his captive into the boiler room, slammed the door, and kept his weight against it.

"The girl. Where is she now?"



"Fug you!" the frat managed through his broken nose.

Bleeding Skull slammed his face into the grating on the floor. The stench overtook him, and he wretched into the metal grate. He patted down the frat's pockets and pulled out his cell phone. He turned it on, lighting up his grinning mask. "I will send you to the hell you created for her!"

While the frat coughed up mucous and bile, the Bleeding Skull noticed that the frat had an unread text message from a Cathy. He opened it.

"Crzy bitch jumped. Ur on ur own."

"Where did Cathy take her?" Bleeding Skull demanded, pressing his face harder into the grate. Both jumped at the sound of a gunshot.

Bleeding Skull let up and stepped back out into the hall. A couple of bleeding frats rushed past him to the back stair case. Bleeding Skull ran the other way, through to the front stairs to the foyer. As he reached the stairs he heard a familiar voice.

"That's how you deal with your enemies! God, you frat fucks are such faggots!"

"Daaaaw-leeeeeey!" Bleeding Skull taunted from the foot of the stairs. Dawley rushed to the top and looked down. Bleeding Skull made a gun shape out of his hand, two fingers as the barrel against his own forehead.

"Who are you?" Dawley yelled. Bleeding Skull had ducked back into the study room before Dawley fired a round from his revolver into the wall.

Bleeding Skull ran to the back stairs, keeping sight behind him. He counted on running around corners before Dawley could catch up and draw a bead, but wanted to lead him away from whoever he had shot in case he was wounded and Dawley wanted to finish the job.

Dawley made it to the rec room just as Bleeding Skull pushed through the back door, but he was around the corner to the stairs before he had his gun up. The stairs let out next to a car port and the back yard. Police sirens were closing in. Bleeding Skull sprinted across the grass and did a side vault over the back fence. A bullet splintered the wood behind him as he landed.

Bleeding Skull changed direction and darted to the other side of a pair of hinges along the fence. Dawley kicked against the wood from the other side, cursed, then fumbled to open the latch. Bleeding Skull was poised behind the gate as it swung up, and rushed Dawley from behind as he passed through.

He trapped Dawley's gun arm at the shoulder in a half nelson, but he had too much range of motion and tried firing at Bleeding Skull's feet. Bleeding Skull dropped the hold and slapped a hand over the revolver's cylinder, preventing it from firing. A free elbow stuck Dawley behind the ear before grabbing his wrist. Bleeding Skull ducked under his arm and spun, twisting the handle of the revolver out of Dawley's hand. It stayed connected by his trigger finger, which was dislocated if not broken.

Bleeding Skull leaned in and made eye contact. Small pupils. Meth, maybe another amphetamine like Adderall. Bleeding Skull popped open the revolver's cylinder and slapped it, knocking out the remaining bullets. He released his hold on the pistol and struck the side of Dawley's chin with a palm. Dawley kept a

tight grip on the pistol and missed wide with a left hook.

"VCPD! Drop your weapon!"

Bleeding Skull didn't turn to the voice before running in the opposite direction. He ignored more orders to freeze and vaulted over that yard's fence to a side yard. There were no flashing lights from the street in that direction. He ran across the street and made his way through four more yards before ditching the mask and hoodie.

The police saw Dawley holding the gun, and Dawley wouldn't be as good at getting away. He could only get in the way now. Bleeding Skull left him to VCPD.

Alana jumped. Suicide? Jumped from a car? Dean caught his breath while doubling back in a wide circle to where he had stashed his bag. Bailey's jeep was gone. The University had a clinic, but if there was trauma involved she would be taken to Blessingame General hospital. Dean half jogged the mile to the hospital. He was covered in sweat and splattered a little with other people's blood. He went to the emergency room entrance and sat down among the dozens of people waiting.

If he needed to, Dean could admit himself on a pretense and listen to the chatter from interior waiting rooms. Among the people waiting in the outside area he saw a middle aged woman and young girl crying and talking to a VCPD officer. Dean took out his netbook and checked Alana Favors on the social networks. A picture of her and the little girl with the caption, "Me and little sissy!" confirmed they were family, and confirmed that Alana Favors was in the hospital with police aware of her presence.

A doctor came out of the back and approached the Favors. Dean shut his netbook and left the emergency room.

Dean took a bus back to his apartment, soaked in a bath for a few minutes, then went to sleep. He didn't dream.

Dean let himself sleep in to early evening before doing a run through the construction yard. He practiced doing different vaults over the various fences before doing a set of deadlifts with cinder blocks. He ran the fight at Mu Theta Pi house through his head. He needed to improve his striking. Maybe he could practice on Dillon Dawley.

For his second hour of exercise, Dean went to a coffee shop. As he checked mug shots over a cup of coffee, he practiced his eavesdropping. He picked random patrons and focused in on their conversations without looking up. He practiced his shoulder surfing technique, trying to guess what people were typing on their laptops by the movements of their fingers.

Several of the Mu Theta Pi brothers were among the mugshots. Their charges ranged from resisting arrest to minor in possession. There were no charges that looked related to Alana Favors, but the high bond amounts implied that the arresting officers were investigating them for further charges. He made a note of the names of the ones he fought. Quinn Fleming, Aaron Watkins, Jerome Russo. Three he had fought weren't arrested, and looked like several others he didn't recognize were caught up. He couldn't be sure everyone at the house shared in the responsibility, but those that knew what was going on joined Cody Bianca, Michael Bailey, and Dillon Dawley. Dean recorded their faces and memorized their names.

They were getting out of his city one way or another.

There was an article about an officer injured in a campus area shooting, but neither Mu Theta nor Alan Favors was named. The police had not named a suspect. A local warrant check showed negative for Dillon Dawley, but first degree felony warrants were not public record. He looked Dawley up on the District Clerk's website to exploit a loophole. His name showed an entry, but the record was blank. This showed that they created a record on him, but that it was confidential, meaning either a search or arrest warrant.

The heat was on Dawley. Dean turned his attention to Bianca and Bailey. There was no activity on Bianca's laptop or Bailey's phone. The keylogger installed on the laptop in Bailey's jeep had some activity. The program only showed which keys had been pressed, not mouse movement or screenshots. They tended to reveal outgoing emails, instant messages, and browser search terms.

14:02 vccu atms  
14:05 sport stores victors crossing  
14:07 baseball bats  
14:15 need show id to by ammo  
14:16 in victors crossing  
14:20 hardware store victors crossing  
14:31 sm gear victors crossing

There was no activity in the last six hours. Dean packed up and left the coffee shop. On the way home he listened to the recorder he had placed in

Bailey's jeep. The recorder was voice activated.

Sintalia: "Fuck! Fucking, gah!" A horn rang out several times, followed by weeping.

Sintalia: "Learn to fucking drive!"

Sintalia: "Oh god. Oh my god."

Sintalia: "Hey, baby. Yeah, Sin. Who says I want anything? I just wanted ... yeah, look. I've had a rough night and I haven't slept, and I just don't want to go home right now. I just wanted to...fine. Yeah. Fine. Fine! Fuckin.."

Sintalia: "Hey, girl, it's Sin. Is it cool if.. fuck you, too, dyke!"

Sintalia: Crying. "Please, don't hang up. I've been in this house and they chained me up like a dog and I had to crap on the floor and like half a frat house raped me and I think he was a bum but he let me out and .. OK. OK. Yeah.

Thank you thank you thank you."

Sintalia: ".better left some fucking cigarettes after all that."

Unknown female: "If you're not going to get rid it, park it somewhere else."

Sintalia: "What, like they're going to report me? Fuck them. What's this?"

Unknown female: "Find anything?"

Sintalia: "Muthfuckin' payday!"

Sintalia, sirens in background: "Shit shit shit shit"

Male voice over a bullhorn: "Driver, step out of the vehicle."

Michael Bailey: "Goddamn it! That fucking bitch!"

Michael Bailey: "Yeah, it's gone. What, you want me to ask the fucking police where it is? Either the police, the hole, or the guy that took your car. How the fuck is this my fault? You were there! Jesus, chill out. Dude. Dude, chill. Bro. OK, that's fucking crazy. I'm out, this is not my problem anymore."

Michael Bailey: "Jesus!"

Bleeding Skull: "Hello, Michael Bailey."

He stopped there. Sintalia found something of value of Bailey's jeep, probably drugs. From the sound of it they belonged to, or were paid for by, someone other than Bailey. Probably Dawley, based on the texts he had seen earlier. Bailey is looking to buy baseball bats and ammunition. It could be to defend himself. Or to go after Sintalia.

Dean got off the bus at the next stop, outside of a strip mall. He logged into the wifi using the password "guest" at one of the nearby businesses and checked the GPS history from Bailey's jeep during the period of time Sintalia had it. From 8 AM to 2 PM it was parked outside of the Canterbury Downs apartments. Dean checked the bus schedule.

He set up on the third floor of a parking garage that was under construction across from Canterbury Downs. Bailey's jeep was not in the parking lot. There was a separate entrance and exit, both with automatic gates. Based on the recordings, this was likely the residence of one of Sintalia's friends, and where she stashed the goods from Bailey's jeep. Unless she'd moved it, or safer yet left town. But in case she hadn't, Bleeding Skull would keep watch for at least that night.

He watched the parking lot through binoculars. He scanned faces entering or exiting cars for anyone familiar. Residents stepped outside their apartments to smoke cigarettes or talk on the phone. An argument broke out at the swimming pool. There was a minor fender bender as a driver entered in the gate code.

The activity had waned by 2 AM. Dean trained himself to recognize the sound of the whirring motors of the automatic gates. He rolled his hoodie into a pillow and caught some sleep.

Three cars entered before 5 AM, each time snapping him awake. Still no sign of Bailey or Sintalia. Traffic exiting the parking lot began to pick up. Dean tried passwords until he was able to log on to a resident's wifi. He checked the keylogger on Bianca's computer.

03:49 mbianca94@vcu.edu

03:49 mikeDominus1

03:55 Thats some gayass shit! Ur fucked up, Dillon. Srsly dont ever contact me again!

04:02 mbianca94@vcu.edu

04:02 mikeDominus1

04:02 dumassdd1

04:02 dumassdd1

Bianca was paranoid enough to change his email password, but not enough to check for spyware. Dean logged into the VCU webserver and checked through Bianca's email. There were a couple of notes from his classmates wanting to know where he was, and a message to contact the student advisor immediately.

Nothing in his inbox or trash, but Bianca forgot to delete his sent items.

From: mbianca94@vcu.edu

To: domicidekilla@woef.com

Thats some gayass shit! Ur fucked up, Dillon. Srsly dont ever contact me again!

From domicidekilla@woef.com 02:07 AM

CHECK THIS SHIT OUT1 I GOT HM SO HE PISES IN HIS MOUTH!!!

attachments:

upurassfag.jpg

pissfacelol.jpg

vanguishedhole.jpg

Dean switched back to the keylogger on the laptop in Bailey's jeep.

21:23 how to widen asshole  
21:43 baseball bat asshole  
21:46 baseball bat ass fuck  
22:05 can you die from up asshole  
22:10 perforated colon  
22:13 signs of perforated colon  
22:15 how long can you hang upside down  
22:16 die from bondage  
22:32 forced urination  
22:36 forced urination how to  
23:05 upurassfag  
23:22 pissfacelol  
23:26 vanguishedhole  
02:07 CHECK THIS SHIT OUT1 I GOT HM SO HE PISES IN HIS MOUTH!!!

The same email to Bianca. Dawley was using this computer.

03:11 what can turn u gay  
03:32 can u turn into a fag  
03:40 signs u are gay  
04:15 FUK U!! UR THE FAG!!!! ILL FUCK YOUR ASS RED FAGGOTY!!!  
04:36 how to stop anal bleeding

Dean shut his netbook and scaled down from his perch. He ran to a bus stop across the street and reconnected to the keylogger.

04:41 how much blood human body  
04:46 in a jiffys victors crossing  
04:48 24 hour chinese victors crossing  
04:50 Wok A Wokka  
04:52 10402 Preutt Ln  
04:52 victors crossing 25178  
04:52 241548228  
04:53 Michael Bailey  
04:53 7456228678749865  
04:53 997  
04:53 Call at door

Dawley had ordered delivery on Bailey's credit card. Doesn't look good for Bailey. Dean made an anonymous 911 call on a disposal phone. "Dillon Dawley shot a cop yesterday. He's at 10402 Preutt." He hung up before the questions.

He planned a route by bus. One transfer from downtown would do it. Three minutes until the next bus came, another seven minutes to get off downtown. Dean found another wireless connection and did some recon. 10402 Pruettt had been a carpet wholesaler. There were several real estate listings, but no evidence it was currently open.

Twenty minutes on the next bus. He got off two blocks from his destination, and noticed several police cars prowling the area. Meaning they hadn't found him yet

"Call at door". If Dawley wasn't at the closed carpet wholesaler, he was nearby. Or drove and parked his car.

Dean sat under the bus stop rain shelter and tried to get another connection. Only two networks, and the usually lazy passwords didn't get him in. He checked the list of Lloyd Dawley's real estate listings he had on his hard drive. Nothing in the area. All of the listings were residential. He could have more property under a business or trust's name.

Dean left his hood down and shuffled away from the bus shelter. VCPD were looking for a college student, so a homeless addict would fly under the radar. He walked in a decreasing spiral starting four blocks away from the carpet wholesaler. Most of the properties were commercial, but no storefronts. A print shop, an herbal remedy wholesaler, an incense distributor. Many empty properties and leasing signs.

He found an warehouse with a sign: For Lease, contact Dawley and Fletcher Properties. The front windows were boarded up. Dean circled to the back. Michael Bailey's jeep was parked behind a dumpster. He came back to the front and looked for the street address. He called in another tip to 911 and gave the front entrance a couple of strong kicks. "VCPD! Open up!" Dean unfolded his mask from his rolled up jean's cuff and pulled it over his face.

Bleeding Skull ran around the outside of the warehouse again to a broken out window covered with a tarp. With a running start he drove himself through the tarp feet first, landing hard on the cement inside. He crouched low and took in the room. He was in an office off of the main storage area, bare except for some flattened cardboard boxes and cobwebs.

Bleeding Skull darted through the doorway out into a maze of rotting crates and pallets. He heard shuffling footsteps and murmuring coming from the entrance, moving towards the noise he had made in his entry. Bleeding Skull silently circled around, keeping stacks of crates between him and the movement. He heard some muffled groaning from the center of the warehouse. Tracks in the dust showed the crates had been recently relocated, creating a nest. He vaulted over a stack of crates and landed in something wet. He found Michael Bailey.

A length of chain hung from a rafter. The other end connected to a series of chains and straps that suspended Bailey upside down, arms behind him, legs akimbo. Bailey was naked. His mouth was covered with a strip of duct tape. One eye was swollen shut. Crusting blood dried over much of his body. A handle of a baseball bat was sticking out between his legs.

Bleeding Skull tentatively took hold of the bat, but the slightest touch started muffled screams, Bailey's one eye opening wide.

"I can't get this out without hurting you," Bleeding Skull whispered. "Help is on..."

Dillon Dawley burst through a stack of boxes. He was wearing boxer shorts and a pair of socks. Something was wrong with his eyes. His skin was smeared

with something. He pointed a revolver at Bleeding Skull.

Bleeding Skull threw himself away from Bailey, into a stack of cardboard boxes that proved to be empty. The revolver roared, followed by metallic clatter and a string of curses from Dawley. Bleeding Skull picked himself up on the other side of the nest and started running. He grabbed a rotting pallet and flung it at the ceiling, shattering a row of bare fluorescent light tubes.

"I'll fucking kill you!" yelled Dawley, stumbling over the pile of cardboard boxes, revolver in hand. Bleeding Skull had turned two corners by then. A crate went up into another row of lights. The only remaining light in the warehouse came from the sides of the tarps covering the windows.

If the police were outside, they would need probable cause to come in. He needed more gun shots. "Dawley!" he called out, mocking, then ran to change his position. Another shot roared out, followed again by clattering metal. Dawley was dropping the pistol with each firing.

Bleeding Skull let his eyes adjust to the darkness. He saw Dawley scrambling on the ground, then stomping back to where Bailey was hanging. Bleeding Skull heard a wet sound, muffled screams, and something pouring on the ground.

"Get out here, fag!" Dawley screamed. "I'll show you what happens when you face a conqueror!"

Dawley tripped over crates and boxes on the way to a window. He pulled a tarp down, lighting parting of the warehouse. He stalked the rows of crates, stained baseball bat held over his head.

Bleeding Skull waited for Dawley to pass underneath him before dropping down from the metal rafters, grabbing the bat on his way down. His hands slipped off the aluminum, a foul stench transferring to his fingers. He dropped hard on the floor, and as he stood up he was met by the bat slicing a glancing blow across his left temple.

Bleeding Skull rolled with the blow, rolled backwards on the floor, and came up prepared for the next swing. He caught Dawley's wrists and tried to trap his arms, but Dawley's slippery skin slipped out of his grasp. Bleeding Skull stayed in close quarters, too close for the bat, but too close to the upsetting fluids covering Dawley.

Bleeding Skull swiveled and alternated elbows into Dawley's jaw. Dawley barely noticed. He grabbed a handful of hair under Bleeding Skull's hood, tilted his head back, and raised his bat. Bleeding Skull tried to squeeze a pressure point in Dawley's wrist, but his thumb slid off. He gave up and kicked Dawley in the balls. Dawley ignored it and brought the bat down. He was too close, the bat came down behind his target.

Bleeding Skull took a step back, the hair straining at his scalp, and snapped a heart punch to Dawley's sternum. Dawley kept his grip. He snapped a forward kick into Dawley's armpit, almost knocking it out of its socket. Dawley barely grunted, but he lost his grip on Bleeding Skull's hair.

Dawley was on something. It would take time to bring him down. Time Bailey didn't have. Bleeding Skull pulled away and ran to a window, pulling off a tarp. It opened into the back parking lot. There were no police cars outside.



Dawley blinded charged, bat raised high. Bleeding Skull side stepped it at the last moment, letting the bat shatter the glass. He darted across the warehouse towards another set of windows, Dawley lumbering behind him in pursuit. He tripped on a pallet, his chin hitting hard on the cement floor. Bleeding Skull made it to another tarp. He ripped the tarp down and flung it towards Dawley.

Dawley swung his bat at the tarp, but its weight knocked it out of his slippery hands. He reached down to retrieve the bat. The new light from the exposed window illuminated his revolver on ground. He picked it up and scanned the warehouse for his enemy. The masked man was nowhere to be seen, but he found a new enemy in the police officer cupping his hands over his eyes at the window trying to look inside.

Dawley fired, the bullet shattering glass but hitting wide of his target. The revolver again slipped out of his hands. The police officer stumbled backwards as he drew his own pistol. More gunshots and broken glass. A door was kicked in.

VCPD was eager to take Dawley in. They didn't call in SWAT.

"Get away from the gun!"

"On the floor!"

"God, I'm doing it!"

"Down, now!"

Some scuffling and breaking wood.

"Jesus, what the fuck is this shit?"

"You cuff him, you've already got it on you."

"I submit!"

"Shut up!"

"Oh, fuck. Dispatch, we need an ambulance to 10300 block Industrial, ASAP.

Joey, you got bolt cutters in your unit?"

"Yeah, I think so. Why do... Jesus!"

"Yeah."

"You think that's our tipster?"

"I think that guy's been there a while."

"What the fuck you do that for?"

"Joey, don't ask him any questions? Let him volunteer it so it's admissible."

Dawley's sobs took a turn to laughter. "Look at that fucking hole! Fucking fag!"

"Get him in the back of your unit so we can get ready for the EMTs."

"Fucking let go, fag! I'll fuck all your asses!"

"Calm down, tough guy. I thought you submitted already."

Bleeding Skull stayed inside a wooden crate for the next four hours. They took Dawley away, and Bailey was still making noise when the EMTs took him. He took the phone he used to call 911, wiped it for prints, and threw it away at a bus stop trashcan.

Cody Bianca dropped out and moved out of VC, as did Michael Bailey when he was released from the hospital. Dillon Dawley was held for trial for several felonies, the most serious being Aggravated Assault on a Police Officer. There were no charges related to the abduction of Alana Favors or Gaylen Wallace.

Bleeding Skull got an IM from Ms. Wallace.

Sintalia: Yeah, doing great. Clubs pay a lot better than in VC LOL

LuskDelb: Good to hear you're doing well.

Sintalia: D00d, we should totally skype!!! You can check out my show!

LuskDelb: Maybe another time.

Sintalia: I owe u 1, skull guy!!

There was nothing in the paper about Alana Favors

"How'd it go?"

"Fucking bullshit. This sucks."

"I know, honey. I'm proud of you for working so hard."

"Yeah."

"I'll bring the car around."

Quinn Fleming waited for his mother outside the elevator at the parking garage of his physical therapist. They didn't know when he'd walk without crutches, much less play football again. Without his scholarship, and with his attendance, he wasn't looking to stay at VCU much longer. Mu Theta Pi was suspended and his mom was bugging him to...

"How do you like the crutches, Quinn?" Quinn started to swivel around. "You really want to turn around?"

"What do you want?" asked Quinn, looking straight ahead.

"You out of my city," said the voice behind him.

"You know how much this is costing my parents!" Quinn started. "I should fucking sue..."

A crutch was kicked out from under him. Quinn dropped down to his bad knee.

"If you have to crawl, get out of my city. Next time you'll be in a wheelchair."

Quinn's mother's minivan turned the corner. He got back on his feet and turned around to an empty parking garage.

## Beer Bong Bloodbath

By Dale Hammond

*June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2:00 PM*

“How about Kurt?” asked Angela.

“Ew,” Hayley said flatly. “You really want to start with that?”

“I mean, he’s kind of quiet, but he’s probably more my type.”

“You mean you don’t like your chances with the good looking ones.”

“Sweetie, that’s why the Goddess invented beer,” Amber added from the back seat.

“They may talk a lot of shit, but they’ll be humping each other by the end of the weekend, believe me,” said Hayley.

“It’s just, I don’t want it to be gross,” said Angela.

“Oh, it will be. No way around that.” Hayley lit a cigarette and rolled down the window. “That’s the point of this weekend.”

“Trust me,” started Montana from the back seat. “Don’t lose it to a guy you actually like or wanna date. Hell, I’d just wait till the keg’s half empty and bend over a table so you don’t see who’s giving it to you. And I doubt it would be Kurt.”

“Don’t think that perv could get his hand off his own dick long enough to stick it in anyway,” Hayley added.

“Hey, Hayley, that could work out for you. Maybe with his fist he could hit all the sides at once for a change,” joked Montana. Hayley responded with a casual middle finger.

“Angela, sweetie, I can give you some oxys if you’re worried about it hurting,” Amber offered.

“No, I’m not worried about that,” Angela muttered.

“Well, you’re not like a real virgin,” Montana started, “I mean after...”

“Thank you, Montana!” Hayley interrupted. She patted Angela on the head. “Don’t worry, to us you’ll always be a virgin. A manless. Unwanted. Loser. Virgin.”

“Ah, you’re so sweet,” sneered Angela. “I am going to poke holes in all your condoms.”

“Oh, you bitch.”

“Nine months from now we’ll be in college, and you’ll be squeezing out a litter of douchebags.”

“They’ll only be half douchebag.”

“And half whore,” laughed Montana. Hayley offered another finger.

2:15 PM

"Fuck you, I'm saving the Gray Goose for me and Hayley. I want our first time to be special," said Greg.

"First time my ass," smirked Austin.

"No. First time, her ass. I'm taking that bitch to brown town."

Drew gagged on his beer laughing.

"You know it's not like in the movies, right," said Austin.

"How's that?"

"You're doing it pro, you don't eat the night before and do a bunch of enemas. After all that barbeque and vodka, your fucking balls are going to be dripping brown inside a minute."

"Thanks, Austin, that's nice," said Greg, faking a smile.

"Because of the shit, is what I'm saying."

"Yes, I got that, thank you."

"Not that bad," Colt added, staring out the window. "Just have her take a dump first. Usually it's just a little yellow."

"Thanks, Colt, that's so much better."

"If it's red, you're doing something wrong. Real wrong. Trust me. Or ask your sister why she wears that diaper."

"My sister's nine, asshole," Greg returned.

"Probably why her asshole bled so bad."

Greg shook his head.

"Well, if Hayley won't open the back gate, there's always Angela," Austin laughed.

"Shit. There's a lot of holes to get bored of this weekend before I'd bother with that," said Greg.

"Hell, I'll hit that shit," Drew shrugged. "Sure to be tight, more than I can say for the rest of the cooze."

"Well, Drew, if you need help filling Amber to capacity, maybe Greg can stick his dick in with you and help," laughed Austin.

"That is no fucking lie," said Colt, earnestly. "Seriously. It's all those pills she's on. Does something to her muscle tone. And she don't feel shit in the morning when she wakes up."

"You know that's not true," Greg started. "That bitch hasn't been awake in years."

"No lie," said Colt. "I'll show you some shit after the other girls are asleep."

"That's kind of fucked up, Colt," said Drew.

"Kurt, you're being awful quiet back there," said Greg, checking the rear view mirror.

3:30 PM

"This place is nice. I figured it would have rented out for the beginning of summer," said Angela.

"The original owner wanted to turn it into a B&B, but couldn't get it up to code," started Austin. "Tried to sell it right when the market crashed. Bank ended up taking it, then the bank went under.

The woods threatened to reclaim the two story cabin. Branches pressed against the sides of the house, while grass and ivy attacked the front steps.

"So who owns it now?" Angela asked as the group walked up the overgrown path.

"It's in probate, but it's hard to tell who owns it. My dad said he'd have problems finding out if he ever had a buyer, but nobody's been interested."

"So it's okay for us to be here?"

"Hey, he gave me a key," Austin smiled as he pulled out a shiny, little used door key.

"He bought us the keg, too," Montana added. "Doesn't make that legal."

"You're legal by now, ain't you Mount-tana," snickered Colt, as he and Drew carried the keg to the front porch. "Kind of takes the fun out of it."

"Too bad you managed to graduate," said Montana. "You could have stayed behind and kept fucking girls your same reading level."

Austin unlocked the front door, half stepped inside, and reached for a light switch.

"Please tell me this place has electricity," said Hayley, her face dropping.

"I've got to unlock the breaker box. Might take a while to get hot water."

Austin went through the first floor through the living room. A rug lay in front of the fireplace, a single showroom sofa the only furniture. He went through the bare kitchen with overdone fixtures to the back door. While he worked on the generator, Angela, Hayley, and Montana explored the house. Drew and Colt were at work tapping the keg while Greg brought in the coolers from back of the SUV. They left Amber nodded off in the back of the girls' car. Kurt had slipped away somewhere.

There was a bedroom and den on the first floor and three bedrooms upstairs. Topping off the cabin was a small attic loft. There was no furniture or curtains. The girls tested the bathrooms and were relieved to find there was running water.

"I guess this place is fucking doable," Hayley sighed.

"Just barely doable. Just like the guys," Montana added. "God, there better be enough beer."

"Let's go get our shit. I want to take a shower," said Angela.

"I don't think there's hot water, sweetie," said Hayley. "It's gonna suck when you have to wash away the shame."

"Is there going to be shame, Hayley?" Angela smirked. "You promise?"

"You're asking her what shame is?" joked Montana.

The girls passed Drew and Colt starting their first cup on the porch on the way

to the car. Angela went to the driver's seat to pop the trunk. Amber was still asleep in the back seat, slumped over with her shorts riding up her thighs. Hayley went for the door handle and slid into something wet and sticky.

"Fuck, really? Really? We've been here what, five minutes?" Hayley objected.

"Let me guess. Kurt was enjoying the view," Montana laughed. "Get used to it. There's going to be a lot of it flying around this weekend."

"You figured he would have a crusty sock or something." Hayley held her hand away from her, looking for a place to wipe it off. Montana gently took her wrist, then popped a sticky finger between her lips. "You are so nasty," Hayley grimaced, then broke into a laugh as Montana nodded her head and winked.

"Yes. Yes I am nasty." Montana opened the trunk to get her bags. "And in three months I'll be in a town where nobody knows that, and I have to keep my shit on the downlow while I look for a rich asshole to marry. So if I want to pull a train, or have five guys cum in my hair, I better do it now in VC where nobody gives a shit."

"Ew! Your hair? Really?" said Hayley.

"Don't judge. You don't know me."

"You're a total whore."

"Oh, I guess you do know me."

Angela joined them at the trunk and they took armfuls of bedrolls, pillows, and duffle bags. "We're not going to do like an orgy, are we?" said Angela.

"That shit never works. At least not with high school boys." said Montana. "They just look at each other's dicks and get weirded out. Or you feel guilty not letting the ugly guys get a turn."

"When was this, exactly, where you learned this?" asked Angela.

"Summer camp. This was a long time ago, you didn't know me then."

"Fucking relax, Angela," said Hayley. "Somebody will stick something in you eventually."

"This weekend is going to do wonders for my self-esteem," said Angela. "I can tell my therapist to cancel all those prescriptions."

Hayley lowered her voice. "Seriously, don't mention that around Amber. I'm rationing her pills this weekend." Angela nodded in agreement.

"When's this party starting?" Colt tipped back the rest of his cup and went to the keg to refill. Angela went inside with her bags. Hayley dropped hers in the living room and slipped away to the back door. Montana stopped on the porch.

"Looks like you've already started," she said.

"I mean the real party."

"Such a smooth talker. Beer me, bitch."

"She's talking to you, Drew," said Colt. Drew shrugged his shoulders and went to the keg.

"It's going to take a lot to make up for you being such an ass, Colt," said Montana. She pulled up his shirt with one hand, ran the other down his abs. "This almost does it." She held one hand in front of her eyes to block out his face. "Just cut your head off and everything will be fine."

Hayley came up to Austin behind the house as he checked the breaker box. She slipped up behind him and laid one hand across his eyes, the other down the front of his pants.

"Let me guess," he smiled. "Greg?"

"Don't laugh," said Hayley. "We brought a lot of beer." She pulled the hand from his eyes and worked on his belt. "You are fucking Angela, this weekend, aren't you," she said aggressively.

"Like you said, there's a lot of beer." Austin reached behind him and rubbed Hayley's thighs.

"Be nice. I thought you guys would fuck anything." She breathed heavy on his neck while her hands slid along his cock. "Tell me you'll fuck her."

Austin closed his eyes. "It's not that she's that fat. But you know, the crying and shit. Total boner killer."

"You're telling me that anything could kill this boner," Hayley smiled. She pulled his cock out of his boxers, spat in her right hand, and began pulling, rubbing the head with her left. "Tell me you're going to fuck her," she snarled.

"Yes, yes" Austin moaned.

Hayley spun him around, still working his cock with both hands. "Open your eyes." He opened them, sheepishly. "You are going to take this cock and fuck the shit out of her!"

"Fine, yes!"

"Pull out when you're going to cum." She dropped to her knees and put the head in her mouth, still tugging with her hand. Only seconds passed before he pulled her hand away and finished himself off. Hayley took her mouth off and ducked at the last second, letting Austin shoot thin white ropes into her bangs. Austin fell back against the cabin wall, smiling.

Hayley rubbed the cum into her hair. "Didn't do a fucking thing for me."

"What's your deal with getting Angela laid anyway?" said Austin, pulling himself back into his jeans

"She's my friend." Hayley stood up and walked to the back door. "And she can stop thinking she's so fucking pure," she muttered under her breath.

Angela brought her bag into the downstairs bathroom. She opened the curtains to the outside window to let some light in and undressed. The shower was a glass encased stall. She turned the knobs and the pipes groaned to life. She waited a few moments for the water to warm up before giving up. She grabbed her shampoo and soap, braced herself, and hopped through the glass door.

The cold water took her breath away, but was refreshing after the hot car ride. She tried not to look, but couldn't avoid feeling herself as she rubbed the soap over herself. At least her skin was soft and her acne was starting to fade. As a weird aunt had once told her, as long as your boobs stick out further than your belly, boys will be interested.

Angela looked up and saw a top of a head on the other side of window quickly duck down. When Angela didn't shout after him, Kurt's head slowly came back up. Angela made eye contact and nodded to him. Kurt's eyes were further



south. She closed her eyes and slid her hands down her body. She crossed her wrists over her stomach, hands reaching down, her arms pressing her tits together.

"There's no way I'm cumming in this cold water," she muttered to herself. She opened her eyes and Kurt was gone.

Behind the cabin was a yard cut out of the dense forest surrounding it. A workshop bordered one side, and an overgrown trail led to the lake. Greg worked on lighting a charcoal grill. Colt and Drew brought over a cooler with the meat, Hayley and Montana following with their beers.

"There's supposed to be a lake, right?" Montana asked.

"Supposed to, but with the drought the levels are probably low," said Greg.

"I brought my reel, just in case," said Drew.

"I never understood fishing," Hayley shook her head.

"It's so men can get away from their wives and drink in peace," Greg explained.

"Is that what you came here for, Drew? To get away from women?" Hayley teased.

Drew blushed, "No, no, um."

"Hey Drew, want don't you show Hayley your rod," Montana laughed.

"By that, she means your cock, Drew," Colt said dryly, opening a beer.

"Nice single entendre, Oscar Wilde," Greg added. Hayley took Drew by the hand and pulled him quietly towards the workshop.

"Is that some kind of faggot crap?" Colt snipped.

Greg shrugged his shoulders, "Well, actually..."

"Let's go check out the lake. How long till the meat's ready?" Montana asked.

"My meat's always ready," Colt laughed.

"Better. You're up to an entendre and a half," Greg laughed.

"What are you, fucking French?" Colt glared.

"It's going to be a while, Montana," said Greg.

"C'mon, Colt. Let's check out the lake." Montana took his hand and led him down an overgrown path.

"You got a problem with Greg, Colt?" she asked once they were out of earshot.

"He's cool. I just don't get his faggot bullshit."

"I'm pretty sure Greg's straight. I can fuck him in front you if you want proof," she smiled.

"He's not like homo faggot, like queer faggot."

Montana shook her head. They made their way down the path until the trees thinned and they could see the lake. The water's edge was several yards away from a short pier. The lake had shrunk to a pond, green with algae and buzzing with mosquitoes.

"Oh, fuck this. This is just sad," Montana lamented.

"No wonder they can't sell this place." Weeds and grass led up to the green water.

"I was hoping to get in some bikini time," said Montana.

Colt's eyes lit up. "Hey, it's always bikini time. You bring one?"

"I'm wearing one now," Montana smiled. She teased her shirt up her waist, then pulled it up over her bare breasts. "Whoops, looks like I left it at home," she smiled. She kept her eyes on Colt's eyes on her tits. She asked for new ones for her graduation present. Instead her parents gave her a lecture on self-esteem and an appointment with a therapist. She pulled the shirt over her head and tossed it on the grass. "I'm sure you're really disappointed," she teased.

Colt rubbed his hands on the front of jeans. "You forget the rest of it, too?"

"I don't know. You want to check for me?" Montana turned her back to Colt and bent over slightly. Colt immediately pulled down her shorts to her bare ass.

"Still not sure, let me get a closer look." Colt dropped to his knees, cupped her ass cheeks with each hand and spread them apart. Montana bent deeper. Colt spread her lips with his thumbs. Montana pulled a condom from her pocket and handed it back. It was more for the lube than the protection. She knew Colt wasn't big into foreplay.

"This is just the opening number. So just fuck the shit out of me and make it quick." Montana stayed bent over, hands on her knees, as Colt fumbled behind her. He rammed in dry, balls deep in one thrust. Another dry thrust and Montana reached behind her. She felt for his dick and grabbed bare skin. She pulled away and turned to find Colt holding the condom package in his teeth. "Put the fucking rubber on, asshole!"

Colt shrugged his shoulders. "What? I was going to put it on before busted one."

"That's not how they work, dumb ass."

"Works fine. Quit being a bitch, you're killing my boner."

Montana snatched the condom package from his mouth and pulled it open. "This quickie is taking entirely too long," she smiled, rolling the condom down Colt's cock. "Now fucking get in there!" Montana turned back around.

Colt slid inside her again and grabbed on to her hips, stabbing her spastically. "You like that don't you," he started growling. "Fucking trash. You like the fucking dick, you fucking slut."

Montana wasn't drunk enough for the trash talking to not be annoying, but she wanted to get Colt out of the way first while he was still sober. A few more beers and he gets unpleasant and dark, and she knows he'll be bored of her for a while. The trick was to get him right before he passed out, but not before his dick stops working. Then she could be on top and enjoy his abs and pecs without his stupid mouth.

Colt's talking turned to grunting, and after a few low pitched "yeah"s he let go. Montana pulled her shorts back up and looked for her shirt. Colt pulled the condom off and flicked it into the lake.

"I thought nobody ever lived here?" Hayley asked.

"They probably used this place while they were building the house. Then they could use it as a garage or guest house or something." Drew answered, going through the power tools left on metal shelves.

"Why would they leave all this stuff? Isn't it expensive?"

“Weird shit happens. Contractors skip town, get arrested, or borrow other people’s shit and lose track of it. One job I was on, some guy just got out of prison and tried to beat up the foreman because of an air compressor he lost two years before.”

“That’s fascinating, Drew.” Hayley picked up a large power drill and struck a pose. “I love it when boys talk about their tools.”

“That’s one of those double entendres, isn’t it?” Drew smiled. Hayley winked and rubbed her hand over the drill. She put the tip of tongue on the end, but withdrew when she tasted grease. “Yeah, I wouldn’t do that.”

Hayley dropped the drill. “Why is your shirt still on?” she demanded, walking towards him.

“Well, uh.”

“Why are you being so weird?” Hayley pulled up the bottom of Drew’s shirt and rubbed a hand over his abs.

“I thought you and Greg had something going,” said Drew. Hayley saw the front of his shorts start to bulge.

“It might have been going that way, but that was before.”

“Before what? I know he really likes...”

“God, Drew,” Hayley rolled her eyes. “Fine, if you don’t want to fuck, do something else with that mouth other than talk.” Hayley slid her shorts and thong down in one movement. As Drew was pulling his shirt off over his head, he snapped forward and grabbed Hayley roughly.

“Watch it!” Hayley was lying herself backwards on a table over a circular saw.

Hayley was startled, then laughed. “I figured I’d end up needing shots after this weekend, just not tetanus.” She found a clear spot on the table and laid back, sticking her legs in the air. Drew kneeled before her and stared, fascinated.

Hayley sighed, and hooked her feet behind Drew, drawing him in. She grabbed what she could of his short hair and tried to guide Drew’s fumbling mouth to her clit. What he lacked in technique he almost made up for in enthusiasm.

After a few minutes, the beginning of an orgasm snuck up on Hayley. She sat up, hooking her knees over Drew’s shoulders. Drew reached up and snaked a hand up her shirt, pinching a nipple through her bra.

“Show me how strong you are. Pick me up.”

Drew supported Hayley’s ass with both hands and stood up. Hayley’s thighs tightened up over the side of his head, and she had to duck before she hit the ceiling. Drew got louder as he worked on her, holding her up in a reverse piggy back. Hayley’s nails dug into the back of his skull, and she laughed spastically as her body twitched. Her legs went weak, and Drew lowered her to the ground. She kept chuckling under her breath.

“A girl laughs, it could be good or bad,” Drew smiled, his mouth and chin shining wet.

“Oh, definitely good.” Hayley leaned in and took a lick of herself off his face. “I’m jealous. My pussy tastes good. How about I return the favor?”

Drew took a step back as she reached a hand towards his crotch. “I, uh, I’m

kind of done.”

“Hot for you, too, huh?” she winked. Drew nodded eagerly. Hayley shrugged her shoulders and picked up her shorts. Drew had a reputation as a one minute wonder, but Hayley thought that might be good. Angela probably didn’t need a marathon session. “You should show some of that to Angela. It’ll be good for her.”

Drew picked up his shirt. “Angela’s OK, but I’m sure she’s not into that.”

Hayley grabbed Drew by the chin. “Drew. Honey. You do know we’re here to fuck each other senseless and then never see each other again. Angela, too.”

“So, wait, what? You and Greg aren’t going to keep...”

Hayley covered his mouth up with her hand. “Seriously, Drew. You’re a nice guy, but you can be a stupid jock sometimes. So shut the fuck up, or I’ll shove more pussy in your face.”

“Is that supposed to make me shut up?”

6:00 PM

Amber dragged herself out of the car to the back yard, but she only ate a makeshift salad from hamburger toppings.

"I'm sorry, if I knew you were a vegetarian I would have brought something other than meat," Greg apologized.

"I'm on a diet," she replied.

"You don't need to lose any weight, girl," Austin smiled. "You'll lose those tits."

Amber shrugged. "Gonna get new ones anyway."

"Amber's definitely not a vegetarian. She likes the meat too much," said Colt.

Amber shot Colt a dirty look, then walked up to the piles of meat lying next to the grill. She picked up a hot dog by the end with the tips of her fingers. She tilted her head back and slid the hot dog completely down her throat, her fingertips passing the root of her tongue.

"Damn, girl!" said Colt, impressed. Whistles and some applause followed from the group.

"You need to teach me those skills, girl," laughed Hayley.

Years of bulimia, thought Amber. Takes more effort than this to get her to gag. She pulled the hot dog out, handed it to Colt, and went back to her salad.

Greg tossed a hot dog to Montana. "Think you can top that?"

"Probably not." Montana gave Greg a stink eye. "You boys going to degrade yourself for our amusement next?"

"Fair's fair," said Greg.

"Just no gay shit," said Colt.

"So butt fucking each other is out?" Montana slid a tongue over the hot dog before sliding the tip back into her throat. A tickle, then a cough, and she pulled it out. "I'm not drunk enough yet." She took the hot dog to the table next to the grill and put it in a bun. She tossed another to Hayley.

"It's not all about the throat, boys," Hayley announced. She put the tip of the hot dog between her lips and circled her tongue around the end. With her other hand, she cupped an imaginary pair of balls.

"Damn, work that shit, bitch!" Montana laughed. Hayley stuck out her middle finger and slid it up an imaginary butt hole.

"Aw, that shit is so gay," Colt laughed.

Hayley took a bite out of the end of her dog. "It's not gay if a girl does it. You pass out, I'm busting out my strap on."

Greg tossed a hot dog to Angela, who barely saw it coming in time to catch it. "I'd like to see what you can do, Angela?"

"Oh, I don't, uh..."

Hayley pulled up behind Angela and put her hand over her eyes. She leaned in and whispered heat into her ear. "Don't worry about them. Even if they laugh, their dicks are getting hard. Now give Oscar Meyer a blow job and get us all off."

Hayley kept her hand over Angela's eyes as she slowly slipped the hot dog into her mouth. She slid it back and forth over her lips, unsure, then getting the confidence to work her tongue. That got her a wolf whistle and some applause,

and she cracked up laughing.

“All right, Angela!” Drew applauded.

“Amber could give you some lessons, but you suck cock better than me,” Austin joked.

Angela kept laughing, tearing up a little. Kurt had been rubbing his leg, wolfing down the rest of his hamburger, before rushing into the house. Everyone turned to their food and beer. Hayley whispered into Angela’s ear.

“Kurt liked the show. He’s sneaking off to rub one out. Go catch him and take care of it for him.”

“I don’t know if I’m ready to...”

“You don’t have to fuck him. Suck him off, hand job, let him play with your tits, whatever. Baby steps. He’s not going to say no. I saw the lump in his pants you gave him.” Angela’s fists and eyes clenched. “This is what you came here for. Get your sexy ass in there and make that pervert cum.”

“OK.” Angela slipped away and went in the house after Kurt.

She found him in an upstairs bedroom, looking out the window down at the others eating, something in his hand.

“Hey, Kurt,” said Angela. Kurt hurriedly stuffed something back in his fly and looked at the floor, embarrassed. “It’s okay, Kurt,” Angela said softly, trying to soothe. “Did you like that? With the hot dog?” Kurt looked at the walls away from Angela.

“I’m not good at this kind of thing, either.” She looked at the bulge in his pants, the zipper undone. “You want me to finish that for you?” Kurt didn’t move. Angela walked up to him and put her hands on his hips. He pulled back.

“It’s okay.” Angela knelt down and reached for his fly. Kurt pushed her hands away, but then pulled his dick out himself. Angela opened her mouth and leaned forward, but Kurt pushed her back with one hand, while he furiously stroked with the other. “I want you to cum on me,” said Angela, still not convincing herself it sounded sexy. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth, expecting Kurt to finish inside her.

She heard some grunting. Kurt came in his own palm, then smeared it over Angela’s mouth. Angela was startled, but before she could try to get into it, Kurt had himself zipped up and was rushing downstairs.

8:30 PM

Mosquitoes drove everyone inside. Drew took the keg into the living room. Coolers and bottles were stacked up everywhere.

"How do we want to do this? Orgy?" Montana tipped back a whole cup of beer and was getting tipsy.

"I can't get hard watching these guys balls flapping around," said Colt, tipping back his bottle.

"So no DP for you, Colt?" mocked Montana. "Your balls slapping against your bro's? Feeling his dick sliding next to yours, that little piece of flesh between you?"

"I think I just came in my pants," laughed Austin, working the pump of the keg.

"How about Truth or Dare," Amber suggested.

"Fuck truth. I don't give a shit about your secrets," said Montana.

"How about this," Greg suggested. "Spin a bottle, the first person it hits gets to make the call, who does what with who. It can be with themselves, or other people, or whatever. After they're done, the people involved spin to see who makes the next call."

Colt objected. "I know these bitches. They're going to want us to do some gay ass shit."

"Shit, this is still America. Nobody has to do anything, or anybody, they don't want to," Greg offered. "If you back out, fine, but you don't get to be in the next spin. Sound good?"

"Fucking whatever, let's go," said Amber. Everyone sat down in rough circle. Amber spun a beer bottle. It landed between Montana and Hayley, closer to Montana.

"My turn," said Montana. "Colt, suck Greg's cock."

"Fuck your gay bullshit!"

"So you're not going to do it?"

"Fuck you!"

"All right. Colt exercised his privilege," said Montana. "That means the other person, Greg, gets a turn."

"My turn, huh." Greg set his beer down and started undoing his shoe laces. "Montana. Hayley," Greg gave them both seductive looks. "I want... the two of you... to... massage my feet." Greg leaned back and thrust two bare feet into the center of the circle.

"So gross," Montana complained. "That's a full day's worth of skank on those things."

"Feel free to wash them if you want. I don't have any oils for you to anoint me, though."

Hayley took a foot and rubbed her thumb into his sole. "I'm not sucking your toes."

Montana took the other foot. "That should be another rule. Once you start doing something, you can't start adding shit to it."

Greg smiled, satisfied. "Thank you, ladies. I'll be happy to return the favor

anytime.”

“I’m not wasting my spin for a fucking foot massage,” said Montana, picking up the bottle. “So, we spin between the two of us, right?”

“Sounds good,” said Hayley. The bottle landed on Montana again.

“What can I say? I’m a beer magnet.” Montana opened another bottle and stood up. “Okay, Colt. Think you can bench press me?”

“Shit, I can bench two of you.”

“Hey, Montana, get some other guys in on this,” Amber added. “At least hedge our bets on Colt getting the spin.”

“How about you, Drew?” Montana asked.

“No prob.”

“Don’t even ask the rest of us,” Greg laughed.

“Shit, I’ll give it a try,” said Austin.

“Okay,” said Montana, cheerfully. “Shirts off. Colt, Drew, and Greg get turns bench pressing me.”

“Winner gets next turn?” Drew asked.

“Silly boys, I’m the winner here,” Montana laughed. “No, you three spin for next turn. You’re up, Colt.”

Colt grabbed a couple sofa cushions and used them as a makeshift weight bench. He pulled his shirt off, followed up Drew and Austin. Amber wolf whistled. Austin held his hands over his chest in mock embarrassment.

“Ok, this is harder than doing a barbell. You need to be stiff as a board, on your side. I’ll grab you by the shoulder and thigh,” said Colt.

“God, can’t you be a hunk of beef without talking,” said Montana. She lay on her side over Colt’s waiting hands. Colt pushed her up, then went up in down in a steady rhythm. Montana heard him counting between breaths. “Stop counting. This isn’t a competition.”

Colt set Montana down across his lap, gave her ass a spank, and said, “You’re up, Drew.”

Drew took his place on the sofa cushions. “I’m going to try a different grip,” he smiled. He put one hand on Montana’s upper back, the other on her ass. Drew pressed Montana, face up, giggling as she rose and fell. After a few reps, Drew’s arms started shaking. He did one final press, then flipped Montana face down as she fell across his lap.

“You’re up, Austin.”

Austin cracked his neck and stretched his arms. “I hate showing you guys up. I really do.” He lay down on the cushions. Montana lay across him. Austin rolled her face down over him, placed one hand on a breast, the other over her crotch. He made exaggerated grunts, but made no effort to push up.

“Cute, Austin.” Montana smiled.

“You like that? What I did there?”

“Very hot, Austin.”

“I grabbed your boob.”

“Yes, yes you did.”

Montana stood up and returned to the circle. Austin put his shirt back on. Colt and Drew left theirs off.



“So, the three of us spin?” Drew asked.

“Yep,” Montana confirmed.

Drew took the bottle and spun. Colt. Angela was the only woman who didn't wince.

“All right. I want to see how long Amber can hold her breath.” Colt took a long hit from his bottle.

“What, just...”

“With my cock in her throat,” Colt added.

“Figures.” Amber took a long sip. “Right here, or...”

Colt pointed to the other guys. “You faggots go in the kitchen or something. You ladies feel free to excuse yourself. Or watch, I'm cool.”

“I'm sticking around,” said Hayley.

“Me, too,” said Montana. “You in on this, Angela.”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I want to watch her technique.”

“That's the spirit,” Amber cheered. She stumbled over to Colt. “You need to get hard?”

“I'm good to go.” Colt looked nervously at the other woman for a second, then smiled and slid his shorts to his knees. His cock sprung up.

“So just a deep throat is all?” Angela asked.

“No, I really want to see how long she can hold her breath.” Colt pointed to his pubes. “The count starts when her nose hits that, and it stops when it moves away.”

“Keep count, bitches,” Amber slurred, dropping to her knees. She pulled Colt's cock down her throat in one stroke, grabbing his ass and pulling him in. Colt grabbed her hair.

“Hey, no hair pulling,” Montana objected.

“Yeah, that's cheating,” Hayley smiled. “Let her do it herself.”

Amber waved her hand to get their attention, made a count down with her fingers, and waved again.

“Shit, who's got a watch,” said Angela.

“Fuck it, just count. 1...2...3...” the girls counted in unison, which brought some laughs from the kitchen.

At ten, tears came out of Amber's eyes. At twenty she half gagged. A snot bubble splashed against Colt's pubes, but she kept her position. At forty, her hands slipped from Colt's ass, and she fell backwards.

“Oh, shit!” The three girls jumped forward to catch Amber. Her face was bright red, turning purple. They started to bring her to the sofa when she came to and shook them off.

“How'd I do?” she slurred.

Montana laughed. Angela said, “Um, maybe like a minute. I don't know.”

“Better than you bitches.” Amber grabbed a beer and casually flipped the rest of the girls off while taking a chug. Colt pulled up his pants before calling the boys back from the kitchen.

“How'd she do?” Austin asked.

“Choked that bitch out,” Colt bragged.

“Shit, you okay, Amber?” Drew asked.

“Shit, that’s nothing. Where’s that faggot Kurt? It’s my turn.”

“I think he disappeared again,” said Greg. “Kurt! Buddy! You’re up!”

Kurt came down the stairs, looking suspicious

“Alright, Kurt, let’s go.” Amber tried to take his hand, but he pulled away.

Amber shrugged and motioned him into a bedroom.

“You like watching so much, I want you to watch me.” Amber took her bag and produced a dildo. “You don’t get to jerk off. Not yet.” Amber slid the latex down her throat, a pair of synthetic balls hitting her lips and keeping it from disappearing altogether. With her other hand, she pulled her shirt up and slid her breasts out over her bra.

Amber caught him rubbing the front of his pants. “Not yet. You cheat and you don’t get to pick next round. Now lay down.” Kurt complied. Amber slipped out of her shorts and thong. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to touch you if you don’t want. I know what that’s like.” She straddled his face and squatted down, sliding the dildo into herself as she went down.

“You getting hard yet?” Amber could see he was. “All right, go ahead and get yourself off. See how quick you can shoot off.”

Kurt started cumming as quick as he could get his dick out of his pants. He dribbled white into the palm of his other hand.

“Fucking hot, isn’t it.” Amber pulled the dildo out as she stood up. “Thanks, Kurt. Lady likes to feel appreciated now and again.”

“How was he?” Montana joked.

“Fuck him. I was amazing,” said Amber.

“Alright, Kurt, you’re up. Live the dream, buddy!” cheered Austin, patting him on the shoulder. Kurt glared at the women for a few seconds, pointed at Hayley and Montana, then went into the kitchen.

“Shit, leave some for us,” Austin laughed.

Hayley and Montana held hands and skipped into the kitchen.

“You know, Kurt, if you want us to lez out, you’re going to have to actually talk,” said Hayley.

“I don’t know what Amber did, but I bet Hayley could get you hard again. You can fuck her without a condom if you want,” laughed Montana.

Hayley shot her an ugly look. “You should try Montana’s ass. She’ll finish you off in her mouth, you don’t even need to wipe it off.”

“Oh my god, that is so gross. Hayley, I know you can get a hand in you up the wrist. You were trying to get up to the elbow, weren’t you? Maybe Kurt...”

Kurt put a finger to his lips. Both girls bit their lips, trying to stop from laughing.

“I’m sorry, Kurt. It’s your turn. What...” Kurt put his finger back to his lips, annoyed. He put a hand on both girls’ shoulders and turned them around, facing a bare kitchen island. He pushed gently until they got the idea and leaned over the counter space. Kurt grabbed the back of their shorts with each hand and quickly pulled them down to mid-thigh. The girls turned their heads to face each

other, cheeks pressed against the counter

One girl at a time, Kurt gently took their wrists and placed hand on butt cheek. He pulled on their wrists until they got the idea, and spread their own asses open. Both girls' eyes popped, pursing lips together to keep from laughing. Kurt dropped to his knees. The girls waited, but nothing touched them except hot breath. Hayley thought she could hear sniffing.

Seconds later, they heard Kurt turn and leave the kitchen.

"What the fuck was that!" Hayley whispered.

"I think he was going to fuck your ass until he got a good look at it."

"A good smell, I think. Between the ribs and beer, I'm sure I've sharted myself at least a little."

"Oh my god!"

"Give a girl a chance to wipe, at least," laughed Hayley. Montana began cracking up. "Keep it down. Last thing Kurt needs is being laughed at."

"So is he done? Can I pull my shorts up?"

Hayley rolled her eyes. "We're going to be bent over something with our asses in the air most of the night anyway, we might as well just stay here."

Montana reached a hand towards the fridge, missing it by several feet. "I can't reach the beer from here."

"Fuck, you're right. Might as well." The girls stood up, giggling, and pulled their shorts up.

Hayley won the spin between her and Montana. "Alright, enough jerking off. No offense, Kurt." Hayley looked for Kurt, but he had snuck off again. Hayley took Austin by the hand. The other boys started whooping. Hayley walked him over to Angela, grabbed her hand, and put them together. The whoops turned to laughter.

"Hope you have a good lawyer," Colt muttered. Hayley shot him a dirty look.

"All right. You two in the bedroom. And you're not coming out until I see semen. I don't care if it's in a tissue, a condom, or you have to cough it up, whatever. I want evidence. And no excuses from either of you. And if either of you has a fucking problem..." Hayley grabbed two beers from a cool and handed each one, "drink until the problem is gone."

"I may need to go back for the cooler," joked Austin.

"If I gross you out that much just pull a Kurt and rub one out," Angela sighed.

"I'm sorry, it's not that. You know what it is."

"Yeah, I do. And it's not fair. Everybody knows what Ron was like."

"Yeah, but those freak outs and the half-finished hand jobs in the parking lot are on you."

"There's a lot of stuff I'm trying to deal with." Angela closed her eyes. "God, does everybody know about the parking lot?"

"Not everyone. You are going to college out of state, right?" Austin joked.

Angela playfully pushed him in the chest. "Well, look. I'm here, aren't I. I'm going to slut it up, even if it's just for one weekend. That proves I'm not a prude."

"Nobody said you were a prude. Cocktease, that's what everybody says."

"Austin."

"I'm kidding. Come here." Austin sat with his back to the wall. Angela sat in front of him, between his legs. Austin started rubbing her shoulders. "Keep drinking. It's better if you forget my name."

Angela took a drink. "I don't know what you're so worried about. If anybody's going to do something to get thrown in jail, it's going to be Colt."

Austin nodded his head, wishing she were joking. Angela leaned back, nuzzling against the side of Austin's head. He slid his hands forward to the sides of her breasts. Angela slid her hands over his, encouraging him.

"I like your boobs," said Austin.

"Thanks."

"I want to fuck your boobs."

"Yeah, okay. How does that..."

"Here," Austin pulled her shirt off. He worked the clasp of her bra and slid it off. He cupped a breast in each hand, bouncing them up and down. "Yeah. Yeah, I can handle this." He turned her around and pulled her up, placing his face in her cleavage. He made some noises, rubbing his mouth between the two. Angela worked at his belt. Austin slapped her hands away and pulled his dick out himself.

Austin leaned back and pulled Angela down over him. He lined his dick up in the groove between her breasts and slid them up and down. "Like this. Like you're jacking me off with your tits instead of your hands."

Angela grabbed a breast in each hand. "You like this?" she cooed. "This get you off?"

Austin closed his eyes. "Yeah, just quit talking," he said, and took a swig of his beer.

"How was it?"

"I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may incriminate me," Austin joked.

Hayley passed Austin and went into the bedroom. "Alright, let's see some jizz." Angela had her bra halfway on. She pointed to the shiny smear below her throat. "Wow, you got a pearl necklace. I knew Austin's dad had money."

"You know where any tissues are?"

"Leave it there. I want Colt to suck it off your titties without him knowing. And keep your fucking bra off. You're a slut now."

Back in the living room, Austin and Angela spun the bottle. Austin won. "Shit. Can I bank this for an hour?"

"Nope," ruled Montana.

"Can I give my turn to someone else?"

"That's up to you."

"Alright, you owe me a turn, Greg."

"Dude, if you want to bottom you don't need to get it up," said Greg.

"I mean you take my turn, and the next..."

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fucking with you." Greg walked over to Hayley, took her hand, and bowed. "Miss Hayley, if I could have the pleasure of your company." Hayley put a hand to her chest in a mock demure pose. "I intend on taking my

time, if the rest of you would care to continue the parlor games without us."

"Do you think I'll have time for a cigarette?" said Amber. Greg flipped her off.

"I'm sorry, I forgot the cranberry juice," Greg apologized.

"I don't mind it straight, as long as it's cold," said Hayley. Greg poured two healthy glasses of vodka. They wrapped their drinking arms around each other and took a drink.

"Oh, hey, you got a little..." Greg smiled.

"A little what?" They leaned into each other.

"You got a little tongue in your mouth. Let me get that for you." They kissed. Hayley grabbed onto Greg's shoulder, nails holding tight. He leaned down to set his cup down, and the two stumbled to the floor, laughing. "All right," he said motioning to the cup. "Finish up."

"I'm not chugging vodka."

"Then sip it. It's still my turn. You refuse me and I'll pick Austin instead.

"Can I watch?" Hayley smiled.

"Shit, you've got next turn, don't you." Hayley nodded as she sipped on the vodka. "I better be nice, then."

"Got a light?" Amber asked, sitting on the porch steps, cigarette hanging from her lip.

"You know I don't do that shit," said Colt, sitting beside her.

Amber handed him her lighter. "Gimme a light." Colt give her a weird look. "C'mon, fag, just treat a lady right." Colt fumbled with the lighter, until Amber cupped his hands over his and lit it for him. "Thanks, handsome."

"You're welcome." Amber kept Colt's hand and placed it over her thigh. "So, do wanna finish what we started, or do I need to wait my turn."

"No, but you do need to wait until I'm done with my cigarette. I've only got one mouth."

"You need both hands to smoke?" Colt asked, putting her hand over the bulge in his crotch.

Amber slid her hand down the front of his shorts. Colt was already completely hard. "Get it out." Colt slid his shorts to his ankles. She held her cigarette in one hand and her other palm under his mouth. "Spit."

"Huh?"

"You don't exactly have me dripping, and I don't want to go back inside." Drew spit in her hand. "Keep it coming." Drew cleared his throat and kept spitting. When she had enough, she slid her spit covered hand over his exposed cock. Cigarette in mouth, Amber stood up and almost fell over dropping her shorts.

She grabbed her beer, turned her back to Colt, and lowered herself on top of him. He grabbed her hips and bounced her up and down on his lap while she alternated between her beer and cigarette. When she was done with both, she popped the butt in the bottle and tossed it onto the lawn.

Colt lifted her off him and stood up. "Let's give that throat another ride." Amber half fell, half sat on the porch steps and opened her mouth. Colt grabbed

her hair with one hand, her throat with the other, and slid inside. He felt her throat move as he stabbed at her.

He cupped the back of her skull and pressed her forehead against his stomach. He pinched her nose shut, and held her until she started slapping his hip. It took a warning nibble before he let go. She coughed and spat thick mucus over his cock. He grabbed two handfuls of hair and mounted her face, letting her breathe between strokes. Snot dribbled onto his cock as he pulled out, and was rammed into her mouth as he went in.

Colt pulled most of the way out and started jerking. He left the tip in her mouth, and his fist bumped against her teeth, probably not by accident. Colt grunted, and shot his cock back into Amber's throat as he came. Semen dribbled into her windpipe before she could pull away.

Amber coughed manically as she caught her breath. Just as she hacked up the semen, her stomach lurched, and she spayed vomit over the front yard. "Goddamm..." another torrent hit the dying grass. "Mother fucker!"

The front door swung open. Colt hiked up his shorts and grabbed his beer as the others came out on the porch.

"What the fuck did you do?" Montana yelled.

"What? Like there wasn't going to be puking this weekend," shrugged Colt as he walked back inside.

"You okay, Amber?" Angela asked.

Amber was staring at the pile of vomit on the grass. "No! No, I'm not okay!"

"What did Colt..."

"I think I puked up my oxy. You know what I have to do to get those?"

Austin rolled his eyes and went back inside. Angela and Montana went to help Amber get her clothes back on.

"Keep drinking," said Greg.

"I drink much more, I won't be able to move," Hayley slurred, tipping back the cup of vodka.

"What I got in mind you won't have to do much moving." Greg pulled his shirt off. Hayley finished her cup and tried to pull her shirt off, getting stuck halfway up. Greg helped her, and laid her on a bedroll before taking both of their shorts off. Hayley started to nod off as Greg fiddled with a bag. He rolled a condom on and spread a generous amount of lube over the latex.

"Get your knees up." Hayley was half asleep on her side, but she tucked her knees to her chest as Greg knelt in front of her. The cold lube sliding up her anus woke her up.

"What are you doing!" she slurred, sitting up.

"What do think I'm doing? C'mon, lay down."

"Greg, look, I don't..."

"Yeah, you do. You have. Just not with me," said Greg, a little frustrated.

"That doesn't mean I like it," she objected.

"That's never stopped you before."

"That only happens when I'm drunk."

Greg motioned to the bottle of vodka. "Your point?"

"It's not like I want to do it. Just, some guys don't ask first, they just do it."

"I know. That's why I didn't ask this time."

"Greg, we're probably not going to see each other again. I wanted this weekend to be special."

"Me, too," Greg said coldly. "Which is why I want to do you in the butt."

"Really, Greg. That's what you want."

"Yeah, it is." There was a hardness in his eyes.

Hayley rolled on her stomach and spread her ass cheeks open. "Fucking hurry up."

Greg was starting to go soft. He got hard again fingering her ass with the lube still on his hand. When he got three fingers in, he switched to his cock. Hayley laid flat on her stomach, crying into a pillow, waiting for him to finish.

Greg's dick started to go soft before he finished. He slipped out and wasn't hard enough to get back in. He pulled the condom off and went to the bathroom.

Hayley grabbed the bottle of vodka and took a long pull, spreading a fire down her throat into her belly. She walked naked into the living room. The girls weren't there, just Colt, Drew, and Austin.

"You okay?" Drew asked.

"Is my turn, right?" she slurred.

"I guess so," said Austin.

"Any you assholes got a working dick, let's go."

"This probably was for the best," said Montana.

"How's that?" Angela asked.

"Pills and booze are not a good combination. She's been to the hospital before, and if something happens out here, she's fucked. No signal out here, and sure as shit none of us are in any shape to drive."

Angela and Montana had carried Amber to the attic loft and prepared some bedding for her. "I'm glad she puked at least some of it up," Montana continued. "She won't make it to twenty, but I don't want to be around when she goes."

"I'm still here, bitch," Amber slurred, barely talking.

"I know, honey. You need to get some sleep."

"Don't be hating, bitch. Ima fuck your boyfriend!"

"Boyfriend?" Angela asked. Montana shrugged her shoulders.

"You cunts got nothing!"

"What the fuck?" said Angela.

"You can fuck my boyfriend tomorrow, Amber. You need to sleep. Angela, help me roll her over." Amber fidgeted and resisted as the two rolled her on her stomach. "In case she throws up, she won't choke."

Amber flailed her arms around. "You fat bitches! Your boyfriend hates fucking you! He laughs at you!"

"What the fuck!" Angela started getting frightened.

Montana looked a little concerned, but mostly bored. "She gets like this sometimes," she shrugged.

Amber stuck a finger at Angela. "He's gonna be my boyfriend, you cow! We laugh at you when we fuck!"

Montana gently lay down on Amber's back, keeping her face down on the sleeping bag. "I know honey, just go to sleep."

"Fuck all your boyfriends!" Amber gasped, then something in her broke, and she laid limp. Montana laid over her for a few seconds, checked to make sure she was still breathing, then got up.

"No, really, what the fuck was that?" Angela asked as they went back downstairs.

"She's got some issues," said Montana. "You should be able to relate."

"I'm not like that," Angela sneered.

Montana grabbed Angela by the shoulder and pushed her against the wall. "Look, I know you went through some shit. Everybody goes through shit. Everybody. You may have gone through a lot, but nothing like Amber. She had to wear diapers through middle school. She's never had a period, her body is so broken and fucked up. If you want to have a fucked up life contest, she's going to beat you. So she freaks out and talks shit sometimes, big deal. As long as she stays alive over the weekend, she won't be our problem anymore."

"Shit, I'm sorry. She just freaked me out is all."

Montana smiled. "I'm sorry, I don't need to be getting all preachy on you. Not like I can judge. You feeling alright?"

"Yeah, I'm okay," Angela smiled.

"You ready to get some more dick? You did get some from Austin, didn't you?"

"Kinda."

"What do you mean, kinda?" Montana asked.

"Well, he got on and around, but not exactly in."

Montana took her hand. "Don't worry girl. If we don't get a volunteer, we'll offer a two for one. None of them are going to turn down a threesome."

The two went downstairs to the living room. Drew looked up nervously for a second, then turned his attention back to fucking Hayley doggy style. Austin had his dick in her mouth. Colt held her limp hand over his limp dick, trying to get hard. Greg took swigs from his vodka bottle from the far corner.

"Goddamn greedy bitch," Montana exclaimed. "I wanted to pull a train. I won't get all of them hard at once until tomorrow."

Angela got embarrassed and went into the kitchen to look for leftover barbecue. Montana opened a beer and watched for a while. Hayley looked like she didn't know who was in the room. Greg set the vodka bottle down and stumbled towards the bathroom. Montana snatched the bottle up and followed him, sliding through the door before he shut it.

"Oh, hey. Can you give me a second?" he slurred. "I really need to take a piss."

Montana took a quick swig and grabbed at the bulge that was growing in his pants. "Can you piss with a hard on, Greg?"

"Seriously, just give me like two minutes."

"Nope." Montana got his dick out and rubbed it hard. Greg leaned against



the sink, slipped, and caught himself on a towel rack. Montana pulled her shirt off and slid out of her shorts. She looked through some bags the girls had left in the bathroom for KY or Vaseline. She settled for moisturizer and squirted a handful. "You piss in my mouth and I bite your dick off." Montana squatted down in front of him and popped his dick into her mouth. She slid her lubed fingers up her asshole, pulling them apart slightly to stretch the muscles. Greg's dick tasted like lube.

Montana got to her feet and led Greg to the shower as he stumbled out of his clothes. She stood in the tub, leaned forward against the tile, and arched her ass up at him. "Get in there, hurry."

"Look, it would be better if I..."

"Shut up and get that dick up my ass!" She grabbed Greg by the dick, wiping some residual moisturizer over him. He fumbled, missing both holes. Montana grabbed him by the dry hand and slid him inside. He got root deep after three strokes. Montana reached back and grabbed his hip, stopping his stroking.

"Ok. Piss up my ass."

"Wha huh?"

"Piss. Up. My. Ass. You can piss, right?"

"Yeah, just, yeah. Hold on."

They stood motionless in the shower. Montana pressed her forehead against the cool tile and sighed. "Are you going..."

"Yes!" Greg said, frustrated. "It's hard enough with a girl in the room."

"Ok, sorry. Take your time," Montana laughed.

Another minute and Greg exhaled slowly. She felt it dribbling down her legs more than up her ass. She kept hold of his hip with one hand and moved the other to her clit. Hot wetness dripped between her fingers. She was starting to get into it before the smell hit her. She could feel the foamy beer piss gathering around her feet.

The shower faucet was out of reach. She should have had the water running. Montana pulled him out of her, only to have his dick spring up, spraying her back and hair.

"Motherfucker!" She tried to point him down to the tub before settling on blocking the stream with her hand, using the other to turn on the shower.

Hayley slammed open the bathroom door. Montana was startled, but calmed down when she saw Hayley drop to her knees and start puking in the toilet. Montana wanted to get out of the shower, but she wanted to wash the piss and whatever else off her legs. Hayley made some wailing noises between rounds of vomit. She was still naked, and farting as she wretched. Montana started laughing uncontrollably, and slid down the shower wall to sit in the tub as Greg tried to angle the shower to wash his dick off.

Greg snuck behind Hayley, pulled up his jeans, and slipped out the door. Montana rinsed off in the shower for a minute before popping out to look for soap and a washrag.

"You okay, girl?" she asked Hayley.

"Yeah," she said panting, drool dripping into the toilet. She spat until her

mouth was mostly empty and rinsed off in the sink. "Not one of those limp dicks could get me off."

Montana grabbed the vodka bottle and took a pull. "That's cause Kurt wasn't conducting the Hayley train." Hayley spat up a mouthful of water, laughing.

"Next time you need him boarding your caboose."

"Nice. You have any other train analogies?"

Montana counted on her hand. "Four syllables? You ain't that drunk."

"I'm hitting my second wind," she took the bottle and took a swig. Her throat almost didn't let her swallow. "Need to stay drunk. I don't want to remember that I was upset that Colt couldn't get hard."

"It's all those dicks swinging around," said Montana. "He's not a fag. At least I think I've heard that from somewhere."

Hayley forced another swallow down, hoping it would head off her approaching headache. "You're the fag!" she said in a butch voice, mocking Colt.

"No, you're the fag!" mocked Montana. She took a swig. "Wanna fag it up?"

"I need my fucking vibrator. Remind me to borrow something from Amber, she brought a ton."

"I think latex melts in an autoclave. I don't think Purell will be enough."

Montana took the bottle. "Let's take a shower. But use some fucking mouthwash, I don't want any retarded backwash babies, you lesbian."

"I'm pretty sure it doesn't work that way."

"I'm pretty sure I don't want to find out."

Angela was leaning against a counter near the sink, hoping she was just going to burp. Colt walked in wearing just his boxers and opened the fridge and pulled out two beers. He opened them one at a time, tightening the caps against his forearm muscles to twist them off.

"Hey," he mumbled, taking a long pull on his beer.

Angela caught her breath, eyes having problem focusing. "Hey, Colt. How's it going?" she slurred, half in burp.

"It's going. You okay?" He pulled up next to her. Angela stumbled, held her hand out to steady herself. She caught Colt in the pecs, then pulled away embarrassed, almost slipping backwards. "Careful, there." Colt caught her by the shoulder and kept his hand there. He caught her eyes looking at his abs. She started to look down, but caught his erection in his boxers and turned to the side. "Looks like you need a drink," Colt offered.

"I, I think I'm good."

"If you can stand, you can drink." He picked up the other beer and held it out while he took a long tug on his.

Angela held her hand out, the smell of the foam making her stomach crawl up into her throat. "No, I really had too much."

"You'll be fine. Here." Colt brushed her cheek with his hand, rubbed his thumb over her bottom lip. Angela closed her eyes, mouth slacked open. Colt tipped the beer towards her mouth, spilling most of it on her shirt. "Whoops," Colt offered, not really trying to convince.

"Oh, that's okay, don't worry..." started Angela. Colt slid his hand down her

throat to top her wet shirt. "Colt, um, I wanted..."

Colt pulled his dick out of slit of his boxers with one hand, roughly grabbed a breast with the other. Angela shook, started to stumble. Colt lowered her down to her knees, her hand grabbing the counter for balance. Colt took a handful of hair, pushed down on her chin with her thumb. Angela closed her eyes and opened her mouth. Colt kept hold of the hair, grabbed her throat, and leaned into her. Angela tapped him on his side.

"I'll let you know when you can breathe, bitch," Colt growled, yanking her head forward. As he hit the back of her throat, Colt felt hot splashes over his crotch. He kept his dick in for a couple seconds, then pulled out to a torrent of vomit splashing against his thighs and down to the floor.

Angela gasped, trying to apologize as she tried to hold in a second round. Colt was unfazed. He slid his boxers off his hard on and popped them in the sink. Angela, still stumbling, grabbed a roll of paper towels off the counter and half fell to the floor. "I'm so sorry, I'm not, I'll clean it..." She started to cry. She got down on all fours and tried pulling towels off the roll to wipe up the vomit. The smell hit her, and she wretched again.

She felt her shorts slip down, fingers go inside her. Her hand slipped and she fell into the pooling vomit. A hand wrapped in her hair kept her face pressed against it, and Angela trying to figure out what was being put inside her where when she blacked out.

Drew had slipped his boxers back on before curling up on the living room floor. Austin and Greg stood shirtless on the porch, each sipping a beer.

"What's the score, dude?" Greg asked.

"Two bjs and a titjob. At least I won't have any paternity suits. You?"

"Two half assed attempts at anal."

"There's your problem," joked Austin. "You were probably sticking your dick in the wrong half."

Greg took a sip. "Three months I have to wait before the dorms open. Three more months in Venereal City."

"We still have another night to turn it around to Vagina City."

"Or...sorry, can't think of any butt stuff that starts with V."

Austin took a sip and bit his lip. "Dude, that was probably kind of weird for you back there."

"Hell, that ain't the weirdest thing that's happened tonight." Greg almost bragged about pissing up Montana's ass, but decided to be a gentleman about it. Mainly because he wanted to get with her again under better circumstances.

"You know what I mean. You and Hayley."

"Fuck it." Greg chugged the rest of his beer. "I dodged a bullet. Half the reason I came here this weekend. To remind me what kind of person she is."

"Kinda harsh, dude. What's that make the rest of us?"

"It makes me the only dumbfuck who hasn't popped off yet tonight."

"I think Angela's free. Just make her sign a waiver first."

Colt stepped out onto the porch, a fresh pair of boxers on, beer bottle in hand. "Fucking bitch is passed out in the kitchen if you want a turn."

"Maybe later," said Greg.

"Thought she was supposed to be a virgin or something?" asked Colt.

"Her uncle or whoever is in prison for raping her, so probably not," said Austin.

"Thought it was a step-dad," Greg added.

"Shit, if I knew that I wouldn't have bothered." Colt grabbed an extra beer.

"Let's wake Drew up and go to the loft. I want to show you guys something. Bring condoms if you're feeling brave."

Kurt was in the loft when the other boys stepped inside. He quickly tucked himself back in and looked nervous.

"Kurt! Buddy!" laughed Colt. "There you are. Stick around, if you like watching." Colt rolled Amber onto her back and pulled her shirt up over her breasts. He slid her shorts down and spread her legs.

"I don't know, this seems wrong somehow," Greg offered.

"Don't be a queer, Greg," said Colt. "You really think she has a problem with any of this shit when she's awake? Probably be upset that she slept through it. Besides, she's the one that showed me this trick."

Colt squirted some KY on his hand and rubbed it from fingertip to wrist. He slid four outstretched fingers in her, then the thumb, then the hand up to the wrist. Drew covered his eyes. Austin laughed nervously.

"They call it fisting, but I can't actually pull it into a fist. Even this bitch has her limits," said Colt.

"I was going to go for a turn, but now I don't see the point," said Greg.

"When she's awake she can pull it together a little better." Colt pulled his hand out and wiped the lube on her bed sheet. "Her throat is worth a fuck. I don't think she's had her ass poked yet tonight if anyone's up for it."

"Third time's a charm, Greg," Austin laughed.

"Fuck it, sure." The other boys whooped, Drew slapped Greg on the back.

Greg pulled out his condom and knelt in front of Amber. Colt and Austin took a foot each and pulled her legs up. Greg dipped his fingers in Amber's pussy, lubed them up, and slid them into her ass. They went in easily.

"Dude, why don't you kiss her while you're at it," said Austin. "What's with the foreplay?"

"I'm just loosening her up." That brought laughs from the rest.

Greg's dick was hard by the time he had the condom on. He slipped inside her ass, grabbed her breast from between her legs, and tried to ignore the encouragement he was getting.

A minute into it and Kurt stepped over. He had his dick out, and within seconds he ejaculated on Amber's face. It came out in a weak dribble.

"You had to do that right before I came," Greg laughed, even as he felt it coming.

"Jizz on her face," Colt laughed. Greg pulled out, slipped off the condom, and leaned forward. Austin and Colt let go of her feet. Greg got her on the chin, with one shot hitting a nostril. Colt clapped.

"Hey, do a Popeye," Greg told Austin. Austin laughed and pulled his dick out.

"What's that?" asked Drew.

Austin rubbed the tip of his dick on Amber's dry lips while he stroked it, and aimed his load on her left eyelid.

"Shit dries, when she wakes up her eye will be glued shut," Greg explained.

"What's that have to do with Popeye?"

"Dude, just pick a hole and fuck it," said Colt.

"I don't want sloppy seconds," said Drew. He had an erection, but was unsure what he should do with it.

"She's fine. I didn't cum in her ass," said Greg.

"Here." Colt took a cap off a beer, put his thumb over the mouth, and shook up the bottle. "I'll fucking rinse her out." He slipped the tip of the bottle in her ass and let foam spray inside her. That got some more cheers and laughs.

"All right, I'll try her pussy. Maybe if I hold her legs close together." Drew pulled his dick out of his shorts.

"I'd wrap that up if I were you," Greg warned.

Drew kneeled in front of Amber, looked around for a second. "Fuck it." He climbed up, straddled her stomach, and jerked off between her tits. He stood up before he came on her face. Colt laughed, and distractedly started to take a pull from the beer bottle in his hand before the taste of lube and ass stopped him.

"Fuck, I almost drank her ass beer." He poured the rest of the bottle over her body, then slipped the tip in her mouth. Colt smiled, then rattled the glass against her teeth. The sound made them all wince.

"You going to give her the complete collection, Colt?" joked Austin.

"Something like that." Colt pulled his dick out. It was limp. He held it in front of her face, closed his eyes, and started pissing.

"Dude, that is so wrong!" Austin laughed, while Drew and Greg pulled Colt back. Colt brushed the two of them off.

"Fuck this cunt! All a bitch has to do in life is keep her pussy wet and tight. She's a fucking waste."

"All right, chill out," Greg offered. "Let's go get some beer that doesn't have ass chunks floating in it."

The four slipped themselves back in their clothes. Kurt was already gone.

"At least she didn't piss herself," said Hayley.

"Yeah. Only shit and vomit." Montana helped Hayley drag Angela into the bathtub. They pulled her shorts back on her to keep them from dragging a diarrhea trail through the house.

"Also, no blood. Always a good sign when Colt's involved."

"You think this is Colt's doing?" Hayley gave Montana a look. "What am I saying?"

"So, cold or hot water?"

"Warm, at least. We don't need to wake her up."

Hayley let the water warm up before turning on the shower. Angela stirred as the water hit her, but didn't speak.

"You did it, honey," said Hayley, patting her on the head.

"I was kind of hoping she wouldn't start with the Colt treatment. Don't want to

scare her off too quick."

"Well, at least it's all uphill from here. Turn her on her side in case she pukes again."

Montana helped turn Angela before turning off the water. "I've got a devious plan."

"Of course you do, you evil bitch," Hayley smiled.

"You fuck Colt yet tonight?"

"Nope. And I like Angela, but I'm not getting a UTI from her scat."

"Oh, gross. Anyway, here's the plan."

"I think I'm about ready to crash."

"Don't be a fucking pussy, Colt. It's all that beer slowing you down. Take a shot to wake you up." Hayley handed Colt a glass of vodka. They were alone in one of the bedrooms, sprawled out on some pillows and bedrolls. Colt took a couple sips, his eyelids drooping. "Finish that shit up, queer. I've been waiting for you all night." Hayley tipped the glass up, making sure he got to the bottom.

Montana checked on the boys. Greg and Austin were on the porch, passing a joint between nods. Drew was arranging some bedding in the living room.

"You're not going to bed yet, are you?" Montana whined.

"Been a long night."

Montana rubbed a hand over his thigh. "We were hoping you could stay up a little longer. Hayley and I wanted to have a little fun." She slipped her hand into the front of his shorts. "Can you still get it up?"

Drew smiled and cupped a breast over Montana's shirt. "I can try." Montana hung her arms around his neck and kissed him. She dropped to her knees and pulled his dick out. She worked on it with her mouth, rubbing his balls with her hand, until he got hard.

"Here's the deal," Montana smiled, leading him into a first floor bedroom.

"Hayley's been wanting to try anal, but she's a little nervous. I said she should try with you because you're so gentle. You cool with that?"

Drew nodded. They stepped into the bedroom. A bare ass stuck out of Hayley's shorts, bent face down over some bedding.

"Yeah, she got good and wasted, she was so nervous. But it looks like she's ready." Montana slipped her shirt off and led Drew over. She straddled the bare ass and grabbed Drew's hands, placing them over her breasts. "I need some attention, too," she smiled. Drew bent down and slobbered over her tits.

Montana took his cock and slid it into the lubed asshole. She held Drew's mouth against her with one hand, grabbing his hip and urging him forward with the other.

"Wait, don't I need..." Drew mumbled.

"That's the whole fun of doing it in the butt, you can't get pregnant." Montana pulled on his hip. "Get that whole thing in there," she breathed. Drew grabbed hips, sliding in deeper with each thrust. Montana held his face to her breasts. Hayley's arms slid over his shoulders down his chest, her mouth on his ear.



### *Fifteen Minutes Ago*

Hayley made sure Colt drank the residue of the crushed up pills at the bottom of the glass of vodka. She was going to jerk him off to sleep, but his dick stayed limp. She waited until he stopped groaning and his breathing slowed.

"Colt? Colt, baby?" Hayley whispered. No reaction. "Colt? Colt, you limp dicked date raper, you awake?" She flicked his balls a couple times, then gave him a hard slap across the face. Still out.

Hayley rolled him over on his stomach and pulled down his boxers. She propped his ass up and draped a blanket over his upper body. Montana cracked the door and started to sneak in.

"He's out. Aren't you, you waste of cock!" Hayley yelled. Montana put a finger to her lips. "What? He's out. If this shit gets Amber through the day, it can take care of this prick."

Montana tossed Hayley a tube of lube. "Put your shorts on him, pulled down just enough so his nads aren't showing."

Hayley slipped them off and pulled them up Colt's legs, pulling the elastic wider. "This is not going to work. They are not that drunk."

"I'm gonna try Drew. He'd probably fall for it sober. Plus, he's big enough to kick Colt's ass when this turns ugly."

Hayley squeezed some lube on her fingers and spread Colt's ass cheeks. "Oh my god! He shaves his butthole! Not just the cheeks, the whole brown eye!"

"You didn't know that?" smirked Montana.

"How did you know?"

"That get you hot, Drew. You like that ass?"

"Yeah," mumbled Drew, not quite getting it. He kept a palm over the small of the back, and reached down. He got confused and slowed his stroke when he found a pair of balls. Montana and Hayley started laughing.

"Drew, I'm sorry," Hayley started. "I know it was kind of..."

Drew cut her off, shaking his head. He grabbed Colt's hips and quickened his pace. "Almost finished."

Hayley and Montana looked at each other, eyes wide, both suppressing a laugh. Hayley shrugged her shoulders. Montana kept Drew's mouth on her tits until he finished.



## *Saturday Morning*

"You done puking yet?" Hayley asked.

"Think so." Angela sat on the bathroom floor, arm draped over the toilet. She got up and swished her mouth out in the sink. Hayley leaned against the bathroom door, slowly sipping on a beer. "How can you still be drinking?"

"The trick is to not stop. That's when you get into trouble. Here, take these." She handed Angela a couple pills.

She downed them. "What are these?"

"Your usual date rape hangover cure. Advil and Plan B."

Angela sat down on the toilet seat. "Fuck. Thanks. I'm not sure he finished in my vagina, though."

"You'll know if you get a UTI," Hayley laughed. "Or maybe... have you flossed your teeth yet?"

"You're going to make me throw up."

"Don't. That shit's expensive."

"Any point trying to go out on the lake?" Austin rummaged through the fridge and came out with some ribs.

"Colt said it was dried up and full of mosquitoes," said Greg. "Drew wants to do some fishing, but I don't think there's much point."

"Since when has there ever been a point to fishing."

"Shit, got to find something to do."

"How about we get into absurd drinking contests and try to fuck until our dicks fall off?" Austin offered.

"There's that." Greg took two bottles out of the fridge and opened them.

They joined Kurt in the living room. He was sitting by the window, reading a comic book. Drew stumbled out of the first floor bedroom wearing socks and boxers.

"How do you know if you have alcohol poisoning?" he asked.

"I think when you throw up black shit," said Austin.

"Dude, you can throw up shit? That's fucked up," said Drew.

"Hey, it's just shifting your digestive system into reverse."

"If you're talking, I think you're ok. There's some headache shit on the bathroom counter."

Montana came down the stairs. "S'up, faggots."

"S'up dyke," Austin returned.

"Have I fucked you yet?" she asked.

"As a matter a fact..."

"Shut the fuck up and get me a beer."

Hayley made her way down the stairs. "Me, too."

"How's the supply? We gonna make it through tonight?" Greg asked. "I know my fucking vodka is gone."

"We've got plenty. I figure if we get to work on it now, and we run low, we'll still be able to sleep it off and make a run tonight," said Austin.

"Daytime drinking? That's a sign that you could have a problem," laughed Hayley as Austin handed her and Montana a beer.

"Well, denying you have a problem means you have a problem. And I'm not denying it, which means I don't have a problem."

"Wow," said Greg. "That's one Mobius strip of logic there. I'll have to..."

"Fucking faggot!" Greg didn't see Colt's fist coming before it slammed into the side of his head. Greg dropped, wrapping his arms around his head. Drew jumped forward, bear hugging him. Colt pulled away. "Don't fucking touch me!"

"Jesus, Colt," said Austin.

"Yeah, Colt. What's wrong?" Montana asked.

"Yeah, Colt. Is something bothering you?" smiled Hayley. "Is there something we should all talk about?"

Colt glared at everyone, then stormed back to the bedroom.

"We'd better give him a wide berth," Austin suggested, herding everyone into the kitchen. Once there, Hayley and Montana cracked up laughing.

Greg joined them, clutching his head. "What the fuck is his damage? And what's so fucking funny?"

"I'm sorry, Greg," said Montana. "It was something from last night. I'm not laughing at you."

"I am," laughed Hayley.

"Yeah. And what's so funny?"

"The part where you got punched in the head."

Greg shrugged his shoulders. "Spilt my fucking beer." He went to the fridge.

"You okay, dude?" Austin asked.

"Yeah, fine."

Drew stepped in front of Greg. "Hold on a sec. Lemme just check you for a concussion. What's your name?"

"Fuck off."

"I'm serious bro. You don't want to mess with a head injury."

"I'm fine."

"I won't let you drink until I know you're okay."

"Shit, in that case, Greg."

The front door slammed shut. As Drew checked Greg's eyes, they heard a car start.

"Fucking asshole got my keys!" Greg started, pulling away.

Drew grabbed him. "What, you gonna tackle the car?"

"Yeah, fuck it. Let him go. You really want him here until tomorrow?" said Austin.

Greg took a deep breath. "All right, fuck it. How the hell are we all getting home tomorrow?"

"We'll worry about that then. We take a couple trips or something. Relax, will you?" said Austin, handing Greg a beer.

"Am I cleared for duty, doc?" Greg asked Drew.

"Shit, I don't know. I know I'm supposed to check your eyes, but I don't know what I'm looking for. I'm usually on the other side."

Angela stepped in the kitchen. "Did something happen?"

"Colt got butthurt and stole Greg's car," said Hayley, snickering.

"Thank god. I mean, sorry Greg," Angela smiled. Greg shrugged his shoulders and opened a beer.

"Shit, you know what this means?" said Hayley. "We never have to see his date raper ass ever again!"

"Speak for yourself," said Montana. "There's going to be a lot more parties before September."

"Maybe Colt will discover something about himself? Spend all his time at the Grind Ball Room," Hayley laughed.

"What the hell have you two been giggling about?" Austin asked.

"Just girl talk," Montana smiled.

"Is Colt mad because of that threesome we had?" Drew asked.

Hayley and Montana stared at each other, daring the other to laugh first.

"You had a threesome with Colt?" Greg asked.

"No it was with...was Colt there?" It was starting to come back to Drew.

"Here, stud, drink this before your memory comes back." Montana handed him a beer.

"I'm gonna take a shower."

"Then drink it in the shower. We're on a schedule. I want us passed out before sundown."

As Drew left for the bathroom, Hayley pulled Angela aside. "You totally owe Drew. And maybe Greg, a little. But fuck Greg, go give Drew a blow job at least."

"Why do I owe them, exactly?" Angela asked.

"If you need a reason to suck off a hot guy, there's no hope for you. Go on!" Hayley slapped Angela's ass on her way out of the kitchen.

"I'd wash his dick off first!" Montana shouted after her. She took a long pull on her beer and made eye contact with Austin as she leaned against the kitchen counter. "Seriously, we haven't fucked yet?"

"Nope," said Austin.

"Like, not even before last night?"

"Nope."

Montana took his hand and led him through the living room towards the downstairs bedroom. "Just a quickie. I want to pull a train tonight, and we're already one man down."

She dropped to her knees and pulled down his shorts. She took his half hard cock in her hands and licked the head until it was hard. Montana tossed Austin a condom and rummaged the room for some lube while he put it on.

Montana dropped her shorts, lay back on the bed, and stuck her feet straight up in the air. Austin put his shoulders against each ankle and slid himself in. Austin wasn't her type and she wasn't interested in letting him get too close to her face.

Austin was losing steam after a few minutes. Montana laid him on his back, legs dangling off the bed. She stood over him, facing his feet, and lowered her ass over his cock. She closed her eyes and rode him, rubbing herself and trying not to hear his grunting. He made some kind of noise and stopped moving.

Montana stood up and grabbed her shorts.

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

"Who?"

"Angela."

"Oh. Hey, Angela," said Drew, sticking his head out of the shower. "What's with the lights?"

"What do you think?" The bathroom was lit by the sun going through the uncovered window. Angela had slipped out of her clothes and handed Drew a beer.

"Am I supposed to drink this in the shower?"

Angela nodded. "Drinking a beer in the shower while getting head? Nice way to start the day, don't you think?"

"Fucking A."

Angela knelt down in the tub. She positioned herself so that the shower didn't spray in her face and began tugging Drew off. When he started to get hard, he cupped the back of her head and pulled her in. Something tasted bad. Somebody had said something about washing his dick first?

Drew pulled one leg over her shoulder and began stabbing in her mouth. His dick wasn't big enough to reach her throat so she had no problem breathing. She just had to keep her mouth open wide enough to keep the teeth away while his abs bounced against her nose.

Drew kept one hand against the back of her head and used the other to chug back his beer. He drank too fast and he was still too hungover. Foaming vomit splashed down over Angela's head. She tried to pull away, but Drew kept her pulled in.

"Almost done." Then another downpour. Angela held her eyes tight and had to remember to keep her mouth open. She was considering biting when her guts lurched, splashing some bile over Drew's cock. Drew's legs buckled and he let go of her head. He leaned against the tile. "That was fucking awesome! I shot off right into your puke! I couldn't have planned that if I tried." He rinsed his crotch off in the shower's stream and handed Angela a bottle of shampoo.

"I think I'd rather fuck Kurt," snipped Hayley.

"Can I watch and jerk off?" Greg smiled. "Or would that just get confusing?"

"How about Kurt fucks you," Hayley returned, "and I'll jerk off?"

"That's kind of hot, actually. Jizz in my face and it's a deal."

Hayley tried to keep from laughing. "You're an asshole."

"You're just now coming to that conclusion?"

Hayley's lip trembled. "You weren't supposed to be. You were supposed to be a good guy. The one good guy."

"You weren't exactly looking for one guy, though, were you?"

A beer bottle bounced off the back of his head. "You motherfucker!" Before he could turn around, Montana leapt on his back, fingernails at his face.

"What the fuck!" Greg spun around, sending Montana to the floor. She

glared at him, then broke down crying.

"What did you do to her, Greg?" accused Hayley.

"I haven't done shit to anybody!"

"She's dead," Montana sobbed. "Amber's dead."

## *Saturday Afternoon*

"Have you checked her pulse?" asked Austin.

"Like I have to!" Montana sobbed. "Look at her!"

Amber was still naked on the bedroll. Urine and blood stained diarrhea had poured out from between her legs. Vomit smeared her cheek. Her head was tilted to one side, enough that her mouth was still full of puke and urine. Flies buzzed at her crotch and mouth. Her lips were blue. Her open eyes stared at the ceiling.

"Maybe we can give her CPR?" Hayley tried to turn Amber's head to clear her mouth. Her neck was stiff. Hayley closed her eyes as she cleared Amber's mouth with two fingers. "Oh, god, she's cold!" Hayley wiped her fingers off on a pillow, then absentmindedly sniffed them. "Jesus, is this fucking piss? Did someone piss in her mouth?"

"Must have been Colt," said Greg, trying to sound ignorant.

"Jesus Christ!" yelled Montana. She looked around the loft and made a mental headcount. "Where's Kurt?"

"I'll get him," said Drew, eager to get away from Amber's body.

"What makes you think it's Colt's piss?" Hayley asked, accusingly.

"Who else would piss in somebody's mouth?" Greg returned.

"I guess we'll all know after the DNA test," said Montana.

"What DNA test? She OD'd, plain and simple," Austin objected.

"We don't know that," said Montana. "She could have choked to death. Either way, they're going to do an autopsy and find out, and I doubt they'll ignore the fact she's coated in semen."

"C'mon, you'd probably find the DNA of half of VC in one of her holes," said Greg.

"You shut the fuck up!" Montana yelled.

"If I were you, I'd be more worried about the drugs in her system," said Greg, looking at Hayley. "And where Amber got those drugs."

"Everybody knows she's got plenty of scripts of her own," said Hayley, looking defensive.

"Just like everybody knows that you sell her the extras you get from your parents," accused Austin.

Montana shook her head. "Maybe she would still be alive..."

Hayley cut her off. "Oh, like when they pump her stomach they won't find the pills you get from sucking off your therapist!"

"You fucking bitch!"

"Shut up!" Angela screamed. She had been crying with her hands over her face. She dropped the veil only to show a mask of rage. "Fuck all of you! I have a full scholarship! I am getting out of this fucking city, and go somewhere where nobody knows me, and get a fucking boyfriend, and I am not letting this pillaged slut fuck it up!"

The others stood in shocked silence as Drew brought in Kurt, half dragging him by the shoulder. "Alright, we're all here," he said. "Do you know something,

Kurt? You were probably the last person to see her. I mean, I think there's a lot more jizz on her than when we all left her."

"What?" said Hayley.

"Nice one, Drew," muttered Austin.

"Great, so you all took a turn on the dead girl," said Montana. "That's just great."

"She wasn't dead," said Greg.

"Well, she wasn't moving a whole lot, so maybe..."

"Shut up, Drew," said Greg.

"Fuck you. Maybe she was already dead. At least that means we didn't kill her. Wait, is that against the law?"

"Probably not in VC," Austin muttered.

"Look, we'll just wash her off before we report it," said Greg.

"They can still find the DNA," said Montana. "And you'd have to explain why she was cleaned up."

"The lake," said Hayley. "We can put her in the lake, say she drowned. Then there's no autopsy, no drug test, no DNA. We're all clear."

"No good," said Angela. "They would still do a drug screen, and she would need to have lake water in her lungs."

"Maybe we could give her the Heimlich in the water and it would pump some in?" said Hayley.

"That might work," Angela considered. "They'd still want to know about the pills."

"Is there anything that will clean her out?"

"I don't think so. Not after she's dead."

"Maybe we can google some of this shit?" Austin offered. "Can anyone get a signal?"

"Don't google shit!" said Greg. "They can check your search history."

"You guys can keep freaking out," said Drew. "I didn't do shit."

"You fucked a dead girl!" said Montana.

"We don't know if she was dead. 'Sides, I just jerked off on her."

"Great," said Montana. "They can still get you for desecrating a corpse or something."

"Even if they can't make any charges stick, we're going to get raked over the coals," added Austin. "All of us."

"We could just get rid of the body," said Hayley, not liking the words after they came out of her mouth.

Austin shook his head. "Then she'll be missing, and we get even more questions."

"She didn't have to have died here," Angela started. "We take her body back into town and leave it somewhere. I don't think it would surprise anyone if she turned up in an alley dead."

"Did anyone know she was coming out here besides us?" Greg asked.

"No," said Montana. "Wait...no. I don't know, I can't think."

"What about Colt?" asked Angela. "If we have a story, we need to get it straight with him."

"He's in this deeper than anyone," said Greg. "He won't say shit."

"God, I can't fucking think," said Angela, tears still coming.

"We all need to calm the fuck down," Montana added, looking through Amber's purse for prescription pill bottles.

"I'm not taking anything if they're sober," said Hayley, pointing at the boys.

"Fine, we'll take something, too," Greg offered.

"That's a good idea," said Drew, thinking. "We all need to sleep on it. All of us. Things will make more sense after some sleep."

"Jesus, I don't know if I'll ever sleep again!" said Angela.

"That's what these are for," said Montana, shaking the pill bottles. "Mixed with a little alcohol and you'll go right out."

"Isn't that what got us here in the first place?"

"I know what I'm doing. But I'm not taking shit unless everyone," Hayley pointed at Kurt, "takes one. I'm not waking up with a stomach full of piss and jizz."

"Fair enough. Everyone takes their medicine. Montana, divvy up the doses."

Montana picked a Xanax, Ambien, and beer cocktail for everyone. Hayley got a double dose because of her tolerance, and she gave herself double to not look suspicious. Drew also got a larger dose because of his size. Drew looked at each person stone faced as they washed the pills down with beer, making sure everyone swallowed.

"Let's get out of here," Hayley murmured. "I don't want to pass out in this room."

"I think someone should hold on to Angela's car keys until we wake up," said Austin.

"I'll hold on to them," said Drew.

"What if you drive off?" Montana objected.

"God, the whole point of sleeping it off is so we stop..."

"I've got an idea," said Greg. "Bring your keys outside."

Angela got her keys from her purse and met the others in the front lawn. She handed the keys to Greg, who promptly threw them on the roof.

"What the fuck!"

"Great, asshole, now how do we get them down?" said Montana.

"I can get them down," Drew offered.

"Not with a bellyful of pills, you're not," said Greg. "That's the point. Anyone manages to stay awake longer than the others will be in no shape to climb around on the roof. Everyone has to wait until we're nice and sober."

"That's actually a pretty good idea," said Hayley.

"Until we actually need to find the keys again," said Angela. "Anybody remember where they landed?"

Montana lit two cigarettes and gave one to Hayley. The three girls sat down on the porch steps.

"I can feel it kicking in," said Hayley, starting to smile.

"You ever do Ambien sex?" Montana started. "I hear..."

"Amber's dead, isn't she?" Hayley asked.

"Yeah."



"Fucking bitch couldn't wait two days."

### *Later that Saturday*

The girls fell asleep together in a pile of bedding in the downstairs bedroom. Montana said something about side effects and sleep walking, but nobody was paying attention. Kurt passed out first in the living room. Austin and Greg fell asleep on the porch while taking turns at the keg. Drew was in the kitchen downing bottles until he slumped on the floor.

Kurt was kneeling when he woke up. His dick was hard. He was staring into somebody's hole. There was some stubble, but he couldn't figure out what kind of hole it was or whose. He didn't care about that. He only cared why he couldn't feel his hand on his dick. And why there was a scraping sound. When the scraping was joined by dripping, he looked down. He couldn't feel his hand because someone had put a utility glove over his jerking off hand. There was something metal on the glove, but he could barely see it under the blood.

Something was splashing now. Kurt turned his eyes back to the stubbly hole and kept tugging, trying to finish. He couldn't cum, and everything turned black.

Drew felt cold tile on his back. His feet were in the air, and his crotch felt cool. He tried to move, but it hurt his throat to move his legs. He couldn't feel his hands, and it took a while to figure out that they were behind his back. When he managed to open his eyes he was blinded by the glare of the fluorescent kitchen lights. His eyes focused on red lines cut into his raised knees. Something was happening to his asshole, and he heard some squishing.

Fishing line. His knees were tied to his throat with fishing line. And his hands as well. He felt some pressure in his bowels, a little stinging. He remembered telling that pep squad freshman that it wouldn't hurt, it just felt like taking a shit.

The pressure was relieved, and a hand passed in front of the ceiling lights. The hand wafted a latex cock in front of Drew's face, before bringing it slapping across his face. Drew flinched, more at the smell of shit than the impact.

"Get the fuck off," he mumbled, trying to move his head. Fishing line cut into his skin as he squirmed. The hand went away. Drew felt his wrists. His fingers were tied together, then the wrists, then the arms. Everything was wrapped up tied in thin, strong nylon.

The hand came back. The latex dildo was glinting. Drew squinted until he could make out the fishhooks sticking into the latex. The hand went down. Drew held his breath as it slid in. Some prickling and stinging, but it wasn't too bad going in.

Drew exhaled right before it was ripped out of him. It got stuck halfway out, and it took two more pulls to get it free. He heard tearing, then dripping. He tried not to move his legs, but the line was burrowing into the back of his neck. His fingertips ran over knots in the line behind his back. There was a knocking sound. The hand came back. The dildo had a row of nails, the points running down towards the pair of fake balls at the base.

Drew began to pull his hands apart. He thought he heard the line tear, but it

was his skin. The dildo only made it halfway in the first try. A couple steps back, then a kick got it in deeper. Drew's face bulged purple as he kicked his legs up. The fishing line was past the flesh and cutting deeper into muscle and between his neck bones. The cock came out, and Drew could hear his insides being pulled with it.

Austin didn't realize until the third blow that someone was hitting him in the mouth with a hammer. At first he just tasted the blood and rolled the shards of broken teeth around with his tongue. It started hurting at the fourth blow, which cracked his jaw. He tried to figure out why he couldn't move his head. Two pieces of wood pressed against the sides of his skull, some wire or fishing line wrapped around under his chin. He opened his eyes to find his head pointed up at a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. He could see it wasn't a hammer. It was bigger, more of a mallet.

After the next blow, Austin could feel air blowing on exposed roots. He wasn't able to shut his mouth. He heard the mallet fall to the ground, then some clanking of metal. A sock got stuffed in his mouth towards the back of his throat. Austin tried to move his arms. More fishing line wrapped around his arms and binding his hands together. He realized he was sitting on the floor, a cinderblock between his knees. Something was wrong with his legs.

A pair of pliers were held in front of his eyes for just a second, then dove into his mouth, tearing out the rest of his teeth, along with chunks of cheek and lip that got in the way. Blood started to soak through the sock into the back of his throat. Austin made himself swallow to avoid choking on it. He groaned and coughed but did not have the energy to scream. It took all of his will between pulls to get another breath of air through his nose.

The pliers went away, replaced with a wood clamp. It pressed against exposed roots as the screws turned, ripping the already shredded corners of his mouth. Another clamp went against the other side. Austin wasn't sure if he heard the screw creaking or if it was bones in his jaw. The blood soaked sock came out. Austin had to keep swallowing the flow of blood to keep from drowning.

He didn't react quickly enough to move his tongue when the metal pipe was rammed in his mouth. It folded in half as the pipe slid into his throat, not quite tearing at the root. Hands twisted the pipe, sliding it deeper into his esophagus. He gagged, but the stomach fluids didn't make it out of his mouth, sliding back down the pipe. Bile and blood dripped into his lungs.

A hand held out a white pipe with jagged ends for Austin to see. As it started to slide neatly into the metal pipe, he realized it was a fluorescent light tube with the ends broken off. He started to gag again when he felt the end poke the bottom of his stomach. The metal pipe slowly slid out of his throat, leaving the light tube. Austin wanted to scream, to cough, to puke, but only let himself breathe the little he could with the room left in his throat.

Someone stood over him, blocking out the light above. He could smell the piss as it splashed down his nostrils, in his mouth, and down the tube. Austin could feel the glass crack as he squirmed.

A light bulb popped easily into his spread open mouth. The second one fit tighter. The wood clamps came out, the bulbs holding Austin's shattered jaw open. A creaking turn and the vice clamping his head was loosened. Austin's head started to droop, but the resistance inside his throat made him keep his head tilted back. He didn't see the mallet before it swung up under his chin.

More cracks in the tube inside him as he struggled away from the mallet. Several more blows ground up the bulbs, glass tinkling as it bounced down the tube. The fishing line cut into Austin's wrists and arms. The mallet slammed against his Adam's apple. Austin's last breaths weren't of air, only blood and broken glass.

Greg didn't remember getting on the toilet. The smell of his runny shit woke him up and hit his stomach. He scooted back on the toilet seat and puked on his lap. Vomit poured over his dick into the bowl. He flushed the mess down. As he stood up another fart sprayed brown below him. He turned this time to puke, flushing it down as he went.

As the running toilet died down he heard the tinkling of glass. He took a step as he tried to pull his pants up. Something stung his foot and he fell to his knees. More shattering. Beer bottles flew through the open doorway, smashing against the inside walls.

"Cut that shit out!" he yelled, examining the gash on the bottom of his foot. The bottles came faster, raining glass shards over Greg's head.

Someone stepped in the doorway, dragging a plastic trash can full of beer bottles. The bottles started flying at Greg's head instead of the wall. Greg flailed his arms around, falling bare assed on broken glass. The bottles stopped. He heard a scraping. The head of a sledgehammer scraping the bathroom tile.

Greg tried to crawl between the toilet and bathtub. The sledgehammer knocked a dent in the ceiling on the way up, and shattered Greg's shin on the way down. It went up more carefully this time, and came down on Greg's forearm. The metal slammed bone into porcelain, and broke a chunk off the toilet bowl.

Greg tried crawling into the bathtub. He pulled his torso inside, his legs on the tile floor, his ass bent over the side of the tub. A beer bottle slipped into his asshole, shit and blood lubing its entrance. Greg tried reaching back with his good hand. The hammer swung between his legs like a croquet mallet, ramming the bottle in. Another blow came down on his tailbone, shattering glass.

Another bottle slid in, only making it halfway. The sledgehammer broke this one in half. Glass shards fell with blood and shit. The next bottle made it all the way in. The hammer cracked vertebrae and ground glass into bone. The next bottles were hammered into gashes that might not have been an asshole.

"The fuck?" Montana woke up and looked at her hand. Something wet and sticky squirted at her face from where her fingers were supposed to be. She tried to focus her eyes, but didn't manage before the axe came down on her other hand. She heard the metal bury into the laminate floor before she felt it. She pulled away, her fingers dangling in odd directions, redness spraying.

Montana got to her feet and started towards the door. Something tugged into her waist as she moved. Someone was struggling with the axe. Montana made it through the door frame. A loop of barbed wire was tied around her waist, slowing her down and pricking her skin. She tried feeling for a knot, but only her thumbs worked anymore.

The axe came down, scraping the back of her calf and cutting off her left heel. Montana stumbled two steps to the second floor railing and tried to grab on. Her wet hands slipped and she slumped over the wood. Somebody grabbed her feet and tipped her over the edge. Her head hit the stair railing, the barbed wire around her waist slowing her fall. Her weight tightened the loop and she was unable to use her hands to loosen it.

Montana stood up on the wrong foot and fell to the ground again. She heard someone coming down the stairs. She got up and dragged her half foot toward the front door. A line of barbed wire trailed behind her from the second floor, the barbs catching and slipping over the railing. She made it to the front door, but her hands were too wet to work the knob.

She took a deep breath. "You can do this, Montana," she muttered, and looked at the door. She turned the deadlock open with a working thumb, and turned the knob with both elbows. She smiled and exhaled as the front door cracked open. Then the axe came down on her right foot. A foot stomped on the axehead, shearing off the front half.

The front door was opened and Montana was pushed through it. She stumbled over the porch steps, pulling the line of barbed wire behind her. She fell onto her elbows, and while she tried to figure out how she would stand the axe came down on her forearm. It broke bone but didn't cut all the way through. Montana jumped to her feet and hobbled a few steps before the axe swung into the back of her knee.

Montana was still crawling on the grass after both her feet came off, but stopped after losing the first arm.

"How could I not feel that?" Hayley thought, looking at the barbed wire coming out of her stomach. "Jesus, I must be fucked..."

She felt it when it started to pull again. The barbs widened the pinpoint hole in her flesh as they tore out of her.

"How is this coming out of my stomach?" Then she felt a barb tear through the skin in her back. It was sliding through her.

She tried moving her arms. They were tied together above her head to the closet door knob. She felt pricks at her wrists as she pulled. More barbed wire. There were some people moving around in the doorway in front of her. It sounded like Montana.

The barbed wire continued to unspool, widening the wounds. Red chunks stuck to the barbs as they came out. Several feet of it suddenly flew through her in seconds. The barbs cut into spinal cord and bone as the wire threaded between two vertebrae. The hole had been oozing red, but something ripped inside her and the blood started gushing.

A few seconds respite, and the pulling started again. Hayley leaned to the

side to try to get the barbs away from her spine. Her legs weren't working right. As she leaned, the wire started slicing to the side. She thought maybe if she kept leaning, it would cut all the way to the side and be out of her. It struck her as a stupid idea, but she couldn't figure out why.

She watched the chunks being pulled out of her get bigger and darker. A barb caught on her intestine, and the hole in her stomach was big enough to let it slip out. Hayley died laughing at the sight of it being uncoiled and dragged out of the room.

*June 6th*

"I climbed out a window over part of the roof, looking for the car keys. I heard all the screaming, so I just stayed there, hiding behind a chimney," said Angela, sipping apple juice from a straw in her hospital bed.

"You were found in the side yard in your current condition," said Detective Corley, motioning to the casts and splints.

"Yeah. I guess I fell."

"You guess, or do you know?"

"I remember falling, and I remember landing, but I don't remember why I was falling. I fell asleep on the roof, for I don't know how long."

Angela had her leg and arm in casts. It hurt her ribs to breathe and her head wouldn't stop pounding. A doctor entered the hospital room.

"Detectives, is there anybody's safety in danger that can be aided by Ms. Windham's immediate testimony?"

Detectives Corley and Barnes rose from their seats before they were evicted. Detective Corley handed the doctor a business card. "Please give us a call if she gets discharged before we come back."

"Why does she think Colt Wylie did it?" Det. Barnes thought out loud as they walked through the parking garage.

"Out of that bunch of kids, I'd pick him. Three juvi sexual assaults that got dropped," said Det. Corley. "I don't think he was in any position for this, though."

"C'mon, Corley," Barnes laughed. "He was overwhelmed with guilt, hogtied himself naked under the porch, and committed suicide choking on the sewage pipe rammed down his throat."

"I wouldn't be surprised if that's what forensics comes back with, this fucking scene. Weekend after graduation and I work two intoxicated manslaughters, only to find seven dead teenagers. And they couldn't be in the city limits and be PDs problem?"

"Haven't you heard?" Barnes smiled. "We're working Victim County now."

**Violation:  
Red Holes**  
by Dale Hammond

“Did you get that thing I sent you?”

“Who is this?”

“The guy that’s blackmailing you. Get a pen, I’ll give you my name and social.”

“That was my fucking bed!”

“That was your fucking wife, too, in case you didn’t notice.”

“What do you want?”

“No idea, Mr. Lunt. I’m just subcontracted out. I imagine you probably already know what’s wanted of you, and if not, I’m sure you’ll be contacted.”

“And if I don’t play ball, this gets out, is that it?” sneered Mr. Lunt.

“No. It’s out now. That was a public link I emailed you. You make the right people happy and it gets taken down.”

“Do you even know who I am?”

“Yeah. Mr. Lunt. The man who couldn’t keep his wife from being raped in his own home.”

Murdam had made sure the threats were off camera. All the shots were static. Nobody could prove there was a second man in the room. “He’s going to do whatever he wants to you. You don’t have to like it, but it’s going to happen. If I were you, I’d get him off quick before your daughter comes home.” Murdam stood across the room, camera in one hand, serrated knife in the other. Tommy was rubbing his crotch and giggling. Murdam had picked him up in front of the liquor store across the street from the discharge gate of Victors Crossing Mental Health Services, pants around his ankles, masturbating and yelling at cars. Murdam lured him into his car with a bottle and a magazine before the police got called. Tommy was too far gone to be a good witness, even if he did remember what Murdam looked like.

Tommy got his pants down, and the fear hit Mrs. Lunt as bad as the smell. Cock rot and shit stains. “Tell you what,” offered Murdam, “how old is that daughter of yours?”

Mrs. Lunt turned to Tommy. “You’d like her better. She’s younger than me. Prettier.”

Murdam smiled. He knew she wouldn’t go to cops.

“All right, Tommy. Don’t leave any marks on Mrs. Lunt.”

“But...”

“And Mrs. Lunt, you can cry and be as disgusted as you want, but if you fight back I will cut your nose off and feed it to your dogs.”

“And you just handed me the evidence. I know the police commissioner...”

“You’re assuming your wife is willing to cooperate. To be questioned, testify in open court. We both know that isn’t going to happen. All that would accomplish



is get a copy of the video passed around every cop and clerk in VC. You will hear snickering from every office in City Hall for the rest of your career. You're getting fucked, just deal with it. It can only get worse from here."

While monitoring the bugs he left in the Lunt house, Murdam bet with himself on whether he would say anything to his wife. He figured it was even money between beating her or trying to pretend it didn't happen. He already knew how Mrs. Lunt had coped. He couldn't tell exactly what she was doing to her daughter while yelling "This is your fault, you little whore!" Whatever it was, it went on for two hours.

Murdam wasn't hired to bug the Lunts. He did that on his own initiative. He was getting a lot of witness intimidation work lately, which was bothering him. There were some new players in town, and he couldn't figure out their game. They were smarter, more subtle than the eastern syndicates. And smarter than Murdam, which bothered him the most.

Lunt was a member of the police monitoring board, assigned by the city to investigate allegations of police abuse and corruption. Murdam could tell he was already on the take, so someone either has an interest in what kinds of instances Lunt was willing to take graft, or force him to make decisions he otherwise didn't have the stomach for.

Two days later he picked up the digital recorder attached to the receiver he had planted in the shed of an abandoned house a few blocks away. He was in his car skimming through Mrs. Lunt's phone conversations when one of Murdam's cell phones rang. It took him several rings to find the right phone. It was a burner, an untraceable prepaid phone that he used when he needed to give a number to a contact. This one he used for a handful of low-level informants and contacts, mostly drug dealers and bums.

He answered. "What."

"Stonewall? Stonewall, it's me, Deuce." Deuce was a crackhead with a very good memory for names and faces, which Murdam used when he needed information on several of the projects in VC. A good enough memory that Murdam had no intention of giving him his real name. Deuce came up with Stonewall himself after he once accidentally walked into Murdam and bounced to the sidewalk.

"What the fuck do you want, Deuce?"

"I need to see you right away, man. I can't talk right now."

"Then call me later."

"I just need to see you, man."

"Well, I don't need to see you. Do you have a reason to use up my minutes?"

"Um, it's a job. I gotta line on a job, but I can't do it over the phone." A little too desperate, Murdam thought, but addicts usually are. Deuce must be hoping for a finder's fee. Except he didn't know what Murdam's racket was. Despite his memory, Deuce wasn't especially bright, but even he probably noticed that the people Murdam paid to know about often ended up missing or dead.

"So I'm getting work from you now?"

"Huh," Deuce murmured, mouth turned away from the phone. Murdam strained to hear if there was anyone else with Deuce on the line. "Look, man, I swear I'll make it worth your while."

Murdam recognized that level of desperation, the timbre of fear in his voice. He had learned his business from other people's mistakes: give a man a good cooling off period after the beatings and threats before you force him to make a phone call.

"Ok, Deuce. Text me the address where you want to meet, and don't call me again." Murdam hung up, then started counting seconds. The address came less than a minute later. He, or they, fucked up in all kinds of ways.

The address was for warehouse near the docks. Not a bar or coffee shop or convenience store, but a warehouse. Not the place people casually meet for a chat. Also, between Deuce's shakes and near illiteracy, he could probably manage a text eventually, but not that quickly.

Deuce either had a silent partner helping him out, or more likely forcing him.

Murdam went to his property nearest the docks, a prepaid room at a weekly rate hotel, to gather his thoughts. A simple room, mainly a stash of surveillance equipment, some canned food, first aid supplies, nothing illegal. He sat down at a desk with a legal pad and opened a bottle of scotch. He alternated between his pencil and his shot glass.

*Deuce on the level? If so, so what, don't need his job*

*Deuce bribed/beaten/etc to lure me out*

*By who? Who wants me dead?*

Murdam laughed to himself as he took a shot. Not enough paper. Try a different angle.

*Who knows I'm in VC? Gracey, Sewell, Pock, Davis*

Go-betweens and agents. Not all of them knew he was George Murdam, and not all of them knew he was currently in Victors Crossing. There were several standing contracts out on him from the syndicate, but most of them couldn't be paid out anymore. Still, Murdam didn't travel in those circles anymore, and was very careful with what information he allowed. If they got to one of them, they probably wouldn't need to go through Deuce to find him.

He drew a line from their names to Deuce's. He tried to think of a connection, but there was none he knew of. He had made his own introduction to Deuce a couple of months ago. Try another angle.

*Stonewall - who wants dead?*

Deuce didn't know Murdam, but he did know him as Stonewall, and even he must have connected Stonewall to a handful of deaths and disappearances in the projects. Murdam drew some lines from Stonewall's name to the names of those particular contracts. Some were gang related, but even family members want revenge sometimes.

*Deuce to ?*

How did Deuce connect to whoever sent that text? Maybe they used him as an informer too. Maybe he was shooting his mouth off about the payoffs he was getting from Murdam. Whoever it was, Murdam needed to know about them.

*? - what known?*

He, or they, were not very good. Too many mistakes. What are the possibilities?

*cops - gang - hit team*

It could be the cops. Deuce could have gotten into some trouble and offered Stonewall up. One of the gangs may be looking for revenge. Or it could be another hitter, hired by parties unknown.

*What now?*

He could spring the trap, guns blazing. Murdam didn't want to play that way anymore. He needed to know who was after him.

Murdam pulled out a map of the area. He had no intention of going near the warehouse, but there was only one exit onto the main street. He finished his shot and grabbed a pair of binoculars.

Murdam shooed away a couple of hookers that knocked on his car window as he staked out two blocks from the dock exits. Nobody was surprised by the binoculars - he passed for either a private detective or a pervert, both not uncommon in the area. He had bottles of water but didn't bring any food - if he didn't catch anything tonight, there was no point in surveilling during the day when traffic picked up. He hoped his target did the same. Even cops go for food runs.

Murdam ignored delivery trucks, security cars, and a couple of cars with obvious dock workers. He started after one sedan, but stopped when he pulled alongside and saw a hardhat on the passenger seat.

Three hours in, an Escalade pulled out. The driver had too much gel in his hair to be a dock worker. Designer shirt and gold chain. Murdam couldn't tell from that distance if he was tan or Hispanic. Murdam followed the car to a fast food drive through. The long time spent ordering confirmed it was for more than one.

Murdam parked on the street outside the parking lot. After paying at the window, the Escalade pulled over into a spot in the parking lot to wait for the order. An employee in a paper hat came out minutes later with several bags and some drinks in a cardboard carrier. As soon as paper hat made it back to the door, Murdam slid up to the Escalade. The window was still down, the driver going through the bags. Murdam swung a left hook into the window against his jaw. The driver was dazed, but not out.

Murdam opened the driver's door and roughly shoved the driver into the passenger seat. Murdam got in. "What the..." Murdam slammed an elbow into his cheek. He pulled his head down by the hair with his left arm, squeezing the sides of his throat with the crook of his right elbow. The driver barely struggle before going limp.

Murdam started the car and drove to an alley a couple blocks away. He got out of the car, went around the other side and pulled the driver out as he started to stir. Murdam shoved him to the alley asphalt and quickly checked his armpits, belt, and ankles. No gun. He checked the front seats and found a 9mm in the

center console. He pulled a lever to pop the trunk.

“Get up.” The driver was barely moving. Murdam hoisted him up by his silk shirt and shoved him against the car. A pair of police cuffs came out and clasped his wrists behind his back. Murdam pressed the barrel of the 9mm against his forehead. “You start making noise, I’ll slam your head in the door until it stops. Got it?”

Murdam looked in the trunk. Jumper cables, a tool kit, a box of shotgun shells. Murdam moved those to the front seat and tossed the driver in the trunk.

His name was Albert Clough, 22 years old, from out of state. No debit or credit cards. A roll with a hundred wrapped on the outside around ones and fives. An old looking condom and a few phone numbers on scraps of napkins.

No insurance card in the car. The tags were out of date by over two years. Almost asking to be pulled over with a loaded gun in almost plain sight. And one with a round in the chamber. Albert Clough was an idiot.

The man himself had some gold chains, some show muscles, and a tanning salon membership. No other weapons. Shoes that looked like it hurt to walk, much less run. Murdam left a bruise on his cheek, but otherwise not too much damage. He had his hands cuffed behind him around a thick drainage pipe coming out of the concrete floor, a rag wrapped around his eyes. It wasn't quite a warehouse, just a small industrial rental property that Murdam fell into possession of. The main floor was completely bare, the walls padded with sound proofing. The car sat near a small loading dock entrance.

Murdam went through the sack of fast food. Four fries, six burgers, four drinks. Murdam figured four eaters, maybe some with big appetites. There were four altogether, three if they were being nice to Deuce.

Murdam sat cross legged a few feet from Clough and started into the fries. "You know who I am?"

Clough kept trying to look away, but nodded. "Who am I?"

"You're the guy," he said flatly.

"What's my name?" Murdam asked casually, popping a fry into his mouth.

"I don't remember what they said the name was."

"Then what guy am I?"

"The guy we were supposed to..." he stopped himself.

"I hope you weren't going to say kill, because you suck as a hit man."

Clough's phone blared a riff from a rap song. Murdam answered, "Hello?"

"Who the fuck is this?" came a tough guy voice on the other end.

"Well it isn't Albert. Who would you say I am?"

"Stonewall?"

Murdam smiled. They didn't know his name. "Yes. Stonewall. How's Deuce?"

"Alive, for now. And Albert?"

"The same," said Murdam. "You want to work something out?"

"I'm listening."

"I'm eating right now. I'll call you back at this number." Murdam turned off the phone before the other side responded. He didn't give a shit about Deuce, and they could very likely not give a shit about Clough, but it gave them a reason to stick around and not blow town. Clough was a baby wannabe, likely extra muscle someone more professional picked up. The man on the phone didn't do a great job keeping up the tough guy act, and clearly knew that he was in over his head.

"All right, Albert. I'm going to show you I'm an alright guy. I'll be back in a few. Do you believe me when I say that bad things will happen to you if you try to leave?"

“Yeah.”

“Say bad things will happen to you if you try to leave.”

“Bad things will happen to me if I try to leave.”

“Good. We’re going to get along fine, Albert.”

When Murdam came back a half hour later, Albert heard the loading dock door slide up and down. Two sets of car doors opened and closed. There was some stumbling.

“I got you some company, Albert. I’m going to do something nice for you, and you’ll something nice for me.” As they got close, Albert could smell body odor and beer drowned in cheap perfume. “Albert, this is Cindy. Cindy, do something nice for Albert.” Albert heard someone trip to their knees, then hands grab clumsily at his thighs.

“Dude, you don’t have to do this, I don’t..” Albert started.

“Mr. Clough, I’m trying to be nice,” Murdam raised his voice. “Do you not want me to be nice? Do you want me to be mean?”

Hands ran up his crotch. Albert was shaking. “No.”

“Then say it!” Murdam growled.

“I want you to be nice!” Albert called out.

Murdam’s voice came back down. “Cindy, be nice to the man. I’ll give you two some privacy.”

Drunk hands took forever to work off Albert’s belt and slide his pants down his thighs. Cindy’s hand cupped his balls, slurping his limp cock between dry lips. Albert figured he better get hard. He pictured that college girl he and his buddy slipped a roofie to. The scar was still red under her new tits. How they took her to that garage and filled her with motor oil and took turns...

The rag came off his eyes. Directly in front him, Murdam with a digital camera blocking his face, his hand grabbing a fistful of greasy hair, pushing “Cindy’s” mouth over his finally hard cock. He hadn’t felt the stubble through his own pubes, and didn’t feel the oozing sores on his cracked lips. Deep wrinkles in leathery skin, eyes barely registering what was going on. But it was too late. He heard the man gag and cough a little bit, while Albert bit his lips to not make noise himself.

Murdam slipped the rag down back over Albert’s eyes before lowering the camera. “I bet you thought you wouldn’t like that. Come on, don’t be rude, give Cindy a kiss.” Murdam pressed the barely conscious homeless man’s face against Albert’s.

“I’m not a faggot!” Albert protested.

“If you say so, Albert. If you don’t like Cindy, I’ll take of him for you.” Cindy’s weight lifted off Albert. He heard meat hitting meat. Then crunching. Then something wet. The car trunk came up and down. “I’ll take care of everything, Albert,” Murdam promised, before opening the loading dock door slide up and driving the car away.

“This is me being nice, Albert. I got your pipes cleaned. You had a problem, and I took care of it for you. Nobody’s going to find that dead homeless guy with



your sperm in his stomach. The one that's in the trunk of your car.”

“You got rid of him?”

“Well, I parked in that lot across from the police station. I didn't have any cash, so I didn't pay the meter. But I'm sure it will be fine. Probably take them a day or two to tow it. So we've got some time to talk.” Murdam sat cross legged on the floor next to Albert, still cuffed to the pipe, rag over his eyes, pants halfway down his knees. “Now, I know that you're humoring the man that has you captive, but I'm not being sarcastic. This is me being nice. We're going to have a long talk. And if you're nice to me and tell me what I need to know, you don't have to die with the world knowing you mouth fuck homeless guys.”

Albert Clough came to VC with a buddy looking for girls that wouldn't press charges. They had running bets on who could get away with the most, the only rule being they had to show up at the same bar or club the next night. His buddy, Korey Dotrice, had a trust fund, and they burned through a couple towns picking up girls under fake names. They came here two weeks ago to find out why they called it Victim City.

After the third night, Korey didn't come back to the motel. Albert had hit the same club the next night and it had police tape across the doors. He stayed at the motel, running up Korey's credit card, until he found out some cops came by while he was out partying. Albert started ripping off cash, jewelry, and pills from the women he picked up. He was in the process of moving from college girls to cougars, and was fancying settling down as a gigolo.

He was trying to sell a divorcee's anxiety medicine in a pool hall when he was approached by Johnny and Chuck, last names unknown. They were going to hit a lick and wanted some more muscle. They said they might have to kill a guy. Albert was in.

They met up with Deuce at the warehouse. Deuce was scared, but Albert couldn't tell if he was being coerced or if he was just nervous. He wasn't tied down, no guns in his face, nothing like that, but he did sound desperate. "I can get the guy, I swear. He'll come."

Albert figured they were going to rob this Stonewall first, maybe kill him second. Johnny was definitely in charge, but he couldn't tell if this was all Johnny's plan, or if Deuce brought the idea to them.

Murdam got descriptions of their clothes and hardware. 9mms and a shotgun. They provided Albert's piece. They had Deuce out in the open by the office while the three of them hid behind pallets of boxes. They got bored after a couple hours and started shooting the shit. Chuck wanted to call it off, Johnny kept saying we had to wait it out a while longer. That made Albert think someone else was calling the shots to Johnny. That's when they had Albert go on a food run.

"Thank you, Albert. This helps a lot. I brought you a beer. I swear it's not bum piss." Murdam cracked open a tall boy. Albert sniffed at it before accepting it to his lips.

While Murdam held the can for Albert he worked it out what he knew. He doubted Deuce got the idea to rob him. Stonewall wasn't known for carrying a lot of cash, and there were plenty of drug dealers and hookers within a block's radius that would be easier pickings. Deuce wasn't handcuffed to the floor, but he was probably under duress. Either this Johnny brought him in, or whoever pulled Johnny's strings put them together. Time to talk to Johnny.

Murdam turned on Albert's phone and dialed the number that last called. "Yeah."

"It's me. You ready to talk?" asked Murdam.

"Yeah. How you want to do this?"

"You're probably hungry. You know the In a Jiffy's on Melrose."

“Yeah. We doing the swap there?”

“I haven’t said anything about any swap. Just breakfast. We’ll talk about it then.” Murdam turned the phone off.

Murdam set up at a taqueria diagonal to the In a Jiffy’s and nursed a cup of coffee and a breakfast taco. He saw a twenty-something man in a silk shirt and designer jeans get out of a convertible and scan the windows of the other cars in the lot. This must be Johnny. He either came alone or was smart enough to have Chuck back him up out of sight. Murdam bet on Chuck staying with Deuce at the warehouse.

He waited for Johnny to get a seat from a waitress, then brought his coffee outside across the street. Johnny left the top of his convertible down. There were no windows from In a Jiffy’s facing that side of the parking lot. Murdam hopped into the passenger side and took a look around. Johnny kept his ride much cleaner than Albert. Some change and a full pack of cigarettes in the center console. Nothing under the seat, but there were hollow pockets cut out of the foam for contraband.

The glove box was locked. Murdam dug his fingers in a crevice underneath and snapped the entire box out of the frame. The insurance card belonged to Johnathan Owens and was good for another four months. Some oil change receipts and the owner’s manual.

Murdam was interrupted by a steady rattle of shots. Four seconds, then another steady chain. A couple of isolated, louder shots. Murdam guessed at least two shooters, one with a machine pistol, one with a handgun. He hopped out of the car and ran to the back of the diner. The back door slammed open. A cook ran, arms outstretched, his body falling forward faster than his feet could keep up. Murdam passed him and stood to the side of the door.

The door burst open again. A shooter walked past Murdam and put three bullets from a pistol into the cook’s back. Murdam saw that the slide was back. The gun was empty. “Looking for me?”

Murdam was impressed that he didn’t try using the gun by reflex. The shooter spun around with a high hook kick that Murdam easily backed away from. It was a feint to get a butterfly knife out. Murdam grabbed the wrist with both hands and dug his thumbs in. Muscles tore, bone cracked. His hand went numb, and Murdam pulled the knife out of the man’s grip like a rattle from a toddler. The man inhaled sharply but hadn’t screamed yet. Murdam stopped that by driving the knife up under his chin, through his tongue, into his palate.

He stumbled backwards, his hands reaching near the knife, but pulling away as if he was afraid to touch it. It didn’t hit any major arteries, and little blood dripped down the handle. Murdam needed to keep one alive to talk, and this one couldn’t talk with a knife through his mouth.

Murdam grabbed his ears and brought his chin down against his knee, driving the knife handle all the way into his mouth. Murdam took a good look at the man as he fell twitching. Asian, young, thrift store clothes. A quick pat of the front pockets didn’t give Murdam another clip for the empty gun.

He returned towards the back door. The door opened casually. Another

Asian man stepped out, pistol at his side, calling a name Murdam couldn't figure out. Murdam had his hand over the gun before he could raise it. He slammed his other hand into his elbow, levering the gun up. The Asian pulled the trigger by reflex, sending a bullet into his own forehead.

Murdam pushed the man back through the door into a hallway along the kitchen. He took the pistol and slipped it in his pocket. Another chain of shots rang out from the dining area, followed by the chiming of shells hitting the linoleum. Murdam rolled the corpse in front of him over so it bled face down as he hefted it up by the waist and carried it down the hall.

"All your friends are dead!" Murdam shouted, and tossed the body through a pair of swinging half-doors. A burst of bullets tore into the meat before it fell to the ground. Murdam drew the pistol and ran into the dining room. Another Asian stood between booths, pulling a clip out of a MAC-10 machine pistol.

Murdam took aim. "Put it down." The man reached into a satchel under his arm for another clip. "Don't you reload on me, motherfucker!" Murdam barked, closing the distance between them. The man fumbled and tried to feed in the new clip upside down. Murdam slammed the barrel of the gun across the bridge of his nose.

As the man reeled, Murdam dropped his pistol and grabbed onto the MAC-10. He wrenched it from his grip, snapping his trigger finger on the way. Murdam soccer kicked him in the groin, lifting him off his feet. He reached into the man's satchel and grabbed a clip, one of several in the bag.

"What's your contact's name?" Murdam asked as he reloaded. Murdam didn't understand the response, but he could tell it was more of a curse than a name.

"Speak English, motherfucker!" He emptied a clip into the man's right shin, more out of frustration than any expectation it would improve communication. The man fell back against a table. Murdam picked the pistol back up and put two holes in the man's throat. He fell back across the table. His right foot stayed on the ground.

Murdam knew the response time for that part of town. He had eight minutes left, assuming someone actually called the police. He unrolled a napkin from a table and wiped down the weapons as he looked around. Two dead waitresses behind a counter. Two other male corpses slumped over pancakes and cups of coffee. Johnny Owens was in a booth with most of his torso missing, his phone in his hand. He sat next to man missing most of his head, wearing a grease stained mechanics shirt with the name "Roberto" monogrammed, phone sitting in front of him on the table.

Murdam avoided pools of blood, and shuffled his feet to avoid slipping on the dozens of shell casings on the floor. He took Johnny's phone, wallet, and car keys. He checked the Asians on his way back through the kitchen to the parking lot. No phones, no wallets, no keys. Murdam scoped out the parking lot to see if they left a driver behind, then got in Johnny's car.

Murdam put it together on the drive to the warehouse district. Johnny had shown up alone. Roberto was likely not Chuck, and probably not a fourth member of their crew. He checked Albert's phone. A text from ten minutes ago: "Where the fuck RU". Maybe Roberto's phone goes off at the same time and Johnny goes over. Roberto and Johnny were targets and got a full clip each. The rest were collateral. The Asians were after whoever Johnny was meeting, but they didn't know what the target looked like.

Johnny's crew was expendable bait, but the Asians didn't set them up. Somebody hired two crews. Somebody gave Johnny's crew a lead in shape of Deuce, then hired the Asians to move in when they made contact. That somebody's going to find out that Roberto is not their target, but in the meantime they may want to finish covering their tracks. Time to pay Chuck a visit.

Murdam drove back to the warehouse that Deuce had tried to lure him to. He pulled the top up, pulled up to a set of sliding metal doors, and tapped the horn twice. A minute later the door slid up. A short bodybuilder wearing designer jeans, a wife beater, and a wide bandana over his forehead stepped out.

"Dude, you said you were going to text a password before..." Murdam cut him off with the front bumper of the convertible. Chuck slid onto the windshield. Murdam slammed on the brakes when he cleared the door, sending Chuck tumbling on the cement floor. A pistol fell out of his belt and slid away.

Murdam stepped out of the car and walked up to Chuck as he crawled, one hand clutching his hip, the other reaching for his gun. Murdam put all of his weight down in a hard stomp on Chuck's injured hip. Splintered bone snapped, and Chuck's screams echoed through the empty warehouse. Murdam walked over and picked up the gun.

"Deuce, get your ass out here!" Murdam called out. The warehouse was small, with only some empty shelves and pallets littering the floor. Deuce walked casually out of a small office in the back.

"What took you so long?" Deuce had dull eyes, his lips chapping into sores.

"What took me so long? You sell me out to these motherfuckers and complain that I'm late?"

Deuce dismissed Murdam, shaking his head. "Shit, I knew you could take these busters."

"Just the three of them?"

"Yeah. I don't have to guess what happened to the other two."

"I haven't killed either of them." Murdam gave Chuck's hip another stomp to keep him down. The screams started again. Murdam pulled off Chuck's bandana and shoved it in his mouth. "Shut up for a fucking second. How'd this go down, Deuce?"

"These three guys slide up at Keegan Housing and ask if I'm Deuce. I figured they were looking to get hooked up, so I say yes. They show me their toasters and we go for a ride here. They say 'That big guy you've been giving tips to, get him here'. So I calls you."

"They knew your name, but not mine?" Murdam asked as he started sifting

through the pallets and debris.

“Nope. I guess they found out after I called, though. Then they hid around with theys guns waiting for you.”

Murdam found a pry bar. “Anybody else ask about me recently?”

“Nah. People know about yous by reputation. They knows if you and me have a talk, somebody dies.”

“Any Asians hanging around the Keegan?”

“Just a few Vietnamese families been there a while. Nobody new.”

“Hold on a sec.” Murdam brought the pry bar down on Chuck’s elbows. The bandana barely muffled the squealing. Deuce looked away and pulled his shoulders up. “Deuce, you got options in other towns?”

“I know people places. You figure I better skip town?”

“It’s either that or kill you.” Murdam pulled Chuck’s wallet out from his back pocket and gave Deuce the bills. “Bus station, now.”

“There a reason you keeping me alive?”

“You’re useful. I may need that memory again. Just as long as you forget my face.”

“That’s funny, soon as you’re not around, I forget what you look like. For reals. Like my eyes don’t want to know.”

“You’re eyes are smart. Now get out, I’m expecting some people and things could get hot.”

“Stay strong, Stonewall.”

Murdam piled debris in front of all the entrances. Not enough to keep anyone out, but enough to make it noisy. There was a line of skylights in the center of the ceiling, and a row of windows fifteen feet high along the sides. There were no buildings in Murdam’s sightline if he sat on the floor in the unlikely case of a sniper. A quick sweep didn’t find any electronic surveillance.

Murdam checked on Chuck. He hadn’t passed out, but he gave up on trying to stand and just shivered on the floor. Murdam popped the trunk of Johnny’s car. Jumper cables and a tool kit. Murdam pulled up the edge of the carpeting and uncovered the circular gap meant for the spare tire. Latex gloves, a coil of rope, duct tape, handcuffs, a stun gun, mace, an extendable baton, a small blowtorch, pliers, ski masks, and a box cutter.

Murdam came back to Chuck. He kicked at him until he rolled over on his back. Murdam pulled out the bandana. “Let’s see if those arms work.” Murdam pulled his dick out of the front of his pants and pissed over Chuck’s face. Chuck squirmed and thrashed his head around, but his arms barely flopped at his sides. “Good enough. Now let’s have a little talk.” Murdam had found a baggie of white powder in Chuck’s wallet. He pinched some off and pressed it into Chuck’s nostril. Chuck willingly sniffed it up.

“Here’s the deal, Chuck. You’ve got a broken pelvis and multiple breaks in both your arms. If I think you’re keeping secrets from me, I will break those bones into smaller pieces. I break them into small enough pieces and they’ll have to be amputated.

Tears dripped down into the urine on Chuck’s cheeks. “I know why this is

happening.”

“Why’s that, Chuck.”

“Because of what I did to Alicia.”

“What did you do to Alicia?”

Alicia was Chuck’s sister or something. He didn’t know if they were blood or step or how, but they were both raised by Chuck’s grandparents. Popa would beat the soles of little Chuck’s feet with a cane if he thought Chuck was being a sissy, so Chuck would do whatever he could to be a man. When he turned thirteen, he would practice being a man with his little sister Alicia. Alicia wouldn’t tell because she knew Mema would blame her. When Popa took what was his as the breadwinner of the family, Mema found out and made Alicia douche with bleach while praying for forgiveness. The things Chuck made her do weren’t as bad.

Chuck got bored of Alicia and made her bring her friends over for playtime. The third one told a teacher, and Chuck went to juvi. Child Services got involved. Popa went to jail, and Mema ended up wandering into the freeway in her housedress. Alicia went into foster care, got pregnant, and took an overdose of her foster mother’s medication.

Chuck had to do a couple of sissy things in juvi before he got strong enough to be a man and make somebody else a sissy. When he was released there were no foster homes available and he was housed at an At Risk facility, a combination of displaced juveniles and abused women’s shelter. Chuck was becoming quite the man by the time he was sixteen, and he hooked up with one of the caretakers, who turned a blind eye to what he would make the other residents do.

Chuck would spend most nights in clubs downtown. If he needed money, he would hit the gay bars. He would let someone take him to their home, then kick their ass and take their shit. Chuck didn’t go to school, he went to the gym. When the shelter kicked him out when he turned eighteen, he became a bouncer to pay for his rent. He got into steroids. His cock didn’t work as well anymore, so he had to turn to other things to get him off.

Chuck got into cocaine, but couldn’t afford it. He was a big guy by now, and he worked off his drug debts by collecting for some dealers. He’s never killed anybody, but he’s put some people in the hospital.

Chuck knew Johnny from the clubs. Johnny would hint that he’d killed people before, but he was no hit man. He was a “player”, as he put it. Chuck wanted to be a player too. Johnny needed some muscle to hit a lick. Chuck figured it was like rolling queers, only a bigger score. There’s this guy that has serious bank, but he’s a tough guy, so Johnny needed some help to roll him. Don’t know his name, but we can find out from a crackhead named Deuce at Keegan Housing.

Chuck doesn’t know where Johnny got his information. Chuck doesn’t know anything about any Asians. Chuck wants to know if Popa and Mema went to heaven or hell, because he wants to go where they aren’t.

It was late morning, and Murdam was bored. They’re either waiting outside,

or they aren't coming. Chuck was half passed out, waking with a start whenever a shift in his weight ground a broken bone.

"Come on, Chuck, time to go." Murdam grabbed Chuck by the belt and hefted him up. His arms still hung loosely at his sides. Murdam supported him under his armpit and guided him to Johnny's convertible. It took him a second to remember why Chuck smelled like piss. Murdam sat him down in the front passenger seat and buckled him in. "You've got one working limb, Chuck. Don't be stupid enough to try to do anything but sit here and keep quiet."

Murdam went into Johnny's secret stash from the trunk. He slid on a ski mask, put the crow bar in the center console, and stuck Chuck's gun in his waistband. He slid up the garage door, returned to the convertible, and drove out of the warehouse.

The docks were active with trucks and forklifts. Murdam's mask was obscured by the tinted glass. He drove slowly, taking the most direct route to the surrounding neighborhood. He looked for tails, his eyes quickly cycling through the car's mirrors.

It took two blocks, after Murdam turned onto a block with little traffic. A motor scooter darted out of an alley with two helmeted men riding. He couldn't see their faces, but the seating arrangement was definitely an Asian hit technique. The rear passenger was seated facing backwards. Murdam couldn't see it, but he knew the passenger was armed. The scooter would pass him, pull in front, and empty a clip into the windshield.

Or it would have if Murdam hadn't kicked the driver's side door open. The edge of the door caught the driver's leg, and the scooter slid out from under the two. Murdam slammed on the brakes, popped the gear into park and grabbed the pry bar. The scooter hadn't been going too fast, and the two were already starting to get to their feet. The rear passenger had a MAC-10 with a strap over his shoulder. Murdam gave his helmet a running baseball swing with the pry bar. The casing cracked and the helmet shifted.

Murdam turned his attention to the driver. He was stumbling away from Murdam, fumbling at his waist for a gun that he lost in the spill. The driver looked around desperately, seeing the pistol on the asphalt. As he ran to snatch it up, the helmet obscured his view from the delivery truck that had turned the corner. The grill slammed him to the ground, the front tire stopped over his stomach.

Murdam returned to the passenger, who was grasping at his helmet, the MAC-10 swinging from its shoulder strap. Murdam snatched the gun up and pulled the strap to the passenger's throat. Murdam turned, slung the strap over his shoulder, and leaned forward. They stood back to back, the still helmeted passenger lifted off the ground by his throat. His heels kicked back into Murdam's thighs, his hands clutching at the strap. By the time his movement's slowed, the delivery driver had stepped out of the truck.

"What the fuck?" Murdam dropped his weight and emptied the MAC-10 into the truck driver. Bullets chewed through his hands held out in defense, blowing chunks out of his torso. Murdam wiped the gun and dropped it. The scooter driver was alive for now. Murdam left him and returned to the passenger. He



had fallen to his knees, but didn't pass out from the strangling. Murdam yanked off his helmet. Another Asian. He turned the helmet backwards and put it back on the man, pounding it into place with a hammering fist.

Murdam dragged the man to the car and popped the trunk. A few cars had the sense to stop before coming up on the scene, and some curious faces looked out of storefront windows. Murdam tossed the man in the trunk, quickly handcuffed him behind his back, and wrapped his ankles in a couple layers of duct tape.

Murdam pulled away from the scene. He wasn't worried about witnesses when he killed the delivery driver. He wanted more heat associated with a dead Asian. If they were after him, he wanted the police after them. Murdam drove the speed limit to the nearest highway and headed to the city limits. If VCPD got a decent description of Johnny's ride, they weren't likely to share it with the Sherriff before he could ditch the car.

Chuck was a weeping mess during the ride to the swamps. Murdam kept expecting him to start begging, but he just blubbered. There was some kicking from the trunk, but it concerned Murdam more when the noises stopped.

Murdam had some property on the edges of the swamps outside of VC. If it wasn't for the drought drying up the mud trough excuse of a road, the convertible wouldn't have made the trip. There was a half rotted four bedroom house that Murdam rarely entered, a garage, and the workshop. A half dozen old cars and trucks littered the grass outside, a couple of them drivable.

Murdam stopped the convertible along the other vehicles and popped the trunk. He half expected to see his captive leap out. Nothing. Murdam drew back the slide on Chuck's pistol and made a wide circle to the back of the car, standing a good fifteen feet away from the trunk.

"You can get out of the trunk now." Murdam assumed he couldn't understand English, but hoped his bored tone would translate and let him know he wasn't falling for it. No movement. Murdam fired a round into the raised trunk roof. Chuck shrieked and ducked in his seat. Still nothing.

"Fuck it," Murdam mumbled and walked to the side of the trunk. He swung the lid up and stepped away. His captive hopped out of the trunk and immediately charged Murdam. He had gotten the helmet off, and shreds of the duct tape were still stuck to his ankles. Murdam held up the pistol casually. "Cut that shit out."

"Fuck you!" The thickness of the accent suggested this may be the only English he knew. Murdam shrugged and tossed the gun away. The captive still had his hands behind his back. Murdam backed away from a front kick to his head, and slapped off a roundhouse. The man spun, revealing a knife in his handcuffed hands. He leaned back, trying to stab behind him into Murdam's midsection. Murdam caught his wrists and lifted them straight up. The captive's feet slipped, and Murdam guided him to the grass face down. Murdam had his arms together behind his back, sitting over his ass. He pushed the cuffed hands towards his head, and felt the arms go soft as they both popped out of their shoulder sockets.

A scream started before it slid into a string of curses in an unknown language. Murdam stood up and went to his workroom. He came back with bolt cutters and a cell phone. The captive was on his feet and kicked wildly, arms flapping loosely behind him. "Fuck you! Fuck you!"

"You're fucking kidding me," Murdam muttered. He got within kicking range and took a couple of hits in the waist before he grabbed the captive by his hair and threw him to the ground face first. Murdam sat down on his back over his handcuffed hands and dialed a number on phone he brought out. There was no message on the voicemail, just a beep. "Now," was his only message. Murdam sat on his squirming captive for a couple minutes before his call was returned.

"Yeah," Murdam answered.

"Hey, fucker, how you been?"

"Any new Asian gang movement in VC?" Murdam asked.

"Fuck, G. You got to learn some people skills."

"How's your mother?" Murdam asked.

"Still dead."

"Your sister still a whore?"

"Ok, ok, I get your point. Nothing new. A little Vietnamese, some minor triad action moving through, but nothing really established."

"Guy I got in mind ain't Vietnamese. Sounds kind of like Thai, but I never heard of any Thai action period in America," said Murdam.

"How the fuck you know what Thai sounds like?"

"I like spicy food. I keep running into these guys and need to know where they're from. I give you a sample, you can tell me where they're from?"

"I can try. I'm no linguist, but I'm not some asshole that thinks all chinks are the same."

"All right," said Murdam. "Hold on." He laid the phone down near his captive's head. He grabbed the chain between the handcuffs and yanked up. Screams, but nothing resembling words. Murdam slipped a hand in the man's pants and rammed two fingers in his anus. The foreign cussing began again. Murdam let it run a couple minutes, wiped his fingers on the man's shirt, and picked up the phone.

"Well?"

"Shit, bitch, I ain't invited to this party?"

"You want an invitation?" joked Murdam.

"I keep forgetting you're a stone cold... Burmese. That's my guess. Burmese."

"That something new in VC?"

"First I've heard of them there. They're not real established, but there are these crazy ass fuckers that fled Burma, have no sense of human life. And some Burmese death squad types that followed. No organization themselves, but they rent out as torpedoes. Can you give me some background?"

"They've tried to kill me twice," said Murdam.

"They do the trick sitting backwards on a scooter?"

"Tried to."

"Yeah. That's what old school regimes will do to you. No respect for human life. That poor fucker you got there is just a bullet. Someone else fired the gun. And he wouldn't tell you if he could."

"I need to know who sent them after me. Any odds of a translator in the VC?"

"Fuck that. That poor little guy has no idea who hired him, I'll guarantee. The best he'll be able to manage is 'Some white guy'. Don't suppose you can get a bilingual impression artist?"

"Fine, fine. So these Burmese are moving into VC?" Murdam asked.

"Not until now. My take, this is your classic 'out of town talent' gig. Someone wants you dead, and they found someone that doesn't know your rep to take the job."

"Any ideas?" Murdam asked.

"Fuck, I want you dead. As far as who is in a position to sic somebody on you in VC? If I wanted to try to off you and keep it untraceable, some Burmese FOBs would be just the ticket. Not that I'd be that lucky."

"If I died, who would you have to talk to?" Murdam joked.

"You dying would be a sign of the end times, shit. If death dies, I'm out of business."

"You've been no help. Fuck you."

"Fuck you, Murderman."

Murdam used the bolt cutters to cut the Achilles tendon on both his captive's heels. He grabbed the chain of the handcuffs and dragged the thrashing body into the workshop. He thought about snipping off his thumbs, but he might be able to get out of the cuffs. Murdam took some chains and padlocks and secured the Burmese to a worktable.

Murdam came back to the convertible. Chuck was asleep. Murdam unbuckled him and dragged him out of the car. He hit the ground screaming, trying to move his broken limbs, forgetting the hell he had gotten away from in sleep. Murdam grabbed his belt and carried him into the workshop. He bent Chuck over a table and tied his useless arms down over his head.

"See this guy, Chuck?" Murdam motioned to his co-captive. "You were bait. To catch me. This guy was supposed to finish the job. Neither of you assholes know who's behind it, and that pisses me off." Murdam clenched his teeth and paced the workshop.

"What are you going to do?" Chuck managed to whimper.

"For now? I'm going to fuck this guy to death. And you're going to watch. If I catch you closing your eyes, I'll bite your lids off."

Murdam pulled the hit man's pants down to his ankles. He started tugging at his shoes, but his feet threatened to slide away from the bone, and he didn't have the patience to work the laces. He cut through one pants leg and spread the legs apart. He snipped tendons behind his knees and at the groin. He grabbed the feet and bent the legs around in impossible rag doll angles.

Murdam got his cock out and lubed it up in blood. He locked eyes with Chuck and rammed himself inside the Burmese. The fight was completely gone from the man, and he was beginning to lose consciousness from blood loss. Murdam hooked the crook of one elbow over his jaw, the other over his forehead. He twisted them apart, cracking the jaw out of place. Murdam slid a hand down his throat, playing with the different passages, until he stopped moving.

Murdam zipped himself up and retrieved a bottle of bleach from a cabinet. He splashed some over the bloodstains on his clothes, then tipped the bottle up into the corpse's anus. Not enough to clean, but enough to destroy DNA.

"You like that shit, Chuck?" Murdam asked as he made his way behind Chuck. His pants slipped down.

"I can do whatever you want," he began to beg. "I've done it before. I'm good at it."

"I'm sure you are, Chuck." Something slim and cold slid up his rectum.

"What I need for you to do is cum for me."

"I don't think I can."

"Sure you can." A mild electric jolt hit his prostate as Murdam held the tip of Chuck's limp dick in a vial. There was no erection and no orgasm, but some

semen dripped into the vial. Murdam grabbed a fistful of Chuck's pubes and ripped them out, placing them in a plastic bag. A needle was stuck in his neck.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Don't you remember? This is because of Alicia. You still have to register, don't you?"

Chuck nodded.

"Good." Murdam took the bolt cutters and snipped off Chuck's index fingers. Chuck began begging, offering, crying. Murdam turned him around on his back and took some pictures. He put the camera in his pocket and picked up an axe. The blade went easily through the shattered left elbow. Chuck's mouth stopped making sense. Murdam took some more pictures before untying Chuck's remaining arm.

Chuck hit the ground, his one good leg kicking wildly. Murdam cracked the workshop door. He pulled Chuck up and tried to steady him on his feet.

"I'm not a bad guy, Chuck. I'll give you a running start. But you better not let me catch you. Because when I do, I'm going to do horrible things to you." Murdam wasn't figuring on him making two steps outside, but he liked watching him try. He half pushed him through the workshop door. He saw the hole in Chuck's chest before he heard the crack.

His first thought was that Chuck got off easy. His second was shit, sniper.

Murdam counted seconds as he tipped heavy worktable over and crouched on the other side of it. He hadn't heard the rifle fire, but he heard the supersonic crack of the bullet in midflight. A noise suppressor wouldn't quiet the shooting, but it would obscure the source. After seven seconds, a burst of bullets cut through the corrugated metal walls of the workshop. Seven seconds to figure out the one armed lump of a human wasn't their target, switch to full auto, and fire blindly into the side of the building. Another five seconds before the next volley. Murdam sat safely behind several inches of wood and sized up the situation.

The shooter may be a good shot, but not a genius, and he's not using good tactics. He should have waited until the target was well out of the door. Murdam knew he wasn't tailed. But he took Johnny's car. The car was bugged. Led the sniper right to him.

Murdam could cut out the back of the workshop, away from the road into the swamp. That would lead him into bad terrain, with a sniper behind him with sparse cover, assuming there's not a man already covering the back. There hasn't been a third burst. He hasn't got too much ammo to waste.

This would be a waiting game. The sniper waits for Murdam to make a move, or Murdam waits for the sniper to move in, or wait until dark to make a move.

Murdam had lost his patience for the day. The dead Burmese was on his side of the cover, as well as some chains. Two minutes later, the corpse flew through a window. Two rounds snapped through the wall nearby. The corpse hung upside-down, pantless, suspended by the ankles. Murdam pulled on the chains from behind cover of the worktable, yanking the dislocated legs in an obscene marionette.

It worked. He heard shouting in Burmese, accompanied by random shots through the workshop walls. The shouting got closer. Murdam kept working the chains. He heard a clatter, then different sounding shots, more screaming. He grabbed the axe and waited for a pause in the shots. Murdam burst through the workshop door. Another Burmese shooter, red-faced, reloading an automatic pistol. He locked eyes with Murdam, forgetting the clip in his hand.

The axe came down on the gun hand. Tendons snapped and knuckles broke. The gun fell to the floor. He ignored the wound and dove at Murdam, getting too close for the axe, hands around his throat. Murdam dropped the axe, and stared back, smiling, ignoring the choking hands. Then he grabbed the wounded hand and pulled the fingers apart like a wishbone, opening the existing wound and splitting the hand halfway to the wrist.

Murdam punched the Burmese in the gut, knocking the wind out of him, and pushed him to the ground. He picked up the axe and hacked at his knees, cutting tendons and smashing bone. He continued shouting defiantly in Burmese. Murdam found the empty rifle nearby on the ground. He collected that and the pistol and took them to the workshop.

Inside, he took the chains that held the corpse hanging out the window and pulled them taut. He secured them to the worktable legs and returned outside.

"Don't suppose you speak English?"

"Fuck you, George Bush!"

Murdam cracked a laugh. "I'll take that as a no."  
"Fuck you!"

Murdam picked up the axe. "So, all you Burmese hit squads this close? Or was this one special." He walked up to the corpse hanging upside down from the window. The wounded man kept screaming, crawling towards him. "Maybe you were in the military together? Maybe he's your brother?" Murdam brought the axe down hard on the corpse's crotch, He came down again, aiming for the damaged crease of his buttocks.

The screams were becoming cries. His eyes stared cold vengeance at Murdam as he approached.

"Hope you guys were close. Because you're going to die choking in his asshole." Murdam brought the axe down on his foot, half severing it. He swiveled the axe blade in his hand and brought the flat butt down on his shoulders and collar until he was convinced he couldn't work his arms any more.

Murdam grabbed the man by the ankle and dragged him to the hanging corpse. He grabbed a fistful of hair and lifted him to the gaping red hole between the corpse's legs. Murdam slammed the man's head into the wound. He thrashed around as best he could with his broken limbs. Murdam kept him held down by the nape of the neck, and tried driving him in deeper with the butt of the axe.

It didn't really work the way he wanted, but it got his face in ears deep. Between the blows and the suffocation, the Burmese stopped moving. Murdam swung the axe butt down with both hands, but that only pulled one of the corpse's ankles loose from its chain.

Murdam had to ditch Johnny's car and clear out the property. Someone had tracked him through the car, and Murdam wasn't betting on it being the sniper. Chuck's body, Chuck's arm, the guns, a cooler, and any tool with blood on it went in the back of an old pickup with a cap over the bed. The Burmese went in the trunk of Johnny's convertible. Murdam pulled down the sniper's pants enough to pose the bodies in a 69.

Murdam splashed bleach over the blood stains inside the workshop before driving the truck down a path behind the houses. He left it behind some trees out of sight and jogged back. He slipped on the ski mask before driving Johnny's car back out the dirt road.

Murdam didn't see any vehicles parked along the way. The sniper had either hid it well or he was dropped off. When he turned on to the first paved road, a Civic parked on the shoulder started its engine. The car did a decent job of tailing, and Murdam lost sight of it a few times on his way back to downtown VC. He drove to his favorite vehicle dumping ground, the Southwoods Mall parking garage.

Built during the boom of the late 90s, Southwoods Mall was still the fourth largest mall in America by square feet. It now stood thirty percent occupied. The parking garage was free, mostly empty, and free of security. The cars he had ditched there were typically stolen before anyone thought of towing them.

While only four stories high, the garage was as long as the mall. Murdam

wound his way through to a spot. He parked and popped the trunk. He left the lid slightly ajar and ducked behind a cement column. Five minutes later, the Civic pulled in behind the convertible. "Please don't be Burmese," Murdam said under his breath. A young Asian man got out of the car, leaving the engine running. "Fuck."

The man checked over the seats of the convertible before he noticed the trunk was open. Murdam rushed up behind him as he lifted the hood, the running motor of the Civic covering his footsteps. The Burmese froze for a second before Murdam slammed a forearm across his back, knocking him towards the corpses in the trunk. Murdam felt around the man's belt until he reached a pistol in the front of his pants. He pulled it out, chambered a round, and shot his brains through his face onto his partners.

Murdam tipped the body into the trunk and slammed the hood. He hopped into the running Civic and drove off. The Southwoods Mall parking garage was also a place Murdam went to lose tails, as there were multiple exits along a four block stretch.

Murdam searched the car while he drove. There was a purse on the passenger floorboard, and the insurance card was for a Monica Winters. A parking sticker for a University Credit Union. Stolen, probably carjacked. Murdam parked the car at a meter downtown and walked two blocks to a private parking garage where he had a couple more cars stashed.

There were no tails on the way back to the swamps. He drove a back route and got the car stuck over a tree stump. He walked the rest of the way to the pickup he had hidden, which he drove deeper into the swamp to a portable wood chipper he had stashed. Murdam dragged Chuck's body and arm from the trunk and removed his shoes and jewelry. He took the ax from the truck and cut off his head, legs, and other arm.

Chuck's trunk was too large to fit in the wood chipper. Murdam dragged it several feet from the chipper and opened Chuck's shirt. He widened the hole in Chuck's chest with the ax, and cut a groove into his stomach. Scavengers would take care of the meat, and he could come back to take care of the bones.

Murdam brought the butt of the ax down on the jaw of Chuck's severed head until the jaw was in pieces. Murdam collected the teeth and put them in his pocket. He hit Chuck's skull with the axe butt a few more times to loosen up the bone before starting up the wood chipper. Rats rushed out from the swamp as Murdam fed the chipper, spraying red over Chuck's torso.

He wanted to go back to the workshop to clean up, but that location was compromised. He rubbed most of the blood off his hands onto his pants, and wiped some smudges from his face on his shirt. Murdam drove the truck back to the city, tossing single teeth and Chuck's shoes and jewelry out the window at one mile intervals.

He drove to a boarded up mechanic shop he owned in south VC. The contents of the cooler went into a freezer, and the bloody tools got tossed in a



sink to be cleaned later. Murdam grabbed a spray hose and showered himself off over a drain in the cement floor. He removed the bloody clothes and put them in a pile to be incinerated later.

Murdam went through a mental checklist to see what couldn't wait until after a few hours' sleep. Cleaning the tools and the truck could wait. If he's still being tracked, the garage was a defensible place as any, and cheaper to ditch if he needed to than his residential properties.

"Shit. Albert," he said out loud. Still chained up and alive. He can wait a few hours. There was a mattress and some gear in the old garage office. Murdam turned off most of the lights and turned on a ceiling fan. He tried to relax, letting the fan cool his wet skin. He had things to think about, and needed to clear his head.

Murdam unlocked a tool cabinet and produced a shotgun and a .45 pistol. He laid those next to the mattress. He activated the local alarm system, which would give off a siren if the windows or doors were disturbed. Somebody wants to kill him. He could try to find out whom, or just let him keep tossing Burmese at him. Murdam took a fifth of scotch from the desk in the reception area and took it to the mattress. He pulled on the bottle with his left hand, and pulled on his cock with his right, remembering arms, throats, and red Burmese holes, until he jerked himself off to sleep.

"Morning, Albert." Murdam unlocked Albert's handcuffs. "I brought breakfast. You're going to have to eat blind. I don't want you knowing what I look like yet, so keep the blindfold on." Murdam handed Albert a bottle of water and a paper bag.

Albert took the cap of the bottle off and sniffed at the contents before guzzling it down.

"Here's where we are, Albert. Somebody hired Johnny to come after me, but he was only bait to lead a Burmese hit squad to me. The Burmese killed Johnny and Chuck. I killed the Burmese. Not all of them, it's a whole fucking country, but a lot of them. I think Johnny brought in you and Chuck on his own, so I think you're safe from the Burmese and whoever's behind all this. So while you've been locked up starving here, turns out I was keeping you safe. What do you say, Albert?"

Albert finished the bottle and turned his attention to the paper bag. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Albert. Now here's how you're going to pay me back. It's time you turned professional. Violence is not your strong suit, but you might have some skills. You need to perfect those. I don't mean being good at fucking. I mean being able to get a woman to do what you want. I may need a heart broken or some blackmail material. I've got your number." Murdam slipped Albert's phone into his pocket. "I pay decent. But you don't get to say no."

Albert nodded as he ate his way through the bag of breakfast tacos. "You'll probably see my face and learn my name eventually, but I'm going to wait and see if they use you to get to me," Murdam continued. "I don't expect you to be dumb enough to disagree with me to my face, but think about this if anyone asks about me. That dumb asshole Deuce is safe and alive. Everyone who tried to kill me is a pile of corpses in a car trunk. You want to stay useful to me, and you do not want to cross me." Albert kept nodding.

"Can I ask a question?" Albert said, sheepishly.

"We're colleagues now, Albert. Go ahead."

"What's your deal?"

"My deal?" Murdam repeated.

"I mean, are you syndicate? Omega? Shit, CIA?"

Murdam laughed. "Don't worry about that, Albert. But here's my deal. I don't like people. So I like it when bad things happen to them. That's why I'm keeping you alive. OK, finished eating? Here's how this works. You get in the trunk of your car. I drive you somewhere and pop the trunk. You wait ten minutes before getting out. Then just keep this phone, and you better pick up every call you get."

Albert nodded. Murdam stood him up, pointed him towards his car with the trunk open, and pulled off the blindfold. He kept a pistol trained on the back of his head as he walked to the car and climbed in the trunk. Albert didn't turn around as he lay face down in the trunk.

The ride was maybe five minutes. The engine stopped and the trunk

unlocked, popping up a couple inches. Albert Clough heard the car door open and close behind the sounds of traffic. He kept face down and pulled out his phone to check the time. He planned on waiting at least fifteen minutes, but someone opened the trunk before then.

“Hey, hey you!” Albert ignored the voice, staying face down with his eyes closed shut in case this was a test. “I’m talking to you!” A rough hand rolled him over.

It took a minute for Albert’s eyes to adjust to the light. The first thing he focused in on was a familiar set of sore covered lips. It was Cindy.

“You owe me ten dollars!”

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