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EVELINA THE ALPHA

by

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## Chapter One

“Shoot em! Shoot em. Shoot em. Why is it taking too long?”

He shook with rage.

“I can’t get anything done right around here? What must I do so that people listen to me?”

He whispered.

A red-faced, red-eyed man got up pushing the desk energetically in front away from him sending papers flying in the air. He paced fast before an abrupt stop. He twisted, turning fast, then looked at all the people in the conference room from left to right. He cursed hard and stared at the big screen in the conference room. In his right hand was a snooker black-ball.

His face raged with anger and crisped with fury too. He stared at the screen.

He asked with a deep voice, but no one answered. They all stared at him. He squeezed the black-ball as if squashing it to dust before a tear droplet trickled down from only his left eye, in a blink of an eye splashing on his white, polished, and shining Italian shoes.

“Shoot em!”

He growled like a hungry lion, abruptly causing the men’s and women’s hearts in the conference room to pound fast. They all looked at the big-screen as a man smartly dressed finished his speech before walking down the stairs onto the red carpet. A loud growl frightened everyone. A sound of strong agony swallowed all the silence. They all turned their heads to look at the man who sat in the middle of the conference room. His face crisped with rage. His

eyes now even more red and his entire body shaking uncontrollably.

“Shoot em!”

Around the world, people watched in disbelief on national television.

The big-screen footage.

A man in an expensive suit looked fear-struck in a twinkling of an eye, causing him to stop his speech at the zenith point of his pitching. A point no-one expected him to as this was the climax of his pitching speech to the crowds and billions around the world watching on national television. When he looked among the crowds he acted as if he had seen not a ghost but the devil himself because he looked pale in a flash. Scanning fast despite locking eyes with his bodyguard. He promptly walked off the stage, to everyone’s surprise. Reducing speed to turn and scan the area once again, before sprinting off leaving everyone surprised and questioning themselves what was going on as he sprinted faster off the red carpet. (End of footage.)

Conference Room.

There was silence and in-a-wink the background sound became more audible.

Background Sound: Watching a program on television.

“Mankind’s greatest driver is the quest for wealth. It doesn’t matter what people say about it. Regarding love or as the source of all evil. I know too for a fact that the wealth you so desperately want is out there. The only problem is that as things stand, you think that this wealth is out of reach. I know for a fact that all of you want to be rich. I mean filthy rich. To levels never thought of before. Levels most can only dream of. Abundant wealth to levels never

experienced before. I want to take all of you to a land so far away but yet within your own yard where we shall start. For I will show you revelations and tell you secrets never disclosed before. But the truth you must all know. I believe it is a journey we must take. Along the way, I will tell and show you enigmas and paradoxes that have never been revealed or witnessed before. This is the land they have been dreaming of for the past two thousand years. A place I believe is a stage of human development that is overdue. Nevertheless, a stage we must realize here on earth when you are all full of beans. I can't get this around. Can someone tell me this? Why do we have to have the best of everything; great ever-growing wealth, great good health, and peace after we have died first? This is what they say and believe in religious circles. They say to achieve the quest of great wealth, good health, and peace you must be in heaven but hang on. Isn't this a misconception because this means dying first? What if there is no afterlife? And what form will human beings be in? Spirit form? To enjoy the greatest wealth? Please. Open your eyes. See the truth from my perspective. For something great will also happen in the near future. For I personally believe it's a stage we must achieve here on earth. A journey we must make together. A journey to a stage when mankind is so forward-thinking and technologically advanced that he creates continuously and abundant wealth. This is a stage where he lives as in this so-called heaven, but here on earth. The stage that will see everyone rich. It's an undisputed fact that we all want to be filthy-rich. Why then ask for mediocre lives when you can have richness? I can tell you that I solved that mystery. Yes, that puzzle. I can say for sure that I discovered that formula to make all of you filthy-rich beyond your wildest dreams. Yes, I

opened the Pandora box.”

Pause.

“Now that I got your attention. First, we must go to where they all come out. A place that brings all of them out in hundreds of thousands and in millions. A place where mankind falls in numbers as well. This is a place so dark and scary that today no reasonable man would dare visit. Yet they go out in numbers. A place so dark their dignity and honor has been stolen, and they are naked as they have nothing. Despite all this, I tell you this; that you are guaranteed to see the entire world out there in the open. Naked in that they all have mediocre lives; they are all poor, poverty runs havoc, there is continuous social unrest. The powers of the day don't know what to do anymore with them. How to handle them that they are making at the global scale, digital weapons and watermarks. Then use these to commit genocide. Killing hundreds of thousands. Even their own as well. Yes. Killing millions, graying everyone, aging all faster and stealing years away from their lives. Crippling all and oppressing them. The place is so dark that there are cries and wailing every minute of the day and throughout the night. A place where their dignity and honor have been stolen. Where they are bare in that they have nothing. That's not typical human behavior, I tell you; that people would not go where they fall in millions. Yet they go there in numbers. Naked, but with jackets of courage and tattoos engraved in them of that dream. Yes, the dream to the wealth we can only dream of. But I think the greatest asset they all have even though they are stark-naked is the pledge-stamped on their hearts. Pledges never to give up. But to fight for me and my Tomorrow's World Order until we have reached

that dreamland. The only scary thing is that the dark place and period in mankind's history I am talking about is in the near future. A place that is hellish and hot. Where the regime's combatants and the devil's ghosts are to double up and slaughter five point eight billion people in forty-eight hours. A place where the devil's ghosts will arise unannounced. To run rampage in what I just learned is known as the forty-eight hours of darkness. An incident prophesied before even God created this world? But how is that even possible and how come? Or should I ask? Who existed before humanity even existed? And are still here with deadly intentions to take back their kingdom of darkness in just two days of darkness. A period in time I mentioned above as the forty-eight hours of darkness. Where hell literally will break loose. With the devil trying to eliminate two-thirds of the world's population in forty-eight hours. A place that brings all out against all voices of reason. The very place that brings all out. The young and old, the rich and the poor. Men and women and of every religion and color. All brought together by the sheer truth that unless they stand up to evil. They are as good as dead as they are like those on death row. Waiting for the regime to end their lives. Yes, just waiting to be killed. Yet they wear sleeves of courage, with high hopes of realizing that dream. But what they will witness is something mankind has never witnessed before. The shocking truth being that. All of them know there is only one outcome. Death. Yet they would rather die trying to reach the new stage. The new land with me rather than accept mediocre lives. Poverty, torture, injustice, human rights abuses, and a state so bad that most are hopeless as the powers be have become so corrupt. That until the regime has been removed, life is on the line. I have with me, this

beautiful lady called Evelina who knocked on our office doors. I just thought the entire world needs to hear her story. One of extraordinary faith and determination to clear her name after being caught up. I know most are wondering why, if I said this hellish place is in the near future. How then has someone ahead of time experienced it? That my friend is a mystery. Or should I say that the future I was talking about arrived already? Only that people all over the world are just realizing it now as they come forward. This is just the tip of the icebergs. Ladies and gentlemen, the future is hell. Unless I take you to another land. Another stage of human development. I am afraid humanity is finished. No matter how sad it sounds because hell and its devil ghosts have by now broken loose. Sadly, they are here to stay. Just this afternoon, the injustice and the regime's abuses brought people out. The last time I heard, thousands of civilians lay dead. The young, the older, the women, the men, and shockingly too for the first time. The soldiers, the police, and the secret services lay dead too. In thousands. In pools of blood that the people have started asking if this is the commencement of the feared forty-eight hours of darkness. I want you to listen attentively to the recording just before the slaughtering," said the voice in the background sound.

Instantly a recording started playing.

Beginning of the recording.

"This does not concern you. Go home right now or die for nothing!"

"No! You leave them alone right now," said the leader of the group.

"What?"

The man asked, shocked.

"Yes, you heard us. We said to leave them alone right now," added the leader.

"Or else what? You little piss of crap," roared the man.

"They can't be touched. You caused too much pain and unnecessary suffering. You leave them alone or pay the consequences. The world is a better place without you lot," shouted the leader.

"What do you mean?"

"We have accepted the Mark of the Beast's assignments," said the leader, adamant and confident.

"Meaning?"

"We are hereby serving you with the Ultima-Talionis. Tomorrow's World Order's license-to-kill. This is because they have found you guilty of crimes against humanity. Namely; human-hacking. Torture, inciting violence, attacking, and framing innocent people. Invasion of privacy, copyright rights violations, genocide, secret slavery, accessories to evil crimes, and for being an oxygen-thief," said the leader before the boys busted into laughter.

"Oxygen-thief? Maybe I show you something," said the man before calling someone on the radio.

Instantly all pulled out guns from their backs. The man's heart skipped a beat with fear.

"I need backup instantly," he radioed others. A crackling sound startled him.

"They are civilians. Take no action," roared a man on the other side of the line.

"They may be sixteen-year-olds, but they aren't no civilians," shouted the man.

"What do you mean?"

Instantly the man on the other end heard the man he was talking to screaming as gunshot sounds nearly busted his eardrums.

"Holy ghost. What is going on?"

End of the recording.

"Everyone around the world is fear-struck. Scared to death. That most are staying indoors. But on the other hand. I think the people have just realized that enough is enough. They say a dog has its day and as things are. I think the retaliation and the clampdowns can only take us toward this prophesied event. The only question I can ask you here is this. Will you be part of the one-third of the world's population, the evil regime, and the devil will spare? If yes, then to us you are dead already as you stand for evil. Just another of mankind's destroyers..."

A loud scream in the studio startled the production team. They instantly ran inside to check resulting in them suspending the broadcasting before running out as well, screaming in fear.

(End of background sound.)

Conference Room.

He roared before squeezing the snooker ball in his hand very hard. Another teardrop trickled down his chin before disappearing in the comfortable carpet. He growled as if in pain as the man on the television soon disappeared from the red carpet.

"I can't get anything done around here. Nobody listens to me anymore. I gave a direct

command!”

A quick knock at the door startled everyone. They all looked at each other, wondering who was behind the door and knocking at this critical moment in time. Like-a-shot. The door opened.

They all looked at the door to see who it was.

Weeks before.

“Goddamn it! You son of a bitch. Nothing is classified. That’s my son we are talking about. Liam, you know it!”

“Take time off and grieve for your loss Charlotte. Let me handle this?”

“If you can’t handle it now. What makes you handle it weeks from now? I am bloody telling you that something was there,” pleaded Charlotte.

“And if I am right. You were bloody asked what it was you saw, and you said...,” said Liam sitting up straight.

“Damn it. I could not see it with my naked eyes, but something was there,” said Charlotte.

“Speculating and without being funny, according to the specialist. Hallucinating. Seeing things that are not there. All due to grief,” said Liam.

“Son of a bitch! I bloody know they are carrying out experiments. I can’t say for sure, but I know my son was not shot by a gunman. There was nobody. It was something in the air,” said Charlotte.

“Yes, and again the experts advised the court that whatever you were suggesting was years

ahead of us.”

“Damn it. You have to tell me what operation Stealth is all about. They killed my son. They shot my boy in front of me,” said Charlotte. She broke down and started sobbing.

“Worse. There was nothing I did!”

“I will see to it that they will look for the gunman and that he is severely punished. I suggest you take more time off,” advised Liam.

“Bullshit! There was no gunman. What I don’t understand is why me? Why my little boy? Who can do that to an innocent boy?”

She sobbed profusely. She immediately stopped sobbing and walked to the window and flipped open the curtain.

“So, are you going to tell me who killed my son and why or you are just going to take me for a fool? Calling me all kinds of names?”

Liam sat deep and comfortably on his sofa.

“I don’t know how many times I should tell you the same thing. It was a gunman full stop,” said Liam, very confident.

She turned to face him. Then pulled a gun from her purse and aimed at him.

“I know what I am talking about. They are testing some strange weapons. And I need to know what operation Stealth is about,” she aimed at his head.

“We have a situation here,” said Liam.

“Who did you call? Are you going to tell me or what?”

Pronto, there was a quick knock at the door. Charlotte's heart tore with fear and anger that she started shaking. She at once took her eyes off Liam before the door like-a-shot opened. Instantaneously gunshots rocketed in the sky.

Miles away.

In a beautiful park stood this monument, surrounded by a beautiful field of flowers. All within ten meters from the center. Then column pillars that were splendidly decorated with animals, birds, and angels. Each pillar had a different angel carrying the gold scriptures in their hands, but all numbered from one to twenty-four. There were only twenty-four pillars. All evenly placed to surround the whole place. Behind that was another beautiful garden of flowers. Roses, tulips, and coneflowers magnificently coloring the area? There was a major entrance that extended deep in the flower beds all the way down until it reached the shoulders of the monument. Pillar one and twenty-four were next to each other, with the first pillar having a beautiful angel engrave on it. Holding a gold-scripture labeled the Alpha just next to this pillar. A path away, was another beautiful pillar with the same angel. A beautiful woman holding in her hand a gold-scripture labeled as the Omega. This had a number twenty-four beneath it. As she arrived Evelina noticed the two pillars. Instant attraction. She looked carefully at the pillars, admiring the artwork. She caressed the pillars. Something there and there caught her attention. She at speed looked at pillar twenty-four. She noticed that the same angel on pillar one was also on pillar twenty-four.

“The Alpha and the Omega,” she whispered to herself.

She was about to walk away when something else caught her attention. Pillar twenty-four had another angel peeping just behind the one holding the gold-scripture labeled as the Omega with number twenty-four. She squinted her eyes and pondered what this meant. She looked at the angel and read the gold-scripture in her hand written Catalytic Oxy-eighteen. The monument was a huge oval, round altar-like structure. The passage she stood at was the longest and main one that extended within the bushes and deeper into the park. Separating two smaller inner parks within parts. She looked at the monument and it looked like an altar-monument. It was made of white chalk-like sandstone. Polished and shining. The glittering from afar suggested a gold coating of some sort. She looked ahead of her and saw the center. The nucleus of the oval altar-monument with massive columns glittering in the sun. She counted the pillars. There were twenty-four. The entrance passage was in the true south. She walked a few steps, and she counted the other side entrances. There was one to her right on the East-South-East. That joined the passage she was in. She looked around, her heart pounding. She walked ahead and stopped straight away before noticing another entrance just above the one she had seen. But the strange part is that it was walled, and it went further up. Curiosity got the better of her that she in a hurry walked to the entrance. It had a wall that blocked the entrance to the altar nucleus. Her heart rate increased as she walked the dark passage until a ray of light deflected at her as another entrance, a huge one like the passage she had entered via was precisely positioned on the East. To her surprise, the passage continued ahead up parallel to the main passage in the south she had used to enter the altar. Her heart started pounding. Tempted she

decided to continue through the secret small passage leaving the main one that connected with the main south passage. Instantly the secret tunnel turned up to be a dead-end that turned into steps. She walked to the bottom and looked up. She swiftly climbed up the steps around a bend and another level soon appeared in front of her. A huge platform with a nucleus as the center and also as an extension of the one below. It had twenty-four pillars shooting out of the glass floor. This level had three entrances. Including the passage which she was on with the other two, one on the South-West and shooting out. The other on the North-West shooting out as well. She speedily looked up above her. She smiled in a flash as the sun rays shone on her. The middle was open that the sun shot inside, bouncing off the pillars. She stood and covered her eyes as the deflection that bounced off while glittering hit the center. She walked to the center and stood inside the marked circle. There was a groove that separated the circle floor into two halves. The floor design was the ripple and coiled effect. The glass floor looked like a see-through, but the image she saw was not that on the underground. It looked like an illusion glass. She smiled before noticing that between each pillar there were two marked positions on the glass floor. She raised her head and looked around and discovered forty-eight places marked right round. Briskly, she walked to the center. The nucleus. Here she observed markings in what appeared as the Greek alphabet. Like greased lightning, she counted all the marked positions and discovered that thirty places were labeled. That left eighteen unmarked. She looked lost. Standing Eastside. She looked deep inside the top-level of the altar monument to the West. On her left hand, East South East of her position, she saw a point marked on the ground with a

gold-plated seat. She walked there and realized that it was marked and with the name of a person. Amy was the name written on the chair. She wondered who Amy was. She looked around and saw another gold seat on her right hand to the North but deep further inside. Apace, she walked there and arrived at the chair. She posthaste wiped off the dust that had covered the name on the chair. Who is Hypo? She asked herself. More central and deeper was a green crystal chair. Shining even though it was odd from the rest in gold. It gave the altar monument a strange feeling that aroused curiosity. The seat had a name; Mesen on it. Something caught her attention. The center had aroused her curiosity but there was a stool a third high of the gold chair at the very center at the nucleus of the altar monument. This was all in gold. It was right in front of her but deep inside just off the center East South East. She stopped and looked back the way she came. She traced back to the entrance of the secret passage. This place was in direct line with the entrance of the secret passage. She walked there fast. Her heart beating faster. She stood in the center and looked at the stool straight away. She stepped her leg on the top of the stool while standing in the nucleus of the altar. She rapidly took out a cloth and wiped the dust covering the inscription on the gold stool. Cataleya. Anxiety kicked in. She stopped and thought about all the people who wanted to kill her. She became more anxious and apprehension about what was going to happen. Especially the risks of death with everyone after her. The feelings of fear made her panic that she felt her heart pounding fast. Her breathing became rapid. She paced for a while, restless. She looked at the whole altar and tried to figure out where she had left earlier on. The fact that one way or the other they were all meant to hunt her gave her a hard

time. The fact that her days might be numbered caused her frequent panic attacks and anxiety. As the minutes accumulated, the situation became more stressful. She felt scared to death. She had an extreme fear of being harmed. She felt shortness of breath, dizziness, and unable to concentrate as she thought about dying without accomplishing her goals in life. She had just turned eighteen for God's sake, she thought. The very stage that people start their lives. Yet there she was facing not just death but a slow and painful death at the hands of the vilest people on earth. How come? Still, she had no answers to that. That made her feel dreading death. She had a lot to accomplish, just like everyone else. She had dreams too. Right away she had a flashback of Alex. She felt even more scared and anxious. She felt her mouth-drying, followed by chills and hot flashes.

Like a shot, she heard the revving of car engines outside. She ran to the South-East as she heard the sounds of footsteps pounding outside. She could hear the noises echoing in the altar monument. She looked further down and saw a group of men and women running toward the entrance passage she had used to enter in. Her blood pressure increased. She ran to the North-West exit fast, but the glass door was locked as well. She sprinted fast increasing speed shooting out the secret passage and without delay held the rail down the stairs to an abrupt stop. But discovered the rail broken that she lost balance and did a helicopter blade with her hands. To get balance and avoid falling. That caught the men and women's attention as she let out a scream of fear. The footsteps at the entrance of the bottom altar monument triggered shock and panic attacks. She stopped and cursed. Her pupil dilated. She hurriedly pulled back into the top

altar as someone appeared on the corner, looking correctly where she was. Her heart rate increased. Her pulse quickened. Straightaway and involuntarily her muscle legs tensed as her brain was telling her to run back in. But with it also telling her that there was no other exit inside. She stood there thinking. She thought of shooting past before a voice shouting crippled her with fear. She retracted back and hid. Leaning by the wall and listening. Her heart was pounding. She double-quick ran back in as the footstep's sounds became more audible toward her direction. She ran back in, passing the nucleus nearly stumbling over the gold stool. The sounds of the men and women rushing in fast and chanting, panicked her. Now in dread with panic attacks. She breathed fast and deep and looked around. At the back of the West, she saw a statue of a huge man sat on an immense chair with the gold scriptures in his hand illuminated by lights. Pretty quick as the footsteps rushed-in the altar monument below. Her heart was now pounding hard. She ran and hid behind the statue. She felt shortness of breath. Her rate of breathing increased. Feelings of getting cornered-in caused enormous anxiety and panic. It worsened as the first man appeared at the entrance as she was at full tilt caught the glimpse before retracting her head fast. Leaning against the statue and breathing hard.

“I know you are in here. Come out now. Cooperate and live. Don't make us come for you,” shouted the man with a croaky voice with anger patterns evident in the voice.

She felt her veins like they would burst. The fear of death paralyzed her and left her with chills and hot flashes. The fear of being harmed made her pray in her heart to God. She felt numbness in her legs. She looked down to see if the legs were still there. Her body vibrated to

the heart's pounding. She felt her legs spasms and her fingers going numb.

“Damn it. Come out now! You are cornered. If we have to come to you. Trust us. It won't end up nicely for you,” roared the man.

At once, the approaching footsteps left her dead with fear. Her heart pounded with every step. It was just unbearable. She experienced mixed emotions in a split of a second. From extreme fear and panic attacks to feelings of instant arousal that pretty damn quickly evaporated. Replaced by extreme fear as the danger approached. Mixed with feelings of feeling like peeing. She shivered and could not feel her body. She had had enough. The fear of being surrounded and being harmed caused her extreme anxiety and stress.

“Damn it!” She cursed hard.

She cursed only as a deterrent. Otherwise; she was in fear-struck.

“I did nothing wrong. It's a setup!” She shouted, protesting.

She breathed deep and hard before slowly coming out with her hands up.

Insula pointed the gun at her.

“Don't try anything stupid move to the center now! The nuclei right now before I shoot you,” roared Insula but with a quaky voice.

Evelina felt her world falling apart. The footstep's noises and the pounding did not stop. They all rushed in, all dressed in all-white and all-red attire. She could not believe it as she struggled to breathe. She felt the once huge altar monument now; the inside looking smaller, and the passages engorged and constricting as more and more men and women with guns

entered in. The nuclei got smaller and smaller as the people squeezed in with all the space taken. She looked at the other entrances. Instantly, two consecutive gunshots sound from both sides startled her. A group of men and women in black entered in as the doors suddenly opened, flooding the altar.

“Drop your guns,” shouted the men in black who had just entered.

“No, you drop your guns asshole,” roared one man.

Evelina looked to the North-East as another man in black shouted.

“You heard the men drop your guns or you are all dead,” said the man walking fast and aiming the gun.

She on the instant looked in front where the main secret entrance was as a huge-ripped man with a deep voice entered in fast. The other men in red without delay opened the passage for him. The minute he entered everyone formed a circle around the altar standing at the outer walls leaving a gap in the middle. Now only he and Evelina were in the very middle. The man on the double walked north, parallel to the groove separating the altar circle into two. Passing the gold stool and perpendicular to the nuclei where Evelina was, and stopped.

“Stop there before I shoot you,” shouted a man in black from the South-East side as he walked in Evelina’s direction. Heading to the nucleus at the very center. Straightaway, the huge-ripped man at the center shouted.

“Take your positions,” he roared.

A group of men and women from the right half of the altar circle took positions standing

next to the gold seats. Evelina counted the men and women and in a short space of time remembered that there were thirty seats out of the likely forty-eight. She was shocked and surprised as to what was happening and was drawn to the other half where the gold chairs were. She quickly checked and noticed that the green crystal chair was still empty. Only three seats were not covered on the left side, meaning twenty-seven men and women had claimed the seats mainly on the right side of the altar.

“Amy take your position now,” roared the ripped man.

Instantly they all opened the way as a very tall slim lady walked to the front to cover the right side. It instantly clicked as Evelina remembered the name written on the seat.

“Where is Hypo?”

“I am here,” said the smallest guy of all who looked nervous hiding behind the others.

“Damn it. Get out of my way,” shouted the small midget guy. They all looked to see who he was talking to. There was no one in front of him. They all had opened the way for him. He aimed the gun and instantly dropped it. Instantly a gunshot sound rocketed the monument sending everyone ducking.

“Oops!” Said the small man.

He walked nervously aiming at everyone as if poking the air with everyone ducking or aiming back. He went to the gold seat Evelina had seen written with the name; Hypo.

Pronto, her heart tore apart. She glanced on the left side where she was hiding and saw the statue of the man holding the gold scriptures now lit, making the entire area brilliantly white.

She looked at the pillars and saw the gold glittering. At once a voice startled her.

Bogdan moved from the Northeast entrance toward the nuclei where Evelina was the very moment David walked from the West aiming at the nuclei where Evelina was standing as Carolina walked in from the South toward the nuclei. That like a shot triggered Marson to jump and grab Evelina the second his man Hypo moved forward swiftly from the North East. All the twenty-seven people who had taken positions in front of the seats aimed one after the other at Evelina. She screamed and cried before she started sobbing. In turns, as if fighting to shoot her first. They screamed at her and aimed the guns.

“Devil-Is-I!”

Shouted Marson grabbing Evelina and tightening the grip.

“Devil’s Eyes!”

Shouted the rest of the group as echoes and vibrations filled the altar monument.

“Easy now! Let her go right now before I blow your bloody head off!”

Everyone remained pointing guns at Evelina.

The screaming was so intense and deafening as the men like a coordinated choir shouted death threats waving guns and knives in the air leaving the monument echoing. That went for a while every time Marson shouted that he was the main man. The; Devil-Is-I. The chanting and outburst went on and on until everyone was chanting hysterically charged in a frenzied mood to attack. That suffocated her that she started sobbing and in one last roar, all at their peak roared so loud that Evelina felt like her internal organs busted. But the tension in the altar at once

suddenly died down as silence took hold even if it was for a split-second. Evelina looked around, thinking that it was a dream. Why have they in-a-wink quietened? She could see the sweat dripping down their faces, drenching their clothes, but knives and guns still in their hands clenched hard. They all looked at Marson; the ripped man in military attire. Polished shoes and a military haircut well shaven but with a puffed and bloated-look. Who shortly smiled, wiping off sweat from his forehead before sighing and blowing his nose on the ground.

“My men are ready to tear you and shred your body into pieces with knives. Trust me, all these bastards standing here. There is nothing they can do to stop that, because my men have gone outside to secure the entrances, they used to come in,” he advised.

“I can’t wait to see the satisfaction and resolution on my men’s faces as they slice all of you bastards to death including you Evelina. The thrill of killing you after all the pain and anxiety, not mentioning the stress you have caused must be out of this world. They indeed say as sweet as revenge. Now we taste victory and be rewarded by knowing that we put you out of your miseries,” roared Marson.

There was a sense of great excitement and euphoria from Marson’s team.

The very moment Mesen; another of Marson’s men moved from the South East all crowded the nucleus at the very same time causing an adrenaline rush of fear releasing hormones in Evelina as the risks of death increased. Her heart rate was ascendingly elevated with short but repetitive panic attacks. Another seven men of Marson all moved from the East all behind him closing in on Evelina as if to attack her. Amy, Hypo, and Mesen closed in fast

aiming the guns but a counter move by David, Carolina, and Bogdan saw Marson lose Evelina as the three aimed at Marson rather than everyone else. Even if that also meant eleven men shifting unexpectedly, closing in on her, leaving her traumatized and engulfed with fear. Evelina quickly moved back to the nucleus the moment she was freed but Marson jumped into the nucleus and forthwith grabbed her as she shivered in fear and in no time dragged her off the center. But instantly she remembered the stool. Then finding it and stepping her leg on the gold stool just near the nucleus. She screamed aloud.

“Leave me alone. I did nothing wrong,” she screamed and kicked.

That triggered David and his men to jump to her rescue and held her free hand, pulling her too as Marson was pulling her.

“You are all hurting me. Let me go right now!” She screamed.

Marson in a flash pulled out his gun and aimed at her head.

“Pull her again and she is dead. You need her alive. I don’t. I prefer her dead. So bloody move backward. Let her go right now,” he roared.

“Amy, Hypo, Mesen? What are you waiting for?” Shouted Marson.

“Evelina screamed instantly looking at the positions she had seen with the names she had just heard.

That triggered Carolina and Bogdan to look in that direction and briefly took the aim from Marson to Amy the tall slim woman, Hypo the dwarf, and Mesen the chunky guy. Marson instantly too the opportunity and dragged Evelina away from the center instantly.

“Damn it! Eyes on the ball,” shouted David, triggering Carolina and Bogdan to aim back at Marson who instantly stopped but with Evelina clipped in his arm.

A group of Marson’s men rushed from behind him and cocked their guns in his support.

“You all heard the man. Back off. Goddamn it!”

David looked at all his men and women. Pronto they all retreated. Leaving Evelina kicking and wriggling, but David advanced. Standing now in the nuclei, perfectly where Evelina was taken from. He stepped on the gold stool and right away roared. That got the atmosphere tense and heated. He aimed at Marson.

“She drops dead, but you hit the ground first,” he roared. Soon after David aimed at Marson’s head. Marson’s twelve men instantly formed a barrier in front of David that triggered Marson to pull Evelina further away from the center. Moving to the East side of the altar where all his men stood on his sides. Dragging her to another separate side protected by his men and women. Even though they were not advancing instead, they were forming a cluster in that altar corner. As all the men and women in that corner were holding guns and knives looking at their backs, retreating to get away with the first prize; Evelina. The moment Evelina noticed what was going on. She panicked and screamed as she was now far away from the safe zone. She checked the distance from her original position to the center nuclei and fear struck her. She noticed that she was losing. Marson was determined now to drag her away and run for it. David now had become very conscious and fear was slowly setting in as Marson and his men and women clustered in huge numbers in the east corner. The tensions and the risks were now

heightened as anything was now poised to happen. Obviously, in that cluster and in proximity with disastrous consequences. The fear of being gunned down the moment they exit had increased substantially. Every heart in there, even Marson's was pounding hard. All the heart rates were elevated.

Marson now on advantage in his own territory deep in the east corner shielded by his men and women without delay made his men and women form another inner core with them forming an impenetrable membrane with Evelina now part of them. That meant two teams. Two arches of men and women separating Marson and Evelina from David and his team. That gave Marson confidence. As the hopes of being rescued faded Evelina momentarily changed from fighting hard to going with the flow. As she was now fearful for her life. That made her fight less for her life hoping to be taken away alive as David and his team now we're almost facing possible death. This is because a new group that was at the back presumably less important therefore not afraid or nor protected had taken center stage in the corner. Now Marson in a bonding stunt of confidence with Evelina grabbed her hard. Bringing her very close to himself clipping her neck with his hand now facing David and his team with his men covering him. Now all eyes now on a safe exit. Realizing that a new group has advanced less important than those surrounding Mason at first. David realized that if he let Marson out of sight. He and his team were finished. Lightning flash. A rush of fear-feelings caused him to roar on-the-spot startling Marson that he stopped and looked fear-struck as well. Evelina instantly saw the last chance to fight for her life. Like the last kicks of a dying horse, she elbowed Marson in the stomach stamping on his

boots before inserting her teeth in his hand.

“One step and you are dead. I am not bluffing,” roared David.

Marson did not scream or react to Evelina’s attacks. Instead, he tightened the grip leaving her protesting and in pain.

“Move! Damn it!”

He shouted. That seemed to have energized him and gave him guts that he pulled her hard back to the secret passage. Pretty quickly he realized why suddenly David was yelling and shouting.

“Let us go, let us go!” Shouted Marson.

Marson ordered his men to retreat until they were all close to him. Still his gun pointing at Evelina. David realized that was as close as he can get. Lightning-fast his team moved a step ahead to where he was standing and aimed at different members but Bogdan and Carolina expeditiously reinforced David’s attack on Marson and all pointed at him. The second Marson realized that danger had heightened. He roared as a deterrent and quickly pulled Evelina to his body and increased the grip. Stepping back to the exit’s secret passage as his men and women followed. One step backward by Marson. Instantaneously triggered a step forward from David and his team. The tension was high. The stakes were raised. One mistake and all were destined to die on the spot in a blood bath. The voice patterns and the breathing noises were high with everyone locking eyes with at least one member of the opposite side. Sweat pouring down as the tenseness increased. The stakes and risks had climaxed. Reached their zenith point but still

hanging in the balance. With everyone careful not to suddenly slip. The tension was unbearable. David could feel his body vibrating hard as his heart pounded. Everyone knew that any single shot would trigger massive shootings. They all knew that the risks were heightened. Heart rates were at their maximum. Most were in a panic. David realized the loss that could happen, and that Evelina now was at great risk. The perceived risk had become real and imminent. That triggered this last move that he went into the propulsive mood. Shooting out, hoping this last thrust can save her but knowing also that it can either get all killed. Now the ground his team covered increased hugely as they thrust forward as a reflex-act trying to stop Marson. Who at this time was in the fear-mood? Feeling cornered in the east corner with no space to step but go down the broken rusting step-ladder. He knew with his weight it might collapse while going down with Evelina. That made David close in. No space to retreat anymore now close to the door. The walls had put an end to his retreat. He couldn't move anymore. The fear and panic attacks of being cornered and shot at close range triggered him into shouting as an attack as well as a defensive stance. He yelled at his men so hard that people panicked even his own men and women. Yelling at them to go at the same time with him but asking a few to cover him. He then yelled at David's team.

“I said stop advancing unless you want me to blow her head off on the spot!”

Roared Marson.

“Stop advancing! Or she is dead meat. I mean it,” he further demanded.

This is it, David, and his team reckoned. Impulse without further ado kicked in. Now as

they have nowhere to go. Cornered by the walls and with a small secret passage for them all to escape. A broken ladder increasing the danger of something bad happening caused panic attacks in Marson. That he lessened the grip on Evelina. She felt like kicking a tantrum of attack for the last time but when she looked at David, she read his fears. The risks were heightened. A simple slip on the broken ladder was sure to trigger shootings at will from both sides as a defensive move. The danger of stampede; that is collision and impact was increased considerably among Marson's men as well due to the narrow-broken ladder and passage. Triggering a huge feeling of suspense and danger. It was now a matter of when in terms of time. That increased anxiety and stress in Marson as witnessed by his voice patterns as he yelled for his men and women to create space for him and to cover him. Involuntary muscle spasms triggered by the approaching danger and the hesitancy affected Marson as David advanced now fearlessly with everything to lose if Marson's men were to open fire. The closer they became in terms of space. The more Marson could relate to what David was going through. The close and more imminent and inevitable the danger became. As they closed in. David's men and women on the sides closed in faster as to surround him and Marson's men at the same time.

“It's a narrow passage, and a broken ladder as well; to bless us even more. We are destined to take as many of you as you go out. So better let her go right now,” shouted David.

The sounds of cocking guns startled Marson and his men as the danger became real. That prompted him into action that the tension became too much. That at one point, he felt like he had been shot. Making him check himself as he started breathing hard, but David's tantrums

triggered the climax.

“Last chance. Let her go right now.”

Somehow the sheer realization that all this time David or anyone had not fired a single shot, somehow dispersed the danger and the tension that Marson deflated. Right off the risks of real danger elevated greatly as he all of a sudden, he realized that it is now or never. He shouted to his men, who without delay opened the door. David and his team in shock looked at each other and tried to solve what had changed now that made Marson fearful to run for his life or fearless to walk away as they were pointing guns at him.

As he walked fast pulling Evelina down the stairs, he smiled realizing that he was still alive. That triggered feelings of being invincible somehow, that he pulled Evelina rough and fast that she screamed for the first time in a long time. Herself relieved that she was alive even though that was still bad, but the danger had passed. Soon after Marson felt fearless but somehow blanked out that he stopped not knowing that which he wanted to do. The sound of revving SUVs kicked him into action. That he pulled Evelina. Now pushing her forward in front of him but like a shot, the outside door opened to the altar monument that he lickety-split grabbed her by the throat and shielded his body.

“Don’t follow us! You follow us, and she is dead. You have to pick up her body by the roadside. I damn right mean it. You stay there. Then we can negotiate. I will tell you when and where to meet,” he roared.

David looked at Evelina’s face and saw her wearing a haunted face. She looked like she

wanted to cry. Hopeless but somehow thanked God that she was still alive. Last chance.

“Damn it. You are not listening to me. You bloody stop right there,” roared David.

“All my team aim just at Marson. Now!”

The sound of guns cocking instantly made Marson stop just near the door.

A gunshot rocketed the skies leaving everyone ducking laying on the ground.

## Chapter Two

“Job done!”

Said the man in a suit and white gloves as he stood a few feet from the doorway.

Momentarily there was silence.

“What do you mean job done? I saw him walk away?”

Silence sliced across the conference room before they could hear impact steps walking toward the conference room table. The man who had just entered and claimed that the job had been done hesitantly switched the channels on the television. The silence broke out.

The face of the man with the snooker ball in his hand swiftly froze. Abruptly he dropped the black ball from his hand and it rolled on the carpet until stopped beside the highly polished black shoes. The man walked to his comfy seat and sat down.

“What have you done?”

A moment of deep silence sliced across the hall.

“That’s not what I command.”

“I know.”

Replied the man scheming and ingeniously.

“You know?” Growled the man.

“So, why have you disobeyed my command?”

“Overridden?”

The man opened his eyes wider with surprise and rage.

“Overridden? By whom?”

Roared the man now even more enraged.

Immediately the door opened and sounds of stilettos stamping fast on the carpet cut across the room.

“You! With whose authority you override my commands?”

Queried the man vexed.

“You are weak. You don’t even know what it means to be a global leader.”

“Damn it. I don’t like it when you challenge me like that in front of everyone.

“I did you a favor. The message is loud and clear. There is a new boss in town, and he means business.”

“Means business? What business? You have started World War Three.”

Roared the man shaking with rage.

The woman paced a little.

“Isn’t it what you are after?” She asked guilefully.

“Are you out of your freaking mind? Not this way. If it happens, it happens, but for heaven’s sake, not this way.”

“Damn it. Don’t give me that bullshit talk. This is how it’s done. A simple message.”

The man could feel sweat droplets trickling down his forehead before being swallowed by his shirt. He walked to the comfy seat and sat on the edge of the seat. He looked at the woman

and then everyone else before sighing.

“World War Three.” He whispered, but loud enough for everyone else to hear. A deep sense of fear-struck everyone in the conference hall apart from the woman who stood there arrogantly. Something big had just happened. The looks on their faces said it all. They all looked haunted. Silence cut across the hall.

The woman picked up the television remote and increased the volume.

“The women and children of the seven most important powerful countries on earth have been gunned down all over the world in public and in broad daylight and on national television in what appears to be a terrorist attack. To make things worse, the shootings were all captured on national television. No one has come forward to claim responsibility. It’s a day the entire world was shocked and alarmed and so frightened by such acts that whoever is behind this is only after one thing... The Third World War as surely such acts can only trigger a bloody retaliation.....,” said the news reporter.

Weeks before.

As soon as Charlotte saw the door opening, she peeped to see who had been called by Liam, but instinctively she fired at Liam as he fired too at her. Liam slumped, hitting the table hard before blood oozed out. Charlotte looked at herself checking for any wounds, but the cocking of the gun startled her that she quickly turned the gun at the bodyguard at the door who fired at her as she fired back with both slumping to the ground at the same time.

“Son of a bitch shot me,” she touched her neck and blacked out.

Miles away.

A huge growl of pain and rage cut across the room of the building sending everything outside and in the surrounding areas hiding or flying away for their lives. This was the loudest scream of pain Kyle had ever heard. Briskly he switched off the television as the other man restrained the man from crying to bits, fighting to be let out.

“Give me my gun right now!”

“I can’t believe my children are dead. My wife is dead, and the court is trying to stop us revenging their deaths,” fumed President Rex.

“What do you suggest?” Asked President Maureen.

“This has become so personal that I can’t see anyone stopping me revenging my beloved family.”

He wiped off tears.

“I don’t see why we have to wait until the court has investigated when we know who is behind this when the entire world knows who did this.”

There was silence.

“So, what did they say?”

“The court will carry its own investigations and the Executive Branch [EB] will do the same thing, and we have to wait. Genuinely something I am against. I think just stalling tactics so that they attack us.”

President Knox entered, breathing hard.

“I can’t stomach this. We can’t just sit and wait? Something like this if it happens needs immediate response and action. To hell with the courts and this EB, I say we send our men to attack.”

“EB is concerned we are going to react in grief and end up killing innocent civilians.”

“I think we attack and hire a private investigating team just to cover our backs,” suggested President Rex.

“You mean on top of the team assembled so far by the EB?”

“Of course. I am saying we don’t wait for them. We attack because we know for sure who is behind this. All they want is just confirmation and honestly, I have no time or patients for all that nonsense while my children and wife are rotting,” fumed President Rex.

They all looked at each other.

“I will choose a team to investigate separately, but all of us know about this until...”

“Has EB hitherto deployed a team?”

Dior pushed the store’s double doors open and on the spur of the moment answered her ringing phone. She walked a few feet before a man bumped into her, pushing her to the side that she staggered and a stitch in time the man grabbed the bags she had in her other hand and sprinted away.

“Stop!”

She screamed, putting her hand in her coat jacket before pulling a gun. The man sprinted, only looking back to see if he was being followed. He unexpectedly cursed to see her following

fast with a gun in her hand. He pushed pedestrians deliberately in the way. Dior saw the commotion ahead and all of a sudden stopped and aimed. About to pull the trigger when a civilian instantaneously comes into view. She cursed and sprinted after the men.

“Stop or I will shoot you!”

The man sprinted, cursing as she relentlessly closed in on him. Dior followed persistently now, breathing hard with the phone once in her hand put away. The man looked inside the bags and cursed hard. Off the bat, he threw the bags down as he breathed very hard. He dropped speed after losing the bags and swiftly checked to see if she was near the bags. She arrived where the bags were and flat-out picked them but continued with the chase. The man looked shocked to see her still following him.

“Bloody knickers! I dropped them,” shouted the man.

Dior sprinted now even faster and angry.

The man resumed running away, pushing people in the way. Dior chased. The man sprinted toward the corners. Dior stopped and kneeled down before aiming and waited. The man sprinted away and about to turn that he looked back and straight away a bullet sound and a loud growling sound left pedestrians scared and hiding for cover.

Miles away.

The police station at the Devil’s Eye Island was hardly a police station. Once a library turned into a police station. The officials had not seen the need for a police station. The idea behind the development here was purely for tourism, the only money-spinner. The authorities

had seen no reason why people on holiday would want the police services, principally having known how frustrating these people can be. The last thing you would want when you are on holiday. A holiday means a holiday. Who would go on holiday and be prepared to spare even a bloody second entertaining these? Unless, of course, something bad has happened to you. But then again, we are talking about the Devil's Eye Island here. Paradise on earth. A place where people come to enjoy life in the fullest meaning of the word with couples on a romantic trip keeping themselves to themselves. Of course, not trying to be funny, but exactly the way it should be. People who visited this place were so rich that there were no burglaries, muggings, or even homeless people throwing litter everywhere. The place was so peaceful not saying there were no fights but whatever happened here was a pre-planned thing and whoever was involved in fracas etc. would have beforehand signed and sworn secrecy that whatever happened here would stay here at the Devil's Eye Island. Somehow the last year has seen the local small library turned into a police station. The local authorities had eventually succumbed to the presence of the police at Devil's Eye.

A car came to an abrupt stop in the middle of the road.

"I don't think you are taking us seriously. You know damn right how busy we are and your act of calling us here is not just a waste of our time but an act of arrogance we can't tolerate."

"Follow me."

Adam walked meandering further down the road, passing his truck in the middle of the road.

“What kind of driving is this?”

“That is not important.”

“How can you say that probably it is the reason why you got involved in an accident in the first place?”

Adam stopped and pointed at the dead animal in the middle of the road.

“You can’t be serious, surely we are in no mood to play games with you. Are you bloody out of your mind? You haven’t heard how busy we are. An animal? Why not call the animal agency?”

Detective Julius started walking back to his car.

“Detective be patient. Trust me, you won’t regret this.”

The detective stopped. He turned around slowly.

“Do you know how many missing people’s reports we received just this month? I said the missing person, not some bloody missing animals’ reports. So, if you can excuse me that will; be great.”

He retrieved his sunglasses from his chest pocket. He wore them and walked off.

“Detective. Listen to me. You must take a look first, then decide.”

“I just did, and I think it’s a load of bullshit. Pardon my French. He passed Adams’s car. It’s not an animal. It’s not what it seems.”

The detective stopped and cursed. He started walking back.

“So, what is it because I can only see an animal?”

Adam hastily walked to where the animal lay and with a stick poked the intestines already outside lifting them to reveal something that instantaneously caught the detective's attention that he walked swiftly to the scene. He kneeled and looked at the open stomach of the animal and then at the Adam.

"Definitely not only an animal. Human too."

The detective looked shocked. He pronto kneeled too.

"I can't believe we have an animal issue."

Miles away.

Detective Ann paced in the small office that seemed to such all the comfort and sense of peace out of him. The day was hot. The humidity made the detective use a pan duster to cool himself.

"Bloody hell."

"Is it the heat or some unquestionably genuine concentration turned into a distraction or just the mosquitoes, there are so many horrible possibilities of what can go wrong on this Island? So small, yet the possibilities are endless, Detective?"

"How about being serious for a change? We have an ever-growing heap of missing person files and all you can think about is whine about the weather and how small this place is? Shouldn't you be doing something useful? I understand. The main reason why they did not even want a police station here in the first place."

"Of course, they can't afford to pay us."

“Or you are just lazy, they know you are just going to toss it off as long as you get paid.”

“I think it is the most difficult job in the world. We are paid to think. We are paid to solve problems and find missing people and all that stuff. I think these will keep us busy for a long time trust me. All this talk about the peak season only is just bullshit. They will need us here forever. When it is off-peak when it is winter and freezing then we get on it. Just us here at all this Island. Don't you think this is the best way?”

“They said they can only extend if we find out what is happening first.”

“Who can predict things like that? Even with our experience, I reckon it is rocket science. After all, who can work in such heat? I felt tired before I even started. I felt like sleeping. A good afternoon naps. Maybe pass the cola in the fridge.”

“Did you find out who is behind this?”

“I said pass the cola first.”

He incontinently opened the fridge and threw a can of cola.

“I think they all drowned. The water is such a dangerous place. It is beautiful, I know because it wants to trap unsuspecting people and drown them sinking them straight to the bottom.”

“For what?”

“For what? It's like Mother Nature. It is a place of other beautiful creatures and all must eat and feed and what better to provide food and fertilizers than humans.”

“They all can't drown. Even if one or two can't swim it is just too wild even to suggest

that.”

“They pretended they were missing so that they could start a new life. Do you know how many people would want a new identity out there?”

“Again, what for?”

“Insurance scams? Particularly considering that most still don’t know we are nowhere here. Most assume we don’t exist and if we do, we must be a bunch of fat lazy cows sitting on desks eating pizza and dissing each other all day throwing paper planes around.”

“Abductions? Trade-in women and men as well.”

“Do you know most of these people come here to square it up? Killing each other and throwing the dead losers in the sea? In that case, how are we supposed to find them? You know it’s a shark-infested area as well,”

“But on a serious note, why the sudden increase since last year? Ever since it has gone worse?”

“I think insurance scams have risen as well. Poverty has meant people doing everything to get their hands on that easy money and start a new life. The reputation of this place makes it easy to fake one’s death.”

“You reckon?”

“Yes, I profiled most, and most were either turning eighteen or twenty-one twenty-two there. So, insurance scams are out of the question.”

“Detective that’s why we are here. To turn every stone and find answers.”

An instant telephone call startled them. Detective Ann answered the phone and just listened before putting the receiver down.

“Why do you look like you have seen a ghost Detective?”

Later that afternoon.

Two cars arrived where other police cars had preliminarily been parked haphazardly. The flashing lights and the sirens of other cars still coming that way startled the detectives, who speedily got out without a word and walked to the accident scene.

“I am afraid all our work will be cut short. The fastest investigation ever. We already have a culprit and to make things worse, he died without putting up a fight, confirming my fears that we are just paper-pushers nowadays. What happened to get shot at and all those all-day standoffs. Everyone has just gone soft. Frankly, that took out the fun in this job. Look at all these cocking their guns like cowboys ready for action.”

He cursed as the detectives arrived.

“Killing suspects by running them over nowadays is that so detective? Or you happened to knock him down when you were busy analyzing evidence while doing sixty miles per hour on the highway?”

They all laughed.

“They say how you do it doesn’t matter as long as you solve the crime and trust me this isn’t going anywhere. Come.”

The detectives walked to the accident scene being greeted by the sight of the blood in the

road.

“Canine?” “I thought some serial killer, rapping all and killing all since the majority are females? Damn it. That killed the fun. So, did they call the wild animal rescuing team? You know what? He might have others left out there.”

They all looked around for a while.

“So why so sure it was him?”

Asked the detective.

“Come.”

The detectives walked to the body of the dead animal and at a stroke it made sense.

“It’s a bit strange to eat even the clothes of victims. I was thinking he would tear off only flesh.”

They all looked at each other.

“This kind of behavior is associated with starving animals that have gone for days without food and when they ultimately find the food, they eat fast and everything.”

“Meaning what? How can it be so hungry and then...?”

“Now has decided to include tasty humans to the diet?”

They all sighed.

“I was thinking maybe intentionally starved and given all this?”

“It’s a possibility but exceptionally unlikely. The very reason why they call this place the Devil’s Eye Island is because whatever happens here is so devilish and hellish.”

The detective kneeled and slightly pinched the clothes and pulled these out of the animal's intestines.

He speedily got up and briskly ran to the car breathing hard and fast. They all looked at him.

“Is he going after the rest of the pack? Because as far as I am concerned, they hunt in numbers.”

There was no answer, they only looked at each other.

Running footsteps caught their attention as the other detective came back in urgency breathing hard. He forthwith stopped and looked in his hand.

“I know who that is?”

They all looked at him before they saw what was in his hand; a photo.

Later in the evening.

Detective Ann opened the door to her house as the dog came running wriggling its tail.

“Come, boy. I bet you missed me. Came back late tonight.”

The dog started licking her clothes.

“Boy no. Don't lick that. Wild animal blood. I don't want you to turn to be like these animals that we killed that have a taste for human flesh. That is so bad.”

She in a flash held the dog's mouth and opened the jaws to check if it had blood. She raised her head as a man stood in front of her.

“Why so late?”

“I left the message. Flashing out some wild human-hungry animals.”

“Animals. I thought all these nights you were talking about a serial killer or something.”

“So, it won’t be a six-month job then if it is wild canines.”

“Maybe a month only. A team took over to kill any animals in that area. We are not taking chances anymore.”

“At least we can spend more time together. I was thinking that it’s like last time when I saw you weekends only.”

“That was something. The very reason why I joined the force.”

Mackenzie threw himself on the couch.

“Does that mean that you are not going to write that book?”

She sighed and threw herself next to him before laying on his lap.

“Animals normally don’t have motives so interesting to catch the reader’s imagination and intrigue them to read. Most kill for food.

“In a surprising turn of events, the police carried out a flush-out to kill what they now believe as the real culprits behind the ever-growing lists of missing persons here at Devil’s Eye Island. They hoped that the two consecutive operations were to kill all the wild beasts in this area hoping that will stop the people from being reported as missing. No one I had asked attributed or speculated that it could be a caning behind all these disappearances. Such animal behavior is rare but then again, its Devil’s Eye Island, so anything is possible. Harper reporting for Tomorrow’s World Order News Channel.”

Hudson picked up the phone and dialed a number.

“How long can that take to ship here?”

“Three months.”

“Three months you must be joking.”

“We can only send by ship.”

Hudson cursed and slammed the receiver down before picking up the phone again.

“Okay send double the order.”

Miles away.

[Beginning of flashback.]

“Why are we here on earth? Why God created us? This was my trigger for my quest for answers. Something that gave me sleepless nights. Undoubtedly, if we are very purposeful, wanting every part of our lives to be meaningful, what more that of the creator. Could God have created people simply so that they worship him when we endeavor to create robots that act and think like us so that one day, they can do what we do and think like us? Indubitably, that must be God’s plan with humans. I suggested to my wife the day she was going back home to visit her parents.”

“Stop this nonsense. Darling, I request that you get enough relaxation. Remember; you must come and pick me up.”

There was a moment of silence.

“Have you heard what I said?”

I don't know how we got to the airport and how long we arrived and waited but I remembered that beautiful smile on her face and her sweet sexy voice that tended to soothe and massage all my nerves and even my bones that only at that moment I seemed to have dropped from the skies in front of her. In all honesty, I don't know what she was talking about as I was miles away. But I kept hearing her ask if I understood what she was talking about. But the moment our eyes locked I knew I had a purpose here on earth. Don't get me wrong I love my wife and kids, but something hit me. I felt like my destiny had arrived. After finding my true love, the love of my life and the mother of my kids and being blessed with beautiful kids left me feeling empty yet so rich. I found myself thinking and feeling like I have achieved stage one of my tasks here on earth. Yes, I have done my reproductive duties to keep the human race going. I was happy and as far as my gorgeous, beautiful blue-eyed wife was concerned; she was happy too. I heard my kids asking each other what they would want to do when they have grown up. Something awakened in me. I had a vivid flashback of when I was a kid too answering the same question. It gave me goosebumps just knowing that I could still remember all that. I felt cravings. I stood up and went into the kitchen and got my wife's cheesecake. I ducked in the spoon about to lift a chunk when she walked in on me. Straight off, I felt so aroused that it felt like the first-time seconds before we first made love. I dropped the spoon onto the cheesecake and grabbed her from behind, spooning her firmly before turning around and...

"Daddy. I want to be a policeman when I grow up," shouted my boy.

“Somehow, I found myself laughing at him. I frowned straight away. The entire world is full of evil people but not like it was a few decades ago. There it was, a clear-cut thing. We had gangs on one hand robbing at gunpoint and doing all kinds of evil. Then on the other hand we had the respected law-abiding citizens in the police force. Hard-working and doing everything by the book. Then I recalled what it was like nowadays. You can’t tell who the crook is. Then again, another thought hit me. What is the real purpose of life on earth especially now when even the president who swore to protect the people is commanding the use of lethal digital weapons and watermarks recreating evil practices like the Holocaust, slavery, torture, genocide, etc.? I felt a chilling feeling. Doubtless, the stage we have reached is a stage when there is no law and order. This is because the people who are supposed to protect the people are the very people tricking everyone, hacking everyone, breaking all rules that they only need to go to a computer, and they know everything you did last night. How you made your wife orgasm and when you fatted. Pardon my French, but I want you to see how wrong things have gone. Undeniably this stage we are in requires a superhuman among us to rise to the challenge and do what God if he was here on earth, would do.”

“Stop this God’s Dilemma nonsense,” quipped my wife.

“God created mankind, so you bend down on your knees until the day you die worshipping him, that’s all.”

“I begged to differ.”

“I will tell you why,” she said sitting on my lap and putting her hands around me with me

grabbing her booty.

“God is so powerful that he does not need mankind. He is so holy that he created mankind, so he worships him. If he wanted anything, he would have created another god to do what you are thinking.”

“I felt like my wife had read my mind.”

“I thought that God created humans so that one day we can become like him. Do like he does and think like him so that we manage earth while he deals with the universe.

Unequivocally God created humans so that we take over and manage the world at some point in the future and the way things were going in the world with endless wars, poverty, financial crisis, man-made-outbreaks indisputably this was the time for that person to rise to the challenge.”

“But it is written and argued that mankind was created with God’s image. More like with his DNA. The question I want to throw at you is this. Does that mean; if for argument’s sake we have God’s DNA it follows that we must act and think like him also?”

I don’t know when my son went out of the kitchen leaving me with his mother. I hugged her, knowing that I was the most blessed person in the whole world by far. She was drop-dead-gorgeous. Striking features and she felt that way too. She was smart too, but never wanted to entertain my curiosity and cravings of everything to do with God.

“I met you merely because I was attracted to the blue skies whereas as a kid I would look while laying down on the ground until when I go shopping, I buy everything blue.”

The day we met it was the color of her eyes that turned my legs into a jelly that I stopped. I felt everything melting. If I had not taken this quest of knowing why God created us, I could have not found the color blue so beautiful and arousing that sometimes I get a massive boner. Yet she never wanted to hear this.

“I will tell you why.”

She said hugging me.

“Simply because for the past two thousand years no one ever bothered because there are other things more important; like me, your kids, and everyone else.”

“But if we do nothing today, then tomorrow there won’t be any humans.”

“Get the hell out of here. Where will people go?” She looked at me. For some reason, I got lost in her eyes. In a flash my heart-rate elevated, and I froze for a while as I had a flashback, one I had when I was a kid.

“What is wrong, David? Why do you look like you have seen a ghost?” She asked.

“Why not act as you have seen an angel?” She flashed her lovely sexy smile and winked her blue eye. That was so fabulous I thought, forcing a smile.

“Now I remember why I was fascinated by the whole thing about God.”

“Okay, I am listening,” she said, putting her arms around me.

She pulled my hand into the lounge.

“She French-kissed me and we locked eyes.”

“I love you. I don’t think there is anything more important in my life than you and the

kids.”

“You can say that again.”

“But. First, let me tell the dreams I had every time I had fallen into a trance when I was a kid.”

“Oh, you start having those flashbacks again. Okay, I am all yours.”

“I had a dream about God and the devil arguing.

[Beginning of flashback]

“Damn it. Where did I go wrong, these people are created by my image? My breath, yet it is like talking to stones,” shouted God.

The devil laughed sarcastically.

“I will bet you that no matter what you do all they can do is evil.”

God roared.

“That makes little sense. I don’t believe they are stupid. They just can’t master what is needed. They do the elementary things only because it’s easy and not even once they have just tried to do the difficult yet the good things. Maybe I go to the re-creating board again,” suggested God.

The devil laughed.

“How many first people do you have to create?”

“Damn it. What is that supposed to mean?”

“I was watching you creating and killing the people you first created.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about. Adam and Eve are my first people.”

“Yeah right.”

“David, Maria, Stephen? Were they not the first?”

“Listen to me, if these people are created with my image, why do they do the opposite for what I stand for? I represent everything good, yet if it were a language they speak; they speak only evil and can’t even speak good. I have to teach them to do good. That is not normal behavior. I would have expected most to speak the good language and not evil.”

“I was coming to that. This is what I was saying the other day that you did not create these people.”

God roared.

“That is blasphemy and I can get you killed for treating me like I am human.”

“I know I am saying that before you created this world another world existed.”

“That is nonsense. When I created this world, there was only darkness. No living things existed. There was only me.”

“I know because of what you believe. But I can prove that this is not true, even though you are entitled to believe what you want.”

“Angels! Throw the devil in the pit again,” roared God.

“No, God hear me out at least let me tell you what I know happened. A perfect argument that explains why these people don’t listen to you. But first I will challenge you to this. I will say before you throw me out let bet that the people you think you created will never listen to

you but will rather listen to me.”

The angels looked at God.

“That way you can be sure that you created these people but if they listen to me, then you are going to let me stay here and I shall rule half the earth as darkness and you shall rule half as light or the day or sun.”

“You must be mad because; first I created these people and they will listen to me.”

“No, God you did not create these people as I will reveal later. You are like a test tube lab doctor who gets a man’s sperm and a woman’s egg and fertilizes these in the test tube. The baby that is born assuredly, you can claim that it is yours.”

God roared.

“He is insulting again.”

“Let me finish talking. If I am wrong, I say condemn me to hell for eternity but if I am correct, we shall rule the earth as 50-50%. Twelve hours shall be yours and referred to as day and twelve hours out of the twenty-four shall be referred to as darkness and shall represent me.”

God for the first time laughed.

“You have already lost because I even created you just because you have been a good student and walking in my footsteps does not give you rights and powers to challenge me. If you lose, I never want to see you again. Okay? So, what is the challenge?”

My wife hugged me closely. I looked into her eyes, and when I looked outside the window, I saw everything turn to blue. I squeezed hard with my closed eyes before I opened them again.

“Are you picturing me naked or what.”

I laughed first at her witty and sense of humor. Then I started somehow picturing her naked.

“Maybe we do-one to get these urges out of my belt so I can tell you the story more grimly.”

“What? No, you can’t stop now. Darling, please continue.”

“Okay.”

I sighed, making sure that she was ready for the next part.

“God, I challenge you today that these people are not yours in that you are not their creator.”

God roared.

“If you lose, I don’t want to see your evil ass again.”

“I won’t lose because I know revelations you don’t know.”

“I am God I know everything.”

“This is the challenge. I bet these people have nothing to do with you. Like I said you are the laboratory’s fertility doctor borrowing others to create what you think is yours.”

The angels retrieved swords about to slash the devil. God raised his hand.

“I am sure that the dominant DNA used to create these people by you is not yours.”

“Damn it. You. Daft devil. There was no one when I created this world. Understand it was just me. Me and no one else. Just me God.”

“That is what you think. But first, before I explain my stance. We have a test. A bird’s chick will do precisely as its mother and father. Agreed? An animal’s young one will do accurately throughout life just as the parents because they have the same DNA category and have the same image.”

“Definitely my point, God. You claim that these people are created by you right with your image?”

“Damn right.”

“But how come they do everything the devil does?”

There was silence.

“First, I have sent for Eve we know is not your first female after you butchered the first ones because they did everything wrong. Everything against you. Right.”

There was silence.

“I want you to tell Adam and Eve any commands specifying correctly what to do and what not to do. Once that is done, I will tell them absolutely what to do, then we take it from there. I believe that they will not listen to anything you said because they don’t relate to you. The image used is not yours. Because good can’t breed evil scientifically and technically.”

“After the tests, God was distraught that he triggered what is referred to today as the wrath of God merely because he lost the challenge as Eve disobeyed his command.”

“I can now reveal what I have suspected all along. These people are created by the devil’s image, my forefather who lived on earth even before you existed or decided to recreate this

world.”

God roared in anger.

“I understand your anger that people you think are created by your image aren’t yours after all.”

“How is that possible?”

“The image they have, their DNA is that of the devil. Doing evil and wing evil is in their blood and on their fingertips that with their eyes closed they can do a perfect evil job, yet when it comes to doing good, they have no clue and must be taught all the time.”

God roared. Maybe just stupid.

“God, I know like I said that you killed the two sets of the first people you created because you suspected that the DNA they have, that image is not yours and it is the devils. You are right.

“A huge thunder and bolt of lightning left a huge raven in the land.

“Say blasphemous words to me again and see. I told when I created this world it was only me.”

The devil paused for a while until God had claimed down.

“Before you created this world, there was another world called the kingdom of darkness?”

“Damn it, the devil. How can darkness be referred to as a kingdom? How did they see in the dark?”

“I will get to that.”

The devil took the bible and opened it in Genesis.

“You wrote through your prophets that in the beginning there was darkness. Yes, this darkness was a kingdom. A lost world. I will explain why you use your imagination to create the humans and what came out isn’t you and it’s the devil.

The angels listened.

“Go ahead.”

Miles away.

“I am on the plane to the Devil’s Eye Island.”

“What? I don’t understand. That is the opposite side of where the woman you are after had gone on holding obviously with another man. I thought you were going where they went to take her from him,” said Calvin’s sister.

“What? She left me at home. Why would she want to see me when she is on holiday? Just let her find out for herself that no one can ever be as good to her as me.”

“I don’t know how you are wired. If it were me and I want this woman. I would go to her and tell her really how I feel.”

Calvin arrives at the Devil’s Eye Island full of hope and dreams of finding the key that will open the gold scriptures. He had been given a lot of materials to help him with the search. The first known place when the key was lost therefore the place to find it was this place.

“I need a local guide and a boat. I am on a quest.”

The old woman looked at him.

“What kind of quest?”

“On a treasure quest to find the lost key. The woman laughed sarcastically.

“What’s so funny?”

“If I got a dollar every time I heard that I could be a millionaire by now. So, may have talked about finding the key to the gold scriptures. But I don’t recall anyone ever finding any.”

“I am different, and I will find it. All I need is the information on where it was lost; the rest is up to me.”

“What makes you special to all those I have known over the years. Calvin moved up closer to the old lady and hugged her.

“You know what. For me, this is not just a key. You know.”

The woman shook her head.

“No, I don’t know.”

“For me my love. This key is not just a key. But a door to the entrance and passage to the woman I love. They say whatever you do. Do it for love and I tell you there is nothing more important and sweeter than getting the woman you love in the end. I know it might be tough, but I tell you this that this love; my darling is a love worth fighting for,” said Calvin hugging the old woman tightly.

The old woman held his cheeks with both her hands and French-kissed him.

“That is so romantic. Where were you when I needed a man like you? They stopped

making romantic men like you for a very long time. That's so touching my heart is like better now near the heat. You rekindled my feelings for love. You reminded me how to feel and live again. This loneliness had killed me many years ago. True love that sends you to the end of the earth and back in a flash. I hope you will find the key you are looking for."

"Here is the key to the boat. I chose this guide for you," said the woman calling a tour guide standing a few away.

"Love works in miracles. You never know what can happen. Maybe you don't have to look so far and so hard," said the woman looking at Calvin.

Instantly a pretty brunette arrived walking fast and sexy only clad in red and white matching lingerie. Calvin all the way was ogling the woman until when he was told that she was the tour guide that he frowned.

"My tour guides? A supermodel?" queried Calvin.

"What? You don't like her?" The woman asked, surprised.

"It's just that I was expecting an old ugly-looking dude who looks so serious that he will do everything to get me this key," said Calvin seriously.

Instantly the woman raised her hand. Rufus, the man who seemed to have been described by Calvin, instantly smiled, puffing smoke out, and started walking to the boat.

"Experience. I told you that's my money. That guy is in love. He is not looking for love. He means business, and he is someone like me. Someone who gets the job done."

The woman cursed.

“If he wanted love, he could have chased love and not hunted for the key,” said the woman upset.

“He heard you. Apologies,” said the old woman.

“No, it’s okay. Freedom of speech,” said Calvin stretching his hand to greet Rufus.

“Just like I said it’s the key you are looking for and not love,” said Rufus showing bright white teeth to Calvin’s surprise.

“Get these babies down and they don’t come cheap. So be assured that being broke will only mean I will do a perfect job for you,” said Rufus.

They all looked at him as he jumped into the boat.

“You were making bets about me?” Asked Calvin.

“Don’t worry we try to play secret agent and profile everyone and you are not the first nor the last,”

said the old woman.

The woman cursed pulling her bikini from the groove of her buttocks as Calvin watched her.

“How much is it for the two of you?”

The woman instantly stopped and turned around looking at Calvin.

“Really?”

She was surprised and excited.

Later that evening.

They were camping outside.

“Tell me what you know about this key to the gold scriptures. I know some might have told you something?”

“So many people have come to this island searching for the key.”

“I was going to ask if any ever found this key but then again if they had found it then I wouldn’t be here right?” Asked Calvin.

Claudia looked at him.

“It is not just one key. The old saying has it that they were twenty-four keys to the gold scriptures each opening each chapter of the gold scriptures.”

“twenty-four keys are you kidding me?”

Calvin sounded ecstatic and happy.

“Yes,” she replied.

“Oh my God. I can’t believe it. I was starting to doubt the whole thing. twenty-four different keys,” Calvin said whispering loud to himself in disbelief.

“That’s right. twenty-four different keys.”

“Calvin stood up and started dancing, spinning around clapping hands.

They all laughed. Claudia instantly stopped laughing and looked sad.

“She must be a very special woman? I have never seen someone so happy about finding a key, so he could get his love,” said Claudia.



### Chapter Three

“The son of a bitch did it. He killed me. He killed me in cold blood. Why not me? I am going to kill this coward. I said let me go. Right now! Kyle, can you pass my gun!”

He fought hard, but the seven men restrained him. He cursed and cried profusely. Covering his face with both his hands even worse every time he looked at the photo on his desk with his wife and kids. Kyle instantly walked to the table and flipped the picture frame front down. Like a shot, a tremendous sound of growling in pain tore the building.

“Let me kill him. Let me kill this son of a bitch,” he pleaded.

He cried uncontrollably with mucus and tears trickling down his cheeks, lips, chin falling onto his clothes. Some straight on the carpet and onto the hands of the seven men restraining him.

Weeks before.

Charlotte came around to find a man kneeling next to her, pressing her neck with a white cloth. She promptly had a flashback of the bodyguard shooting her. She instantaneously froze when someone walked to her and kneeled over her. She felt a lump of rage before the man started pressing very hard that she started feeling dizzy. She struggled hard and looked around for her gun. She saw the gun and mumbled something before stretching her hand and body to reach for the gun.

“Easy. It is going to be all right. You will be okay,” calmly and smoothly, said the man as she struggled hard.

“They... killed... my... son. Today they tried to kill me,” said the woman.

She sobbed as the man intentionally rested his knee on her ribs and pressed hard as he pressed her neck too.

“I can’t breathe.... I ... can’t...”

She wriggled hard and stretched once again for the gun. She touched the gun’s handle with her fingertips before pushing hard with all her energy getting hold of the gun, but the man pressed also harder that she felt dizzy. She roared and lifted the arm holding the gun. A huge scream of pain was followed by a sudden complete silence. The other man lifted his leg off her hand and picked up the gun and placed it in an evidence plastic bag. The other man stood up the second the door opened up as a woman stood at the door. He cursed and retrieved a white handkerchief and removed his now-bloodied-gloves and wiped the blood off his hands.

“I could not save her. She bled to death,” said the man seriously cursing as if in emotional agony.

He sighed and walked to the woman and stretched his still bloodied hand.

“Still adamant that the department killed his son? Speaking of hallucinations,” said the man, looking at the woman.

The woman scanned the bodyguard before walking to where Charlotte lay dead. She kneeled beside her.

“She shot both Liam and...”

“Something wrong, soldier?”

“No ma’am. She shot the bodyguard dead as well before he fatally shot her,” said the soldier.

The woman immediately got up and walked to the table where Liam’s body was slumped. She unexpectedly noticed a patch of blood. Then quickly checked the likely position he was sitting before he was shot. She directly turned to face the dead woman but instantaneously looked at the soldier standing shaking in front of her. She walked to her legs as she lay lifeless and instantly her heart skipped a beat. She quickly kneeled and looked at the scratch marks on the polished wooden floor just before the comfy red carpet.

“No! Don’t shoot!” Shouted the soldier before a bullet sound rocketed in the skies.

Somewhere in the city.

A motorcade of Presidential cars screeched their tires as sirens and all emergency alarms filled the entire atmosphere. Some serious business was about to take place. They declared it as a national emergency in all the affected countries. All heads of states were all to meet to discuss the way forward regarding the shocking terrorist attacks that rocked the world. As soon as the motorcades arrived the man in suites swiftly opened the doors of the limousines and huge SUVs before the occupants entered the nearby building under heavy protection.

“Ladies and gentlemen. We have gathered here today to jointly send a coherent message that we can never tolerate terrorists. Also, send a clear message that we must punish whoever is

responsible,” said the man.

“Punish? Did you mean butcher whoever is responsible? You make it sound light,” shouted one of the Presidents. There was an instant tremendous roar.

“Silence, please! Don’t get me wrong. This was the worse any human being can ever experience, let alone seven of our powerful leaders. Make no mistake, we shall avenge a thousand-fold,” roared the man.

An immense rumble filled the building with some shouting a lot of death threats.

“What are we waiting for? This is already a war. We must attack swiftly and with no mercy and send a clear message fast that they have messed up with the wrong team,” shouted one.

Tim raised his hands to silence everyone as the group went berserk, chanting death to whoever was responsible.

“Order. Can I have your silence, please?”

He paused.

“We don’t know for sure who is behind this and we ...,”

“Get him out of here before I kill him myself. I lost my family. I know who did this. It’s written on everyone’s forehead,” shouted one of the presidents.

“I don’t understand what you are all going through...,” said Tim.

“Damn right! You have no idea. Don’t make me shoot you. Did you lose your wife? Did you lose all your beloved kids?”

Shouted one of the Presidents shaking with rage and uncontrollably.

There was silence. Tim felt sweat droplets forming on his forehead fast before feeling them roll fast down his face.

“Did you lose your beloved wife?”

Roared one of the Presidents.

Tim kept quiet.

“Answer me! Damn it. Did you lose your beloved kids?” Roared one of the President aiming a gun at Tim and shaking hysterically.

“I swear if you don’t answer me, I am going to shoot you,” boomed one of the Presidents.

A faint no answer came out of Tim’s mouth.

“God damn it! You can’t even answer me,” shouted the President.

“No... No. no... Sir,” mumbled Tim.

“So, you don’t understand what I am going through? What we are all going through? So, you bloody listen to me right now. I say we bomb that place. Level the whole thing flat,” he thundered, eyes now inflamed with fury and still pointing the gun at Tim.

Tim now petrified. Slowly sat down and looked at Dennis. The old man in the front seats. There was instant silence. Dennis commanded the respect of many in the gathering. He was old and having lost his family too at the hands of enemies wanted everyone to hear what he had to say.

“There is no greater pain to any man than losing his family this way. I am a living example of what fatal errors we can make in times like this. It will be worse to lose your family and

spend years behind bars on top of that,” said the old man before he paused and looked at all the grieving Presidents one by one.

“It is a no-win situation. Having said that, you must take revenge and send a coherent message that we do not tolerate this. That means punishing the culprits. I mean the actual people behind this. Otherwise, you are just going to start a chain of revenge attacks that can only end when you are dead. Or worse even locked up somewhere. So, ladies and gentlemen, are you sure who is behind this?”

There was an instant roar and a loud buzz.

“I don’t care if I die or get locked up. I died the day my boys were taken away from me. I died the day they took away my daughters from me. I died when my-better-half was stolen away from me. So, come hell or thunder, I am not afraid,” shouted President Patrick. One of the Presidents emotionally traumatized and very distraught.

“He is right. We all died that day. There is no pain that can be worse than that. Send in the military and kill all,” he roared.

There was an instant buzz.

“Yes, ladies and gentlemen. I have been through all this. Remember? No matter how hard and painful this is. You know all of you cannot give a command that has standing given the current circumstances...,” said Dennis before being interrupted.

The greatest roars of anger and agony tore the conference hall sending the old man’s heartbeat skyrocketing leaving him shaking with fear. The mourning Presidents were like

animals roaring with rage. A fit of pure anger that the old man at one point felt so terrified that they might all attack him instead. Quickly the old man sat down. Tim got up to silence everyone the very split-second the sound of a gunshot rocketed the hall. He ducked for cover. The old man sat still but soon after, he looked down at his pants as he felt a warm feeling. President Patrick knew he was not being taken seriously. These two lawmen were not listening to what they were talking about. What had happened was beyond the law? Therefore, it would be stupid to try to use the law to justify stopping them. This was a non-starter to him? I mean to all of them. This was already a war situation. Such an attack of all was meant for one thing only; to trigger a global response, and honestly, that meant World War Three. Dennis sat there silently. He knew he had to let the men let out the steam. He waited until that had happened. The roars went on for some time before he had the chance to talk. Now shaking whether because of the cold wet pants or sheer fear no one knows for sure, but one thing was obvious. He had a job to do. Some advice to part way with. After all, he was just like these Presidents, even shrewder now than all of them. But only wiser after spending years behind bars. He slowly stood up, checking his pants. Instant silence broke out after they all discovered what had just happened. Now with a cracking-voice. He muttered some words as fear changed his voice patterns.

He walked in front of all of them.

“Whoever is behind this is no fool, but a cool cold-blooded calculating killer who...”

Another gunshot sound rocketed the hall sending everyone for cover even the old man himself.

“Say that again? Keep rubbing it in our face and see what I will do to you, old man!”

Shouted President Patrick.

“The old man is a fool. Just because you spend years behind bars. It doesn’t mean that will happen to us. This is a war and different from your situation. After all, we are the foolish ones, right? You are a bloody piece of ....”

“But it’s the law...”

“To hell with the law and everything. Go screw yourself too. I command everyone to hunt down and kill this evil animal behind this because as far as I am concerned no human being would do that to others,” roared President Rex.

President Ryan stood up. His face creased with wrath.

“I am the President and I can give an order to all to attack and use all force necessary,” he explained.

Another President sided with him before all agreed.

There was a moment of hissing and talking before Dennis took center stage.

“Let no man forget that I am the living proof to all this. To spare you all pain and even worse suffering. I recommend we let a special unit handle this...”

President Onesimus rose and shouted.

“Old man that was years ago, and this is now after all it happened just to you. Look how many people have experienced this? I think even suggesting that is an insult. Do you think that they can just murder our families in cold blood and get away with that? Think again,” he

bellowed.

Dennis was about to sit down when Tim finally found the courage to speak.

“With all due respect. Can the old man, I mean Dennis, speak first? I beg you. Let him just air his views, the law as it stands, and let the final decision be yours but please let him speak his mind. Let him do his job. I beg you,” pleaded Tim.

They kept hissing and talking until silence lastly broke out.

Dennis stood still for some time before gathering composure. He walked in front of them.

“We are dealing with a clever person,” he said.

A gunshot sound interrupted, sending everyone ducking.

“Keep on glorifying this son of a bitch and see what I will do to you!” Roared President Patrick. This time the other Presidents looked at President Patrick who instantly sat down lowering the hand holding the gun.

“The person behind this is ingenious,” said the old man.

“You bloody old bastard. I said ... stop rubbing that in our faces,” roared President Patrick.

“You might not want to hear this, but it is the truth,” said Dennis. He paused and expected another roar from President Patrick, but there was instant silence.

“No matter how harsh that sounds. I am afraid that you are all declared as ...,” he didn’t finish his line as President Patrick raised the gun and aimed at him. He paused as his heart started pounding very hard that his body literally shook. The deep silence that followed did not

make it any better. He saw evil in everyone's eyes especially in President Patrick's. That only reminded him of himself and surely would want no one to make the mistake he did after.

Everyone waited patiently to hear what exactly was in the old man's mind. Surely, they felt or expected it to be big, especially considering the old man's stubbornness. If it wasn't this important three warning shots could have silenced him by now. Yet even now there he was in front of all ingeniously selling his ideas. Trying to win their understanding. The ragged-animal-look sent a shivering feeling of pain down his spine that he felt some tingling, pins, and needles everywhere. The feelings were mixed. Fear was written all over his face but somehow those years in jail did some damage as well. Overriding some fear feelings. Now the only thing that caused him to pause was the next move to take. The next move after they had heard exactly what he was going to say. They all looked at him as if in slow motion as he first looked at President Patrick. Then carefully checked the position of the pistol in his hand. Before checking the space, he was going to duck in. In case his next words prompted that rage sending him into that attacking frenzy that will make him fire at him. Surely only a few would ever want to be associated with what he had in store for them. Let alone the seven most powerful people in the universe. These put together were surely destined to obliterate anything that opposes them. Yet Dennis felt that only a few words were enough to weaken all before reducing them to nothing in a flash. His only fear was how they would swallow his message and cope with what he regarded as a fact. Somehow the old man felt like President Patrick and the other grieving Presidents had already shot at him. He looked at himself and felt like he was bleeding from every vital organ.

He felt pain on his forehead and suddenly felt a warm feeling of hot-water like running down. He instantly wiped the droplets and checked, expecting blood. He glanced at President Patrick and then in his hand. He felt sweat droplets drenching his clothes fast despite the humming sound of the air conditioning system. He eyed President Patrick and their eyes locked for a while. Instantaneously President Patrick for the first time straightaway felt a flash of fear. He recalled seeing that appearance before. A suspicious look. Straightaway he knew the old man had some damaging revelations. His heart started pounding. He had seen that expression before. The muddled mixed reaction-look of fear and stubbornness in the old man's eyes. Instinctively as a spontaneous effect he moved his gun close to his body. In his mind. He felt like saying to the old man the following.

“One word out of that pie-hole of yours and you are dead meat. He somehow felt the old man had anticipated his next move. He lifted the hand holding the gun. That tore the old man's heart with fear. Then he used the back of the hand to wipe off sweat droplets developing fast on his forehead. The lifting of the hand holding the gun by President Patrick alarmed the old man that he instantly stopped saying what he was going to say; tongue-tied and fear-stricken he muffled. Everyone detected dread and fear as whatever he mumbled just before President Patrick raised the hand holding the gun was drowned by stress and fear patterns in his voice.

The years behind bars gave him plentiful fortitude to look up and shoot-out the words in his mind.

“I am afraid with all due respect that you are... all... now....,” said the old man tongue-tied.

Miles away.

Dior still ran toward the man before standing over his dead body and pulled the trigger.

“They are not just knickers. They are Carolinadeivid top-class knickers,” she boomed.

Suddenly a car screeched its tires around the corner as it headed where she stood. She straightaway pointed the gun but instantly in a flash, lowered the hand holding the gun. She ran toward the car as the crowd started gathering. Immediately the sirens startled her. She quickly opened the car door the second it stopped and jumped in.

“Go. Go. Go!”

She looked in the side mirror as the crowd had gathered surrounding the man.

“Who was that? Another assignment already?” Asked Palmer driving the car.

“Assignment no. Some deranged crook stealing my Carolinadeivid knickers,” said Dior.

Unexpectedly Palmer pressed hard on the brake pedals skidding the car to a halt.

“What? You killed a man because he stole your knickers? Are you bloody mad? Why did you do that? You can’t just buy new ones?”

“Drive! Damn it. Don’t lecture me about what I can and can’t do. No one can steal from me. Even worse if it is my Carolinadeivid knickers. You just don’t get it. It is not about the knickers. It is about someone stealing something so private to you. It is crossing the line,” argued Dior.

“I am just saying keep your head low. You never know whom you are setting up with to collide in the future?”

“I can handle myself,” protested Dior.

There was a brief moment of silence.

“So, what do they want?”

Somewhere in the city.

Anastasia slumped on the bed and giggled.

Henry sat up and took the cigarette filters for his electrical cigar and inserted one.

“I have to go to work,” he said.

“Maybe you take time off and we spend the day together,” said Anastasia.

He blew the smoke out and gazed at her.

“You keep smoking in here, it’s against the law now,” she complained.

“How will they know I was smoking in my private house? Anything I do in here is none of their business. Bloody hackers,” he cursed.

“Don’t start about this hacking drivel. I am just saying let’s spend more quality time together,” said Anastasia.

She sat on the bed stark-naked. She cuddled and nuzzled him from behind while kneeling on the bed. She started canoodling him then hard-pressed her breasts on his back.

“I thought we are having a good time?”

She French-kissed him everywhere.

“I accepted that new assignment that we talked about,” she said.

Henry coughed as if choking in shock.

“But that means going abroad? I thought we discussed this,” said Henry.

“I can’t just sit here and wait for you. It gives me time as well to think about things, you know,” she said planting kisses on his back.

“What things? Don’t start,” said Henry touching her hand now on his shoulder.

He got up and walked to the window and smoked his cigar there.

“It’s nothing to do with your smoking inside. Nor, the way we are making love,” she explained.

Immediately Henry roared.

“Last time I heard you talk like that. You went on a screwing spree with that bastard. I can’t let that happen again. I have to work. We have a mortgage and bills to pay,” explained Henry.

“Exactly why I have to go and make money as well rather than be your housekeeper,” she protested.

“You mean screw your buddy as you did last time?”

She laughed caustically.

“Henry that’s not screwing at all...”

Promptly he turned and stared at her.

“I am just hot. You know every time I worry about something my hormones go wild as well,” she said looking at him.

“Damn it. Woman. Excuses to screw around again. Nope, this time I am not allowing it. I

let you once. You can't do that all the time," he declared.

"I am not stopping you from doing the same when I am not around here," she suggested.

"What? That's hurtful. Are we in an open relationship now?"

"Life is too short. My job..."

"Damn it. Anna. If you want, okay, I will take time off until then? Find something to do. A hobby or something. You have too much time to yourself. Find something to keep you occupied. Write a book. I don't care," roared Henry.

"But it's not just about that. My job even though it's not constant but when I happen to be working, it's like signing my own death certificate," she contended.

Henry quickly switched off the e-cigar and shoved his hand in his briefs.

"Every time I go out. There are chances that I might not come back. Above all..." she said before Henry interrupted.

"Okay. I understand but you don't need to do that job. I am putting extra hours so that you don't have to do that. Just turn it down just phone and say you can't take the assignment," suggested Henry.

She stood up and reached for the e-cigarette.

"What are you doing? I have never seen you smoking," asked Henry.

"I am nervous and honestly scared," she replied.

Henry cuddled her.

"The President personally phoned me and assigned me on this task," she explained.

“The President?” Asked Henry not expecting an answer. He cursed and sat down.

“I can’t believe what happened. I think it made me realize how fragile life is. One minute his family was there happy and the next minute they were all gone. All of them,” she said sadly fear-stricken.

Henry lustfully looked at her. Straightaway he took off his briefs and lay on the bed ogling her curves as she stood at the window smoking. Suddenly a car appeared in front of the house driving slowly with the driver looking straight at the bedroom window. Her heart immediately tore up that she coughed the smoke.

“Come,” softly and stimulatingly requested Henry stroking his thighs.

“I think we can’t do this now,” she said peeping outside the window.

“What?”

Henry, shocked and angry, stood up and walked to the window. He spooned her from behind kissing her overpoweringly before the slamming of the car door deflated his feelings catching his attention. He looked outside and saw a fit-toned man dressed to kill with an attitude to match getting out of the car. He cursed.

“What is this? You can’t bring that pig here. What are you trying to do? Make me shoot him?”

“It is just work Henry I promise,” she said as if concealing something.

She quickly grabbed her robe and rolled it on under nothing before walking to the door.

An outburst of rage engulfed Henry. That he did not know how he ended up tightly

hugging her. Now filled with jealousy and feelings of being cheated on and betrayed somehow, he became highly aroused.

“Let me go. Henry let me go,” she fidgeted trying to free herself.

“I want this son of a bitch to hear me fucking you hard. He can wait,” whispered Henry, kissing her near her ear.

“Let me go. I told you it’s strictly business,” she explained.

She wriggled before freeing herself. She walked to the door leaving Henry speechless and stood there.

He then immediately heard the front door opening. That triggered a protuberance of anger growing inside him that he started trembling. He swiftly looked outside the window and saw her approaching him. He filled with envy and in wrath watched them cuddle. He remembered that she had nothing underneath the robe. His heart skipped a bit that he couldn’t watch as he squinted his eye before letting out a roaring animal sound. He saw Hudson Dones squeezing, spreading, and lifting her buttocks up before she grabbed both his hands and looked at the window.

“Is he still here?” Asked Hudson Dones loudly suspecting that he was watching.

“Damn it. Stop it. You can’t wait for a few minutes?”

Henry choked with rage that he went straight to her underwear drawer and ran his hand inside searching for something fast before he cursed.

“Bitch! Where is...!” He shouted.

Miles away.

“The sand or dust you used had the devil’s DNA. Proof beyond doubt that the devil existed before you created this world,” explained the devil.

There was complete silence.

“The devil’s DNA was in the soil. In all land. Proof that he existed before you. That explains why the first people you created and even this Adam and Eve will never listen to you. They are not stupid, but they have the devil’s DNA that can explain why they easily do evil. That you have to teach them good. Goodness like you is not in their DNA meaning 95% of their DNA is the devils. They are not your people. I know how sad and disheartening this is, but this is the truth,” said the devil seriously.

There was the loudest roar ever.

“Damn it. They are created by my image. I created them myself,” roared God.

The devil laughed.

“If that’s so then you must be hellish, devilish, and hot. Because evil is imprinted and engraved even in their bones. Unless you can explain why humans are naturally inclined to do evil, because I can’t,” said the devil.

There was a moment of silence.

“I am saying that even though you created these people. The stencil you used. That you call your image; was the stencil of the devil. Before you created this world. Another world existed.

The devil's DNA was all over the sand you used to create these people. The time you decided to create the world as it is the land had been contaminated with the devil's DNA," argued the devil.

"I will read a passage from your bible for you; Genesis 2:7.

Then the Lord God formed a man from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living being," read the devil.

"To defeat your claim also is the fact that they won't listen to you but to me for the one like me existed even before you created this world," said the devil.

"I don't want to see you here again. I want you to leave because you challenged me," roared God.

"But God it is unfair because all I did is make a revelation. In that case, I challenge you to a contest. I am sure the people have been created with the devils' DNA. Fused in the sand you used to create them. Your breath that gave them life does not control thinking and DNA makeup. The flesh is influenced much by the DNA in the sand belonging to the devil. In that case, I challenge you that these people since they have nothing genetically linked to you. They will simply disobey you. But since I am the descendant of the devil who once existed, they will listen to me," said the devil.

"You must be mad. Crazy mad. Tell me the challenge for I definitely know you will lose. After you lost, I don't want to see you again. Not even your evil-ass here," shouted God.

“First, I am telling you that your life with these people will be filled with pain and sorrow. I advise you to kill all right now whilst they are still few for, they are filled with evil. Like I have argued they belong to the devil no matter how hard you will try to teach them good they will still do evil as directed by their genetic make-up. A sad fact that the most powerful God can’t create people with his correct image,” taunted the devil.

“How can you say that? Kill all? See. That lack of care toward them tells me you know they have nothing to do with the devil. They are so gorgeous and drop-dead-beautiful that you are filled with jealousy that you would rather destroy them. Simply because you don’t know the pains of creation. What I went through creating them,” explained God.

“They are pains in the buttocks, trust me. You will regret not killing them straight away. For they will bring hell and destroy your dreams. Making everyone doubt you. That if you are the creator and the omnipotent how come you can’t create clever people who do good acts like you?”

“I don’t care. They are still mine, evil or not, maybe something went wrong in the creation process,” said God.

“Again, just like a lab fertility doctor experimenting. Surely you know you can’t legally say they are yours,” argued the devil.

“You are wasting your time,” advised God.

“Okay, this is the challenge. If they are yours. They will copy you and follow you because they have your DNA and your image, right? That means they will obey you too. But if they

don't. Then they are not yours or you are weaker than the devil," suggested the devil.

God summoned the first man and the woman so sure they will listen to him.

"All you have to do is not to eat this fruit. The land is yours for I have a plan for you. Showing you a way that one day you evolve to become like me to know what is needed to conquer evil. The difference between good and evil," commanded God.

God commanded Eve not to eat the fruits.

The devil approached Eve and told her why God was refusing them to eat and ordered her to eat.

"God is not fair. He is hiding the truth from you. The truth to know what is good and evil. Would you not think that it would be fair instead of just knowing the good part? You know also the evil part then decide yourselves?" Asked the devil.

To God's surprise, his people disobeyed and not listened to him but chose to listen to the devil.

"So, God like I told you. These people aren't yours I am afraid. This idea about God's Dilemma is just your wishful thinking. These people have the devil's DNA to destroy and kill everything good. In that case, they will never master what is needed to be God but will easily master what it means to be the devil because it is in their blood, their DNA. In that case, I stay, and we share the world half-half."

"No way there must be a way I can make them realize and solve that life's quest; solving my dilemma. The challenge to teach and train someone who will evolve to know and think

above humans.

That very night God decided to kill Adam and Eve. Hopeless knowing that 95% of their DNA was the devil's. Surely, there was no hope. He conceded but knew there was a chance he could turn things around.

The devil appeared in front of him.

“Are you stalking me?”

“I know you want to kill these just like the others, David, Maria, Stephen, but I understand your past actions. I don't blame you. If it were me. I could have done the same. Finding out the people I created with my image has 95% devil's DNA is disturbing and hurting. But now I think it's a bad idea because you know now that you can only create them from the dust. I have proved also that the dust all over is tainted by the devil's DNA. This has only brought new meaning to God's Dilemma notion. Your challenge as God whom I assume is more powerful than the devil is to turn these people from doing evil to become not just part of your image but for them to listen to you and do God. This is the challenge the devil set up for you. A punishment he made for killing and destroying his kingdom before recreating the world.”

“Look at it this way. It's like stealing someone's land that is rigid with watermarks that can't be removed. You will only use it, but it will reflect the unremoved watermarks of the original owner. In this case the devil. So not just the people are not yours but everything in it,” argued the devil.

God roared.

“The very reason why I killed all and threw your forefathers in hell,” said God.

“But it is the truth. The devil’s word has it that the devil marked the land with watermarks leaving his DNA scattered everywhere. DNA you will never remove. Your task is to create a people that will not have the devil’s watermarks. His DNA. Or if you think you are that powerful then turn these people from the devil to your image. If you can achieve that then everything is yours; the people and the land. If you can’t then the devil is going to take everything back, the people and the land,” explained the devil.

“How come?” asked God.

“The stakes have been raised. Now your challenge and quest are to see if you are powerful enough to convert the little devil’s to being good,”

The devil started laughing.

“I can foresee even two thousand years from today still you without solving the quest. So, let me stay. Since they are not yours and obviously, they don’t listen to you. We might as well split half-half and give them a choice. To choose either good or evil. Somehow if good is best for everyone I bet they will choose good and soon you will solve your quest. But if they are hellish like me; the devil. That can only mean the restoration of the kingdom of darkness. The lost kingdom, my forefather kingdom,” said the devil.

“Damn it. Stop talking about this kingdom of darkness. We know it is nonsense. You tricked them,” argued God.

“If I can do all that over your people that means I have power. And to answer you. I will

reveal proof beyond doubt that this kingdom I am talking about existed,” said the devil.

God laughed.

“At your silly tricking games again?”

The devil flapped his huge wings and flew away but returned in a flash carrying something glittering.

“What the hell is that?”

“You can say that again. God this is proof that this kingdom existed years ago even before you created this world,” said the devil.

The devil placed the gold-scriptures on the table. A book made of the purest gold with engraved writings dated as well.

“How did you make this?” Asked God.

“This is proof that our world existed even before you created this world.”

God touched the book, but nothing happened.

“I can’t open it. But I can read it in my head whilst it is closed. Just as I can feel the people. I feel all their pains and happiness. Just as easy as I can tell that the people you created will bring you so much pain. Too much pain that you will create or find people to kill them for you. But then they will have multiplied that the pain alone will bring hell on earth forever. Surely this is a dark road you are taking filled with trauma and sorrow. A road no one wants to take. A painful road that is full of blood and death. I read this book and it is written as well that you will not listen to me simply because you are God and try to solve your quest of creating a

superhuman being and teaching that person to evolve to be like you. To have your image somehow and act and think like you. Trust me it does not work that way. Of all, you should know this better. In this book, it is written that for two thousand years no one will understand simply because everyone will be afraid to be like you let alone act like you. Anyone who tries is killed according to your commands in some self-defeating situation. Where you say you are all created by my image, do like me but don't become God or imitate me. In that regard, I challenge you that your system is doomed to fail. Just like what you did with Adam and Eve that you created the most delicious thing then give them then say don't eat. A human mind gets confused because there is no logic in that hence the disobedience. So, I am sure that this God's dilemma quest will fail for thousands of years. To be fair to the people, you must admit that we share the world fifty-fifty since I am the rightful owner of these people. They have the right to choose for themselves what is good and evil," said the devil.

God roared in agony.

"First, I want to read the gold scriptures. I want proof that they existed before this world was created," asked God.

"No matter how eager I want to open them. They can only be open with sacrificed blood. At that time in the kingdom of darkness, they would sacrifice evil people; thieves, muggers, killers, etc. and spill their blood that would open the scriptures. The issue now is that all evil people perished at your hands. Here on earth, we have only two people. Whom we can't kill, and I think your plan will not work. So, I told humans how the old kingdom reproduced eating

the fruit,”

God roared in anger.

“I did you a favor. I spared you more agony,” argued the devil.

“Damn it. Devil. This is a sure way of creating people,” argued God.

“God your plan would not have worked,” suggested the devil.

“Why? This is the perfect plan. I would have spent the rest of the time creating people from dust instead of them reproducing. That way they would obey and live forever just like the angels. No other activities but simply obedience unto me. Once they start reproducing, then everything else will do the same and that means death. Going back to nature. The very reason your kingdom perished. If that is true that it existed. My plan would have worked if you hadn’t tricked Eve,” roared God.

“I did not trick her. I told her the truth. Nothing but the truth. They have the right to know. That you created them using the dust laced with the devil’s DNA. And that these people would be violent too. That carnage and killing of each other is the only result. This way they will empathize with each other and live and reproduce for a long time even though they will be like slaves. Mankind’s brain is designed to bend down and worship instead of stepping up to sit next to you. So, you can see how you will never realize your quest. So, allow me to rule side by side with you. A free society where they choose either good or evil. God or the devil,” said the devil.

“Okay, I have only agreed because I am sure someone will rise to the challenge and solve the quest. But first the proof,” asked God.

“We only have angels,” said the devil looking at the angels and then at God.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I need sacrificial blood to open the scriptures so that you can read them,” explained the devil.

“My angels no way,” roared God.

“I thought so. So, no way to read the gold scriptures,” said the devil.

“You know I cannot,” said God.

“But God, I saw how you killed the first woman and man you created, David and Maria, and Stephen,” said the devil bargaining with God.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. Eve and Adam are my first people,” protested God.

The devil started laughing cunningly.

“What is so funny?” Asked God.

“Okay, I will confess. I knew you would want me to open the gold scriptures. So, I made you angry by tricking Eve. So that you unleash your wrath because she disobeyed your commands. That way it will be easy to kill her. I know for sure that only the human blood of evil people can open the gold scriptures. So, I need the gold scriptures to be opened, shall I?”

Asked the devil, turning his huge wing into sharp swords.

“You son of a bitch. You devil-ass. You tricked her so that you get her killed. Only that you open these stupid gold-scriptures? You see even now you don’t understand the pains and

love that goes into the creation. If you knew you would also know that I will never kill my people.”

The devil laughed.

“In these gold-scriptures, it is written that even leopards can claim to be the parents of a baboon’s baby,” taunted the devil.

“I swear if it wasn’t for my God’s Dilemma quest I could have killed you as well. Destroyed everything devilish. But I want to prove that I can turn one engraved to the bone with evil to do good to rise to the challenge and act and think like me and reveal to the world my image,” argued God.

“Yes. Unless your angel’s blood can open the scriptures,” suggested the devil.

“Never. Do you know how hard it is to create these? It took thousands of years to create these. They are loyal and will never disobey me. They can’t reproduce meaning to replace one. I have to create one for at least two thousand years. This is the route I want mankind to take. They say the best takes time. It is pure quality. The devotion is out of this world. This was my dream for mankind. But you ruined my plans, and for that, you shall burn in hell forever once someone solved my dilemma,” said God.

“It is not all hopeless you must wait and hope for the rise of this man to solve God’s Dilemma, but for now blood God? Angel’s blood. You must authorize the sacrifices of innocent angels. We have no human to kill?”

God roared.

“Can’t do that,” he said.

He looked at the gold-scriptures on the table.

“Maybe forget about the scriptures,” he added.

“No. Sacrifice one. Just one angel. Only this time,” pleaded the devil.

Instantly an angel flew from nowhere. Instantly it slashed its neck above the gold-scriptures suspended in the air. The split-second its blood touched the scriptures. They instantly opened before God knew what had happened.

He roared in anger flying to where the angel bled to death suspended in the air. He touched it and healed it, raising it up.

“What have you done? You can command my angels too? Who are you? Tricking them as well as you did to Eve?” Asked God realizing that the devil had mastered his dilemma but feeling it wrong too because he advocated for evil something he was against.

“Your student. You created me. But I found something special. The scriptures taught me that I can exceed your powers. I can control all earth. I can control your people in the future. I also discovered that you are soft like your people and that any pains they suffer multiply in you and that is your weakness I will manipulate when the people have grown in numbers,” said the devil.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“You refused to kill these people.”

“I don’t understand why I have to kill them?”

The devil looked at him.

“What you did is forbidden in the gold-scriptures,”

“By whom?”

“Damn it. God can’t you see what you are trying to do. I say kill these people. If I want my people as the devil. I can create my own. Pure and ones who obey me only. What you did is contaminate my stencils with your DNA so that everyone you create will have the both of the two of us. This has never happened before. The people you created have ninety-five percent devil’s DNA and only five percent yours. If you kill these, you will find solutions to create your pure people who will listen to you who are one hundred percent yours and do only good,” advised the devil.

Instantly the angel flew to God and whispered in his ear.

“Clever you. Then you go on to say you gave me ideas from the gold-scriptures. I want to prove to you that I can convert a pure devil to a godly one,” said God.

“You failed to convert me. In fact, I am outsmarting you. That means I can convert you or all your people to the devil than you can do the other way around,” suggested the devil.

He roared.

“I didn’t want my angel to die today but now that it’s done. I might as well read the gold-scriptures,” said God.

“Again, you authorized the slaughter of your angels as a sacrifice because now you want to read the gold-scriptures,” said the devil.

God wiped the blood and read.

“I can’t believe this existed before I created the world,” he said.

“Look at you. You can only write on clay and stone tablets. This was written on the purest gold that existed before most melted before you created this world. Proof that the kingdom existed before. Read the dates at the bottom of each page,” said the devil.

“But why gold?”

“It was dark God. There was no light and the shining one; the devil as he was called then who would shine bright illuminating the whole earth and in the dark, the reflection would make gold glitter and be able to be read,” answered God.

“The following years, God was tormented by the failure of mankind. Most people never wanted anything to do with his name. That one day he came up with the idea of fusion. He realized that mankind was inclined toward evil. Alone he knew for sure that mankind will never master what is needed and what it means to be God. He knew mankind alone will never master what is needed to be God. He smiled when he realized that his idea might work. Mankind to solve God’s Dilemma needed some divine intervention. Some godly help. So, God decided to pregnant a human being, Mary. So that the fusion’s product; a son, would be half human-and-half God, and maybe this fusion was the answer to solving his quest, his dilemma of creating a human being that will rise to the challenge. A human being who is so clever that he or she will understand what is needed to take the world to the next stage of development here on earth. A stage the bible calls paradise. This is because the devil changed God’s plan for mankind by

tricking Eve. Now the challenge is for mankind to arrive at the same plan but alone, without God's assistance," said David looking at his wife.

"Only to be disappointed to find that mankind had killed his son sending him to heaven. Killing Jesus Christ," said David.

His wife wiped tears from her cheeks listening.

"That is a very sad story but a story of courage and resilience in face of all improbable circumstances. Above all it shows God's love for people," she said sobbing.

"That is so touching, but this is not a bible lesson but mankind's survival rests on this," said David kissing her overpoweringly.

"When he planned to make his son, a god here on earth failed. He planned to create a human being who will act as God here on earth. To recreate paradise conditions but here on earth. To create a human being; one who will evolve to understand what is needed to be God. Ever since Jesus was sent to heaven by the evil humans God vowed to avenge his son and leave mankind doomed for eternity. Every here and there the devil would come to him and torment him.

"You haven't killed all humans yet look now they are in millions and to make things worse they have even killed your son. Maybe if you had listened when it was only Adam and Eve things could be different. You would create better people not fused because what you did is contaminate the stencil with your DNA. So, if I rise to the throne, I have to kill all humans simply because they have both DNA and will forever revolt. So, I will kill all and restart

creation again using only the devil's stencil, So, it's either you kill, all to start afresh or I will do the same," said the devil.

"Man's greatest threat has become God and the devil who created them. Total obliteration of the fused-people with both God's image and the devil's and recreation again are the solutions," said the devil.

I paused and looked at my wife who was wiping tears from her eyes.

"David, is this why some people rise to power and kill thousands of people? So, will God ever solve his dilemma if the people have the devil's DNA? Could this explain why if he had so much power why the world is such a mess today?"

She sobbed.

"I never heard this heart-rending story before. It must have been hard for God. I think the devil being the devil deliberately left his DNA everywhere, watermarking the land; so that whoever comes after him will still produce contaminated people with both. People who are hard to control because genetically they are inclined to do evil. Is this why the world is a mess?"

A few weeks after.

Marson roared in his office.

"I damn advised everyone to keep tight security. Why have they managed to penetrate and rescue that girl? Get my chopper ready. Get all the Gatekeepers on standby," he roared.

He slammed the receiver down before the line went dead.

Later a chopper lifted all kinds of dust from the seashore creating waves on the surface of

the otherwise calm sea waters. A man so strong that he walked like a giant robot walked toward them not even ducking the helicopter blades and the gusty wind blowing leaving his hair dancing to the heavy winds. Everyone stood at attention as he approached.

“Gatekeepers in the front right now!”

Instantly men and women in uniform and military attire matched forward forming a line.

“Can you explain why these people are coming deep in when you are the first line; the front line of defense? I can’t understand how you miss all and allow them to enter all the way deep to my barracks. I explained the first time that it can’t be tolerated. That cost me my price. They took that girl. They killed my best assassins when you should have stopped them,” boomed the man.

“Sir. There is only much we can do about this. They had clearance,” advised the man.

“Bullshit clearance or not I don’t care. I told you not to let anyone in. That is what we are paying you for. It’s as simple as this...”

“Sir. We followed protocol. If they are civilians, we just check their threat level and decide either to let them in or not,” argued the man.

“All I know is that it’s a screw up because our hostage has gone and to make things worse my men are dead. Men, I value more than you because they earned that. All this talk about civilians is bullshit. I told you no one enters through,” thundered the man.

“But Sir it’s not as easy as you think,” protested the man.

Marson’s face was overstuffed with temper.

“It’s easy. Trust me. You don’t just know how to handle the situation. Is this all the gatekeepers here?” Asked Marson looking at the men and women in front of him.

“No Sir.”

“Damn it. I said get everyone here,” he bellowed.

“They are on the next shores,” replied the man.

Marson shook with rage.

“This is what you do,” he looked around.

“You!”

“Me?”

“Yes, quickly draw a line on the ground close to me,” he demanded.

The soldier quickly with his leg marked the sand ground to a perfect line.

Marson quivered with fury.

“I want all gatekeepers to walk one after the other and cross this line. Now!”

He rumbled as the men and women dithered.

“I can’t seem to understand why they keep letting them in. These gatekeepers are the problem and not these people. How can they be a problem? If you are doing their job properly. Then we won’t have this problem. I worked hard risking everything so that we get all our targets and only most to be snatched back. That is pathetic, and I don’t want to see this ever again. Imagine this is just the beginning of the fight. They have broken all our defense going deep in to steal my victory. I can’t accept that in no circumstances. What more when they have

killed most of our men. So, pay attention. Watch me do this and everyone must see this because if this happens again you are all going to pay a heavy price,” yelled the man.

They all looked at him. They saw an animal-of a man. His face flushed, and his neck was distended with wrath. Instantly he pulled both his handguns and stood at the line.

“Come on, cross this line!”

He thundered.

Immediately a crackling sound from the radio startled the other men.

One of the men quickly answered the radio and walked fast to Marson.

“It’s the tower checking if everything is okay,” he said close up.

Marson looked at the tower and quickly grabbed the radio from the soldier’s hand.

“Listen. Watch this because next time I come back when you have screwed up. I swear you pay a heavy price. I can’t seem to understand why no one does exactly what I want. I bloody said not even a single person crossing the line,” he creased his face with fury.

Instantly the gatekeepers stopped. All terror-stricken. Their hearts pounding.

“Why are you stopping? Walk exactly like you let them in. Then I will show you what to do,” he demanded.

Instantaneously another crackling sound started all.

“Damn it. Give me that,” he yelled.

Marson took the radio and answered it.

“What?”

“They were following orders. We can’t shoot civilians,” pleaded the man in the tower.

“I gave specific commands. Don’t let anyone in. Full stop! Screw everything else. I want you to watch this and don’t disturb me again. Okay?”

He instantly switched the radio off.

“Bloody hell! Cross the line now!”

The first person was Alfred. His heart pounded first unsure of what Marson would do. He looked at his face with a few steps left to the line on the ground. His heart pounded hard with every step. He felt running out of breath and having difficulties breathing. Panic attacks set in that he felt like stopping and his head heavy but the roaring by this Marson kept him going. He started shaking heavy just seconds to the line. He raised his leg now two steps away from the line when a loud frightening bullet sound startled all. The men in the tower cursed as Alfred immediately fell with only his top half falling on the other side of the line. Nancy was next to that she felt urine droplets trickling down her legs the moment she looked down to see if her legs were still there. She had tried to stop but somehow kept pushing on as if in shock and trance seconds before she jerked backward before falling in front of her.

The man in the tower rushed to the rail and aimed at Marson kneeling.

“I got him covered,” he shouted to the other.

The other men frantically radioed the men down at the shoreline.

“Answer the blood radio. Soldier. What is going on there? Put Marson on the radio now,” he roared hysterically.

Marson kept lifting the left hand and firing, putting the hand down fast before raising the right hand and firing. All this time before the gatekeepers crossed the line, would fall hard dead.

“Stop!” Radioed the men in the tower on the PA system.

“Soldier. Stop! Or I will shoot,” he hysterically ordered shouting at the top of his voice.

Marson cursed and roared hard that he turned one hundred and eighty degrees, kneeling in the process and fired consecutive shots at the soldier in the tower. He instantly turned back and fired as the gatekeepers kept walking. Hadrian screamed as nerves got her when she realized that she was going to die. She looked at all the gatekeepers laying all just over the line; dead. She stopped as the man in front of her walked toward the line scared to death walking straight and strong though. She turned and ran for it toward the tower. Fear-struck, she looked back and saw Marson pointing a gun at her and with the other hand pointing at the gatekeepers and still shooting them.

“Damn it. Stand down, let her go,” shouted the other men in the tower kneeling at the tower rail.

Hadrian ran and tripped, falling in the sand and instantly Marson turned and looked at her, lowering the angle and aiming.

“Stop or I will shoot you!”

Shouted the soldier in the tower.

Marson back-flipped in the air and as if in slow motion fired at the soldier in the tower with

the left hand and with the right hand-fired at Hadrian the second she got up to run away before he touched down. The growling scream from the soldier in the tower startled the remaining gatekeepers that they stopped before a huge thump sound of falling startled them further. Hadrian lay on the sand beach with blood patches growing around her head with her fixed eyes wide open.

The soldier from the chopper walked fast to where Marson was.

“That’s enough Sir who is going to tell the rest of the gatekeepers?”

“What? Why do we need gatekeepers when they can’t do their jobs properly? I guess we have to do it by ourselves,” he roared.

“What are you saying? You mean to kill all?”

“That’s an order,” he thundered.

“But Sir. These are our men and women fighting hard to...”

“My men died today when they should not have died. That woman was rescued today when she should not have been. What is right about that?”

“Shoot them!”

Instantly the remaining gatekeepers started running away.

“Goddamn it. Shoot em! No one should get away,” he bellowed.

The soldier quickly retrieved his gun as the gatekeepers ran for their lives.

Consecutive gun sounds shocked the gatekeepers running away, some falling, ducking and some crippled with fear.

“Go after them, Soldier,” ordered the man.

“I can’t leave you, Sir,” said the soldier

Marson roared and aimed taking one by one with the soldier taking some. Finn, one of the gatekeepers, breathed hard as he escaped in the sand looking at his side only to see his girlfriend falling face first in the sand. He stopped to give her a hand. Instantaneously blood splattered in his face. He looked behind him and saw Marson and his guard advancing. He sprinted off but instantly stopped, turned, and fired. The last soldier in the tower shouted something before opening fire leaving a chain of bullets lifting sand in a line. The helicopter driver opened the door ducking the blades and the strong winds before running to where the commotion was a few seconds away. He sprinted holding a gun in his hand.

Miles away at Devil’s Eye Island.

“What the others say are the reasons for the treasurer quest?”

“Obviously to be rich,” replied Rufus.

“Just rich? I think that’s sad. I don’t think I would have spent all this money just to get rich. Money can’t buy love, but the key is the heart of my love’s heart. If you know what I mean,” said Calvin confidently.

“That sounds like a contradiction,” said Rufus.

“I know but I am not here to get riches per see. I am here to find the key to riches, so I can spend the rest of my life with the woman I love. If that makes sense?”

“What?” Asked Rufus.

“Look at it this way. The trigger is love. Not riches. Even though I have to be rich to end up with the woman I love. I did not think about getting rich first. But I realized that since my love has a high taste of the finest things in life. Then being rich can help cement that relationship. Fulfill all her dreams. Comprehend?”

“Whatever. It sounds the same to me,” protested Rufus.

Two weeks later.

“When I first came I was so hopeful now, to be honest, I don’t know what to say. We have scuba divers and searched up and down. Still, we have nothing,” said Calvin distraught.

“What is so special about this key?” Asked Rufus.

“It’s the door to riches. The riches to the heart of the woman I love. I know money can’t buy love but without money that can complicate our relationship. Not that I am materialistic neither is she. But she wants the best in life and all costs money. So, finding this key will mean a lot of money, holidays, and Carolinadeivid brands,” said Calvin seriously.

“Why not find someone who loves you for who you are without money and unconditionally? There is always a person like that out there,” suggested Rufus.

Instantly Claudia appeared dressed in a see-through white dress. She looked like a coquette. She gave him a flirtatious glance. Suggesting pure lust for him wearing sexy lingerie, make-up, and having done her hair with a rose pinning her hair near the right ear. She started dancing seductively going up and down moving provocatively and sexily her groin in a circle

rolling her tongue on top of her lip.

“I like the way you roll your tongue on your lips hmm,” ogled Rufus before downing a beer. She strolled in front of Calvin and danced so hot that he stopped and looked at her. Shaking her booty in his face.

“But if I find this key, I can have the woman I love,” continued Calvin.

“Calvin, it has been two weeks and for a young man like you, I bet any woman at this time is irresistible. You must have been waving it all the time. Especially seeing Claudia every day dressed like that? Wow! Hot! And doing that thing with her tongue. Oh my God, I am old but that. I am like a young horse wanting to hump even hard solid grooves in rocks. Let alone a man young as you,” said Rufus ogling Claudia.

“She is hot no doubt about it but honestly I can’t seem to get this woman out of my mind,” said Calvin seriously.

“Let me tell you one thing. A story so personal to me,” said Rufus getting another beer.

“I was once in your shoes. I longed for this woman who I thought at that time was the love of my life. Everything I did was for her. Every time I approached her even just for a cuddle she would tell me a list of the things I must accomplish first to be with her. Months went by without love or a cuddle until I said enough is enough. It’s either she will be with me or not. So, I wore my expensive suit, shaved clean, and wore my expensive aftershave, bought a bunch of roses, and went to her parent’s house,” said Rufus.

Claudia instantly sat on Calvin’s lap and hugged him as she passed him another beer.

“So, what happened,” asked Calvin.

“I knocked on the door. I instantly heard the commotion in the house. But the door instantly opened. Her father stood on the door. Is this the guy?” He yelled raising his fist at me, the father asked. “No. Daddy,” she replied.

The man cursed and walked back inside.

“Go and let him see you,” roared the father.

I stood there confused with a bunch of roses in my hand. The first thing that came to mind was that she had been beaten up or something. Instantly the door hissed to an open. That same second, I dropped the bunch of roses down in shock. She stood there. I could tell something was wrong, but she looked even more beautiful. It made sense why her father was upset," said Rufus.

“Why,” asked Calvin.

Claudia touched Calvin’s stomach.

He breathed hard.

“She was pregnant,” replied Rufus.

“Holy ghost. That must have done some great emotional damage to you,” said Calvin.

“That’s why I ended up doing this because for years after that I could not trust anyone resulting in fights and arguments all the time. For life, I could not find a way to avoid checking and suspecting foul play. Ever since I never trusted a woman again or wasted my time on any one of them. That earned me the ‘Mr. I don’t care’ title. Resulting in failed relationships. Just

one event ruined my whole life,” said Rufus sipping beer.

“I suggest next time you see her tell her how you feel and whatever she tells you move on with your life. In all this time you’ve been waiting you could have made love to another woman. You just don’t know what you are missing,” said Rufus.

“But it’s great and self-fulfilling to make love to the woman you love,” said Calvin scrupulously.

“Maybe now she is screwing someone. How can a woman go on holiday on her own? She must be with someone else,” said Rufus.

“Okay. You got me. She went with another man but it’s not important because...,” said Calvin before being interrupted by Rufus.

“There you go,” interrupted Rufus.

Instantly Claudia French-kissed him.

“Hang on. I did not mean it’s not important that I will do the same. No. I will prove my love to her and remain faithful,” said Calvin emotionally.

“What a jerk,” mumbled Rufus in his beard before picking another beer.

“I heard that,” said Calvin.

“Whatever. I meant it,” replied Rufus before getting up and staggering into his tent.

Claudia emotionally kissed him again.

“I can never cheat on her,” he paused.

“I know you are very beautiful and sexy,” said Calvin before she covered his mouth with

her hand.

“It has been two weeks, Calvin. I need you. I am burning inside. Do this for me, please,” pleaded Claudia.

She got up and unpinned her bra, taking it off quickly and lifting the see-through dress and pulling down her soaked-knickers with the smell of pre-cum hitting Calvin hard that blood rushed to his groin. She instantly sat on his right lap while he was wearing his boxer shorts with his thigh exposed.

“Oh Jesus,” said Calvin as he felt all his lap covered with sticky fluids. He could smell just the pre-cum fluids that it was too hard to resist.

“I need you. Calvin. Just feel how badly you want this woman. The same I want you tonight. Do this for me. Just tonight,” passionately said Claudia kissing his neck and ears, canoodling.

“I can’t,” he replied, like a man torn in the choice between good and evil while wanting both. He placed the beer can down. Claudia felt his voice patterns filled with wild lust shaking and trembling as before for the first time in love-making. She instantly took his hand and slid it between her legs and on his thigh. He kept saying oh Jesus as he felt all his lap and fingers soaked and sticky covered in pre-cum fluids. The pre-cum smell was overpowering that all blood from his head rushed down to his boxers leaving him dizzy for a second or two.

“I can’t cheat on her,” said Calvin, stopping stroking Claudia.

“Don’t stop now!” She said fervently with her head twisted to the side sliding on his thigh.

“What if I tell you a secret about the key,” asked Claudia, briefly stopping.

“What secret?” Asked Calvin coming alive.

## Chapter Four

“As I was saying, you are all declared... as... temporarily... incapacitated....,” said Dennis quivering.

A gunshot sound hurtled through the hall, but the old man heard a fast whizzing sound past his ear that he froze with fear, defeating his plan of bending anything his way. Somehow, he stood there. That alarmed President Patrick that he instantly thought that the old man had a death wish. A reasonable man would have ducked for cover. His heart started pounding as he realized that he might have to shoot the old man. Was he stupid or what? He thought to himself?

The hall went berserk at the old man’s suggestion. Everyone chanted words and most cursed in disbelief.

“You must be shitting me!” Shouted President Ryan.

“Old man, you must have a death wish!” Shouted another.

“You are full of crap!” Shouted another.

The old man felt lucky to have not been shot but felt stupid as well. He realized that he should be minding his own business. Let them serve time as well. But that pain behind bars somehow gave him some balls.

“Silence!”

This time he shouted with authority and arrogance and with so much confidence that

everyone instinctively stopped talking.

“Wasting my time!”

He screamed leaving everyone surprised.

“If you all knew the law. You would know that all of you would be out of the office and maybe locked up in rehab or something!”

President Ryan for the first time lifted his gun and pointed at the old man. President Patrick slowly pointed his gun as well so as the rest of the Presidents except President Maureen. Six of the Presidents all aimed at him. Now all stood up apart from President Maureen who remained seated. His heart drubbed as the faces looked grieved and distressed. He noticed the haunted-faces one by one gazing at him. He felt his stomach churning with fear. He knew he had touched some raw nerves. Nerves to make these men and women so furious that they would blast him away.

“Say that one more time and see what we will do to you!”

They all shouted at once with one voice like a Sunday gospel choir. That rattled his nerves to the breaking point. He felt everything palpitating hard. One by one they all shouted at him and cursed hard, some dribbling and unintentionally crying with tears in an awkward way running down either just on the left side or the right side. The old man as a spontaneous effect sat down but promptly got up literally shuddering. They cursed hard aiming at the old man.

“Don’t shoot!” Shouted Tim panic-stricken. Trying to get up before two of the guns were pointed at him as well.

“Don’t screw up with us. You don’t know what we are going through. Rubbing salt on our wounds is inadvisable. It can cost you your life and there is nothing your laws can do to us.

Comprehend?” Roared President Ryan.

There was instant silence as he sat back in his seat.

The atmosphere was intense, and a sense of suspense-filled it. People were now anticipating how this would end up even though they were uncertain. A sense of unsureness lingered around. Most knew the old man. His stubbornness and his pains of doing time. The law man’s life was hanging by a thread. Surely nothing like this had never happened to the most powerful people on earth. It would be stupid of the old man to try to stop these power-hungry-power-mad people and get away. Apparently, they all knew he had triggered whatever was to follow. His fault. Some would say. A self-inflicted wound was destined to befall the old man. Most saw no way out for him. No way he could survive the rage of a thousand lions put together. The pain and grief had turned these men and women into hot-headed renegades. Carrying guns every single day. Challenging the courts and winning. Something that had never happened before that the courts would give them license to kill if you like. To carry and use firearms as a form of defense. The world had turned against everyone. A new force was on the horizon. Thought the old man. The collisional climax was already set up. This was the zenith point. A point of no return. Was he going to survive this or not? That rattled the old man’s heart that he literally quaked with fear. He remembered someone telling him to avoid looking anyone that angry in the eyes. He looked down hoping that they would let him finish. Doing his job was

all that he was doing he thought.

The old man looked lost and scared that unconsciously he checked his pants and quickly looked at the guns pointing at him. They all checked his pants as well.

“Not so scared this time? Wait and see what we will do to you if you try to stop us revenging our families,” Shouted President Ryan.

“I am... just... a...,” he mumbled his words.

The angling and cocking of guns to his head silenced the old man for a while.

“You and your laws can go and screw yourself you piece of crap. You got some nerves calling us.....,” said President Patrick before he felt a mammoth protuberance in his throat as he tried to repeat what the old man had just said. They all understood why it was such an issue for these people to be referred to as temporarily insane. Let alone the most powerful seven people in the entire world. This was something they would kill for. For this was damaging and painful to them more than the deaths of their families. Dennis noticed President Patrick having difficulties repeating what he had said he decided to play a mind game and use that as a stepping stone to the next move. He remembered that he was in this position before.

Somehow, he came alive as if jolted by a lightning bolt into action. He stood still and daringly cursed, shaking his head to the sides and making a continuous splitting sound.

“That’s right. You heard me loud and clear. The law. As things stand; regard you as temporarily incapacitated. Momentarily insane. That is right! Unable to make sound decisions...”

Somehow as a collection, they felt the words cut their hearts like a double-edge sword tearing their insides. The pain triggered an emotional tsunami. One that kept powering the anguish. Until in a propulsive mood thrust hard the feelings. That they all shot to the mouth but with all of them tongue-tied the gusty volcano of traumatized feelings now trapped. Therefore, circulated in their bodies. Overstuffing them and leaving them bloated but somehow found a leak through the hands holding the guns. Straight to the finger holding the trigger. Then they shot hard in a propulsive-hard-thrust that lifted the gun barrels way up into the skies. That left gunshot sounds echoing everywhere and deafening the old man that he quickly covered the ears shivering. Fear-stricken.

“That was not a miss!”

Roared President Onesimus.

“We swear by the lives of our beloved wives, husbands, and children that if you try to use tricks to stop us. We will riddle and ravage your body with bullets. We mean literally shred all your organs to hanging sleeves of flesh. That’s how hardcore we feel about this issue. So be advised and trade very carefully old man. Your life is hanging by a thread as we speak and trust me there is nothing your bitch-ass law can do. Comprehend?”

He roared.

The old man started laughing uncontrollably. They all looked shocked, surprised, followed by feelings of fear that they all lowered their guns.

“What is so funny about that?”

“I swear you are all fucking insane.”

President Patrick shook uncontrollably that he impulsively aimed and fired. But somehow missed by inches leaving a flesh wound.

“Goddamn it. I am just a messenger. You don’t have to shoot me!” Screamed the old man ducking now in fear.

“Just a minor flesh wound,”

“You must be out of your mind! I was trying to help you. To prove to them that you are of sound mind and still can make sound decisions. But this? What you are doing. No way. This is the work of not just lunatics but bloody-mad-crazed-ass-renegades. I guess they won. You are a bunch of bloody headbangers. I told you from the beginning I am one of you. You must have sympathized with me and tried to act reasonably,” explained Dennis.

“We don’t give a toss. For the lives of my family, you can call me whatever. If you try to stop us with some legal jargon, we will go berserk and shoot you first,” replied President Ryan calmly blinking slowly.

“Silence!”

Shouted the old man.

“This is preposterous! You don’t get it. Do you? Things have changed. There is a new global leader. New laws and surely if you don’t change your mind you will end up locked up or dead for that matter,” shouted the old man taking center stage.

Doing what he does best against all odds. Tears trickled down President Ryan’s cheeks as

he slowly blinked as if in slow motion. That the tears drooled down hitting and splashing on his hand holding the gun, before finding their way to the conference floor but somehow ended splashing on his polished shoes. He aimed tormented but the others all started laughing at him.

“So, what is so funny about that?”

“We have realized that it’s you who is temporarily insane. Do you think there is a law or a global leader to stop the most powerful seven leaders in the world? Think again,” they said in one voice.

“Listen!”

Shouted the old man now disconcerted as he realized that he had lost the ground he had gained. So as the power to influence the course of events to follow. He cursed silently. Stubbornness overwhelmed him. They all knew he disliked losing. He became agitated.

“All your decisions cannot be taken and acted upon without a third independent body to verify or authorize that?”

The loudest buzz anyone had heard broke out. Every one of them was swearing and cursing and gunshots sounds sent all ducking even the old man. They were like some crazed apes in the jungle witnessing a cobra attacking one of their own. The noises were deafening. Dennis had to look around to see if he was still in the conference room or in some jungle.

“God Damn it! This is the most imprudent and offensive remark I have ever heard. Are you telling me that after all that? I am not capable of making a sound judgment? I can command my

men to go and kill all of them right now. Who is going to stop me? You? Your bitch-ass law? Who? Tell me? Damn it. I want to know,” roared President Knox.

Instantaneously the doors opened and men in military uniform entered the building swiftly holding guns. All wearing white gloves and shining shoes. The instant sight of the Presidents holding their guns in their hands triggered an on-the-spot response.

“Put down your weapons now!”

Shouted the military men.

“With whose authority?”

Daringly challenged the President all with one voice.

“What is going on and what is this?”

Asked President Maxwell entering after the military men.

The atmosphere was overpoweringly tense and terrifying.

The uncertainty was treacherously traumatic.

There was a state of great danger and disbelief evidenced by the huge buzz as the military men raised guns at the Presidents.

“We are the Presidents and our commands must stand and you have no right and power to tell us otherwise.” They roared manifestly stubbornly.

“I repeat, put down your weapons!”

Shouted all the military men in high voices now surrounding the Presidents all in one voice aiming at the presidents.

“As far as things are going. We don’t see any Presidents but a bunch of some lunatic terrorists attacking their own for that matter,” shouted the leader of the military men.

“I told them!”

Smiling, feeling vindicated shouted the old man. But shaking in fear.

“Look, they nearly fatally shot me,” he added, showing the bleeding, but a flesh wound.

The military men now enraged started closing in inching forward systematically all from all the ends.

“Damn it. We are going to blast you dead. If you don’t drop your weapons,” shouted the men.

There was a strong feeling of displeasure and discontent as the presidents gave a huge buzz about the issue.

“If that was that bad as the old man suggested he could have called for help. You also could have not waited until now to come to help. The fact that you did not react even after hearing gunshot sounds means you knew everything was under control,” said President Knox.

“Silence!” Ordered one of the military men.

“Son! You don’t talk to your President like that?” Shouted President Patrick angling his aim at his head.

“Sir. Put that gun away I will ask you for the last time and don’t call me son,” he stood still instantaneously and lifted his shoulders and aimed at him as well. At his head.

“I am your Goddamn President. Show me some respect! I lost a family. That made me

insane? Are you bloody stupid? I am a victim here. You must sympathize with me, with us,” shouted President Ryan sobbing hard.

“I am afraid there are new rules and laws,” shouted the military man.

“What is this nonsense?”

Asked President Maxwell, troubled now than before. The military man pointed at Dennis with his finger fast and direct. He swiftly took center stage. He looked nervous that he looked at the military men who nodded their heads.

His voice as he opened his speech was riddled with stress sounds.

“I am afraid to announce that since the day of the killings you are all declared... as I said...” He paused and looked at the military men unable to say the words. He then stared at the Presidents. The military men nodded again.

“You are all declared as temporarily insane no matter if this is unfair to you or not that is not the issue,” he murmured.

There was the biggest roar of anger and disbelief Tim and Dennis had ever witnessed so far.

“That alone is insane.” Shouted President Ryan.

“You must be out of your mind,” added President Knox.

“Temporarily insane us? Are you bloody crazy?”

“Silence! Let the man finish talking,” shouted the military man.

It took a second and a third then fourth call for an order for the President to give their time

to the old man.

“I reiterate. No matter how painful this is. How sad and unfair it is the person behind this...”

President Ryan cursed hard and loud.

“Stop rubbing salt on our wounds, please. Listen. Just get to the point you bloody piss of...,” he roared.

“Sir. I remind you to act professionally throughout. Again, let the man talk, then you can air your views,” said the military man.

Dennis looked at the military men and every one of the Presidents.

“Since the day of the incidents...” he paused and waited for the go-ahead from the military men, who nodded promptly.

“We established an Executive Branch [EB].”

There were tremendous roars of disbelief and chanting of anger and revenge.

“Stubbing us in the back. Ripped apart twice. First, they kill all our families and now you come to finish us all. Who needs the EB? We are still the Presidents of our countries,” shouted President Patrick in dismay.

President Patrick felt like his heart had been torn apart. He felt agonizing pain that he lifted the hand holding the gun. He shook uncontrollably as a tear suddenly rolled down his left eye that he aimed and closed his eyes, the finger now wrapped tightly on the trigger. Promptly the military men all pointed their guns at him.

“Drop it right now!” Yelled all the men in one loud voice.

Miles away.

“Come in but behave yourself.”

Rapidly Henry walked to the window. He cursed.

“He has a death wish,” he mumbled.

He whispered to himself searching all the drawers. Straightaway the bedroom door opened.

“I guess I have to go. We are setting off today. Right now. He came to pick me up,” said Anastasia taking off the robe revealing a lovely curved body that left Henry drooling. He for the first time realized how erotic she was. He threw at her a flirtatious-but-anger mixed glance. She did not buy his flirtatious glance and that left him hanging on to the thick thread of rage. That he felt anger feelings shooting up wild and choking him so fast that he was trembling. He felt his head heavy but somehow the wrath triggered mixed feelings that he instantly felt like screwing her hard the second she bounced her boobs dashing nude to the lingerie drawer. About to wear her lingerie he instantly held her shoulder.

“Do you know what it is like to be left in suspense? It’s like that day? I remember. You did exactly the same thing. I am no different right now to someone who has taken Viagra. It’s not like I can take another pill to cool down. We must screw right now,” he pleaded passionately now in a soft tone.

“But I have to go,” she insisted.

“Exactly what you did last time. Left me hanging,” said Henry before cursing in despair.

“I can’t. I have to go,” she insisted now wearing her lingerie.

“Okay then go on and romp with this bastard,” said Henry, feeling unwanted and upset.

Anastasia laughed to find Henry’s boys all stood up.

“I was begging you all morning now that you saw Hudson Dones...” she didn’t finish her sentence as Henry squeaked like a girl first with jealousy and rage before he started shaking.

“Oops!”

Mentioning Hudson Dones was like pressing the eject button in midair. Up in the skies with nowhere to land. A big mistake. Henry felt raged that he grabbed her hand.

“Come. He can wait. As a matter of fact, he must hear me humping you hard. Whatever happens between you too afterward. I don’t care, he will know he is second best at taking someone’s leftovers,” he roared.

Anastasia slapped him hard.

“That’s hurtful. Don’t ever say that to me again,” she yelled at him.

He quickly grabbed her and lifted his hand to slap her back before he felt the cold barrel of the gun’s tip on his groin.

“Okay. I guess you want to screw him. Maybe I better go but just remember you might not come back and find things as they are,” he growled. He then walked to the cabinet and grabbed new boxer shorts cursing hard. She quickly opened the door and walked out naked. He stopped and cursed. The moment he finished dressing up she opened the door and walked to him

pointing the gun at him. Poking him to the bed.

Hudson Dones got up and walked to the wall and looked at the pictures hanging up there. Instantaneously he started hearing Anastasia making orgasmic moans. He cursed and walked out slamming the door hard that a picture frame dropped before the glass smashed into pieces. Anastasia laughed as they both heard the car revving before speeding off.

Henry picked up his briefcase and briefly looked at her as she lay naked on the bed. She stroked gently where he once was. He closed the door without a word and left. He stood outside checking the whereabouts of Hudson Dones. He quickly jumped into his car and drove off. He straightaway opened the glove compartment and took out his gun the instant the phone rang startling him.

“See you, darling, when I come back,” she said.

Henry slammed the phone down without a word. For the first time in a long time, he felt outbursts of rage just thinking that Anastasia was cheating on him. It hurts this time even more. The first time he had blamed himself. He was always busy. He kept visualizing Hudson Dones humping her. An instant bump on the body of his car caused it to jerk forward that he touched his neck. He cursed and when he looked in front, the lights were green, but he had not moved. Instantly a man stood on his driver’s side window.

“Daydreaming whilst driving? Are you drunk?” Asked the man holding a huge spanner in his hand.

Henry cursed getting out of the car. He quickly checked the damage. He cursed after seeing

only paint scratched. He walked back to the driver's door and jumped in before speeding off.

On arrival, he entered his office and called his house phone straightaway. He impatiently waited for Anastasia to answer.

“Come on pick up,”

The phone rang several times without anyone answering. He put the receiver down.

Instantly he felt relieved and felt calming down fast.

“She must have gone,” he whispered to himself.

He laughed at himself.

“Only if jealous, envy and lust could kill. Definitely, without a doubt I could be dead as a donkey,” he whispered to himself feeling the weight off his shoulders. He sighed.

He sat down and sunk in his comfy chair pondering everything.

The phone immediately rang.

He picked it up and spoke before putting the receiver down. He speedily retrieved some files. He got up and went to his boss's office. Minutes later he came out cursing before he sat down and started working.

The phone rang again. He picked it up and answered it.

“Right now, in my office with the files,” insisted the manager.

“Once they are ready, I will bring them in there,” he assured him.

He worked for some time before the phone rang again.

He cursed and hurriedly picked it up.

“Damn it. I said when the files are ready I will...”

He straightaway stopped talking as promptly a familiar sound and voice startled and shocked him. He dropped the files that were in his hand. He cursed hard. He quickly opened the drawer and stood up. Instantly the door opened. Evan stood at the door.

“Damn it. I want that file now the client is here. How many times do I have to ask you the same thing?”

Henry looked at him. He could see a troubled soul in Henry.

“What is going on with you? Where is the file?”

Henry simply pushed him out of the way before going out of the office building and jumping into his car.

Blocks away, a car immediately ran over a tennis ball in the road. Henry sat in there before a tear hit the steering wheel. He pushed the gate open and walked to the bedroom window. He felt his heart pounding hard. He held the gun firm and stood there leaning against the wall. His heart pounding hard he was about to look inside when he heard his girlfriend; Anastasia making a familiar sound of orgasmic moans. He felt his world falling apart. He turned and looked. He felt rage erupting like an active-volcano. He checked the gun and sprinted to the door. Inserting his key and opening the door. His heart rate was high, and he was breathing hard. He felt dizzy and staggered like a drunkard briefly as the orgasmic noises became more audible with every step. He did not know how he climbed the stairs to the bedroom. He only realized standing outside the door as the orgasmic noises became deafening. He felt a tear roll down his left

cheek. He stood outside the door before finding his nerves. He pushed the door gently and at once it hissed open.

“Henry, what are you doing here?”

A bullet sound rocketed in the skies. The sound startled the neighbors who rushed to find out what was happening.

Miles away

As he arrived a few seconds away, he cursed hard. Instantly military SUVs came into view from the other side making their way to the shoreline.

Samuel, the helicopter pilot, kneeled next to a body.

He quickly got up and looked around to see bodies lying near each other and some scattered all over.

He straightaway turned and pointed at the tower as the radio crackling sound startled him.

“Damn it. These are our people. Marson! What got into you? I thought you said teaching them a lesson. What can they learn when they are dead?”

He instantaneously offered him his hand lifting him as he pushed Arthur away from his body. His heart dashed fast to see the soldier in the tower aiming at him.

“It’s okay,” said Samuel.

“Renegades. Still, we don’t have loyal people; he would rather shoot back but he made an oath to die for the country,” explained Marson.

“You are lucky Arthur decided to stay with you,” said Samuel.

Marson for the first time realized that death was only a second away. He realized that no matter what one or two of the most loyal would prefer to self-preserve and attack back rather than die in the line of duty.

“Damn it. Arthur was not supposed to die. You don’t get them like that anymore. Loyal to the bone and the end and not like these useless oxygen-thieves letting all our enemies attack us. When I say no one crosses the line that is what I meant,” he thundered.

He rubbed Arthur’s blood from his chest.

“He targeted you?” Asked Samuel as they reached where Finn’s body was. Marson kneeled and aimed at his head with a bullet hole in the side. His nose was filled with solidifying blood and some coming out of the mouth.

“Radio the barracks. I want a man; a bodyguard. We must go to the next bunch of oxygen-thieves, these useless gatekeepers,” he roared.

“Sir. No. I think that’s enough for today. Let those be the changed men and women to carry your duties effectively,” suggested Samuel.

“I have to clean it all up. A clean slate. A new start. I want to be understood. If they leave everything to me. I will simply ball-roll to them. If this is what they have done in the first place. Should we be having all this? They all must die. They are corrupt anywhere. The next men I assign will know I mean business. When I say Gatekeepers don’t let anyone in. They will do just that no matter what. Let us go. You will cover me,” he said confidently.

Samuel thought Marson was joking until he pointed the gun at his head.

“They all must die. Just imagine. If I can do this to my men and what else to my enemies? These people don’t take me seriously. I have to do drastic things to traumatize all to be feared and heard around here. If I were God. I would not create men. Better make clever robots to replace all these bastards. That way you can relax knowing that the job is done,” he suggested.

“But sir I can’t leave the helicopter alone in case you need an emergency escape,” advised Samuel.

Marson stood up and looked toward the tower and signaled to the soldier.

“I don’t trust him. Two of his friends died with your gun. Security risk?”

The soldier put his rifle at his back and ran back into the tower. As soon as he had disappeared from view Marson stopped and grabbed Samuel’s shoulder and handed him one of his guns.

He looked at Marson as if asking why the very second the soldier appeared in view. Now with the rifle on his back and a pistol in his hand, the soldier walked fast to Marson and Samuel. Instantly Samuel hid the gun behind his back touching his trouser belt as his heart pounded with the man’s steps toward them.

“Sir. You can’t be serious, someone might be watching,” said Samuel nervously and evidently shaking.

Marson laughed sarcastically.

“I thought you were watching while sitting in the helicopter,” he said to Samuel.

The soldier relaxed as he saw Marson laughing showing his white teeth. Somehow that was so strange that he stopped as he had a flashback of Marson. His heart started pounding fast and stood there. He gripped tight his pistol before walking slowly.

“He must have suspected something,” said Samuel.

“The way he looked at you when he saw you laughing. It was like he had seen a ghost,” explained Samuel.

“What’s scary about my laughs?” Asked Marson as he looked serious.

“I mean he might have never seen you laugh before. That could have looked strange to him,” suggested Samuel whispering now that the soldier was near.

Instantly Marson roared seriously.

“Hurry up soldier we don’t have the whole day. Damn it!”

That relaxed him further that he looked down before he started running, picking up speed before a single gun sound rocketed into the skies.

Marson touched Samuel’s shoulder.

“Well done.”

“Do we have to kill all those approaching?”

Marson started walking toward them. Samuel stood there shaking before looking at the soldier laying dead in front of him. He started walking toward Marson as the vehicles parked ahead with the men getting out holding guns.

Samuel caught up with Marson.

“Don’t worry they are my core team. Loyal to the bone and have lost friends as well. So, they feel the pain I am feeling right now. Understand?”

Another day.

Sienna was walking the dog in the city park. She smiled thinking about last night. She took out her phone and retrieved an image and kissed the screen passionately. She felt getting aroused quickly that she immediately dialed a number. The phone kept ringing.

“Archie fetch.”

She threw a rubber bone in the bushes. The dog ran in the bushes and instantly the phone was answered.

“Let’s meet again tonight. I will sleepover. Okay?”

“I have been thinking about you too. Are you okay?”

Instantly the barking of the dog was deafening.

Sienna looked at the dog. The rubber bone was not in its mouth. She carried on with the call.

“Maybe if you are free. I can come over right now on my way back,” she suggested.

“But I thought I heard your dog barking and you know what I said about pets. I don’t want to lose this lease. Are you with me?”

“I can leave him outside tied to that tree and ring my friend to pick him up,” she said touching her neck.

“OK, that sounds good. But why is he barking so loud? Is he always like that?”

“No. No. He is not like that...,” she added.

Sienna looked to see if Archie had fetched the rubber bone. She looked at the dog and saw it barking but the moment she looked at it, it ran back and came back from the bushes biting something that made her feel like puking.

“Hello? Hello? Are you still there?” Asked George as the phone lay on the grass.

Sienna was throwing up aside as the dog increased its barking, jumping at her.

Miles away.

Detective Dexter, a fit medium body of athletic build, ran up the stairs to the huge central police office in the city.

“Wait up detective Dexter. I am running out of breath,”

“Sorry I don’t wait for anyone to catch up. Ask Mr. Time my boss he will tell you the same thing,” he said without stopping.

“I think they chose this place deliberately to exhaust us first even before we started working. I don’t like it when I start work tired already.”

“They knew you all have boring desk jobs, and all that is just as boring as your lives too. Look at me. I just came here first thing in the morning to pick up case files and I bet you will only see me just before we close when I am handing back the case files. Or sometimes I come back when this place is deserted,” he quipped.

Detective Holly, a brunette of medium built and well-toned stopped catching up her breath. Detective Dexter meant what he said that he even paced faster creating a gap.

“Hey, can’t you see I am...,”

“See you later detective,” he said going inside.

Detective Dexter ran up the remaining stairs and stood at the top-level lifting his hands in the air as if celebrating victory.

“What a jerk? Old fashioned and pushed out all the time, so the department doesn’t look overcrowded, and yet he thinks he is something better than me,” she complained.

She tried going up but cursed briefly, taking more breaths. She walked all the stairs.

“Shouldn’t they put a lift here? Maybe sue the management’s ass,”

she pushed the door and walked in.

Detective Dexter, the moment he reached his desk his pager beeped constantly. He proceeded to the office.

“Yes Sir?”

“Okay sit down I am waiting for your partner,” said the boss.

“Partner? What partner?”

“Detective I think it’s time you admit that Detective Frankie is not coming back,” he said seriously.

“You want me to believe that?”

“Face the truth detective. Something happened to him. People don’t just go away or disappear like that,” said the boss.

“I gave him my word that I will cover his back,” explained the detective.

“Did you? So, where is he?”

“Damn it. Don’t patronize me,” thundered the detective upset.

“No damn it. You listen to me. I know you want excuses to toss it off. The department has a lot of work to do. I can’t let you keep on going for rounds looking for someone even whose wife has declared him as missing and presumed dead,” shouted the boss.

“It’s easy for you to say. I have worked with detective Frankie since I started working here,” he said.

“So, where is he? How many days have you been to the Devil’s Eye Island looking for him? Look at my desk? Work piling up. I think it’s high time you let go and do what you are paid to do. Let the missing person department deal with detective Frankie’s case,” he suggested.

Detective Dexter got up upset and walked to the window.

“If I don’t stop? It is because I can’t,” he explained.

“You will leave me with no option but to ask for your...,”

Instantly there was a huge knock at the door and before anyone answered the door opened.

“What are you doing here?” Asked Detective Dexter.

“I was assigned here.”

“No way.”

“Detective Dexter please welcome Detective Holly,” said the boss.

“I see what this is about. Forcing me out. Just a minute ago you were threatening to get me transferred. You realized that I was not going to buckle. You thought it better to get me killed

instead,” argued the detective.

“Excuse me?”

“Someone assigned her to the desk as he or she saw her as a risk to other detectives. She can’t run and is easily distracted?”

“Let me be the judge of that detective. Don’t worry detective Holly. He is still upset about the loss of his friend detective,” he apologized for his behavior.

Detective Dexter walked outside slamming the door as he went out.

“I will hand in my transfer request tomorrow morning,” he said

“I can’t be that bad to be treated like that,” she protested.

“Let me guess. You want to sue the department, right? Please! Go after him. He is training you right now. If he doesn’t want the transfer. Who cares? Still, life goes on. Trust me.

Tomorrow there will be someone doing his job,” said the boss.

The man smiled and started laughing as detective Holly remained seated.

“What are you still doing here? Your partner is waiting for you in the car,” explained the boss.

Detective Holly looked lost. She stood up unsure if this was a joke or not. She walked to the door. Then walked out before peeping her head back in the office.

“Where can I find him? I mean exactly where in the car park,” she asked earnestly.

The man laughed.

“I am not here to spoon-feed you. Probably Detective Dexter is right. Keep your eyes on

the ball. If you were chasing a thief or something he could have gone by now,” said the boss, unhappy now.

Detective Holly ran out. Sprinting at her speed to the lifts and waited. The hissing of the office door startled her as the man stood outside laughing. She quickly took the stairs and ran to the car park. The sounding of the hooter startled her but instantly made her smile initially, before cursing hard.

Minutes later.

“So, what do we have here?”

“A decomposing body in the city park,” she replied.

“Any idea whom the body belongs to?”

“A Gatekeeper,” she replied instantly.

“Gatekeeper? A military man out here? I thought the shooting was at the beach. Could they have followed him all the way here? Could he have escaped the shooting?”

Miles away at Devil’s Eye Island.

“There are no keys,” said Claudia seriously, pushing his hand further down and sitting on it. Calvin felt all the beer evaporating and becoming sober in a flash.

“What? What do you mean that there are no keys?”

He asked, a bit upset.

“It is a business model to get tourists to come here. They will only tell you after you have spent two weeks here at the Devil’s Eye Island,” said Claudia.

Calvin felt his world falling apart. Everything for him. His happiness. His love and life after that were centered around finding this key. He instantaneously had a flashback of his sister telling him to go where she had gone searching for her. He cursed hard.

“\$10 000 gone. Half my savings. All the money in this account gone for nothing,” he whispered to himself.

All this time Claudia was rubbing her nipples and licking her tits one by one. Somehow, she kept drooling that he could feel the juices oozing and flowing slowly down his thigh. He felt his thigh getting sticky with every move she made.

Instantly he started visualizing the woman he loved doing the same to another man. Begging him to fuck her.

“I know it sounds wrong and rightly you might feel betrayed, tricked, and cheated on but I am your key. Your reward. Your gift. The real thing you want. Just think that you spent this money with me. Surely if you wanted this woman. You could have spent all this money on her. In that case, I do not doubt that you are unsure of what you want. But be happy because I can guide you to my heart. To find whatever you long for. I can give you free with an open heart unconditionally. I tell you that this is all you are going to get from all your money,” said Claudia, pointing at herself.

“I am your reward but here they call it a gift from the bosses of this Island. So, you can look forward to coming back again next time knowing that in the end, you will get something back. Win or lose,” said Claudia before canoodling him.

Calvin felt a volcanic-turmoil of rage, anger, feelings of being betrayed and cheated on, all shooting up at the same time to clog and choke him. The feelings seemed to have burst from his legs and rapidly rose to pass his groin. Shooting up and circulating in his heart. That he felt unbearable pain. Scared now, he felt he was going to blackout. His dreams shattered in a flash and his pockets emptied.

“I have very warm pockets. Enough to keep all the pain in your heart. All the pain eating you up right now. Why can’t you empty all the feelings in my pocket? You know what? I will keep these feelings for you. Feelings that are eating you alive. Let’s exchange. Your heart is delicate and too important to keep such turmoil. What do you say, Calvin? I will give you soothing love and feelings of euphoria and keep your anger locked in my warm pocket,” said Claudia touching his groin?

He felt the pain as if it would damage his heart for sure. Claudia was right he could not keep such pain.

“I never heard anyone talk so smoothly like that yet meaningfully. It makes sense. It hurts thinking that she is with another man. He instantly felt all the rage and pain with all the blood running to his groin before Claudia gave a quick short euphoria-mourn.

“That’s my boy,” said Claudia touching Calvin’s groin.

“Let these two make the exchange trade. Feelings like this in your heart will kill you but in my warm pocket are like rocket fuel. Deposit the feelings of rage, of being betrayed and tricked all in my purse. For it is strong and warm. In return you get the best feelings you will ever

experience as severe pain can only trigger the best of feelings as your body tries to cushion itself from damage,” fervently pleaded Claudia.

Calvin started kissing her neck passionately while cupping her breasts.

“Hump me. I am all yours don’t wait even for a second for her. Take me right now. Two weeks is a very long time when you can even have better,” said Claudia stroking him.

Instantly she stood up and pulled the see-through dress up flashing her shaved pubic region in his face.

“Lick me, Calvin,” she held his head against her stomach.

“I need you, Calvin. Do it for me,” she pleaded while consumed with strong feelings of lust and cravings for Calvin.

Calvin sobbed silently and instantly felt all the blood and emotions rushing down to his penis. He lifted her and spread her thighs and sat her on his lap. After a while he cursed. All the pain of waiting. All the feelings of longing for the woman he loved. All the pains of seeing his dream evaporate triggered a tsunami of feelings so powerful that he lifted her and carried her to his tent. They made love all night nonstop.

“What is wrong Calvin? I thought what we had yesterday was special,” asked Claudia.

Tears rolled down Calvin’s nose bridge as he lay on the tent bed with his head on the pillow. Claudia had seen Calvin’s face the moment he turned facing the other side with tears on his cheeks and full of emotions.

“I can’t believe my hopes have evaporated like the morning mist,” said Calvin.

“Don’t say that you have me now. I enjoyed it. Every bit last night. I wish this can be forever. She immediately entered deep into the bedsheets and straight between his legs.

“Wait. Wait. I think we should talk about this first,” said Calvin pulling her up to the same head-level as him.

“We agreed this was a one-off thing. Just last night,” said Calvin looking at her.

“Look. I am offering you the last best time of your life here at Devil’s Eye Island. Even this lady you are talking about after humping her like you did last night you will never feel the way you are feeling now. After great sex. All this talk about the love of my life will be no more. I bet you are still hungry. Come on top,” said Claudia laying down facing up.

Calvin lay on top of her.

“Wait, I will tell you what to do. I want you to shoot past the runway,” said Claudia showing Calvin what she meant.

“Am I a pilot now?”

“No, listen to me. Do exactly what I say then tell me after what you think. During medieval times, they would use a huge rode that swung back and forth to break the gates. That signaled an entry into the system. Once you do that, that would release more information regarding the key. Do as if you are to break the gates,” said Claudia.

“What?” Asked Calvin.

“Go ahead past my head as far as you can then back again. One other thing, what is this lady’s name?”

“Ayla,” said Calvin.

“Call me Ayla and picture her every time you look at me, okay?”

“What?” Asked Calvin.

“Do as I say okay,” said Claudia.

Calvin started swinging ‘overshooting the runway’ and thrusting hard.

“Harder and faster Calvin,” whispered Claudia flirtatiously.

She started raising her head, kissing him on his chest and neck every time he shot over, laying back as he retreated and raising her head again as he shot over the runway.

“Faster! Harder!”

Okay. Okay," whispered Calvin.

“Okay. Okay, who?” Asked Claudia.

“Ayla. Ayla. Ayla” whispered Calvin.

“I like it when you call me by my name Cal,” said Claudia putting her head on the side.

“Faster, faster Calvin,” she whispered in his ears, licking his ear after.

Calvin remained silent.

“You bitch running away instead of humping me. This is what you want. Faster Calvin. Harder,” she started taunting him.

Calvin swung overshooting the runway until she started the orgasmic mourns. That went on for some time before Rufus was woken up by a loud scream followed by the growling of a man.

“Jesus!”

He got up and sat down before picking up a half a pint of beer and down all. Calvin laughed briefly and slumped next to her and looked away. A few seconds later he had fallen into a deep sleep.

Later.

A beep message woke him up.

“Your account has been debited by this amount,” he quickly read the message.

“What the hell?”

He quickly checked the reference; ‘Overshooting the runway’, it was written.

He sat in his tent and saw Claudia’s knickers at the entrance. He pondered about their account. He smiled and instantly reached for the beer and drank just a mouthful when a scream startled him that he spits out all the beer in his mouth. The sound was very familiar that he suddenly got up and put on his briefs and staggered out toward the place where the sounds were now coming from. Every step made the sounds seem very close and louder. His heart started pounding faster. He felt a strange feeling he had never felt before. A sense of jealousy somehow engulfed him. He turned around the bushes and found himself in front of a natural but man-carved bench where Claudia was laying there looking in his direction as if she was expecting him. Rufus was swinging overshooting the runway and thrusting hard so hard that she was squirting every time he did that.

He felt sick and instantly ran off back to his tent.

Later.

He lay in his tent drinking the beer.

“Can I come in?” Asked Claudia.

“No. I don’t want to see you,” replied Calvin.

## Chapter Five

“One more act like that. Then we have to dispose of your self-defense weapon. Sir.”

Instantly, President Patrick lowered his gun.

“I suggest if you find this hard you leave the meeting. Or put away your gun now. This is a command,” roared the military man.

“I will keep my gun,” said President Patrick.

“Then put it away,” asked the military man.

“Are you bloody mad? You want them to come and finish us off as well. No way. My gun stays in my hand. None negotiable. You start acting like one of them now,” shouted President Patrick.

“Then behave Sir. There is no enemy here,” said the military man.

“Anyone who tells me to put my gun away is my enemy. I guess that is the same thing they told you when they killed my beautiful wife. The same words they told you when they attacked my children. Put your guns away? Are you bloody stupid?”

The military man remained silent. He realized why every one of them was reacting like a crazy cowboy shooting in the air. This was a new era of fear and trauma. A new era where your only protection is the gun in your hands. And where anyone can be your enemy. This was a tight place for them. The military man realized that the Presidents might have been acting like crazy cowboys just as a self-defense stance. To act as a deterrent rather than an attack. They

calmed a little.

“We don’t care if you have established the Executive Branch or not. We are still the Presidents of our countries,” Shouted President Marvelous too, waving the gun at the military men, Tim and at Dennis. Still, the military men acted swiftly.

“Don’t force us to shoot you,” one of them roared.

“Who the hell do you think you are? How come you talk to us like this? I lost my family for Christ’s sake that does not make me a lesser man than I was yesterday. Why dishonor your President soldier? You can lose your family too, you know?”

“Doing my job, Sir. Dennis has a wound and we can’t take chances,” roared the man.

President Marvelous fumed with anger.

“I can give a command to get you shot right now. Do you threaten the President? Do you have a death wish?”

“There is a new global system of governance now. You don’t make the final decision. Now there is someone above all you. Someone to override your commands,” advised the military man.

They all found it hard news to swallow.

“Who is this person and with what and whose authority? Never heard such things that a soldier can threaten the President. Ever heard of treason? I can get you shot like a dog,” thundered President Rex.

The military men did not answer but stared at Dennis.

“Yes. We have established the Executive Branch. A temporary Executive Branch that will and has taken over the decision ....”

The Presidents went bananas.

“Silence!” Roared the military man.

“Silence! I repeat. The quicker you are, the faster this will be,” he added.

But his words fell on deaf ears.

This sounded even more shocking than the deaths of their families to these Presidents. The only thing they were hanging onto now was this Presidency after losing all their families. This was a hard pill to swallow. It hurt so much. They all could see their pain knowing that now they were to be side-lined.

“As I said, I am one of you. All the pain you are going through,”

He paused. Fear-stricken.

“I went through all that and more,” added the old man.

“Better to spare years under bars wasting your lives. Contemplating even ending your own lives because now you will have nothing to hang on to. Your wives and husbands are gone. The power. Trust me, the pain is in losing the power other than anything else. Imagine when you think you will revenge your loved ones then only to be stopped and put behind bars and their deaths? Just an empty void. So, listen, this is the best for all of you,” said Dennis.

The Presidents went wild that even the military men failed to quieten them. They only stopped when they wanted. One of the military men checked his watch. It was a good twenty

minutes later.

“The Executive Branch will from now on approve or disapprove your commands,” said Dennis.

Another wild disruption to the silence. No one was taking anything.

“What? On whose authority that is not even in the constitution,” asked President Marvelous.

“To hell with that. I am still the President and leader of my country and no Executive Branch is going to help me run my country,” Shouted President Rex.

“We are not disputing that. No,” shouted the other military man.

“You are still the Presidents and military chiefs of your country but,” he explained.

“No buts. I am still the man in command. What we should be discussing is when and what size we are going to send to avenge our families,” said President Onesimus.

“I think without the approval of the Executive Branch there is no one and nothing you can command or do,” said Dennis.

“What? That can’t be right. Over my dead body,” shouted President Knox.

The Presidents all raised their guns and aimed, and the military men reciprocated instantaneously. There was a standstill.

“We are not afraid to die but I swear when this is over, we are going to punish all of you. How dare you raise your guns at the Presidents?”

“You don’t get it. I explained that there is a new global leader and as such what you can

and cannot do depends on someone else now. Since the day of the incidents, the Executive Branch has the finale say. Now keep quiet and let Dennis explain the reasoning behind this. Okay?"

For a moment or so Dennis locked eyes with every one of them. For the first time, they realized that he had felt the pain they were all feeling. In fact, he was through this road before they were now taking. All for the first time started questioning everyone's motive. Why exactly was Dennis doing this? Was it to save them from doing some time in jail? Or... The thought of the other possibility was hard to swallow. The Presidents as if talking silently in their brains all stared at each other before all aimed at Dennis.

"Whose side are you on?"

They vibrated with one voice. Leaving echoes bouncing back and forth. The cocking of guns alarmed everyone, especially Tim who had been sitting there for a long time quietly.

"Don't shoot! All he is doing is trying to tell you," pleaded Tim.

"You son of a bitch! You don't get it. I would rather kill the killers of my family and die too than let them walk free and live forever. You bastard never understood me. You bloody bastards would rather quieten us and let the killers of my family walk free. Maybe we all shot you first," suggested President Knox.

"Don't try anything stupid!"

Shouted the military men raising their guns at the Presidents.

"Or else what? Can't you see what is happening? They are doing exactly what whoever is

behind this. Wants to be done,” roared President Rex looking at the other Presidents.

“This is to weaken us. So that we can’t fight back. To become dormant Presidents. Powerless puppets of this Executive Branch. So that the enemy keeps advancing and, in the end, take us out one by one. We must fight now. I would rather die than being a sitting duck,” thundered President Patrick.

Instantly President Rex aimed at Dennis and held the trigger firm.

“Take him out!”

Shouted President Marvelous.

“I said drop it now or I will shoot you too!”

Shouted the military men all in one voice leaving echoes bouncing everywhere. The suspense and danger were overwhelming that everyone held their hearts in their hands with fear. Sweat droplets quickly formed and grew on Dennis’s forehead. The standstill elevated the uncertainty and increased the stakes and risks of something going wrong. Not even a cough was heard. The silence itself was killing.

“I said drop your gun now! I swear we are going to blast you too!”

Shouted the leader of the military men.

President Rex did not move but instead stood firm and still only angled to aim Dennis’s forehead exactly at the place he had just wiped off sweat droplets.

Miles away.

Gemma sighed before putting a huge book that was in her hands down.

She looked at Dior and Palmer.

“Unless you are saying that he had the foresight in seeing these President’s becoming an obstacle that he decided to play mind games and beat them before they become a threat otherwise, I don’t see it,” she argued.

“Are you saying that he is not our number one suspect? If he is not them who?” Asked Dior.

“I don’t see it. His books have messages against women and children killers. Then going to kill the same kids and women is just out of character,” said Palmer.

“What another way of bringing the problem to their doorstep. Some people understand only when the things they are doing to others start happening to them,” said Gemma.

Dior strode.

“Palmer. Are you suggesting that he killed to make a point? I don’t get it. Trust me killing is in the blood and some people are born like that. Yet some no matter what? They will never do that, and I think he is one of those,” said Dior.

“Yes. I know in normal circumstances, but he is under pressure. Don’t forget that. He has no other ways. The opposition is massive. The only way he can trigger a move toward a system change is when what happened happens. Now he can stall everything. Weakening them by letting the courts challenge them and accuse them of having suffered trauma enough to render them unfit for taking office,” suggested Gemma.

“Damn it. These are Presidents we are talking about. Not just Presidents but the seven most powerful ones,” protested Palmer.

“Still human too. No full metal hearts or nerves, but all flesh and we know all flesh suffers trauma. Worse in that position; especially if told that even though they are the lethal of all. There is nothing they can do. I think that is the killer. That can trigger a sudden death,” added Dior.

There was silence.

Michelle a blond woman entered the office door walking like a model jiggling her assets feeling a million dollars. She wore makeup and a gold necklace and a gold wristwatch. She removed her reading glasses and stood in front of everyone.

“What have I missed?”

“Brainstorming who could be the killer and why?”

“That’s easy. Marson,” she shouted.

They all looked at each other.

“Are you sure Marson?”

Instantly before she replied the barking of a dog startled all. She cursed and walked to the door. She opened the door and kneeled.

“Everyone please welcome Mr. Mason,” she said, holding a small dog.

They all looked at each other.

“I thought you were saying Mason is the culprit. How can you name such a small dog after

Marson? When he is probably the biggest man around this city,” asked Dior.

“I think inside. This is how he feels. Small and pathetic that he has to go to extremes to feel big and good about himself. So, as I was saying he has a motive. Don’t forget he is the one who is that hungry for power. That much that he will take all that stuff to grow so big? Why would one do that? Unless he is going for global domination and that means getting rid of all these Presidents? How can an unknown Marson rise to be the number one alpha-male?”

She walked carrying the dog to the center.

“Blast all their kids and wives knowingly that they will blame T.W.O the very same people he is after. Summoning everyone to go against this T.W.O and to be on his side. Killing two birds with one stone. Clever,” she said.

Autumn a slim tall woman. Probably the perfectionist of the group suddenly opened the door.

She disconnected the conference call.

“I think Marson has all the motives, But, he can’t have killed anyone especially considering that he is a soldier. Don’t forget he has to take orders from all these. I know my father was in the army. He is not at that level to disobey commands without any power of his own. Otherwise, he is a goner,” said Autumn.

“I can’t believe you ruled him out too. So, who is left?”

Anastasia pushed the door open and disconnected the call before entering.

“I know who did it. I can tell you who did it,” she said, putting her phone away.

“Yes, we are listening,” they all said it at the same time.

“One of the top officials deliberately got their own kids and wives or husbands whacked in order to go to war. They outsourced to trigger a national security clause to invoke military action,” said Anastasia seriously.

They all looked at each other.

“If you had kids and a husband you really love surely you will find that hard to do?” Said Dior.

Anastasia looked shocked.

“Why not? If you knew what it means to these men and women, you will believe this is happening,” she defended her stance.

“Getting your loved ones killed just to justify military action is full of holes. I will tell you why. First, the term in office is a few years and most are near the end of their term. Why would they get their families and kids killed? The people they will need for the rest of their lives. Especially after the term in office has ended?”

“A personal motive?”

“Like what?”

Somewhere in the city.

Henry when he arrived home he peeked through the window. He saw Anastasia naked. On top of Hudson Dones making love the moment another woman pushed the door open. Nude as

well before kneeling down to caress her. He felt a volcanic-outburst of anger rising from every part of his body. That he rushed around the house. Opened and pushed the door before running up the stairs to the bedroom. He pushed the bedroom door gently but breathing very hard squinting his eyes in disbelief. As the door hissed to an open he slowly raised the gun and aimed at the unsuspecting trio enjoying lovemaking. Instantaneously the orgasmic moans stopped. The rage that was choking him somehow straightaway evaporated. He felt sweat rapidly trickling down his body. All the hard palpating died down fast. He felt deflated. All the tension went faster than he had anticipated. That he lowered the hand carrying the gun fast and smiled. Instantaneously a bullet sound rocketed the bedroom and the skies.

Tristan opened the curtain and peeked outside.

He cursed and went down the stairs. The moment he opened the door he saw Anastasia but somehow, she did not look at him as she normally does. He instantly saw Hudson Dones putting a coat over her and cursed. He saw Paisley behind them before the double front doors swung open. He saw the paramedic team pulling a stretcher with a body bag strapped there. His heart started pounding hard that he found himself running toward them.

“Stop! Who is in that bag? I said Stop!”

He roared trying to unzip the body bag.

The paramedics ignored him and quickly loaded the stretcher in the back of the vehicle pushing him aside in the process.

He held the doors.

“I have to see that body,” he demanded.

The men looked at each other.

“Okay but be fast. We were not even to take the body but since he killed himself...,” explained one of the paramedics.

“Killed himself?”

Quickly Tristan jumped in and opened the zip of the body bag.

“Henry?”

He cursed when he saw the bullet wound. He looked at the head. He saw blood in his ears, nose, and mouth that had solidified.

“Shouldn’t it be a crime scene then?”

“There is no doubt he shot himself,” said the paramedic cursing.

“How can you be so sure? Did the police say that? Did they investigate already?”

“We were called to a man who needed our help. Now that he is dead ...,” justifies one of them.

“If someone is screwing your wife, do you kill yourself? Or you put a bullet in that asshole?”

He pointed at Hudson Dones as he closed the car door after letting Anastasia in.

“Exactly because he is still walking, and they were together. If that was true, he could have killed him but instead, he shot himself. Look, the man you are referring to is full of beans. Jealous and feelings of being betrayed can cause others to end their lives,” said the paramedic.

“But still I thought this is the job of the police,” said Tristan.

“We did you a favor to see the body,” said the paramedic.

“No. You are cutting corners letting culprits go,” roared Tristan.

“But his wife is there. Look. The one in the car. Again, why didn’t he shoot her or the partner of even the trinity?”

“What trinity?” Asked Tristan looking at the woman getting into the car.

The paramedics pointed at her and Paisley.

“She was banging her too? A threesome? Still, she is walking?”

Tristan looked shocked, and he felt angry. He started running to the car.

“Anastasia is that you? Let me talk to you,” he shouted running to the car.

The old man dashed toward the cart yelling.

“Stop! Anastasia let me ask you a few questions,” said Tristan.

The more he advanced the more his heart pounded. Instantly the window started closing.

“Drive,” said a female voice softly before the engine started.

Tristan arrived and looked at the woman. He stopped suddenly just before the window fully closed. He lunged and held the door handle trying to open the door.

“Old man. Are you crazy you want us to take you to the hospital instead?”

Shouted one of the paramedics.

The old man holding the door handle lifted his head and looked face to face with the woman before he released the door falling nearly getting run over by the car as everyone

screamed in shock.

The paramedics ran after him.

“If we had not shown you the body none of this could have happened. Now we have to take you to the hospital. He could have run you over,” cursed the paramedic.

“It’s not Anastasia,” said Tristan, shaking his head, sitting down.

“What?”

“He might be hallucinating. Get the stretcher!” Shouted one paramedic to another.

Tristan sat down shaking his head.

“That’s not Anastasia. I understand why she could not face me. It’s not her,” dissented Tristan.

The paramedics looked at each other.

“Of course, she will pass for Anastasia. They can fool others but not me,” he added.

The paramedics looked at the man’s bleeding forehead.

“Head injuries to the head and at his age. He could be losing it. How can he say it’s not the wife when she has given a statement? Why would she lie?”

“People don’t shoot themselves for a woman when there are thousands of women out there,” said Tristan.

“Watching her making love. Not to one but two people might have been too much for him,” said the paramedic.

“A threesome with two women is every men’s dream nothing you can kill yourself for?”

“The bottom line is that she was cheating on him. And we found these in his pocket?”

The paramedic flashed empty Viagra packets.

“He might have felt useless,” said one paramedic.

“I don’t care what you say. That is not Anastasia,” he challenged them.

Aurora arrived.

“Tristan, what happened?”

“That’s not Anastasia,” he said.

“That’s Anastasia Tri. I heard her passionate screams just before Henry left for work and in minutes another car parked. I guess Hudson Dones’s. Instantly the orgasmic moans started again. I had to cover my ears with a pillow as the moans were deafening,” said Aurora.

“Did you see the other woman enter the house?”

“What woman? I was looking all along, and I did not see anyone,” she added.

“I think Henry and Anastasia had sex this morning, and all left before these imposters came in. I just can’t explain it,” said Tristan.

“Still if it was not his wife making love to these. Why would he shoot himself?”

“Who said he shot himself?”

They all looked at each other.

“Shot by who and why?”

“By the regime. The police themselves?”

They all laughed.

“Old man, maybe you are injured more than we thought, maybe we will take you to the hospital.”

“I think they found a look-alike because trust me that is not Anastasia,” said Tristan.

“Why are you so sure?”

“I would never forget or mistaken someone I looked deep into the eyes every time I made love to,” said Tristan.

Aurora slapped him.

“What are you talking about?”

“They might have brought the other woman. The very moment Henry just finished having sex with Anastasia. The woman you saw was this imposter. After Anastasia has left. Making you think it’s her. They might have known that Henry would be very jealous too to come back and check. That could explain the Viagra in his pockets. But when he came back. He found a threesome. Angry he pulled out the gun and ran inside only to find a different woman but one who looked just like his wife. He relaxed. Happy the woman fucking Hudson Dones and the other woman is not his wife. He dropped the gun, but the woman or Hudson Dones or the third woman then shot him. A murder that looks now like suicide,” said Tristan.

“But why Tri?”

“House. Life insurance or something?”

“But why did you say that the police themselves are the ones behind this?”

“Who else can frame people like that? Then goes on to say that they are hallucinating than

these crooks? I know from experience. This switching is their tactics. Planned for weeks and or even months. To trick you and deceive you like now thinking that it is Anastasia when it's not," argued Tristan.

"But why?"

"Ask why they sent these guys? The paramedics to tamper with the crime scene removing the body before any investigations?"

"Hey! Don't pick on us. We were told that the person is still alive," argued one of the men.

"Alive? With a bullet hole to the head? Are you bloody crazy? Trust me that is not Anastasia," profusely argued Tristan.

"Let's say you are right. Why would the police set them up?"

Tristan shook his head and thought for a while.

"She kept telling me that she is going somewhere on government business. Something to do with the assassinations of the President's families," said Tristan.

They all looked at each other.

Tristan suddenly collapsed.

The paramedics rushed to the vehicle to get a stretcher.

The ambulance with Tristan, his wife Aurora, the body of Henry, and the two paramedics sped to the hospital sirens at full blast overtaking other cars.

Later at the hospital.

Aurora slept at the benches outside the operating room. A doctor left the operating room

and walked to where she was sleeping and touched her shoulder.

“I am afraid there were complications. He developed a blood clot. I am sorry he died,” said the doctor.

A scream tore the hospital halls. Aurora cried irrepressibly.

Miles away.

Anastasia entered the conference room with everyone else seated.

“Don’t keep us waiting,” yelled the Executive Branch leaders.

“Tell us, Mrs. Anastasia. Why you of all the people? Think that it’s an inside job. Which part did you not understand?”

“I am sorry. I thought you requested my services so that I tell you what I think. And not what you suggest,” she roared.

“Yes. But words are like veld fires. Fires that scorch everything for no concrete reasons. If uncontrolled. Can do real damage most irreparable. Above all image is everything and there are reputations at stake here. I think it’s not only foolish of you. But also insulting that so early in the investigations. You have already suggested that the grieving Presidents carried out a self-inflicting act. To harm themselves. I think if you are not cautious. The EB can bring charges on you. So, proceed very carefully,” argued the leader of the EB.

“That sounds like a threat? Why did you call me here then?”

“You are not getting my point. Go with the flow, it’s too early. There are fresh wounds and poking into them is not advisable here. This is a sensitive topic,” advised Mariah a member of

the EB.

“I will tell you why. I don’t take threats. I think they might have eaten their ‘own eggs’ to put it politely. To justify the military,” she got interrupted by the huge buzz and hissings.

“Let me continue? Yes. To justify the military action; the very argument why they want this investigation. Not to find the truth. No. But to justify and to exonerate themselves when they have killed innocent women and children out there,” she thundered.

There was a sense of anger and disbelief evidenced by the huge noises and commotions that Mariah had to point to the military men with guns to take center stage as well.

“She has a big mouth, and she is uncontrollable,” whispered Lily.

“What do you suggest? We give her the lesbian; Gianna?” Asked Ryder looking at Lily.

“No. I think it’s too early for that,” said Lily.

“Damn it. You are taking risks. What if she is to talk like that on the day?”

“Let me handle this,” said Lily.

“You said that last time and I nearly lost my job,” argued Ryder.

“I know. Trust me, I have my men working on it,” Lily assured Ryder.

“Her credibility is astonishing and might be hard to convince people otherwise. I suggest Gianna might calm her down. Soothe all that rage out in a lesbian romp,” suggested Ryder.

“There is still time,” said Lily.

“Why did they pick her in the first place when they know she is not loyal to our cause?”

“Forwarded by the main court. The Executive Branch had rejected her, but the court put

demands in place to make sure that the investigation was fair.

“So, as I was saying they didn’t see it coming. That Tomorrow’s World Order will push for the temporary insanity clause,” said Anastasia before interrupted by the huge commotion and hissings.

“Silence!”

“As I was saying. They did not anticipate that. Otherwise, they will have triggered military action on national security grounds,” argued Anastasia.

“Who do you think did this then? It can’t be all the EB or the Presidents themselves?”

“That I won’t reveal now as it’s too early to put fingers in that way. I just thought you should know my line of thought,” argued Anastasia.

“Yes. But everyone else gave us a suspect. Giving that person arguments for and against. So that we weigh all and see if it’s a strong argument to open an investigation or not.

There was a momentary silence.

“Damn it. You must give us something to work with,” cursed Mariah.

Anastasia looked scared and looked at everyone.

“My chief suspect is...,” she didn’t finish her sentence.

Instantly the door opened. They all looked to see who it was.

Miles away

“Financial industry’s Gatekeeper?”

They kneeled near the body covering their mouths and noses.

“Body badly decomposed beyond recognition. If it wasn’t for the ID. We might have difficulties knowing what we know now,” argued one officer.

They looked around and collected information before the lab technicians arrived.

“Secure the scene and start gathering evidence,” requested Detective Dexter.

He looked at detective Holly.

“You. Come with me lets go,” he said.

Later at the biggest bank in the city.

“Do you have any reasons why someone would want the Gatekeeper dead?”

“Honestly we have no idea. This came as a shock to us. He had taken time off going on vacation,” said the woman.

“But I understand the holiday was only three weeks and you are saying he was not coming to work for nearly 6 weeks meaning three extra weeks surely you should have raised the alarm,” argued the detective.

“Detective you are talking about the rich people of the city. Not millionaires but people with power. People who can decide to extend their holidays anytime without anyone questioning that,” she said.

They looked at each other.

“Gatekeeper? Can you tell us what they involve? Don’t get us wrong but what we have in mind is a lower level gatekeeper approving people for accounts opening, etc.,” said the

detective.

Daisy laughed.

“He is part of corporate management. But that’s where he started. But has risen to the ranks above. Vetting potential clients; companies and even countries that intend to do business with the bank,” said Daisy.

“Anyone who would want him dead?”

“Obviously everyone he had made an adverse decision on because we are talking about the vetting guru here. To decide who gets loans or is accepted as a shareholder etc. Surely, he deals with the rich of the richest and his decision can break or mend dreams,” she added.

They looked at each other.

“I want a list of all the people he had vetted. Especially those he had denied services with the bank over the past say three months,” requested the detective.

“No problem, anything that makes you find the killer detective,” said Daisy.

The detectives’ car headed out of the city center heading to the urban area.

“So, what happened to detective Frankie?”

The sound of the car screeching its tires alarmed some. The detective slammed hard on the brakes causing it to skid to a stop.

“But if that affects you and this job and as you drive most of the time maybe we should talk about this,” suggested detective Holly.

“Damn it. What are you saying, detective? Are you questioning my skills and

attentiveness?”

“Of course, if you are to take me down with you as well why not? I am responsible for my own life and that means making sure that I can trust you. The very reason you refused to work with me in front of the boss. You thought I was slow, and fat may be a security risk as I can slow you down or distract you. So here I am expressing the same fears. I have watched you driving,” she explained.

“Bullshit. If you want to drive just say so,” said the detective.

“OK, where are we going?”

“I will keep driving. Just see where I will take you,” he said.

“It doesn’t work that way,” she protested.

The car engine came to life before it roared as they got back in the road.

Later the car turned into a side road and followed the rugged terrain before it came to a stop. Detective Dexter slumped on the seat and closed and squinted his eyes.

“Where are we? What is this place?”

“This is the last time I saw detective Frankie,” said detective Dexter.

“So, you come here every day, right?”

“Here is where it all went wrong,” he said.

Detective Holly remained silent staring at him.

“So that day in the office it wasn’t about me but all about you? Oh, I know why. It’s not about me, is it? It’s all about you?” She instantly got out of the car.

“Get out of the car now?”

She pointed the gun at him.

“The reason you refused to work with me is that it’s you with an issue. Are you an alcoholic? Are you on drugs? I said bloody get out of the vehicle now!”

Detective Dexter brushed it off before detective Holly cocked the gun.

“Get out of the car now!”

Detective Dexter got out.

“Take out your piece and throw it on the passenger seat now.”

“It’s not necessary,” advised the detective.

“Let me be the judge of that. Hands up,” she shouted.

Detective Dexter lifted his hands.

She kicked his legs spreading them.

“Hands-on the bonnet now!”

“I received the same training as you,” he said calmly.

“I don’t give a toss you bastard. Trying to get me killed right?”

“What are you talking about?”

“When was the last time you had a goodnight’s sleep? Are you taking sleeping pills?”

She smelled his breath and started searching him.

“When this happened. Did you take time off? How often do you come here?”

The detective laughed.

“What is so funny?”

“Nothing.”

“Did you have this problem before the disappearance of detective Frankie?”

Detective Holly aimed and stood still with the finger on the trigger.

“Son of a bitch. Where is detective Frankie? What did you do to detective Frankie? Tell me or I will bloody blow your head off. If you think you can do the same to me, then think again. I asked a question. What did you do to detective Frankie?”

“What makes you think so?”

“I am not just a paper-pusher you know. That breakdown must have been caused by feelings of self-guilty. Tormented inside. Probably you killed him by accident while bloody sleeping on the wheel,” she raised the gun higher angling the head.

“Why did you change the car? I believe you were involved in an accident. Was it before or after the disappearance of detective Frankie?”

“What are you implying?”

“You killed detective Frankie. Maybe by mistake and covered it up. Look it’s a new car, and you have bumped into something already,” she quickly retrieved the radio.

“Headquarters I have a suspect here with me and I need back-up right away,” she requested.

“Are you bloody mad? How can you even suggest that? He was my partner for Christ’s sake,” argued the detective.

“So, where is he?”

“Help me find him,” he pleaded.

“Clever but not clever. You know where he is. You know where you have buried him. Why did you not take time off when he disappeared? Why did you refuse the transfer? Why come here every day and not do your job?”

“Damn it. You, fat cow. This is my job. Finding detective Frankie is my job. He was my partner. If I can’t find a missing cop. What is good to me at finding a bloody stranger before I find my partner?”

“You have some guts calling me all that and implying that I have anything to do with his disappearance,” roared detective Dexter.

“Everyone believes you have something to hide. I am your caseworker and I think you are rotten. A bloody dodgy cop,” she argued.

“What? You must be joking,” he added.

“I am not joking because I am going to arrest your sorry ass,” she advised.

Instantly police sirens became audible from afar. As the sounds became more audible so as the distraught on detective Dexter’s face.

“This is a mistake. You won’t get away with this,” he protested.

“Is that what you said to detective Frankie before you killed him? I read the complaint report he lodged about you and your threatening behavior. When he asked you what was wrong with you? So that means you had some personal issues even before you killed him?”

“I did not kill detective Frankie okay,” advised detective Dexter.

His heart started pounding as the sounds of the sirens became more audible as the blue flashes were now visible.

“You are making a mistake,” he argued.

“You were under investigation. We believe you killed the detective and you are a danger to anyone you work with,” said detective Holly aiming at him.

“Bullshit? They are setting me up,” he argued.

“Why would the police force set you up? When you work for them?”

“My sin is that I come and park here while files are piling on the boss’s desk. I made an oath to find him first before I worked on another case. I just guess I was very hopeful,” he said.

“More than six months?” Asked detective Holly.

“Yes, I know they started calling me an Oxygen-thief. Stealing government money. Getting paid for nothing. Of course, all this to get me off their payroll,” he said.

“Just a cover-up. But we all know you are dirty. You might have killed him and hid his body somewhere. Maybe here and you come here to gloat,” she suggested.

“You bitch. If it wasn’t for the backup cars...,” he paused.

“You could have killed me like you did to detective Frankie, right? You scumbag. Useless piece of a cow. It’s coppers like you getting the name tainted. That everyone thinks we are a waste of time,” she said.

Detective Holly looked in his eyes. Just before the two cars arrived. A tear dropped from

his right eye. That it rolled down and fell on the bonnet. Then the two officers grabbed him and handcuffed him. Then took him away.

Detective Holly stood there looking at him as he was sitting in the back seat of one of the cars. The driver jumped in before the cars were driven off.

Detective Holly sat in the car with the door open and pondered about what had just happened.

She got out and searched the area. She looked around the area. Instantly she stopped as her heart started beating up swiftly. She ran to the car and quickly drove backward before instantly pressing the brakes hard. She quickly got out and ran to the bonnet of the car and retrieved a small shovel. That was half the size of a normal shovel and stood where the car was. Scanning the whole area. Her heart skipped a bit as she noticed the differences in the vegetation growth. She saw a patch that is the size of a human being in a horizontal position. She put the gun away. Then folded her sleeves before putting the shovel down. Stepping hard on it pushing it deep into the land and lifting earth and throwing it to the side. Her heart now in active fast mode pounding. She breathed hard and the more she thought about this. The more she dug deep down. Minutes later she was at knee level still digging. A crackling sound from the car radio startled her. She stopped and wiped the sweat with the back of her hand before cursing. She then got out and walked to the car. She bent down and inserted her body inside the car and took the radio's receiver out.

“Detective Holly,” she answered.

There was only the crackling sound.

“Detective Holly over,” she repeated.

There was silence. She listened before putting the radio back. She stopped and looked around. Her heart somehow started beating fast. She thought about finding the body of detective Frankie in that hole. That she quickly walked back and started digging the second she jumped in. She stopped. Her heart was pounding even harder. She quickly kneeled and picked up something. She instantly threw the shovel down and looked at what it was.

“Well, well, well, digging your own grave,” a voice startled her.

Her heart tore at the sound of that voice as it was a familiar voice.

“What are you doing here? I thought...,”

She looked shocked.

“How did you get away? Detective,” she asked scared scanning the area.

“Very predictable. Just like detective Frankie. I want the job. I want the job. But can’t even bother training to be fit. Just sitting at the desk. The Oxygen-thief is you, because I am doing what I am supposed to do,” he argued.

Her heart was rhyming hard as he lifted the gun.

“Are you saying all this is a setup? But why?”

“Just like you have set me up,” he argued.

“The boss said you are traumatized and obsessed with finding detective Frankie that you have become a risk to everyone else. Refusing to take time off, vacation, or even a transfer,”

she said.

“Hilarious,” he said.

“A bloody-lazy cow. Better if you knew how to do paperwork. It is you. The very people tarnishing the name of the force. Where did you lose it? All the talk about keeping fit and all that?”

“I don’t care about all that because I am not a murderer. I would rather get you put-away than blast you,” she said.

“I would rather blast you and create jobs for people like you. To get you out of the office into the field here,” he said.

“But I don’t get it. So. Did you blast detective Frankie? Is it because he was chubby? That makes no sense. Tell me the truth?”

“You want to know the truth?”

“Yes. Bastard,” she cursed.

She instantaneously pulled a gun and aimed at him as well.

“The force had been defunded,” he explained.

“What? Why can’t they just lay-us off instead of getting us to kill each other?”

“You don’t get it. Do you? If they lay you off. Then the people who voted to defund us will have won,” he argued.

“What are you saying? You think it’s better if we kill each other?”

“Imagine a police officer going missing? That can become headlines. That can force the

government to reconsider. Everyone will feel scared. If a law office can't save himself. What about the ordinary people? That way they will reconsider their decision and fund us," he explained.

"Bullshit. I can't die for that bullshit. If I knew it was this serious. I could have simply walked away. Get a transfer or even a job change," she said.

"They need you too. Imagine if two officers are missing not more than six months apart. Two counts and that grabs much attention that even the president will not ignore this issue," he added.

"You must be joking right?"

"That is detective Frankie's watch," said detective Dexter retrieving a photo of himself and detective Frankie before throwing it in the pity she had just dug.

Detective Holly now fear-stricken started sobbing. She aimed at him.

"Don't try anything stupid," she said.

She kneeled and picked up the photo looking and aiming at him. She cursed.

"So, I was right? You killed detective Frankie. But why? He was your partner?"

"The boss needed our help. We made oaths to serve the country and the president. The pressures from the rights movement led by Tomorrow's World Order and others forced the government to defund the police. Citing many reasons," he said.

"Like what?"

She asked.

“The people are complaining that they are funding the very people killing them. The very reason why the courts exonerated the government and the police in that the courts partly found the people to blame. They argued that it is irrational that they know their money is used to fund them. Then launch a legal case against them accusing them of murder, secret genocide, and torture yet they continue to fund them. Through taxes and national insurance. Surely the judges argued that if that were serious the people would deny paying the taxes. This is just an act of unreasonable people. If there was a real risk or even perceived for that matter from this police force. Surely the judge found out that the people would refuse to pay taxes. He explained that a reasonable man would not sacrifice his money knowing it will fund say terrorist the very terrorist who are coming to harm him or his children. The fact that they never protested in funding them means they trust them so all this talk about torture, human rights abuse, etc. is nonsense. If they are serious, the first thing is not to encourage them by refusing to pay these taxes. Until that is done then they have no case to answer. He then threw the case out,” he explained.

“Is that why they stopped funding the police force?” Asked Detective Holly.

“There are a lot of things at stake and when the boss told me he cried like a baby. He told me that all his family generations were in the force. Defunding will only result in cuts and his job is not safe,” he added.

“So, you thought killing your partner is the answer?”

“Don’t talk to me about morals. He is like a soldier. A lot is at stake and the force needs

you. If I blast you right now, you will not have died in vain. For things like this. One involving human rights etc. the force members must sacrifice for the survival of the force. We will honor after you died,” he explained.

Detective Holly felt like she was dreaming. She looked around to see that she was not dreaming.

“Let me go. I will go far away. So far away that no one will find me. I don’t want to die,” she pleaded.

“I know. That is exactly what detective Frankie said before I blasted him. But he did get the message. You are doing a national duty. Serving the force from these rights movements. You will be honored and above all. If we pretend and let you go. Then tomorrow that will come and bite us in the ass. Surely. We don’t want that. Above all. You should see how convincing it is. When you see his wife crying like a baby on national television. Real emotions to move hearts. Not just hearts though, but also the support and the people pledges as well. Above all win the ears of all those people trying to dry us out. I just bet your empathy-less husband will put on a show. Because we want to win the people’s support back for the next six months,” he explained.

She sobbed uncontrollably raising her gun higher to his head.

“Maybe I shoot you and let your wife put on a show. You are still dying for the force,” she said.

“The boss chose me because I am strong. Imagine if this gets out? People like you will

never keep things to your grave. But I can,” he argued.

She sobbed profusely.

“So, the Gatekeeper was it you too? Or the force as a whole?”

Instantaneously two gunshots rocketed the skies. A loud sharp scream of pain that instantly died out as well tore the skies the same time a dull growling of pain was heard for a split-second or less.

Miles away at Devil’s Eye Island.

“No. I don’t want to see you,” replied Calvin.

“Last night and this morning you made love to Ayla and not to me. The woman you love, and not me, Cal,” said Claudia.

“Whatever. Go away,” shouted Calvin.

“I believe you still love this woman and now after emptying your sacks now you will think with your head and not the head of your penis. I wish you the best. What you saw today between me and Rufus was meant for your good. So that you only think about Ayla, the woman you love, and not me too. I did it for you. We agreed on a one-timer. Now I bet you don’t want to see me anymore. I am going anyway. Rufus will take you back,” said Claudia as she started walking off. Immediately Calvin came out. She stopped and looked at him. Suddenly a boat appeared with another guy waving at Claudia.

“I better be going Calvin,” said Claudia walking toward the boat.

“No wait,” said Calvin coming out.

“The bank sent me a message. That money has been deducted. I thought this was for you to stay with me?” Said Calvin.

She smiled.

“You said a one-off,” said Claudia.

She started laughing.

“What is so funny?” Asked Calvin.

“I think they thought you were interested in Rufus. He sent me away too,” said Claudia looking at Rufus sitting miles away.

“No. I am straight. It’s only that I was still in deep love with my lady Ayla,” said Calvin walking toward Claudia.

“Any now?”

“I am still in love with her, but I guess sex clouded my judgment as well. Now that that is sorted out. The urgency has evaporated,” said Calvin looking at the man in the boat.

The other man in the boat started shouting and calling Claudia.

“I am coming hang on,” shouted Claudia.

“If you meet her, just remember to overshoot the runway,” she blew a kiss at him.

She walked away but stopped suddenly.

“Oh, by the way, if you stay another day they will deduct more money from your account. You can come with me. My friend will drop you off,” said Claudia running to the boat.

“Get your things if you want. Hurry!” Shouted Claudia.

Rufus looked at Calvin with the corner of his eyes and smiled. Quickly Calvin grabbed his things.

“Thanks, Rufus,” said Calvin running to the boat.

“Welcome kid,” said Rufus sipping his beer.

Rufus watched as the boat sped off.

Later.

Calvin arrived as a different man. He locked himself in his flat for days. One morning a text message woke him up.

“It’s Claudia if you happen to have the chance don’t forget to overshoot the runway over and over again. Best wishes.”

Somehow, he felt a longing for a session with Claudia that he picked up the phone and dialed. The call was diverted to voicemail.

“Hi, it is Ayla. I am on holiday. Please leave your name and number and I will get back to you.”

He listened to the message and cursed. He walked out of the bedroom to the bathroom and the phone started ringing. Quickly he rushed back to the bedroom and answered the call slumping on the bed looking at the ceiling mirror on top of his bed.

“Darling. I tried calling you just to check up on you. To check if you are all right. And if you can come back early from your holidays,” said Calvin, upbeat and enthusiastic.

The person on the other hand started giggling and laughing.

“Hello,” instantly Calvin checked the caller’s identity.

“Claudia, sorry. I thought it was Ayla,” said Calvin feeling embarrassed.

“I was in the neighborhood. I wanted to check if you had already overshot the runway. But I guess you haven’t yet. I can come around and I have great news for you. I will explain when we meet. What is your address?”

“What is the news regarding?” Asked Calvin.

“The key,” she instantly replied.

“Key? But I thought you said it’s a money scheme for the holiday resort?” Asked Calvin confused.

“Do you want me to come or not?” Asked Claudia.

A few minutes later.

Calvin opened the door and saw Claudia on the doorstep.

“Don’t make any noises my sister is home,” requested Calvin.

He held her hand and pulled her inside running the steps to his flat in the house, a self-contained flat.

“The holiday resort deducted money from your account, and on your last day if you haven’t found the key. They do private detective work for you. To keep you hooked and interested. So that when things are back to normal. Money-wise. You can still come back and pursue your treasure quest hunt,” said Claudia removing her coat jacket.

“But you told me that all that was a lie,” asked Calvin confused.

“You were bleeding Calvin. Your bank account was near zero, but we have noticed that you have accumulated funds quickly,” said Claudia.

“Damn it. Does that mean you hacked my bank account?” Asked Calvin upset.

“Not us Calvin. The government. The regime. Yes. We pay a certain fee to access this information. If you want someone to blame. Then, I suggest blaming the regime,” replied Claudia.

“So, what is this news?” Asked Calvin.

“We have found a key owner who wants to negotiate. Certain circumstances are forcing the person to consider an exchange. Meaning you can get it at a bargain,” she paused.

“And I am a gift to you. You can overshoot the runway again,” said Claudia before she started undressing.

“Just don’t scream my sister is home. This should be the last time because Ayla is coming home in two days,” said Calvin spooning Claudia passionately.

A few minutes later a taxi stopped outside Calvin’s flat. Ayla got out to loud orgasmic moans. At first, her heart started pounding. She then giggled and as it sinks in she fumed but quickly rubbed off the idea. She thought about Calvin. She felt relaxed and went inside her flat. Claudia on her way out, buttoned her trouser pants outside the flat bumping into Calvin’s sitter who was just about to enter inside the flat.

“Who are you?” She asked.

“The delivery girl. I bought information for Calvin about the key,” said Claudia buttoning

her blouse. She smiled and walked to her car before driving off.

Ayla instantly came out of the house and saw Calvin's sister with one leg inside the flat.

"Hey, I didn't expect to see you here so early," said the sister coming out.

"Were you home since morning?" She asked.

Immediately Calvin came out before she answered.

"Hey, Calvin. I thought you were still on a treasure hunt. When did you come back?"

He smiled.

"Were you home this morning?"

"Where are you going?" Asked Calvin looking at his sister.

"What do you mean I just got here?"

"So, it was you?" Fumed Ayla.

"To collect my keys. My boyfriend is waiting for me," said Calvin's sister getting into the flat.

"Did she have a boyfriend?" Ayla was confused.

"Even if she had she wouldn't tell," replied Calvin.

"So, what happened with the treasure hunt you were talking about?" Asked Ayla.

"I have a lead. A promising one," said Calvin. He paused.

He held her hand.

"I have never loved anyone the way I love you. I want to be with you forever," said Calvin looking at the beautiful Ayla.

“Trust can make us or break us,” she said honestly.

They locked eyes.

“So, I will ask you a question. Who was making the orgasmic noises the time I arrived? I want the truth,” she insisted.

“I don’t know. But what is the big deal you were on holiday with another man? Meaning you might have made the noises too,” said Calvin.

“Are you seeing someone else?”

“I waited all this time for you because I love only you,” said Calvin.

She started sobbing.

“It hurts to know that you were cheating on me even today. I guess you didn’t expect me until two days from now. In that case, I have to go because you keep on lying to me. I want the truth. Damn it. Cal,” she cursed.

“Where are you going?” Queried Calvin.

“I told you the truth. I was expecting you to come and take me from this man,” said Ayla.

“What?” Questioned Calvin shocked.

“Why did you go out with him in the first place leaving me here? I asked if we can go together and you said no,” fumed Calvin upset.

“You were supposed to take me from him. He was just to check if you were serious or not. He was not supposed to eat the fruit,” she started crying.

Calvin shook in disbelief. At one point he had to pinch himself to make sure that he was

not dreaming.

“So, what happened?”

“You didn’t show up. He suggested you were seeing another woman. He started flattering me and flirting with me. I was at my lowest. Thinking you rejected me. So, I picked up the phone and rang you,” said Ayla.

“I did not get any messages from you,” said Calvin checking his phone.

“A woman answered and told me her name as Claudia,” said Ayla before sobbing.

Calvin’s heart started pounding. His face flushed red.

“That was two weeks into the treasure hunt,” said Calvin.

She sobbed.

“I waited for you for two weeks. Nothing was going on between me and this man. When I phoned she confessed you were overshooting the runway,” said Ayla.

Calvin instantly felt lied to and tricked. He paced. The fact that she came today the same day Ayla came back raised suspicion.

“Shooting the runway, what is that?” Enquired Calvin, not sure they were talking about the same thing.

She suddenly started removing her clothes. For the first time, Calvin felt confused. This is what he had waited all this life yet somehow, he couldn’t face the truth. In a flash, she was down to her knickers. On-the-spot blood rushed all from his head to his groin. Immediately he held her hand and walked to the bed. Instantaneously a flash of Rufus overshooting the runway

with Claudia flashed in his face. He instantly pictured the other man doing the same to Ayla; the woman of his dreams. A sudden burst of emotions frightened him that the blood in his groin rushed to his head. Feelings of anger submerged him.

“So, you know what is overshooting the runway?” asked Calvin, hoping she would say no.

“I will show you and tell you what to do, come,” she said laying down flat on the bed pulling her hair and throwing it behind her head.

“Your head must pass my hair level,” she said looking at him. He felt like choking with jealousy and feelings of being betrayed. She looked at his groin.

“What’s wrong? You are not ready,” she asked giggling.

She instantly spread her legs.

“Shoot past my head then back and forth again,” she advised.

Somehow to Calvin, it sounded very familiar that he looked at her to make sure who was saying that. The louder her orgasmic moans, the louder the volume of the stereo in the adjacent flat. But still, that did not stop her.

Somehow Calvin woke up feeling like the morning after witnessing Rufus overshooting the runway with Claudia. He physically touched his cheeks to make sure he wasn’t crying. He felt pained somehow. Jealousy and betrayal overwhelmed him.

“I love you, Calvin. I promise from now on I will never cheat on you. Even though it wasn’t intentional. You must have shown that you love me and want to be with me. Why let another man take me? What if he had got me pregnant?”

Calvin instantly thought about Rufus and his story. A strange feeling crippled him. He hugged her and kissed her. The woman he loved. But somehow, he did not feel like he had expected.

“Love is confusing. Now that I got everything I longed for, I still feel something is missing,” he whispered to himself. He thought about Claudia and everything that had happened. He cursed.

“If all that had not happened could he be feeling like this or he could have been satisfied by Ayla? Surely, he knew no one could answer that.

She started crying.

Calvin was surprised.

“Are they tears of joy,” he asked.

“When I came back today. I thought you were making love to another woman. I have never felt that kind of pain before. I felt my world falling apart. I have never felt so much sadness in my entire life,” she sobbed as they hugged.

Calvin cursed. He realized that this was time to spill the beans and start afresh.

“I have something to tell you,” said Calvin.

She sat down on the bed next to him. Instantly there was a knock at the door.

## Chapter Six

“Without this Dennis and his law companions. The military men are powerless. He is the problem. The one pushing this. We don’t care if he suffered the same fate as us. I say it’s wrong trying to correct his own mistakes by punishing us. What he is doing is payback by being a Jesus. We must react like the way he did years back. Now he is like a dying horse. One foot in the grave. Nothing to look forward to. Now amending his past at our expense. I say to hell with him and all this,” shouted President Patrick.

“I will kill anyone trying to stop us. That includes the Executive Branch leaders,” he added.

One of the military men stared and locked eyes with President Rex. Then with President Patrick and then with everyone else. He sensed real danger. He realized that the stakes had been raised. His heart all of a sudden started pounding. He realized that this situation is the forbidden scenario. He felt that these Presidents meant whatever they said. He realized he was not in the same shoes as them. He realized the predicament he was in. Surely these Presidents after what they went through. Now dispossessing them of their guns was out of the question. They had successfully argued in the courts. That what they suffered was beyond anything any men had gone through. Above all. The enemy was still lurking and out there. Guns in their hands were the only available form of defense open to them. Ever since they have been known to hold the guns twenty-four-seven even in the shower and in their sleep. The man sensed things getting out of hand easily. The men’s rage levels were going up by the second.

A crackling voice sound startled all and put all the Presidents into action. Turning their guns from Dennis and Tim to the military men.

“The situation at the conference hall is getting out of control, I need to keep a direct line and possibly some backup. Over,” requested the senior military men.

“Roger that!”

The men inserted an earpiece and plugged in an audio jack that cut the crackling voice sounds.

The Presidents’ hearts started, pounded heavily.

“I will ask you again? Whose side are you on?” Repeated President Rex.

“Your side, Sir. We just want you to be addressed on the way forward. It’s your right. That this is explained to you and that you understand everything,” added the man.

“Now trying to be a smooth negotiator. A devious, manipulating, and calculating cheat. Now that you are on the radio you are trying to show us some respect?”

Shouted President Rex.

“What is wrong with that Sir?”

“Buying time. I know you have called for backup,” shouted President Rex.

“It is a predicament for me. I mean for us. Never heard a situation like this before. Where we work without dispossessing the other side of their weapons and to be honest. I don’t think there are rules on how to deal with this. Our first rule. Disposes of the other of any arms and removes threats and risks. You can see why I have made all this live-on-air. I will need a quick

response in case you decide to be renegades or cowboys, as someone put it,” he explained.

“Bastards. Backstabbers. Who then is that bastard on the other side? Give me that? Let me talk to him,” shouted President Rex aiming the gun at the man.

“I cannot do that Sir. Until you have listened to what Dennis is to say,” alleged the military man.

“Fair enough. What is stopping you?” Bellowed President Marvelous pointing her gun at Dennis.

“Don’t make me keep repeating myself. Now listen attentively. We established the Executive Branch to take over from you. The courts...”

“Backstabbing bastards,” shouted President Knox for the first time.

“When we were moaning our families. You were busy skimming. Looking for ways to replace us. Where is the trust in your leaders? That is so unfair to us. We were grieving, this is inhumane,” he added.

“We can’t leave things to chance. What happened? We believe it happened for a reason? Such an attack and the way it happened has left us with no option but to establish a new temporary governing branch; the Executive Branch,” added Dennis.

“We are not the first ones and surely not the last ones. Don’t you think that you are a bit harsh with us? You should be sympathizing with us,” pleaded President Marvelous shading tears for the first time.

“I am meant to be strong and the President but losing my husband and kids like that will

cause enormous pain even to any man,” she added.

There was a moment of silence.

“It’s not just the attacks we are concerned about,” enlightened Dennis looking at the military men as well.

“It’s the way they were carried out. Simultaneously and in public. That is a cause of concern to us all,” said Dennis.

“Exactly. The same and very reason. Why you must side with us and not with the enemy. What you are doing. Is exactly what this enemy wants you to do. So, that his plan of killing us all and taking over becomes a reality,” explained President Knox.

“Again. Just rubbing all that in our face,” shouted President Maxwell.

“Wait and see what we will do to them and their kids,” roared President Patrick firing a shot in the air. That sent everyone ducking but the military men who raised their guns angling them at his head level.

“Sir. I told you! Not to do that. Second count! Now you must hand in your gun. I have two strikes against you. Two bloody counts. Hand your gun now! Or else I have to have my men restrain you,” thundered the military man.

“If you have a death wish son. Then go ahead,” replied President Patrick cunningly and in a cool, confident but arrogant manner.

The military man looked very upset. He had had enough of this nonsense. These men were to act as leaders for Christ’s sake and know when and to whom to use what force. He thought.

Now he was not having it. He advanced forward toward President Patrick, shouting.

“Sir! Drop it now or I will drop you. I have a specific command. That’s two counts now. I warned you. I can’t take chances. So, put the goddamn gun down now!”

He screamed. Signaling his men. Calling them to follow. Aiming at President Patrick. The President called him bluffing at first. But the men had had enough of his tactics. Head straight up, index finger on the trigger, raised level shoulders. Gun pointed on President Patrick’s head, he advanced.

“Put the gun down now!”

He screamed. Rage and raw wrath evident in his voice pattern.

He cocked up the gun and aimed.

“I said drop it now! Go to hell! Damn it.”

He screamed so loud that President Patrick felt like his eardrums had exploded. He felt the words sinking inside his body and triggering one of the fastest heartbeats he had ever felt. Somehow the President looked down on his chest as his body literally moved with the vibrations of his heart poundings. The man was a few feet away. President Patrick looked at the other Presidents and saw all lowering their guns as the military man urged forward, screaming and shouting so loud that echoes could be heard from far away. He felt panic-stricken and shocked that he was alone on this one. He felt his world falling apart. For the first time in his life. He felt so low. He felt like crying at one point. He did not know why the tears did not roll out otherwise inside he was in emotional-turmoil, and great torment. For the first time he felt

like a victim. Being abused on top of that as a cover-up for the abuse he had already suffered. He recalled someone telling him that sometimes the body shuts down other functions. Like the releasing of tears when in great shock. As a defense mechanism to cushion the nervous system from further traumatic damage. Surely this is what was happening to him. The point his body had reached was the zenith. The highest point his body can endure before the breaking point. A point of no return. The elastic-culmination point. A point where most experience just seconds before death. Instantly he felt very vindictively revengeful that he lifted the gun fearlessly, aiming at the military man's head. He felt anxious though. He felt thirsty. He felt so hungry that he was salivating as his mouth dried up. He felt a quick arousal feeling that quickly disappeared leaving him feeling like he was peeing himself. He felt cravings before a deep, dark sense of fear and death triggered a quick response. He started advancing to meet the military man head-on. Everyone looked in shock and disbelief.

“Drop your weapon last warning!!”

President Marvelous at one point pinched herself. She felt like she was dreaming. She felt goosebumps. Then chills and hot flashes before feeling pins and needles. The suspense was overpowering. The tension and risks were critical. This was new territory for all. Surely, anything was bound to happen. It was so dangerous and unpredictable that it could only be a dream to many. She realized that it would be by luck. That by the end of the day no one would have been shot and dead. Both sides with guns, yet highly in disagreements. Was a situation she had never been in before. They all looked as President Patrick advancing with the gun raised in

his expensive suit. Walking as if he was going to receive the Man-of-the year award. His head raised, emitting, confidence and courage. They say you are the strongest moments after death in situations like this and that was evidenced by his body posture and confidence. Then again, the others thought he wanted an easy way out. Looking at the odds against these lethal military men. The best of the best. He had no chance. It seemed suicidal. But then again, he was grieving. A man left naked by the killings of his family. Exposed in every meaning of the word. Could Dennis be telling the truth that such traumatic events would render even the most powerful men and women in the world temporarily incapable of exercising sound judgment? This was the moment of truth. The nerves of watching and the uncertainty were lethal themselves. The indistinctness left hearts pounding to bursting levels. Most of the hearts, this day would be left shredded with the vibrations. But then again these were the toughest of the tough ones. There was only one way to find out.

For the first time, they all started thinking about this temporary insane thing. Could it be true that they were losing it so badly that it has caused them to react differently? Could President Patrick be worse than all of them? Surely, they had lost how many times he had fired shots in the air or at Dennis. If it was someone else could he be getting away with murder? They all looked at each other. They all sensed danger and dread. What if it's the plan of the person who killed their families also for them to die at the hands of their military men? Men whom they ordered around like dogs? Was this fate? Their destiny, and if so, would they go out cheaply like that? President Rex growled in pain at the last minute.

“Stop!”

The military man stood a few feet away. Breathing hard and pointing the gun at the President. They locked eyes. A ball of sweat instantly rolled down the President’s face and slashed on his shoes. He looked at the barrel of the gun. He could see the tiny sweat droplets on the military men’s index-trigger-finger. He was sweating too. He looked at his face and saw his upper lip moving too but uncontrollably. He sensed tension. He knew he had driven the man to breaking point. He looked again at the barrel of the gun and saw the man shaking as he tightened the grip of the trigger.

“Drop it! I mean it, or I will drop you down!”

“I might drop you first. I am your President. Don’t listen to all this temporary insane thing. Yes, I have been traumatized, but I am not crazy, you bastard,” roared President Patrick to everyone’s surprise as most at this time would be quiet or begging for their lives. Yet there he was. Fearlessly that he left many thinking he was either crazy for sure, drunk or suicidal.

“I will count to three! Drop it or pay the consequences!”

Roared the military man in a thick, strong vibrating and threatening voice meant to traumatize him and cause panic.

“Don’t talk to me like this!”

Shouted President Patrick.

He felt embarrassed. Instantly and surely. He realized that the person behind this was no fool. Dennis was right. The mightiest men on earth had fallen that even the lowest rank officer

would scold and shout at them. Was unbelievable. This time a tear dropped just from his right eye. He quickly had a flashback of the book he once came across written by their chief suspect; Tomorrow's World Order's leader. The book was titled: A perfect plan. World's First. Power games. Instantly his heart tore apart. Was everything in that book actually happening? He thought to himself. But instantly cursed for not reading it. Despite it being delivered to his office. That triggered a deep sense of losing that he felt a strange feeling of fear. He felt deflated. All the tension withered away fast leaving his clothes drenched in sweat. That saw him lower the hand holding his gun slowly, but an instant image of his beautiful dead-gorgeous-wife and beautiful kids struck him. He looked at the barrel hole again and at the man. All his face and glasses were now covered in sweat droplets and mist. The man was literally steaming and palpitating hot air. He was boiling from every meaning of the word. The man instantly flashed his eyes. That alarmed President Patrick. He saw the man's eyes, once green now had changed to full red even the white part had gone. For the first time. A sense of fear-struck him. This was it. Do or die. Obey or die. A test of his preaching. Would he stick to his words and die fighting with what had become his best friends since the incident; guns in his hand? Or drop it and leave the door open for future attacks. For the first time. He wished he had eyes on the back of his head to see what the other Presidents were doing. That was killing not knowing. With the way things were going. He knew he could not risk taking his eyes off the barrel of the gun. He deduced not hearing any cocking of the guns. He knew he was on his own this time. Deep down he cursed; cowards. It seemed they were all scared with their tails between their legs like

bloody dogs. He thought. He felt a lump in his heart. What happened to all the talk about we are together in this? He asked himself. He smiled for a split second as he had a flashback of his beautiful kids. He felt a tear roll down on only the left eye. He saw his stunning wife. He could see her green eyes blinding him. That everything else he saw after that was the same color. He unintentionally smiled as he visualized his wife teasing him. He smiled again when he visualized his daughter throwing pillows at him. He visualized his son falling off the motorbike and him getting up fast without any pain or cries. In a flash, his heart increased its pumping rate. He could literally hear the pounding and every vein in his body, especially neck tightening that he twisted his head to relieve the tension. He quickly glanced at his hand and saw it sweating as well. He tightened the grip on the trigger and raised the hand. That alarmed the military man.

“Drop the gun or I will shoot! One!”

“I swear I am going to blast you. Drop the gun now! Don’t make me shoot you too!”

President Patrick as if in slow motion smiled and closed his eyes. He could feel all his clothes stuck on him drenched in sweat. Instant smiles were being overridden by the sudden upsurges of rage. He had so much power before this. That he could order the killing of anyone, let alone a stupid military man he could easily replace. As he was pondering all this, eyes closed. The thundering voice of the man startled him that he opened his eyes.

“You son of a bitch! You have yourself to blame. Drop the gun!”

President Patrick had never felt so low before. Being scolded and being called names.

Something startled him. Even though he had closed his eyes, even if it was just for a few seconds, he had not visualized or seen his family. The main reason he closed them in the first place. To see them once again maybe for the last time. But with no luck. But now with his eyes wide open he vividly saw his attractive wife with her sexy flirtatious smile and that chin dimple even better now he even saw his children. He saw them standing there in front of the man who shot them. The roaring voice startled him that he woke up from this trance.

“Drop the bloody gun!!!!

He knew this was it. He was never to be bullied again. He knew he had to die with full honors as a President and not as some deranged lunatic. This was it. He squeezed the trigger slowly and with all his breath roared like a wild lion, even louder than the military man’s voice leaving echoes of his voice tickling the hearts and bones of some of his team mates.

Miles away.

Marson instantly and unexpectedly stood at the door.

“I have bad news. The report is needed this afternoon instead of in days from now,” he said seriously.

They disagreed that they let out a huge buzz about this issue.

“But we haven’t finished writing the reports to be used to compile the reports.

“Yes, the presidents and the EB agreed that the team briefs everyone directly where people can ask questions as well face to face,” he said.

Anastasia’s heart started pounding hard.

“As I understand everyone is okay with this. In that case, no one can go for a break. When it’s time for lunch all to stay here, everyone will come here too.”

Everyone looked excited whereas Anastasia, the only one with a wild suggestion. Looked so pale and haunted like she had seen a ghost.

When she checked her time. It was a few minutes to lunch. She felt hungrier than ever before. She felt scared too but here and there she felt aroused as a counteract measure to fear as a spontaneous effect induced by her body to cushion the body against traumatic experiences. She felt tingling feelings every time she crossed her legs. It was while she was thinking about all this that the doors instantly opened. Soldiers with guns, the police, and the bodyguards entered first checking the place. After they marked it safe, then the Presidents and the EB members entered. Her heart pounded hard. She felt sweat developing in her hands and all over. She could feel her body trembling. She opened her eyes as she felt like peeing herself. The man walked and sat down leaving the soldiers pointing guns everywhere in the center.

Marson got up but Hudson rose.

“I think to illustrate the seriousness of this meeting I shall take over from Marson,” he said.

He looked at the file in front of him before he looked at those in the center.

“Who is Anastasia?”

“I am not trying to be funny. I have the most important and powerful men and women in the world grieving today for their losses. Honestly, any suggestions for an inside-job are the last things we want to hear. In that case, I think we hear you first rather than wait when everyone is

fed up, angry or tired. Surely, we don't want any shootings today. I want to remind all of you that the Presidents after what happened won their court argument that they are entitled to defend themselves and therefore can carry their guns twenty-four seven. In that regard, I advise everyone to think first about this before giving answers or your opinions. These people are grieving and if you upset them it is at your own risk. Is that clear? Especially you miss Anastasia?"

"I think it's an inside job to justify military action as in the past only that Tomorrow's World Order has become so clever to close all loopholes. Otherwise they were the ones intended to be blamed for this. To divert attention and cover-up this hideous act. But like I said. It is an inside job. Shoot me or not," she said.

President Rex cursed.

"Whose side are you on? You sound like glorifying my enemies. Something I don't like especially given the circumstances. People who have robbed me of my handsome courageous son. People who have robbed me of my stunning daughter. Above all people who have robbed me of my beloved attractive and beautiful wife," said the president.

He slowly raised the gun and pointed at her shaking.

"But sir. It's just a suggestion," she pleaded.

"Words if uttered without thoughts are more lethal than the bullets themselves. Do you believe that?"

She didn't reply. Scared to death.

President Rex cried profusely before sitting down.

But he instantly stood up and pointed the gun again at her.

“Tell me do you have kids?”

“What does this have to do with this?” Asked Anastasia.

“Damn it. Answer the bloody question,” he boomed.

Anastasia looked down and fought back tears.

“I refuse to answer because I am not under interrogation here,” she pleaded.

A bullet sound rocketed up the roof of the conference hall.

“Goddamn it. Bloody answer me or else worms will be eating you too as they are doing to my family,”

Anastasia started crying. They all looked surprised and shocked.

“I got to know. Do you know how to lose a loved one? Do you know the grief of having your kids robbed from you?”

“Do you bloody have a clue? Do you? I lost my son. My daughter and my wife. Yet like a bloody bitch in heat you come here and stand in front of us chatting shit. You can be shot for that. Do you know that?”

Anastasia kept crying.

“Maybe you are not taking me seriously,” he rumbled.

President Rex stood up and walked toward her with a gun in his hand.

“Do you bloody know how to lose a kid? How can you even suggest that we have anything

to do with this?"

He started poking her with the barrel of the gun.

"If you know the pain of losing a child, you would not even suggest such a silly thing. I think Tomorrow's World Order sent you to bring our organization into disreputation and to create conflicts among ourselves. Is that right?"

She shook her head.

"I swear if you don't answer me, I will blow your head," he resounded.

"Damn it. Answer me right now," he said now shaking with raw wrath.

He aimed and cocked the gun pointing at her in the head.

"Answer me. I will count to three. One. Two," he counted. She opened her eyes wide and her mouth too shaking her head with her hair locks dancing to the vibrations. Yelled at him.

"Yes! Damn it! I know. I know. I know! I know the bloody pains. I bloody damn know. I know. What you are talking about. So, don't bloody ask me again and I know for sure because you took my girl!!!!"

Miles away

Detective Holly woke up to find herself still in the car but having felt warm droplets. She quickly got out of the car and pulled her pants down and peed.

She instantly touched her chest and looked quickly at her hand. She smiled as she pulled her pants up.

Later.

Detective Holly opened the office building's huge double doors to a roar of noises. She expeditiously rushed where the commotion was pulling her gun on the way. She turned a corner and saw Detective Dexter being pulled by the other two officers. Her sight ignited feelings of rage that he found all his energies pushing the officers holding his hands against each other.

"You bitch! You set me up. You better kill yourself because I will come for you. I did not kill anyone. I did not kill my partner. You better be dead when I walk out?"

Detective Holly pointed a gun at him to the disappointment of the other officers.

"Damn it. Detective, what are you doing? You are aggravating the situation. Can you leave us?"

"I am not scared of you. I will be ready for you," she said calmly, putting her gun away.

"I was right in the first place not trusting you. Next time I will screw your brains with a bullet. I won't be merciful, trust me. You are going down. Watch your back," he echoed.

They locked eyes as the officers pulled him away.

"I will make sure you stay there forever where you belong for killing your partner," she said.

"You bitch. You will pay for this," he resounded.

He there and there he wore a haunted face before the officers held him tightly as detective Holly squeezed past.

"Scumbag. I know you killed your partner," she taunted him.

"Mark my words better watch your back," he threatened.

Detective Dexter lifted his handcuffed hands and imitated a gun with his fingers and aimed at her before blasting her away.

“I screw back asshole, with a bullet too,” she said.

She aimed back with a real gun.

Detective Dexter and the other officers turned a corner. Swiftly, Detective Holly entered her office and stood behind the door fear-stricken and breathing hard. A loud sharp knock at the door startled her and, in a flash, the door hissed open as she jumped out of the way.

“Why are you so jumpy? I want you in my office pronto,” echoed the boss.

The boss slammed the door before going to his office around the corner.

Few minutes later.

“You are crossing the line now. What was that about? He can sue the whole department. Do you honestly think he did?”

“He is a suspect after all. We forced him to take a break,” she said unconvincingly.

“What good is that if that is going to do more harm than good? He is still one of us. Until proven guilty. Minimize public threats. Okay?”

At once there was a knock at the door.

“It’s open!”

Like a shot the door opened.

Detective Alyssa walked in.

“Detective Holly. Meet your new partner, Detective Alyssa. I will leave you two to get

acquainted,” said the boss, getting out of his office.

Later that morning.

Their car parked outside the largest bank in the city.

“Do you know it’s a criminal offense to withhold information from us deliberately?”

“Material information but this is not the case here this is a private issue,” said the man.

“Anything that can give us clues to who killed him is our business!”

“Can’t you see that this is relevant?”

“We have crooks all the time. People doing whatever they can to con us out of thousands of dollars. Above all the bank is not at the privilege to offer secret information out,” he added.

“I have checked the suitability report for the loan of Mr. Teagan. It seemed he qualified for a loan. Any other reasons why he was denied a loan?”

“The gatekeepers are experienced to judge who can be accepted or not. There are other factors we consider,” he said.

“Like?”

“Ability to pay back?”

“I thought that was obvious. What are you keeping away from us?”

“Can we have a list of the last people he denied loans?”

“I thought they already gave you the list?”

“Some names have been deleted from the printout. We want everyone in the last three months presiding over his disappearance.”

The bank manager cursed before reaching for his computer's keyboard.

Somewhere in the urban area.

The two detectives got out of the car and walked to the door. Right away the door opened.

"What do you want here?"

"Mr. Teagan?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Police business. We want to talk about your loan application," she asked.

"Sure. Is everything okay? I can't believe you would come all the way here just to ask me about the loan application?"

"Shall we?"

"Coffee or a soda?"

"You are alright. The gatekeeper who denied you a loan was murdered. His body was found decomposed in the city park," she explained.

"Murdered? So, you think his death has to do with the loan application? How come?"

"We are just checking to try to find exactly what happened," she explained.

"Of course, I was upset but not enough to wish him bad luck let alone get him killed? I qualified for the loan but when I went there....," he was about to explain.

"He was sure you didn't deserve it?"

"Yes. He sounded like I have to belong to some association of the bank to get the kind of money I was asking," he replied.

“So, what did he say?”

“He asked me for the keys. I guess they wanted to use the house as collateral but even after I gave him the keys, he still requested a lot of information. I guess things have changed over the years,” he explained.

“Who do you mean?”

“This is not the first time I got a loan? You know?”

“Easy in the past. Nowadays I guess things have changed,” he said.

“I understand there was a misunderstanding. He filed a report saying you still owe money that you refused to pay. Is that so?”

“I don’t owe them anything. I paid for everything. Whatever was left if any was written off,” he argued.

Later.

“Who do you think killed the gatekeeper?”

“Could be anyone. An assassin; a hired killer because he was assassinated. A shot in the head reflects an assassin or deep-seated anger on the part of the shooter,” she said.

“This talk about defunding. Is it for real?”

“I understand Tomorrow’s World Order is now at the forefront of advocating for complete defunding of the police force. The leader argues that these institutions are now irrelevant and obsolete in that crimes done by criminals are now the sole jobs of the police themselves using advanced technology to breach all human rights. The police are the hackers, the torturers, the

child groomers, and the real threats to lives. Look at how many people die at the hands of these. Look at how many are abused by these people? Hacking and tricking all. Look at copyright violations. Look at human rights abuses. The police have become a threat to fathers around the world,” she said.

“Threat to fathers, why?”

“Tomorrow’s World Order believes they have become obsolete in that the government has literally legalized all the jobs they used to do leaving them with nothing. Forcing them to breach rights in order to have something to do. Targeting and killing others in order to take their kids and raise them together with teaching hospitals, grooming them and using them as bait to trap people they want,” added the detective.

“As bait?”

“To trap unsuspecting males, they will later torture providing them with jobs. And hospitals testing digital pathogens on them and using them as prostitutes to destroy the celebrities and rich people. Then blackmail them if they refuse to donate money to the hospitals,” added the detective.

“Begging homeless people to commit a crime in exchange for things like food handouts. In a stretch my back I will stretch yours act. Smoking class A drugs is now legal. No speed limits in other countries and all that used to be police jobs. Meaning all have become legal, yet they are still expected to do their job,” she added.

“But murders still remain. People still kill each other,” she said.

There was silence.

“I heard the first person selected for this gatekeeper murder denied, citing possibilities of an inside job and therefore threats to his own life,” she said.

Detective Holly’s heart started pounding.

“Why do you look like you have seen a ghost?”

“I had a strange dream regarding that,” she said.

“This T.W.O argued that the system is designed as a pyramid. As such as long as these exist there will forever be homeless, poverty, crime, social unrest, and all kinds of evil. Simply because to sustain their numbers there must be a huge base at the bottom of the pyramid. So, the leader argues that to solve and eliminate all these problems is to abolish this institution and replace it with assassins and massive investments in all social services directly like basic provisions to boost living standards. All hackers, all child groomers, all crime stealing of information and killings of talented people whom they steal information from is done by the police and the hospital,” said the detective.

“So why are you still in the force if you believe that?”

“What can I do. I have bills to pay and after all it is not that bad even though it’s a fact that throughout history look at the worst cases in history like slavery, the holocaust, genocides, etc. the doctors, hospitals and the police are the leading culprits rounding up people to be sent to concentration camps so that doctors further abuse them. Look even now if you want to pee just checking who your first problem is? The police officer. He demands toilets to be closed at ten,

knowing people will not have anywhere to pee. So, when they pee outside after ten it is obvious; in the street etc., he has a job to do. The first thing he will ask is why you are peeing here. He is the one pushing for these stupid laws. Think of any problem you encountered in your life. I bet there is a police officer behind that. So, the suggestion that it's the police killing all these people to create work for themselves I think holds water to some extent," she added.

Detective Holly's heart pounded.

"I expected you to tell me this after getting Detective Dexter arrested."

"It had nothing to do with that. The boss was afraid of his health. For the past six months. He had been searching for detective Frankie without a break. He will be released. Just a formal way to get him off police duties pending the court's decision to proceed or not," she added.

"What if this is true? That it is an inside job? That certainly is a risk to us as well," she said.

"I found out that apart from Mr. Teagan all the people denied loans at one point owed loans, but the loans were written off. And we are talking of serious money here," explained the detective.

Later

"Miss Ember. How come your loan was written off?"

"It's a privilege I can't tell you. That falls under special privileges. I guess."

"Withholding information from the police is a felony," explained Detective Alyssa.

"Go screw yourself. I did nothing wrong, and I am not going to entertain your threats," she

said frowning.

She immediately picked up her small dog and entered the house leaving the two officers standing outside the house. They walked to the car before a face at the top bedroom window caught their attention. They stopped at the opened doors of the car and looked at the girl at the window.

Later.

A midnight phone call woke up Marson. He picked it up and listened.

“A gatekeeper was found dead,” said the person on the other end.

The line went dead. Marson cursed and looked at the time. He instantaneously dialed a number.

“I bloody told you to secure the gates. I just heard the gatekeeper was murdered and the police are investigating right now. Surely you don’t want me to come again there,” he bellowed.

“Yes, sir but that is the problem as well,” said the woman.

Marson pinched himself to make sure that he was not dreaming.

“I can’t seem to understand what language I must tell you with for you to bloody understand that there is nothing greater than protecting these gates. If I have to shoot all of you so be it,” he resounded.

“But sir. We have been summoned to court,” she explained.

“You are not listening to me. I showed you how it is done if that means murdering

everyone so be it. That is a matter of fact. Orders from me. Okay?”

“But sir...,”

Marson slammed the receiver down.

“I want you in my office to bring the leaders of all gatekeepers,” he boomed.

The following morning Marson angrily pushed the conference door with his gun in his hand.

He sat down. All afraid to stand and address him.

“The human rights groups have lodged court cases citing, torture, breaching of all human rights, genocide, secret slavery, and invasion of privacy not mentioning copyright violations,” one of them advised him.

“I still don’t care. Do you want me to repeat what I did? You have a choice to listen to me or pay the consequences and no buts. That is final,” said Marson.

Miles away.

Detective Holly entered the police research lab in her gym attire turning heads.

“Looking good detective Holly,” shouted detective Paige.

“Thanks.”

“Don’t thank me, thank detective Dexter.”

Pronto detective Holly’s heart started pounding.

“What about him?”

“He is still there and for the coming three months I believe. I think you should pay him a

visit?”

Instantly. Detective Holly stopped and walked to the boss’s office. Angry and upset she pushed the door without knocking.

“Detective Holly. You are entering my office as if you are entering the toilet. What is the problem?”

“You tricked me. Why is he still there? I thought you said a maximum of two days only?”

She paced in the office breathing hard.

“The Judge refused since you did not get the real killer to convince him that he is innocent. And to make things worse the judge cited that if you are so sure he did it and got your colleague arrested, then he must divert from the ordinary way and give your judgment careful consideration,” said the boss, cursing.

“Damn It. You said just a procedure doing him a favor,” she argued.

“Hey don't blame me. I could not challenge the judge. Detective Frankie's body is still missing, and you know how strict they are with rotten cops? I think it was the wrong timing. The defunding of the force. The Human Rights movement is using this case as an example and that has left everyone's hands tied,” said the boss.

“Damn it. Why has this got complicated like this? I thought he was home with his wife? I better go and see him,” said detective Holly, feeling guilty.

“I only asked to soften him and let him accept a transfer,” said the boss.

“Damn it. Don't try to play the blame game with me,” shouted the detective pissed off.

“I am just saying things have turned the wrong way. My idea was to use this to show the public that we can be strict. Even with rotten eggs who want to spoil everything. But the media and the pressure from Marson and the president has just made a simple case so robust that as we speak his life is hanging by a thread,” said the boss shaking his head.

“How come,” she asked.

Later.

A car sped off heading to the city center. Detective Holly drove the car like a rally driver. Overtaking other cars fast. Changing gears swiftly. Her heart in her hands. Fear-stricken. She packed the car in the car park and sprinted into the huge building in the city. She pushed the huge double doors and rushed to speak to the receptionist at the foyer.

“Detective Dexter?”

She flashed her badge. The receptionist pointed in the direction where she instantly sprinted to. She felt like running as she entered the corridor. Fear and panic crippled her. She felt like crying. She secretly prayed that he must be okay.

“She reached the room at the corner and pushed the door and stood at the door. The beeping sound of the life machine caught her attention. She saw detective Dexter shirtless hooked to the machines laying there. His hairy chest heaving to the beat of his heart with nodes and wires attached to it. Her heart skipped a bit. A rush of feelings of guilt engulfed her. Seeing once presumably the strongest police officer she had met laying there vulnerable. Looking weak and frail tormented her that she lost balance and staggered holding the door the very minute she felt

dizziness. She walked in. Holding her gun checking if there was someone in there.

She walked fast to the curtain and forthwith flipped the curtain. Pointing the gun before walking to where he was. The steps seemed somehow to correspond to the beeping sounds. She shoved the gun behind herself. Then urged forward with tears trickling down. She reached the bedside and looked at him. His eyes moving fast beneath closed eyelids. Straightaway. He snapped open his eyes and looked at detective Holly. Immediately the door opened. The doctor stood at the door.

“Who are you? He can't be seen. How did you get in here? Out now!” Shouted the doctor.

Detective Dexter shook in fear. Trembling scared to death. Touching his stomach and side chest shaking vigorously with fear. Detective Holly looked at him in disbelief. For the first time. She saw him so scared that he peed himself as urine started dropping down.

“He is lucky to be alive. They. Whoever it is intended to kill him on the spot. He is very strong. A fighter. Most would have not made it. In a flash, the door opened and two police officers with guns entered and pointed the gun at her.

“Drop your weapon right now,” shouted one of them

“Damn it. I am a colleague. I don't have a weapon in my hands,” shouted detective Holly, scared.

The doctor looked at Dexter scared to death shaking in fear before the machine started beeping constantly.

“He is going into shock! Get out of the way,” shouted the doctor running to the rescue.

"I said drop the weapon right now or you will be shot," shouted the officers at the same time as she moved away from the bed.

"Damn it. Officer. Drop the weapon," they resounded.

"The doctor shielded detective Dexter looking at Detective Holly reviving him.

"I am going to count to three,"

"Damn it! Bloody hell. I don't have a gun in my hands. I will put my hands up," she yelled scared.

"Damn it. You came to finish him off after you tried to get him killed," boomed the officer.

"That is a lie. I don't know what you are talking about," she protested.

"Bullshit. We know you framed him so that you get him killed in jail. That assassination attempt failed. Now you decided to finish. Right?"

"That is not true. They are setting me up. A public stunt to defend police funding at our expense. They told me that he is traumatized by the death of detective Frankie and this way he can be suspended on full pay and reinstated," she pleaded.

"Are you bloody stupid with this call for the defunding of the police force? And with detective Frankie missing. For sure what else did you expect? A lack of good judgment. He was your partner. No matter what. You should have given him the benefit of the doubt," he resounded.

"If you want someone to blame. Blame the boss. He is the one who sent me," she suggested.

"So. It is you who threatened him?" Asked the doctor.

"See they give power to people who can't handle it? How can you threaten him? Don't you know these deranged people will do precisely what you say?"

"What?"

"Yes. Whatever you say comes true as someone has to prove you mean It," said the doctor.

"You lunatic! Do you bloody know what you are saying? What kind of people would do that?"

"You promised to kill him there and for them to keep him there," he explained.

"He threatened me. I just said what I said. So that he doesn't attack me or see me as weak," she explained.

"Just because you said that they kept him there until they ganged upon him. Traumatized to death. Plausibly he thought you came to finish him off. Now he is in and out of unconsciousness with dread," explained the doctor.

Detective Holly looked at him before the shouting startled her.

"Damn it. Drop the bloody weapon I won't tell you again," shouted the officer.

Detective Dexter came around. Confused and disoriented. The shouting startled him but made him focus on detective Holly. For a split-second he looked at her as if he didn't recognize her.

But quickly acted as if he had a flashback of her. Recollecting the image and processing it. That left him fear-stricken. That he started to shake as he went in unconscious again.

"No doubt he is scared to death of you," said the doctor.

"But it makes no sense," he added

“Zenith points to trauma. At this highest point. The brain is so traumatized it has to shut down to protect itself from further damage. Mind you the loss of his friend detective Frankie must have done the first damage. Worse now because then he might have reacted to wade off the effects, and it's like a double sword now and the trauma could do permanent damage,” he explained.

Detective Holly dropped her hands down and started crying sobbing profusely.

"Drop the weapon!"

“I don't have a weapon. You son of a bitch. Better shot me in cold blood,” she shouted.

“Damn it. Officer, you knew exactly what you were doing from the word go. Drop the weapon,” boomed the officer.

The doctor looked confused as he checked her hands.

“But she has no weapon?” Said the doctor looking at the officers.

She sobbed uncontrollably.

“They are actually telling me to hold the gun. So that they can shoot me that way they will have eliminated a threat. The only way they can walk away from all this,” she explained to the doctor.

“What? You mean shooting in my hospital. No, get out. All of you. I have a patient here. What are you trying to do? Give me an instant heart attack,” asked the doctor.

"Doctor, stay out of this. She knows the drill. She set up a police officer and must die by being set up as well." Explained the officer.

"Run!"

Shouted detective Holly as she looked at the doctor.

"Who did I kill and why should I be running?"

"Damn it. Drop your weapon, the officers raised their voices,  
the second the sirens became audible.

Detective Holly started sobbing hard. The doctor realized the danger as the shouting became loud and augmented by the sirens. Detective Holly looked at detective Dexter the second he came around with his eyes fixed on her. She smiled at him. In what seemed like slow motion she reached for the gun behind her back and held the gun in her hand, aiming at him as he locked eyes with her. In a flash, the two officers' opened fire blasting her several times as the doctor lay on top of detective Dexter shielding him. She dropped the gun and jerked backward all the way to the window before falling outside pulling the curtain with her. The siren' noises were overshadowed by the screams of women downstairs.

The officers rushed to the broken window and looked outside. They saw Detective Holly's body on the ground surrounded by an ever-growing patch of blood as people gathered around her body looking upward. The officers looked at the gates as the police cars and ambulances entered the hospital compound. They walked to where detective Dexter lay shaking.

"Everything is going to be alright. You are no longer in danger. We removed your threat. The doctor will take good care of you," explained the officers.

The two-officers walked out but one stayed guiding the door.

"Somehow the calls for defunding of the police force seemed to have triggered a direct response from the force as somehow in what seemed to be a clean-up process of eliminating rotten eggs as one puts it has left many people baffled. This is because it's a police officer-on-police officer. I repeat they have been killing each other. Something we apparently have never seen at this scale. Coincidence or a new strategy to clean the system no one knows for sure as the police officer who is believed to set up her partner before a botched assassination attempt was gunned down. Some have suggested that she had visited him to finish him off. Is this the end of the beginning of these inside killings we will never know we have to wait and see? But a few are speculating that the force has adopted the idea advanced by Tomorrow's World Order leaders in his book; World's First. Power games. Paris reporting for Tomorrow's World Order News Channel.

Miles away at Calvin's flat.

"Parcel for you. Signature required. Something to do with the key. They said it's important and urgent," shouted Calvin's sister Lyla. Calvin got up and wore his boxers before running out. Ayla quickly got up and walked to the window. She saw the parcel delivery van and the driver waiting. She walked back and instantly something caught her eyes. She quickly kneeled and picked up female-soaked panties. She smelled them and cursed. She quickly dressed up and ran upstairs. She pushed the door without knocking.

"How can I help you?"

“You left these in my boyfriend’s bedroom. I thought you were his sister. Even from a distance, he is still your brother,” said Ayla upset.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. They are not mine,” said Lyla.

“Damn it. You are lying again. I came back yesterday, and you were screwing him. I heard the noises,” shouted Ayla.

“Look at you for four weeks you were screwing another man,” said Lyla.

“That does not give you the right. I knew it was you. Who else can do that? I asked you yesterday, but you said that you had just got back. But when Calvin asked you said you came back just to collect the keys. I am not stupid you know?” said Ayla.

“You bitch get out of my bedroom if you want to accuse me of something I didn’t do,” shouted Lyla.

Instantly a fight broke out. Calvin ran upstairs after hearing the commotion.

“Why can’t you just tell her that you are seeing someone else. She was getting humped for the past weeks that cancels it out, Calvin,” said Lyla nursing her wounds.

“Whose panties are these Calvin? I want the truth, or I will walk out,” she screamed.

Calvin looked at his sister.

“I can’t cover for you. Tell her the truth,” she suggested.

“Claudia’s knickers,” said Calvin sitting on the chair.

“I knew it. That is, it. I don’t want anything to do with you. You could have told me the truth yesterday. I could have forgiven you. The fact that you still could not tell me means you

still want her. So, go to her,” she slammed the door.

“Please wait,” he ran after her.

“I apologize. That is all I can say. I want you to know that she is out of my life,”

He smiled.

“I have a very good promising lead. I have original manuals of the person who lost the key where he lost it, and how I can find it. This is it. My last chance,” said Calvin excited.

She looked at him in disbelief.

“Why do you still need the key? I thought you went after the key so that you have me? But I am here with you? You know what? Whatever you want,” she cursed angrily. He remained silent.

“Listen to yourself. I don’t know what you want. You want me or the key or you want Claudia?”

She sobbed.

"I gave you all my heart. So why still the treasurer quest for the lost key?"

“I lost half of my savings searching for the key?”

She cursed in disbelief.

“I don’t understand you. I paid for everything even for this guy’s tickets and accommodation hoping you fight for me so that we will be together just to prove all those who said you want a hand out only. But you go looking for a key blowing \$10 000 in the process. You should have spent all that money on me,” said Ayla upset.

“Is this love? Is that how you feel about me? If that is so then I don’t want all this. Don’t get me wrong it is not about the money. But you would rather blow all that money with Claudia. Then go to Claudia. I think it is a fact you are in love but not just with me. Goodbye,” she left.

But then he stopped suddenly.

“I will let you make up your mind. If you love me, you don’t go anymore after the key. If you love someone else you will go on the quest,” she said looking at him.

“I love you, but I have to go on the treasure hunt quest. Sorry, my love. We will talk when I get back,” said Calvin.

“We can do one for the road?” Asked Calvin.

“I am starting to think that Claudia showed you how to overshoot the runway first than me,” she said walking away.

“I love you so much. I am doing this for you, for us so that we can be together forever.”

She started crying as she walked away.

Days later.

Calvin was back at the Devil’s Eye Island. Claudia was in the boat with him just in her bikini and topless. She removed her sunglasses and looked at Calvin. He was in a man’s thong-wearing sunglasses.

“You look hot,” she laughed.

“You too,” replied Calvin tensing his muscles to the sun.

“Getting tanned? More relaxed this time than the first time? Right?” She asked him,

“I got things under control this time. Testing what the future will be like if I get my hands on this key,” said Calvin, turning around, showing a small string running down his butt cheeks that she giggled.

“You should spend the treasurer on me and you know we are a hot couple. Right?”

“Don’t get some ideas, I am just on a treasure hunt,” he said posing like a bodybuilder.

“I know you still feel void and empty inside. I don’t believe you have found what you are looking for. When you first came to us I believed you had found your woman. But the fact that you are back here again makes me wonder what you want. Whom do you love because as it stands you are still far away from finding heart fulfilling love? Love that quenches everything. Love that gives you, sexually heals you, and emotionally nurtures you.

“I love Ayla,” said Calvin.

“You can’t even say that with much conviction as at the beginning. I know the feeling that after making love to her you realized that you are still hungry. The thirst hasn’t been quenched right?” Asked Claudia.

“If it wasn’t for you. Things could have been different,” said Calvin looking away.

“Oh, I see. It is my fault now?”

“Let’s change the subject and talk about the key?” requested Calvin.

“Yes, we are going to see someone who knows more about the gold scriptures and the keys.

Later.

An old woman sat on a bench as Calvin and Claudia arrived.

“Another man on a treasure hunting quest. In search of the key,” said Claudia introducing Calvin to the woman.

“I tell you this that for most they don’t know what they want or are looking for,” said the woman.

“So how will I find this key?” Asked Calvin.

“Follow your heart and your instincts and you will find the key,” said the woman.

“Claudia. Are we talking about the same thing here because I was thinking of a map?” Said Calvin.

“The gentleman wants to know where to find the key,” said Claudia.

The woman smiled.

“That’s easy. At the Devil’s Eye Island.” She replied.

They all looked at each other.

“But it’s what you do that will get you the key. You must prove that you want this key and go for it,” said the woman.

“I want you to have this. This is the map. My husband marked the spot on the map,” said the woman.

Quickly Calvin checked the map.

“It is a cave,” he shouted.

His heart started pounding.

“Better odds in a cave than in a sea,”

They all looked at each other.

## Chapter Seven

“Say that to my wife’s killer!!! Say that to my son’s killer!! Say that to my daughter’s killer!”

Shouted President Patrick with the voice resonating in his ears. He roared with all his energy. At least this is how he can fight for his kids and wife and his rights too.

The military man Joseph felt the words like sharp edges of a double-edged sword. He froze with shame but with the finger still on the trigger. Tongue-tied. Unable to count to three. He felt all the tension. All his nerves and the pressure deflating. So fast like a balloon that has been punched. Instant trickling down of sweat-drenched him in splits of seconds as all the tension disappeared and reality set in. He visualized saying that to the killers of President Patrick’s family. That drove the point home. These presidents were victims. Worse the military men; Joseph, Michael, Jacob, Isaac, Elias, Andy, and the others, were the ones to be on the firing line. For the first time, he felt sorry for the presidents. He did not know how the finger slipped from the trigger. He felt the gun so heavy that he had no idea how he dropped the hand holding the gun. It all happened so fast. A cracking voice from the radio startled all the military men.

“Drop the guns!”

Shouted the military men; Michael, Jacob, Isaacs, Elias, Andy and everyone else all in one voice like a Sunday choir before they started advancing forward.

“No! You motherfuckers! You drop the guns!!”

Shouted the Presidents all in one voice that resonated in everyone's ears as they pointed guns at the men as they closed-up with President Patrick. Somehow that gave President Patrick a lifeline; that he believed that all is not lost. He felt like crying seeing everyone standing by him as they all stood there by his sides aiming at the men. A suspenseful-deadly standstill ensued.

The military man swiftly pulled out the audio jack from the radio and the crackling voice startled all.

“Shoot em. Shoot em. Shoot em!”

They all heard the man on the radio commanding. Ordering the military men to blast President Patrick. Fear-struck and as a spontaneous effect. A self-defense move. The president shook as the words from the radio reverberated in his ears. He felt a huge lump of rage that he opened his eyes wide. Locking eyes with the military men Joseph. His head shook in disbelief and he aimed. As Joseph tried to lift the gun to aim his head. Straightaway he squeezed the trigger. A bullet sound rocketed the hall. The crackling voice like a greased lightning shot-out. Instantly the radio was switched off from the other end.

“I need help right away. Man down,” shouted Michael the military man.

Instantly Jacob the military men intervened and took off the radio before disconnecting it.

“What are you doing? He needs help as soon as possible,” said Isaac.

“You heard the boss,” said Jacob.

“Damn it. Stand aside, soldier. This man must be taken to the emergency room

immediately,” thundered Elias.

“The boss’s command was loud and clear. Take him out,” argued Jacob.

The two men, Jacob and Michael looked at each other and locked eyes.

“You know the drill,” shouted Jacob.

“No! It could be you. He got nerves,” argued Michael.

Jacob creased his face with fury.

“Never liken me to this cowardly spineless soldier. Never!” He thundered.

He promptly pulled a gun and shot Joseph who was groaning on the ground.

“Kill or be killed. The boss’s words,” advised Jacob as he pulled out another gun.

Elias immediately kneeled on the ground to help their leader, Joseph who was still alive despite being shot as a way of finishing him off. The same man who was shouting at President Patrick. Andy as well kneeled beside the dying Joseph, their leader laying down in a pool of blood while he was aiming at President Patrick.

“God damn it. I did not shoot him. I fired in the air,” protested President Patrick.

“I know,” instantly replied Andy.

President Patrick looked shocked but relieved.

“So, if you know why not shoot your friend here? He is the one who pulled the trigger,” said the president.

“The command was to shoot you. I took over from him,” said Andy, looking at Jacob.

“No. I mean, not yet. Let’s proceed with the protocol. Let Dennis finish explaining what is

going to happen,” said Jacob.

President Rex roared.

“Then what? After that, shoot us in cold blood? Is that so? Maybe in your dreams,” he said before he cocked his gun.

The other military men instantly aimed at him.

“I am not like him. I will blast you in cold blood. President or no President. I don’t give a toss. Whether you are grieving or not,” said Andy, taking over from Jacob who had assumed leadership. He quickly pointed at the dead military men; Joseph in a pool of blood.

“He disobeyed the command. He was to shoot you the first time, but he hesitated. He tried to act like the boss. His job is not to think but to act. Watch me,” said Andy checking his gun.

They locked eyes. President Rex sensed pure and raw undiluted evil in this young military man, Andy. That he looked at President Patrick as if saying stand back. This one will send you to Jesus. For the first time, he felt fear run down his spine, leaving him with a cold feeling.

“Ok. Let Dennis continue,” shouted Jacob.

Dennis felt so good to take center stage again.

He did not waste time this time.

“The attackers or whoever is behind this wanted this to be exacted in this way, to discredit all of you and render all of you as incapable of making sound decisions,” he advised.

“That is bullshit,” roared President Onesimus.

“It is true,” added Dennis.

“You are in a position of power. The attacks especially the way they were carried out and all of you witnessing this on national television will only render any reasonable man temporarily insane,” he continued.

There was the loudest buzz of the day. The Presidents sounded genuinely saddened by all this.

“Whose side are you on? Are you behind all this?” Asked President Rex.

“Sir. Take that back. I reckon it is something said in agony. And in the moment of the heat and in anger as someone bereaved and therefore, I will not consider such remarks. This is the main reason behind our decision to take over temporarily.

“I can’t believe this crap. We lost our beloved ones and you all going on about us?”

“It’s not that Sir. Whoever is behind this, knew that witnessing such an attack would render all you incapable of making sound decisions afterward?

“Are you fucking mad?”

“Let me finish, Sir. Witnessing the deaths of your loved ones in such a way and on national television is traumatic enough for any reasonable man. Enough to trigger one to be declared as temporarily insane. We believe the main reason for such attacks on public and national television is to weaken the leadership. So, to secure our nation and borders and prevent further attacks and future challenges in court. We also have declared all of you temporarily insane,” shouted Jacob. The Presidents all roared in anger.

“I knew it. Back-stabbing sons of bitches. Maybe I will take you out myself. You bastards.

Trying to take us out alive,” roared President Knox.

“Let me finish. We have strong grounds to believe that the intentions are not just to discredit you. But to launch legal challenges in the future. So, if you are still in power. We will lose as the courts are prone to find you too as temporarily insane. So, in all these countries. They can declare that they were being run by a bunch of lunatics...,” thundered Jacob.

A gunshot sound rocketed the hall.

“Proceed carefully. Mind what you call us. You a piece of ...”

“Counsel progress with caution and choose your words carefully,” advised the new leader of the military men Andy.

“I will proceed. We strongly believe that the temporary insanity clause arose or was caused by the traumatic events of witnessing your loved ones die in such manners. Therefore, your commands and decisions even though you remain as Presidents of your country will require the approval of the Executive Branch. Who from now on will direct all investigations into these killings,” said Andy, looking at all of them and at Dennis.

“Investigations? No one talked about investigations. We are talking about military action. What investigations? It was on national television all for us to see. I see all these as stalling tactics that I am no part of. I need revenge for my family. You heard me?”

Roared President Rex.

“Acting against the Executive Branch’s decision will and can only see you arrested and imprisoned,” advised Andy.

The Presidents went berserk firing shots into the air like crazy renegades.

“Damn it. You ignorant bastards! Can’t you see you are doing exactly what the person behind all this, wants you to do. Stall attacks. Buy him time to take us out. All of us. I object to such nonsense. This is our life. My life. Our decisions. Had the Executive Branch suffered any loss? A big no. So how can they stand for us?”

Shouted President Rex.

“President Rex is right. This is bullshit. Sons of bitches. Trying to sideline us,” shouted President Knox.

“There is no need for that, Sir,” shouted Jacob.

“You are doing exactly as whoever is behind this had planned. And expected you to do,” roared President Patrick.

” Can’t you see? You are removing the leader indirectly. Rendering him useless and the whole process cumbersome. Replacing the decision-making process with this useless Executive Branch. Exactly what the enemy wants. So that he can attack swiftly before this EB, gathered to make decisions. You bastards. This is the oldest trick in the books. So, they can attack when there is no effective leader. Whoever is behind this knows that we are not going to give up our posts. He also knows that you will keep pushing for this EB and in the end. All gates will be open for attack. Easy way to destroy us. Open your eyes. You are being used and tricked to get us killed,” pleaded President Knox.

“You are actually leaving our country open to attacks. Can’t you see that?” Asked

President Onesimus.

There was discontent and disagreement with all this that the huge buzz was proof of all that.

“Silence!”

“Dennis is a perfect example of the current situation after having been challenged in the courts. We all know the courts ruled against him. Just imagine then and now even worse that there is a new global leader. One pushing for all to be within the international law,” said Michael.

“Who is this new global leader? Never heard of such things?” Asked President Marvelous.

“I don’t give a shit who he is. Let that not affect our case,” roared President Onesimus.

“You don’t get it. Things have changed now. There is now the President of all Presidents. A leader of all leaders. A teacher of all teachers. We can’t go on doing as we used to years back. So far, he has dragged leaders to courts, and all have lost,” said Andy.

“But why now and what has changed,” asked President Ryan.

They all looked at each other.

“Not part of our system. We can’t sweep dirt under the carpet anymore. Now. That is what has changed. Otherwise, everything is still the same,” replied Jacob.

“We can’t take risks when it comes to national security as that leaves us open to judiciary challenges in the future. We must close all the loopholes. You must understand that this is not

personal. We have a job and duty to all citizens. Therefore, the EB will have the final say to cover our backs. You know with the law. We must have and follow procedures of handling situations and this is one of those cases,” advised Andy.

President Patrick roared in anguish.

“You son of a bitch. Are you telling me that I must postpone revenging my family? So, you fulfill the procedures and all that? What is procedural about the death of my family? Where was the procedure when the gunmen blasted them to death? Maybe I’ll show you the procedure,” said the president as he stretched his arm and pointed the gun at him.

There was total silence.

Miles away.

“What is she talking about?”

He looked at Anastasia then everyone else.

“Damn it. Woman, clarify yourself and be careful what you say to me, to us all,” threaten the President.

“I will tell you. You son of a bitch. You think after you did to my girl. I am afraid to die? You killed me the day you took her from me,” roared Anastasia.

President Rex shook with rage.

“Who took your girl? I guess this person is your suspect as well. It can’t be me,” said President Rex holding the gun.

She locked eyes with him.

“Like I said be careful what you say here. I don’t like to see anyone shot here. So, who specifically killed your girl? Who killed the families of the presidents?” Asked Hudson.

Anastasia convulsed with anger like a dog about to attack sobbing uncontrollably.

“I will bloody tell you. If this person can take my girl away from me. Why can’t he spare yours?”

She looked at every president and all EB members. Then at Hudson.

She cried profusely and gathered herself.

“The person who killed the president’s families is...,”

Instantly the huge conference doors opened. A military woman wearing white gloves interrupted the attentiveness. Her shoe’s stepping-noises startled all. Anastasia’s heart pounded hard with every step she made as she walked to Hudson and handed him an envelope. He opened the envelope and read it. Everyone looked at him.

“You have some bad news,” he said, feeling revealed and wiping sweat from his face.

“I know I received the news this morning,” she replied.

They looked at each other.

“What were you told?”

“My husband’s best friend, our neighbor, died yesterday,” she replied looking at the piece of paper in front of her eagerly waiting to continue.

Hudson looked confused and read the letter again.

“It says your husband shot himself yesterday,” said Hudson cunningly.

“My husband?”

“I guess so and as such. You can’t continue. I advise you to step down from the stage and take time off,” suggested Hudson feeling much relieved.

“But...”

“You are dismissed,” he roared.

Anastasia realized that the timing was so perfect for them. That triggered her heart into pounding. Was it pre-planned? Did they murder her husband? She asked herself. That left her fear struck. Henry shooting himself was out of character. He was the jealous type no doubt but also very revengeful. And people like this won’t resort to suicide but would do the same as well. If he had discovered that she had cheated, he would simply get another woman even a hooker just to revenge. Killing himself was something hard to absorb. Could they have killed him to stop her from revealing who she thought had assassinated the president’s families? That thought lingered in her head. A lump of rage engulfed her. She found it hard to breathe. Instantaneously her phone rang.

“Just to check if you got the message,” said a person on the other end of the line.

“I can’t believe you would tell me about the death of our neighbor and not that of my husband. Why did you withhold the information?”

“We couldn’t get you on the phone,” replied the woman.

Anastasia felt her world falling apart. The reason she had accepted this was to resolve the issue surrounding the death of her daughter. Now she had to resolve that on top of the death of

her husband. That was too much. She profusely sobbed sitting in her car. She felt angry that she pulled the gun and checked for bullets. She instantly had a flashback of her last conversation with Henry. She recalled him saying that things could be different the time she comes back. She suddenly threw the gun in the glove compartment and drove off. Could this be what Henry referred to? She asked herself. She thought he was threatening to get another woman just like the last time. She never suspected he could take his life.

Hudson roared.

“I can’t understand why you withhold the information from her. She was not supposed to be here today,” he fumed.

“They were very close sir. We expected her to take time off,” replied Marson.

“Don’t give me that bullshit. But he is just a neighbor?”

“Very close. In fact, the real husband. Henry could not keep taking Viagra to keep up with her,” said Marson.

There was silence.

“The high blood pressures?”

“High Viagra doses Sir. He had to choose between a normal long life and let his friend hump his wife or continue a life fueled with Viagra and the health consequences. Above all this is a sure way that she will not return. If we had told her yesterday she might have returned,” explained the man.

“The damage has already been done. No one should have suspected it to be an inside job

until the grieving period had expired. Not that it was an inside job. That is not what I am saying. I wanted everyone's word and trust. So that we attack," explained Hudson.

"Trust me if we had to give her the news yesterday, they could have suspected that it was a way to make her not attend and give evidence. That would have linked us to his death too. They could have suspected that it was too coincidental not to be a pre-planned thing," explained Marson.

"I guess maybe you are right," admitted Hudson

"The only worrying thing is that is she going to ignore and forget all this? Mind you she is here to try to close the death of her daughter," said Hudson.

There was a momentary silence.

"Leaving too many loose ends open, Marson," said Hudson.

"Sir, I can deal with her if you so want," reassured Marson.

Somewhere afar.

Arthur, a handsome man, average built. Tall with a military haircut that is short and clean parked his sports car and got out. He jumped and sat on the bonnet and dialed a number. Dior was in the bedroom the moment Palmer came in.

"I found out there are at least two instances. That suggested it could have been an inside job," said Palmer.

Dior got up half-naked and grabbed Palmer caressing her.

"I told you that line of thinking is unavailable. Did you hear what happened to Anastasia's

husband? If you care about me, you will drop that line of thinking,” advised Palmer.

“I don’t see what that has to do with what is happening? We all know she was screwing his best friend. We also know that Viagra nearly gave him a heart attack, and she was getting not. If you knew how aggressive castrated animals can be, then you will understand the emotional turmoil going on with him,” explained Dior caoodling her.

“I know. Rage enough to attack and kill. True, but not to kill oneself,” explained Palmer.

“So, what are you saying?” Asked Dior.

“Both a lover and a husband killed the same day?” Said Palmer.

“I thought that the neighbor fell and died?” Said Dior.

“Died of complications a term often used to refer to murder by the medical practitioners as direct by the regime,” said Palmer.

“You worry too much for nothing,” said Dior.

“It’s because I am in love and don’t want to die young and miss all this,” said Palmer cupping Dior’s breasts and kissing her passionately.

She smiled and kissed her back.

“I am just saying that it’s a line we should check first,” said Dior.

“I know what you are saying but they said we are paid to find who did it out there and that’s what we are going to do okay,” advised Palmer.

“We are independent the very reason they came to us and not their in-house investigating team. We are choosing a suspect out there in the end. True, but we must rule out an inside job,”

said Dior.

“It seems you don’t care about me. Because if you cared you would not go that road,” said Palmer smooching her.

“Damn it. Don’t start. Don’t keep saying I don’t care about you. This is our job. The very reason they have chosen us. Is because we are thorough and committed,” argued Dior.

“I love you. I want you to understand that our lives cannot be separated from our jobs. These are not ordinary jobs the very reason they pay us generously too. The risks are high, and the stakes are high too. You know that if you fuck up, they will come for me, right?”

“I just found out that this is not the first time this had happened. This happened before the only difference being that this time it happened to the president’s families,” said Palmer.

“I am listening,” said Dior.

“A woman lost her daughter in mysterious circumstances contradicting the government’s version of what happened,” she added.

“I read that she had a grudge with the government even before the event,” she suggested.

They all looked at each other.

“Did they silence her?” Asked Dior scared.

“Crazy gunman opened the fire killing the daughter. She was adamant it wasn’t a gunman but the work of the research and development wing of the military,” said Palmer.

“Justified?” Asked Dior.

“Attributed to hallucinations,” added Palmer.

“Maybe we go and talk to her,” suggested Dior.

“That’s the tricky part. She was shot dead and guess where?”

“At home?” Replied Dior.

“Military building, the one she accused,” said Palmer.

Dior felt her heart pounding faster than ever before.

“So, I am right. Imagine the most seven powerful people in the whole world having to lose loved ones like this. I swear even if they know the person accused is innocent. They will still attack to avenge their own. High stakes, high risks,” she said.

There was a moment of silence.

“So, you mean assassinated?”

“Check this out. Confronted the department asking for a specific document regarding a project she once worked on. But denied. I guess things got out of hand with her killing two of the men before being taken out,” said Palmer.

“Sister? Brother? Mother or father? Anyone who can shed more information on this?”

“Sister. Let’s go,” said Palmer.

Instantly Dior’s phone started ringing.

“Yes, the most beautiful lady in the whole world. The most flirtatious as well. They don’t call me coquette for nothing. Speaking. The sexiest one too above all loaded and can fuck with bullets too. At your service what can I do for you?”

Palmer listened as well. A man’s voice startled all.

Earlier days.

David's quest. A line of flag posts separated the two sides of traffic in the heart of the city. A huge brand-new SUV parked on the other side in a straight line with the line of flag posts. A man smartly dressed in a white suit, a white tie, and black shoes came out and stood outside looking at the flag posts the very moment another man jumped out of the back seat. A sweet female voice startled him coming from the passenger seat.

"We are too early," said the woman.

"Come we can take a walk. I want to show all of you something," said the smartly dressed man.

The side door instantly opened. A gorgeous tall and sexy lady got out. Then covered her eyes from the sun before putting on her shades. She was in a white suit and high highs.

"You look fabulous. Is it the prize for the most stunning and gorgeous woman and an intelligent one in the whole world? The prize we are collecting again? Tell me," asked David charming Carolina.

"You don't look bad yourself," she replied.

"Thanks," he smiled.

"Today is the day we sell our ideas to the world. A day we tell them my quest. A day you tell them your quests as well. Imagine all these flags are replaced by just one flag that says Tomorrow's World Order? Imagine if there was one huge flag in the middle and surrounded by

smaller flags right round it. It would look picturesque and organized. Just look at how we three the way we are. Makes everything beautiful too. With me at the center and with you and Bogdan beside me. Surely if people quickly threw a glance. They can tell that this is an organized unity that will work. I can bet my money on it. Nothing wrong with that but I think these parallel linear systems have fault holes. They are all like an army at the barracks in a line without a leader. Imagine without anyone shouting in the front center? Surely this might have worked, but it's a flawed system," he added.

"I agree. What's your quest again?"

Later everyone was seated.

All world leaders of every country on earth. The conference hall was packed. There were reporters and photographers just after the top front stage, but some were on the sides. The security and bodyguards were everywhere with the crowd at the open doors. There were huge buzzes coming from the grounds as a lot of people surrounded huge screens in the park. The doors instantly opened and instantly there was silence. Soldiers and presidential bodyguards entered first followed by president Rex and Marson and Hudson. Then President Marvelous, Knox, Ryan, Patrick, Onesimus and Maxwell and the others. They all walked and took their seats. The usher was about to close the door when Marson whispered something to the guard who delivered the message to the Usher. Instantly high heel footsteps caught everyone's attention.

"She is always late. I just can't believe it," whispered Marson.

A beautiful woman. Tall with huge hair locks all to her shoulders in stilettos walked in walking like a model.

“If we had the time that was better,” added Marson.

“You might as well proceed,” shouted the chair.

“Mrs. Valentina ladies and gentlemen.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, my quest is to find the lost keys so that we restore the kingdom of darkness. A kingdom that was so advanced that it has given us everything. The government system we are using today. The clock system. The laws and everything else including all the financial institutions and systems. I mean everything we are using today. That means going back to the beginning of times when everything was beautiful, and it was only us without the likes of Mr. David and his team sabotaging our system. A time...”

The crowd interrupted applauding.

“A time when it was only us no offense to T.W.O, but we have rights too to defend our way of life. My quest is to go to the end of the earth and find the keys to the manual to our system. Keys to the gold-scriptures,” she explained as they applauded hysterically.

There was a sense of excitement, euphoria, and thrills about this subject that the buzzes didn't stop.

“What makes your system better than this one, Miss Valentina?”

“It consolidates power into one and brings all nations together under one leader and the difference to what Mr. David is proposing is the fact that we have the gold scriptures as the

laws and guiding principles. All we need is to find the keys so that we open the scriptures,” she said.

There was a lively positive feeling among all that the huge buzzes didn't stop.

“My quest as the leader of Tomorrow's World Order is to go and establish our party worldwide and to see if a man can do God's job,” he explained enthusiastically.

Marson got up and walked to the stage.

“My quest is to stop all you lunatics from changing the system. There is nothing wrong with the system and all this nonsense about the system being broken is nonsense. We are happy with the system. If they don't understand the system does mean it's broken and must be changed,” he thundered.

Everyone in the hall stood up and applauded.

Hudson stood up.

“I am torn between Marson's and Valentina's for I think these two are better than David's. I think I would rather entertain Valentina and Marson only of course. I think a combination of the two is even a better choice. It is not easy to find the keys to open the gold-scriptures. Some had been waiting for the past 2000 years. On the other hand, some have been screwing up as long as that. Our system is fresh and designed for us and the future. Nothing wrong but we don't look back as to go back in time. Unless it's seeking a solution,” he charmed.

Weeks before. Miles away.

Calvin walked outside the house after hearing the neighbor's dog barking. He yawned and

picked up the newspaper. Instantly a flyer fell from the paper. He looked at it and tried to read it while it was on the pavement. He was about to pick it when Ayla came out.

“Where are you going?”

“I told you weeks ago.”

“Vacation has already been four weeks already? Damn it. Time is flying.”

“See you, Calvin.”

She opened the back door of her car and placed a traveling bag. Jumped in and drove off leaving Calvin walking out of the yard to stand in the middle of the road. Calvin walked back in. Stepping on the flyer leaving his sandals imprinted on it. Before walking back inside the house. Slamming the door closed. Instantly the door opened, and he rushed outside and picked the flyer. Now just in his boxers and rushed back inside. Lyla snapped, opened her eyes, and walked to the kitchen after smelling toast and eggs.

“Hey, why are you putting dirty things on the table?”

She threw the flyer in the bin.

Instantly Calvin entered wrapping a towel around him.

“Hey, where is my flyer?”

She pointed in the bin.

“Ewe picking stuff from the bin why?”

“This can’t be amended or broken. I am tired of staying and waiting. The woman I love is going on vacation with another man and I feel like crap. I need something I can do to take my

mind off for the next four weeks,” said Calvin.

“But she told you she is not into a man like you,” said Lyla.

She looked at him.

“Another way of saying that she can’t go out with broke guys. I will go on a treasure hunt. If I find the key, they want. That will be great because I will be rewarded generously. I bet when she comes back. She will have realized that with the money. I am a better man than that jerk she is going out with,” explained Calvin.

Instantly Lyla took the flyer and read it.

“It says there are chances you might not come back? Is it worth it? Is she worth it? Girls when they say no to you. I don’t think that will ever change. Once I say no to a guy. I don’t think I will change my mind. The first impression usually counts,” she advised him.

“Do you stand for all women, Lyla?”

“Not really,” she replied.

“Thank you, the flyer, please? Some of us have quests to find and treasure to hunt,” said Calvin.

He took the flyer and rushed into his bedroom. Instantly he opened the door and came back.

“I am going on a treasure quest, but my primary goal is love. Imagine a woman who can control my body in her sleep. That woman my sister is a woman to go to the end of the earth for,” he said with raised eyebrows.

“What do you mean?”

“All I need to do is think about her. That even in my dreams my body obeys everything she tells it. I can make love to her in my dreams but for real waking up spoiled. A woman like that is one to fight for but wisely. I need to be stable and have enough wealth for myself before I can advance on her otherwise, she is going to walk out,” he said, dancing waving his hands to the sides.

“Talking about wet dreams? That has nothing to do with her. Everyone has wet dreams?”

“No. I asked my friends, and none have these dreams. To me, I have these dreams only if I think about her and no other women,” explained Calvin.

“Any woman can induce wet dreams. For some, even a heap plate full of well-cooked meat can induce wet dreams,” she said, feeling jealous of some sort.

“Okay, sister, you said this can happen because of every woman. Right?”

“So, let me see,” Calvin rushed in the lounge and threw himself on the couch and started snoring.

“Ewe that’s disgusting thinking me that why?”

Calvin got up and checked himself.

“Sorry, sister. Nothing just my gorgeous sexy Ayla. The love of my life can remotely tickle all the right spots and points to make my body come alive. Even if I am unconscious. I never heard this before,” he said smiling.

“I think you are thinking about her too much, that could be why,” she said.

“But still it is amazing, and I want to hang on to these feelings forever. If that means me getting killed or eaten by a shark in quest of the treasure to win this woman’s heart so be it,” he said seriously.

“What a jerk. She never loves you. You would rather put yourself at risk if you die then she will have no man. Why didn’t you stop her or go with her?”

“I just thought it is four weeks only and I will spend the rest of my life with her. What is the rush?”

“Whatever,” she replied.

Somewhere in the city.

Detective Alyssa was inconsolable when she learned about the death of detective Holly especially the way she died. That she took time off work.

Benjamin pushed open the door and stood outside smoking in only his boxers before he noticed someone standing at the gate hiding by the tree.

“Jesus! What are you doing here? What happened to phoning first or getting an appointment first? Don’t try to cause problems between me and Isabella,” said Benjamin.

Benjamin walked to the door and closed it up. He puffed his e-cigar walking to the gate.

“How long have you been waiting here?”

“I knew you would come out for a cigarette. I have been leaving messages,” she said delighted to see him.

“But you know I have Isa now. Right?”

“But I need you too. Things did not turn out to be what I hoped. Everything seemed to fall apart, and I am petrified,” she said touching her neck.

“I heard about what’s going on at work,” he said.

He cursed.

“Okay, I will get my shirt and tell Isa,” he said going inside.

Instantly the curtain flipped open and Isabell, nude flashing her boobs stood at the window. Shortly after disappeared from view before instantly the front door opened. Only in her panties, she stood at the door.

“Benji come to bed,” she said softly as if to cry.

“I won’t be long. There are issues at work she needs to discuss with me,” he said nervously.

“Why can’t she call the police or go there?”

Benjamin somehow found that funny that he laughed but instantly looked at the haunted face of Detective Alyssa.

“She is the police,” he said.

“That makes you who? The secret services?”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I don’t want you to go with her. Better discuss it with her here. Why do you have to go with her?”

“It is better if you too are not at the same place and time,” said Benjamin.

“She started it and she can’t stop leaving messages and phone calls. That makes me wonder what she really wants from you,” said Isabella.

“I won’t be long. I am just getting my shirt and putting on something warm,” said Benjamin.

She cursed but went in fast. Coming out dressed fully to his surprise.

“I will go with you,” she said.

“Isa darling, I won’t belong. Okay?”

She threw at him his shirt, jacket, and trousers. He walked to the gate before disappearing around a corner before a car’s lights brightened the road leaving Isabella at the gate cursing.

“What is going on at work? I just can’t believe it,” he asked her.

She started sobbing whilst driving.

“There is something you didn’t tell me, right?”

Detective Alyssa slammed hard on the brakes pad before stopping the car on the roadside.

“I am scared, Benny. I swear I have never been this scared,”

she said.

“It will be alright!”

He hugged her. She put her head on his chest sobbing.

“I don’t know what the future will be like. I am thinking of quitting. I think we have an enemy within,” she cried hugging him.

“But I thought she was shot. That means if it was her killing others then there is nothing to

be afraid of anymore,” he comforted her.

“Must be someone at the top. The top brace. We are being sacrificed,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

She sobbed for a while.

“The body of the missing detective was discovered today,” she said wiping off tears.

“That of detective Frankie?”

“Yes,” she replied instantly.

“But that cannot be news, right? His wife had already declared him presumably dead,” he said.

She sobbed uncontrollably.

“Detective Dexter died today too,” she said before crying uncontrollably.

“Detective Dexter? Oh my God. It’s worse than I thought,” said Benjamin.

## Chapter Eight

“No! Don’t shoot. You can’t have a conversation without shooting each other. This conference should have ended by now,” roared Andy.

President Patrick switched the gun to pointing at Andy, but he was short-tempered as well and he retaliated instantly fuming and aiming at his head without even moving his face still and somberly.

“They don’t call me short-fused. Or hot-tempered for nothing. One mistake and you will be sat on the table with Jesus. Drinking his blood. Or worse in hell being cooked by the devil. So, don’t bloody point that thing at me. Okay? Two counts and you are out,” bellowed Andy shaking with fury.

“Again, I reiterate that Dennis is a perfect example. So, listen up!”

“The military will take over and facilitate the activities of the EB. Until such a time when the EB will consider all of you as fit again. To run your own countries,” thundered Andy.

“When would be that time? We must know,” asked President Knox.

There was a moment of silence.

“When the grieving time has ended,” replied Jacob.

“Ended? You sound like we are just going to stop and forget that this has happened,” yelled President Patrick.

“You must understand that witnessing such a loss of someone close to you. Will do real

damage and that being on national television is traumatic enough to cause harm to the person concerned. So as such considering that you are the most powerful people on earth and leaders of your countries. Sound judgment is a must. A prerequisite. To safeguard that. It is in your favor to let the EB take over. Thank you for your understanding, Sirs and Madams,” said Jacob.

A huge buzz filled the hall. The military men saluted the Presidents, then carried their dead soldier Joseph.

“We have orders to leave you for now. You have forty-eight hours to decide. We will be in touch. You have been legally informed of the way forward. As per the requirement of the new global laws,” said Andy.

“I can’t believe what is happening. All my family has been taken away and you are telling me there is nothing I can do? That can’t be right. I must wait for this EB to give me a go-ahead? Surely there is something we can do to stop all this nonsense?” Roared President Rex.

“Kyle. Do something about this!”

Pleaded the president that he shouted in desperation as it finally sunk that now revenge was remote if not impossible. The powerful men and women in the world are reduced to nothing due to legal jargon. That was hurtful. More than the losses themselves. Knowing having the most consolidated power in the world but unable even to fire a shot at the enemy’s dog was excruciating. That tore President Rex’s heart especially knowing that he had been reduced to a sitting duck. Fear sits in as once perceived danger becomes more and more a reality. He knew without a doubt that with all revenge attacks options shattered the enemy could strike again.

Revenge was the only swift answer to stop and deter. For the first time. Kyle saw his role-model as the strongest man he had ever met reduced to a weak, frightened, and begging man now fearing to be attacked as well as imprisoned if he took things into his own hands.

“I don’t like it when things are not in my hands. This bloody EB might take weeks. I can’t wait while worms are eating my family. We must take our chances. If we don’t fight. We are all finished. The enemy will use this as a test of our resistance. Let’s attack even with this EB,” pleaded President Rex in desperation. His voice patterns said it all. Fear. That animal called fear was written all over his face. He looked haunted like he had seen a ghost. That ate Kyle to the bone to see his role-model in such a state.

Kyle stood there next to the President without knowing what to do. He had been the President’s favorite. His prodigy and seeing him that helpless tore his heart. This was one thing he could not stand. This was the first time he had seen the President so weak. So vulnerable and powerless. To some extent so traumatized that he understood how traumatic such a loss can be. He knew it can be traumatic to anyone and even worse to others than the strongest man he had ever known over the years. But he can understand that pain and trauma were neither discriminatory nor favor others, no. Pain and trauma treated everyone the same. He knew from there that this was to be personal for him too. As it had been to the President. Revenge was the only word that kept coming to his head. After all, the president’s kids and wife had become his second family. Even though he acted professionally. Inside, he was in a worse situation than the President himself. He filed holiday request forms at work, but that was denied of him.

“Leave this with us. We will do our best to resolve the issue as soon as possible and as best as we can,” shouted Dennis trying to comfort the Presidents.

“You mean stalling and dragging this for weeks? Giving our enemy time to escape or even do more harm? Is that so?”

“Trust us. You will have your revenge,” said Dennis.

“We have good reasons to attack now. I am going to send my men and kill all these bastards. What are they going to do to me? Put me in jail? I don’t see why we should listen to them. I must get revenge. We must get revenge together. Are you with me?” Shouted President Rex. Dennis cleared his throat, trying to draw attention to all. They all looked at him.

“What a loser. Listen to that old man? He is just waiting to die. I say let’s start World War Three. Let’s attack now whilst the lead is still hot. Let’s revenge now before the worms and the termites start eating our loved ones. I say we attack now. Collectively, we are stronger than this Executive Branch. Are you with me? We must do everything as one to succeed,” shouted President Rex.

“I wouldn’t listen to that. Grieve for your loved ones first and put them to rest. Time for revenge will come,” said Dennis now sympathizing with the presidents.

“Shut up you, old man,” shouted President Onesimus.

“I am just saying that this is exactly what whoever is behind this. Wants you to do. Acts in the heat of the moment can get innocent people killed. What is good of all you when you are all behind bars? You forgot what I went through?”

“Executive powers. Special privileges and Presidential immunity? Ever heard of that?”

“Promise me that you are not going to kill any innocent women and children of others.

Then I can guarantee you special privileges,” said Dennis.

There was instant silence. They all looked at each other and cursed at the new laws.

“Can you excuse us old man?”

“Of course, Sir. I am dismissed,” said Dennis walking to the door.

Dennis slammed the door behind him before he heard Tim calling him and running to him.

“Did they kick you out as well?” Asked Dennis.

“Bastards they think they can go around killing other wives and children. You should see what is waiting for them. Every story has an ending and believe me theirs is a short one. Their days are numbered,” said Dennis cursing and walking ahead.

Tim looked confused than ever before.

“Are you implying that they are right? After all. To put on a fight? I thought you went through the same ordeal?”

Dennis stopped and turned to look at Tim who was behind him.

“I only learned last night that they put me through all that. So, I can be a deterrent to others. My family died for nothing. They should have listened to me and stopped these killings. Then I could have been a good teacher. But all that for nothing. So, let them pay the heavy price. A taste of their own medicine,” said the old man.

“I never understood you. You know? You were really convincing inside. Yet you are

setting booby traps for them?”

“I felt my life was a waste. I spent years worrying about family. Then I got the family and then lost it all. Now there is nothing to worry about. My dreams shattered. At least I can help others have their families forever. I had lost faith in mankind until I read this book,” said the old man.

He paused.

“This book gave me hope. Something to worry about,” he said smiling.

Tim thought for a while.

“Tell me? What do they have in store for them?”

The old man smiled.

“Handouts are easily forgotten. Why not seek the answers yourself? Everything you search for answers for yourself is enriching. Until next time,” said the old man walking away.

Tim stood there wondering what that meant.

“Where to search for answers?”

Asked Tim.

“Buy the book!”

“What book?”

“Tomorrow’s World Order!”

Dennis shook his head.

“Oh! By the way read also; World’s First: Power games. Same author!”

Shouted the old man walking away.

“A full-grown man with a toddler’s brain. I have to spoon-feed him all the time,” said the old man walking away.

He waved and smiled before disappearing around the corner.

In a city. Miles away.

In one of the cities, a man stood at the window looking outside. He was professionally dressed in suit-wearing reading glasses. He turned to look at his colleagues sitting in the conference hall. A strong voice sliced the silence.

“We must safeguard our interests and the integrity of this movement. It is in our best interest to take over the decision-making process. This is to avoid future judiciary challenges. The EB shall and must have the final say regarding decisions that are political in nature. We must make sure that these unfortunate leaders don’t make decisions that will tarnish and spoil the image and reputation of this organization,” said the man seriously.

Michael stopped and looked at everyone.

“A special team has been selected already to spearhead the investigations into the killings. Once they have presented the findings. We will then choose the right action to take. Nevertheless, we must remain vigilant and raise the threat level. We must be on the lookout all the time, he said.”

A car drove following the ragged terrain leading to the cemetery and approached a burial gathering. A group of mourners in black stood around the raised coffins. A tear dropped from

the man's eyes straight onto the coffin in front of him. Instantly the coffin started sinking down into the pit. The very instant the surrounding people started throwing flowers in as the coffin descended. As the coffin sunk inside. The mourners then moved to the next raised coffin just beside it. The man in complete black looked distraught as tears trickled down his cheeks. If it wasn't for the woman who kept pulling his arms. It appeared as if he wanted to jump in the open pit. He looked a few steps away from the next coffin and saw another raised coffin. That was the catalyst as well as the trigger. It was just unbearable. No wonder they had taken his gun away from him. Otherwise in that state. Surely for any man. That can let one experience and reach that point of no return. The zenith of trauma and emotional turmoil. He couldn't keep his composure. He started sobbing before he started crying irrepressibly. The woman instantly hugged him, caressing his hair.

“They should have shot me instead.”

He kept repeating that while sobbing overpoweringly.

“Why these innocent kids? How can they be punished for my mistakes if any? Where is justice there?”

“My thoughts are with you at this difficult time Sir. I pay my condolences, Sir,” said Kyle crying too.

The man cried profusely. He only managed to pull up the mucus in his nostrils and shook hands with Kyle.

A car came to a halt suddenly sending fumes of smoke and a cloud of dust in the air. A

man got out of the car that had just been parked a few meters from the burial site all dressed in black. The way he walked sent a message that he was not one of them at least in no grieving state. He marched like a soldier about to deliver bad news.

The man looked at him in disbelief.

“What the bloody hell does he want?” They locked eyes with Kyle before both looked at the man as their hearts pounded fast with each step.

“What is he doing here?”

Roared the man shaking uncontrollably searching for his gun as the man neared.

Somewhere in the city.

“Who is this? How did you get my number?”

“A dead guy with a fetish for women’s knickers gave me your number,” said the man.

Dior’s heart started pounding hard. She locked eyes with Palmer and instantly disconnected the line.

“Damn it. Dior see what is happening now. I told you not to do stupid things otherwise you will jeopardize my safety and yours too,” shrieked Palmer scared.

“They might have put a manhunt on me,” she said.

“I know you did it deliberately,” said Palmer.

Dior smiled.

“The thrills give me a boner. My clit is all lit and stiff. Just can’t help it,” she said stroking her out of fear.

“Damn it. Be serious for a change,” resounded Palmer.

Dior giggled.

“You will never understand life. Life is a rollercoaster. I work hard and smart that way. If there is a chase. For that acts as a push. I have never failed that way. I can only chase harder,” she added rolling her tongue on her top lip flirtatiously.

Palmer pressed hard on the brake pedal to bring the car to a halt on the roadside.

“Oh my God. Why I didn’t notice. Even the last time it was deliberate. All the manhunt. A self-inflicted wound. But why? Damn it. Putting myself in danger? But, why?”

Palmer slapped Dior hard in the face with the outside of her hand. Tearing her lip.

Dior laughed and touched the blood then rolled her tongue on her lips, licking her blood. She then forcefully held her head by the neck and pulled her closer to herself before kissing her passionately. They both started laughing.

“Let’s park somewhere safe and private. I know you like this,” said Dior lifting her skirt to reveal some saucy-white knickers before getting her hand to stroke her groin area briefly. They passionately grabbed each other and French-kissed. Dior peeled Palmer’s shirt pushing it over her shoulders-backward after unbuttoning it and then lowered the car seat. She ogled Palmer’s stomach and poked her in the belly button leaving her giggling before sitting on top of her now clad in lingerie only. She started removing her blouse before a car passed by at full speed.

“I thought we were finding a safe and private place,” asked Dior.

Palmer giggled.

“If you can wait because I can’t. I want all this now and here,” said Palmer pulling Dior’s skirt upwards. She looked at her and held her by the waist and pulled her to herself kissing her passionately. Now breathing hard and fast they hooked in each other’s arms. Palmer held Dior’s knickers about to pull them down when the sound of the ringing phone startled all. She cursed hard.

“Damn it. Ignore the phone,” she whispered in her ear touching the hand reaching for the phone.

Dior cursed when she discovered that it was her ringing tone.

“Don’t pick it up, Dior.”

“I have to. It could be important,” she said.

“More important than me and all this?” Asked Palmer pointing at her body from top to bottom.

Dior cursed.

“Caller ID withheld,” she said before they locked eyes.

“Dior speaking,” she answered asking Palmer to be quiet.

“Why can’t you find a nice safe and private place? Don’t make my job easy. You know. I heard you are a tough nut to crack and trust me. There is nothing tough or sexy about banging your job partner. Another woman for that matter. Not that I have anything against dykes,” said the caller.

“Fuck you. Fuck off. Go to hell,” she paused.

“Where are you? You have been assigned to take me out, right?”

Dior kneeled looking everywhere above the car.

“What is it? Who is that?”

“That jerk. He is watching us,” she replied covering herself.

Palmer cursed and quickly wore her clothes before the car started driving and speeding off.

“I was just saying with your guts you might want the real thing? A real man,” he suggested.

“Fuck off. Don’t phone this number again. Asshole,” she cursed.

She instantly disconnected the line.

Palmer looked up in the skies while driving.

“Could be a drone up there,” she suggested.

The phone started ringing again.

“I said fuck off loser,” she cursed hard.

“I was just saying I will give you a chance to fulfill your wish before I kill you,” said the stalker.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” she said, playing tough.

“I know you are not happy. You love a man, but this macho thing left you banging other women. When you should be enjoying life with someone like me,” he sounded confident.

“I am very happy thank you. I don’t need no man,” she explained.

Dior looked at Palmer.

“When are you going to do things for yourself? Life is short you know? Worse with such a

job. If you were happy you wouldn't cry every night. Would you?"

"Fuck you. Damn it. Stop spying on me. Don't call. Okay?"

She disconnected the line.

She looked outside the window and started wearing her blouse. The phone rang again.

She looked at it and then at Palmer who by now was starting to feel jealous and neglected.

"What? Asshole? What do you want? I have one rule. No contact with my targets until the day I take them out," she thundered upset now.

"You don't even know me. How can you say that?"

"How did you find me? I will find you the same way," said Dior.

Miles away in the suburban area.

Anastasia arrived home heartbroken and hopeless. She now felt double the weight on her shoulders than before she left. She entered the bedroom and threw herself on the bed sobbing herself to sleep. Aurora heard the sobbing but decided to wait until later. Hours later she strolled down the pavement and entered Henry's house yard and knocked on the door. She tried to open the door and the door instantly opened. She entered the house calling Anastasia's name. When she did not answer. She headed to the bedroom. She pushed the door open. Tears running down her cheeks. Anastasia lay on the bed peacefully sleeping like a baby. She walked stealthily inside with a gun in her hand. She stood there looking at her. Suddenly a car screeched its tires to a stop outside the house. She instantly and rapidly walked to the window

and peeked.

Anastasia turned and mumbled something before sleeping back. Aurora looked at the man who got out. The man quickly walked in the yard and straight into the house. Quickly Aurora headed to the door. Swiftly outside the bedroom and about to run downstairs before the front door opened pronto. She saw Hudson Dones getting in fast. She stopped and listened. Quickly Hudson Dones ran upstairs. She panicked and quickly ran back inside into the bedroom.

“Anastasia!”

Aurora quickly entered into the wall wardrobe closing the door the very second Anastasia opened her eyes catching a glimpse of the door closing. A gusty wind rapidly blew in through the open window. Pushing the curtain aside leaving it dancing to the wind and pushing the wall cabinet door closed too, the very instance Hudson Dones stood on the door.

She started sobbing at his sight.

“Come here, babe. I came the moment I heard. I am sorry for your loss,” he said, taking her into his hands.

“This is not something Henry would do. Killing himself. He was not that unhappy trust me,” she said trying to convince him.

She sobbed hard crying in Hudson Dones’s arms.

“So how did it all go?”

She even sobbed hard.

“First my daughter and now Henry,” she cried uncontrollably.

Hudson watched her sobbing intensely.

“What about Henry? Suicide?” he asked.

“I can’t buy it. I think they killed him,” she said.

“Why?”

She kept having this nagging thought about the wardrobe door that was slightly open. She got up and looked at the slightly open door. Instantly somehow. She freaked out that she walked toward it. Instantly Hudson Dones spooned her from the back and started canoodling and kissing her on the neck.

“It’s just you and me now, babe. Come,” he said.

Anastasia eyed the slightly open cabinet door for a while breathing hard before Hudson Dones pulled her away from the door.

“It was a suicide. He killed himself,” he said.

Hudson cuddled her tightly close to himself and kissed her.

“Even if I want to. I just can’t. I am mourning my husband,” she said.

“This will make you feel better,” he said fondling her passionately

He started undressing her. She sighed and sat on the bed. Now in high heels and undies only. Hudson Dones kneeled between her legs. He ran his hands on her thighs and pulled down her knickers just before a hissing sound startled all.

Miles away.

“Oh my God,” she cried, and they hugged for a while.

He held her in his hands firmly.

“I am scared they will come to me. They are cleansing up the system. I guess I am on the list,” she said.

“Maybe come out. Lodge a court case. Sure, the department knows that the courts can protect you and deter them from doing any harm to you,” he advised.

“You think so,” she asked.

“Why not? Simply change the job and lie low,” he said.

“They asked everyone if we wanted redundancy packages but we all refused even a transfer. This is our life. If I quit. Then what will I do? This is my passion. The only job I know and do right,” she said.

“Get reporters to look into this. Push hard something good always comes up,” he suggested.

Somewhere in the city.

“Since Oliver left. I have been so scared sleeping with the gun under my pillow,” she said.

“How did the detective die?”

“Complication. The doctor suggested he caught an infection which was the COD; Cause of death. He admitted he could have survived as his wounds had healed,” she said.

“This was only meant to force him to take time off resulting in his death,” she added.

“I understand your fears. Detective Frankie’s COD?”

“Not confirmed but executed gunshots to the head the skull had two bullet holes,” she explained.

“Detective Dexter? Otherwise, it is strange for him to die the same day they found the body?”

“I don’t think it was Dexter. What people don’t know is that our partners are even more important to us than our wives and husbands,” she said looking at him.

“Thanks for reminding me that very reason why I am not enjoying making love to you,” said Benjamin sarcastically.

“These people cover my back twenty-four seven and for the whole year. It is a dangerous world out there. Coming back at night is not dependent on luck or my skills alone. But also, by the connection between me and my partner. I can give him or her my life in the end, especially after a near-miss,” she said softly.

“Damn it. Alyssa don’t you start. Just your own justifications for moving in with your partner. Now, where is he? Why did he not feel the same way the day he walked out?”

“He served my life. I would be dead by now if it wasn’t for him and I felt traumatized by the event. I was scared and after that, I found life without him unbearable. I was scared. He saved all this, he might as well enjoy it,” she said pointing at her body.

“Damn it, Aly I was there. All you had to do was take time off,” argued Benjamin.

“Anyway, I have no one,” she said, feeling pitiful.

The couple locked eyes.

“You used to love me. I can bet at one point you would die for me,” she said.

She touched his shirt’s button.

She smiled.

“Life is too short yet there are so many things we must do. If I knew things would end up like this. I would have never walked out on you,” she said.

Benjamin felt a gusty rush of feelings and blood everywhere that he held her hand in his hand. Instantly she closed her eyes. She French-kissed him fast and passionately. Instantly a car rolled to a stop behind the parked car in the dark.

Isabella cried softly as he saw the shadows through the back window of his fiancé’s car, him kissing Alyssa.

Early morning a car stopped, and an old woman knocked on the window.

Detective Alyssa snapped open her eyes sleeping on Benjamin’s chest. The woman walked away without a word.

Instantly Benjamin opened his eyes.

He cursed.

“Isabell?”

“Don’t worry about her,” she said.

“She reached on the car floor and picked her knickers.

“I was looking for these,” she said.

“Ben I was thinking that if you like maybe we can be a couple again. This time I will make

it hot for you,” she said caressing him running her hand on his hairy chest.

“Alyssa, I don’t think it’s a good idea. What if you decide your new partner is the one you should be with?”

She instantly slapped him.

“That was hurtful. Why didn’t you say that before you cleaned my pipe?”

“I am just saying I don’t want to wait for you and it’s worse now with all these issues at work,” he said seriously.

“It will be alright. I don’t know what they did to deserve that, but I am clean. You know me. Miss-good-girl.”

“Maybe that is why they are killing them,” he suggested.

“For being good? If that was so they could have killed me first then,” she said.

“I can’t take the stress of waiting for you all night and sometimes not coming home until early in the morning. Probably just like we did right now,” he said.

She raised her hand to slap him again.

“You mean a lot to me. I can screw you in front of everyone. I don’t care, we have a thing going on, you know. I love you,” she said.

“We had a thing until that bastard ruined everything. I was expecting that he was the one...,” she interrupted him.

“Damn it. Benji. You can’t be that low wishing the man your wife once loved, dead,” she said cursing.

“Why? Don’t you think it was hard enough waiting for you? Wanking myself to sleep. When he was enjoying you? If that doesn't hurt, then I don’t know what does. If I had a gun. I would take him down myself and make it my business. The pain was unbearable. I could have used it to kill half the world’s population by now because the pain was out of this world,” he said.

“I don’t get it. I can watch you humping Isabella. I don’t feel so hurt. Okay, I can be upset, but that’s all. You are just going to cum inside her, and she washes, and things are back to normal again,” she said.

“Some couples are swinging changing partners and still be together happily forever,” she added

“I am not some people. It’s either me or that jerk. As long as he is still out there. I don’t think things will be the same again as they used to be,” he said honestly.

“You can come around tonight if you want. I will drop you home now,” she said.

“I start work in two days. I have a new interesting case,” she added.

“What? Just feeling sleepy,” he said, opening his eyes.

“I enjoyed last night. You will be shocked by that since he walked out. I had not slept with any men. I just could not. I was closed inside my heart was hurting and I felt betrayed and trampled upon,” she said driving.

Instantly the car screeched to a stop on the roadside.

Chapter Nine

“Not sure but I can find out for you,” replied Kyle as he walked to meet the man.

Kyle instantly pulled his gun as he approached and aimed.

“Stop where you are. What do you want?”

The man did not stop, nor did he replied but kept approaching.

“Stop! Or I will shoot you,” shouted Kyle catching the man’s attention and that of the crowd.

“Official business,” said the man.

“How do you sleep at night? Can’t you see it’s not the right time? Grieving in progress,” asked Kyle.

“Summons letter for the President,” he said.

“What? Is this a joke?”

“Not a joke,” he said.

“Hell no! You won’t hand him that letter. Not today. Where are your manners?”

The man reached for his breast jacket pocket and retrieved the letter.

“I must hand it to the President myself,” he insisted.

“No, you won’t,” said Kyle blocking the man.

Swiftly the man pulled out a gun too.

“Out of my way or I will blast you open in cold blood. They will bury you as well today if

you don't get out of my way," he said.

The women's screaming sounds startled Kyle who got distracted for a split second as he checked what the fuss was about.

The President had retrieved a gun from the woman's purse. He straightaway nodded to Kyle telling him to let the man pass. The man proceeded walking toward the President matching like a uniformed soldier. Fearless. He removed his sunglasses and addressed the President before handing the court summons.

The President instantly cocked the gun leaving all the women to scream and ducking as the man retaliated. Kyle rushed backward aiming at the man.

"Don't even think about it," shouted Kyle.

"I am a messenger. You can't shoot a messenger," roared the man.

"Yes. I can. If he doesn't know how to behave," he said.

The President felt embarrassed as the man immediately realized that he had been crying.

"You have some nerves coming here especially at this moment delivering bad news on top of bad news," said the President wiping off his tears.

The man twisted his mouth in contempt.

"Doing my job Sir. If it's not me, they will simply send another, Sir. So, it makes no difference who they send. Does it?"

"Maybe bury you with my daughter. Get you to be eaten by the worms too the same as her? Who will ever know?" Asked the President.

“I am not afraid to die Sir, but maybe I will take you as well with us. It is traumatizing being in a situation like this. I can only guess. I have been watching you. Trying to jump in the pit with the coffin, Sir. Maybe I can help,” said the man seriously.

The man aimed at the President’s head.

The woman screamed. Kyle shouted nervously.

“Don’t shoot or I will drop you inside that pit you, bastard!”

The man and everyone else sensed the shallowness of that remark.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I asked the President? Not you. He might be wishing for someone to shoot himself,” said the man. He then looked at the lady.

“The lady’s hand must be swollen by now pulling back the president from jumping in the pit. Stopping him from jumping. Maybe I can help,” he asked again.

A cold shiver of fear and emotional pain tore the President’s nerves.

“It is worse news is it?”

Asked the President trembling and opening the summons letter.

The man instantly stood at attention.

“You are here being summoned and ordered by the court to appear on the stipulated time and date to answer accusations explained in this letter,” said the man.

“Stop! I said it’s the wrong time,” shouted Kyle as he noticed the haunted-look on the President’s face.

The man paused briefly.

“Failure to do so will mean proceedings can go without you and judgment be passed in your absence. I hereby confirm that you have been officially summoned according to the court proceedings,” said the man.

The President quickly opened the letter and read it. He slowly lifted his face and looked at Kyle. Kyle’s heart started pounding fast. The President looked as if he was going to cry. Pain tore through Kyle’s heart. He quickly aimed at the man as the women screamed and ducked for cover.

“Don’t let him go. Kyle,” begged the president, wishing he would just blast the man and throw him in the grave with his daughter.

“Don’t let him go. Kyle! Please. Don’t let him go,” he pleaded softly with tears rolling down in a chain. One after the other fast down.

Slowly and softly ascending until loudly said the President.

Kyle cursed after firing a shot at the man as the man flipped into the air four times before pulling the gun and firing a warning shot. While still in the air missing Kyle by inches. Everyone but the President ducked.

“That son of a bitch got some nerves coming here with this kind of information,” he said, shaking now not knowing what to do. The lady now supporting his shaking body started stroking him gently.

“It's okay. Time will heal. Just be strong. Pass this phase and things will be okay. Time is

the healer,” she said crying too overpoweringly.

“I am just doing my job. Let me pass right now,” shouted the man as Kyle stood waiting for his next move to his car.

Kyle looked at the President.

He nodded his head. Kyle dropped the hand holding the gun. The man walked away but stopped.

“The President of Tomorrow’s World Order has asked me to pay condolences on his behalf for your loss,” he shouted.

“I am going to kill that bastard. He is the one behind all this,” shouted the President.

“He personally advised that he had no part nor lot in all of this. It came as a shock as well to him, him being a father too,” said the man. He walked a few steps.

“He confessed that his hands are clean. Just you know,” he said.

A lump of pain and sorrow choked the President. He raised his gun and aimed at the man as he walked away. The woman put her hands on his chest.

“Let him go. You can walk away from all this. You shoot him, and your life might be complicated too,” she said.

Tears dropped down the President’s eyes.

“Kyle! Kyle! What am I paying you for? So, is it fair that my family gets killed? No one around here with a hot head to avenge my wife’s death?”

Kyle cursed as the man ran to the car.

“Damn it!”

Cursed Kyle.

“We can’t shoot the messenger,” he said knowing he lacked the guts and balls the President was looking for.

“But shoot my wife and kids?” Asked the President as tears ran down his face shaking before hugging the lady and hiding his head between his chest as she cuddled him and cried like a baby.

That instantly triggered Kyle into action that he ran after the man and aimed then and fired at the man.

The man somersaulted before pulling his gun in shock. Screams startled all as everyone took cover. The man aimed at the President and not at Kyle. Kyle instantly cursed and sprinted to the President.

He ran to cover him after observing his last reactions. Even now the President did not duck. For a split-second. Kyle thought that the President was now suicidal but then again realized that the man was the President for a reason. On the other side had realized that things could easily get out of hand. The President had become suicidal. Attacking court officials was no laughing matter. He looked at him in disbelief.

He saw the man smiling for a while.

Kyle lifted his eyebrows as if asking what was so funny.

“You are digging yourself into a deep hole. That’s outlaw behavior,” shouted the man from

a distance.

Kyle looked at the president as if asking why.

“I gave them an alibi,” he said softly.

“That’s how a reasonable man would react given the circumstances,” he said.

Instantaneously the President started crying again profusely as they walked toward the third open grave and coffin. He pulled his gun and emptied the bullets from the gun firing repeatedly.

Somewhere in the city at Henry’s house.

“Who the fuck is she?”

“Aurora what are you doing in my bedroom?” Asked Anastasia.

“You got my husband killed. If he wasn’t chasing after you, he could not have fallen. All you had to do was stop and talk to him. Today he could still be alive,” she said.

Anastasia looked lost.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. I heard it was a car accident,” she said.

“Don’t play games with me. I have nothing to lose and trust me I can take you and him too with me,” roared Aurora.

She started shaking pointing the gun in their direction.

“What I can’t understand is why you let him die. Even after chasing after you. You refused to stop. I was there. After years of screwing him. Why didn’t you stop and at least tell him what was going on? Why can’t you answer me?”

“Who told you that I was screwing your husband? I was not here when it happened,” said Anastasia feeling cornered.

She cursed and aimed at her head.

“I was there. You little devil tart,” she said.

She started sobbing.

“Okay. I used to see your husband. When Henry. You know...? It was Henry’s idea in the first place. After doctors told him to cut down or risk a heart attack,” she said feeling embarrassed.

“Okay, but why not stop? That other day!”

“Shut up old woman,” cursed Hudson Dones shouting.

“I am not an old woman. In fact, I am younger than the woman you are screwing you bastard,” she said pointing at Anastasia.

She pointed the gun at him.

“Ask this bastard. He was there the day my Tri died,” she said.

Anastasia looked shocked and looked at Hudson Dones.

“What is she talking about?”

“I saw you with my own eyes. Coming out of the house the day paramedics arrived taking Henry’s body. Henry shot himself in front of you. Him, and another woman. I believe. What I don’t understand is why you are denying it? I am not old or stupid. I am just grieving. And I know what I am talking about. The fact that you are denying the obvious makes me think that

you have something to hide,” said Aurora.

Instantly Anastasia’s heart started pounding. She got up and covered herself.

“You remember now?”

“Aurora it wasn’t me. I was at work,” she said covering herself.

“That’s what my Tri said too. He said he knew the face of the woman he had been humping. That well to dismiss the other lady as an imposter. Just before he died,” she said.

She felt a lump of rage rising up her body.

“Hudson Dones, what is she talking about? Were you here the day Henry died?”

“The old woman does not know what she is talking about,” said Hudson Dones shaking though.

Slowly Anastasia retrieved a gun from the drawer and lifted it pointed at him.

“I want the truth right now! The fact that you are denying it makes me think you have something to hide too,” she shouted.

“I was not here. The old woman must be hallucinating,” he pleaded his innocence.

A bullet sound rocketed in the bedroom.

“I am not old, and I am not bloody-hallucinating, neither did I miss. Just a warning shot,” she protested.

Instantly Hudson Dones retrieved his gun and aimed at the old woman.

“One word from you and you follow your husband,” he said threateningly.

“Damn it. I will take you with me. Don’t threaten me. You were there damn it. Be a man. I

heard whom ever it was making orgasmic cries the whole day before Henry arrived to find them fucking,” she said.

“Wait, a minute. Who was the other woman?” Asked Anastasia pointing a gun at Hudson Dones.

“Olivia. I confess. We just came to romp in your house using the spare keys you gave me,” he said lowering the gun.

“So, who was the other woman?”

“Gemma, the lesbian,” he said.

“Gemma. I heard about this Gemma before. So, what happened?”

“Nothing. Henry came back and cried and shot himself,”

Anastasia thought for a while.

“Makes no sense unless,”

She paused.

“He thought it was me. Only to be relieved to find out that it is someone else. So why would he kill himself?”

They all looked at Hudson Dones who quickly lifted his gun.

A bullet sound rocketed in the bedroom. Followed by an instant scream.

“What did you do that for? Who are you? Sometimes I feel like I don’t know you at all,” said Anastasia.

“If he shot himself dead why call the paramedics? Did you shoot my husband?”

She raised the gun as he slowly turned the gun at her as well.

“Damn it. Hudson Dones, why did you kill my husband?”

She looked at him in disbelief.

“Who are you? Whom do you work for?”

“No one. He was suffocating you. Not giving space despite the fact that he couldn’t perform. I guess I felt cheated the last time I was here. I did not expect him to... you know. The fact that he had some Viagra empty packets said it all,” he said.

“Still that does not explain it. Why the paramedics if he was already dead? Why the secrecy? Unless if...”

She looked at Hudson Dones.

“Everything from the word-go, planned, and prepared in advance. Is that right? Could this have anything to do with what is happening at work also?”

“What happened at work?”

A bullet rocketed in the skies startling all.

Somewhere in the city.

A car instantly parked miles away from the Suburban area and after some minutes resumed its journey entering the Suburban area. As it stopped outside a house the two women came out and knocked on a door.

“Charlotte’s sister?”

“Yes come in.”

“We need to ask you a few questions regarding the death of your sister’s daughter.

Anything strange about that?”

“She was so sure that there was no gunman instead that the regime targeted her daughter to silence her as she had raised concerns about the abuse that some government officials were using government property and the new technology for personal gains,” she answered.

“Are you sure it was before and not after her daughter died?”

“Before,” she said.

“According to her what could have killed her daughter if it wasn’t the gunman?”

Miles away.

Straightaway the phone rang, and Dior quickly answered it.

“Dior speaking,” she said stroking her hair.

She cursed and promptly ended the call.

David in a flash, picked up his phone as it rang.

“David speaking,” he said.

“It’s Dior just to let you know that you are on my top list of suspects who killed the families of the presidents,” she said in a threatening voice.

“Based on what, because as far as we are concerned, we will never harm kids and women? What is your name again? Do you have a lawyer because our courts have automatically found you guilty of destroying our reputation and in name tarnishing and do you know the

punishment?”

“The line is breaking up,” said Dior, putting the phone away from herself.

“The punishment is to be screwed by the Fatladies’ bullets in the brain. Are you ready for that? Then keep annoying me? Okay?”

“Asshole,” shouted Dior before disconnecting the line.

“He is a jerk. I haven’t even started talking, and he has taken me to court already and assigned his lethal killers to kill me,” said Dior annoyed.

“So, is he out of reach? We cross him out or what?”

Somewhere in the city not far away.

President Rex entered Hudson’s office.

“I just heard that woman died? That’s shocking. How come? I thought she was mourning her husband. Just yesterday she was going to reveal who she thought was behind the assassinations,” he said sadly.

Hudson’s heart started pounding.

“Accidents do happen and mishaps as well especially if you are that loose like a horny dog screwing everything that moves. You can’t just go and bang everyone. Do you know she was banging Tristan as well? Ever ask yourself why she heard the neighbor’s husband’s death first than her husband’s?”

“I don’t care about all that. I am concerned that even though she might have been a little wild. She had vital information we could use to further protect ourselves from ourselves if that

makes sense,” said the President.

“You can’t separate the life you live and what might happen to you. I just can’t understand how she is wired. If she is that horny why did she marry an old man? One who can’t perform in the first place. Makes no sense?”

Hudson walked close to the president.

“Guess who else died in the bedroom with her? Tristan’s wife. Caught in action by the jealous Hudson Dones who put bullets in all the women’s heads,” he said.

“The way you handle these issues makes me wonder. It is either you are stupid or very challenging that you can kill someone in broad daylight and get away with it. So, what is it that Hudson? Please enlighten me? Is it a show of power? I felt like she was going to point at you. That could make sense. That could explain her daughter’s death to keep her quiet. That could explain her husband’s death to silence and send her back before she exposed you. That could explain her death as well to keep her quiet forever. This was just yesterday and today she is dead. It’s like keeping her quiet forever,” said the President.

“What worries me is the fact that this could be an inside job. We might have an enemy within lurking around. That will be so wrong,” he said.

“I know sir but imagine when you are all still grieving having to defend accusations that it’s like a snake that ate its own eggs? Then the courts would be justified in banning your desire to retaliate. Imagine what the world would think about us all? Imagine the impact of such an act and the damage to our reputation. Even if whoever is picked is innocent. So, as we. Yet we

suffered. I think by far the worst atrocities in modern history and for that to go unpunished will only open doors to further assault and I from a military background can't tolerate that," he said seriously.

"I thought you were a physicist, Hudson," said the President.

"Yes, still of military background and I can't allow any negative remarks. I know sometimes great men like you are asked to sacrifice for the country just like the soldiers are sacrificing for you and the country," he said.

President Rex felt a lump of pain rising up his body until it all diverted to the arms leaving him suffocating that he felt that unless he did something he was to explode. He lashed at Hudson punching him hard.

"No matter what! I will never sacrifice my kids and family for the country. That is hurtful of you," he said angrily.

Hudson hit the wall and tensed about to attack back.

"Now you are going to fight me?"

"No Mr. President," he said.

"Never say something hurtful as that," he advised.

"No matter how odd it sounds this is a fact. If soldiers can give their lives why can't you give your loved ones? Look Ibrahim was willing to sacrifice his son to God," he asked.

The President tensed and clenched his fists again.

"I don't bloody like how this sounds. My family and kids are not on the table. Or should I

say we're never on the table? I will never give up my kids even for this country,” he said, very upset.

Miles away.

Isabella stood at the bedroom window looking outside the window sad with tears running down his cheeks. She sat back and as soon as she had sat on the bed the sound of a car engine became audible that she jumped on her feet and walked fast to the window and opened the curtain. She quickly looked and cursed. She stood there for some time before going to the bed and sleeping. This time she took the pillow and covered her ears. She woke up later in the afternoon and still there was no sign of Benjamin. She dialed his phone. She cursed and hit the wall with the cellphone sending it into pieces on the bedroom carpet. She cried before sleeping again.

Miles away.

Detective Alyssa sat on the side of the bed watching Benjamin nude sleeping on the bed.

“The case I have this time is so fascinating but filled with danger and great thrills,” she said.

Benjamin opened his eyes and got up supporting his head with his hand.

“Tell me about it,” he said.

“We found a dead decomposing body that turned out to be that of the richest gatekeeper in the city. A man with so much power that the case will attract so much attention,” she said.

“What is all that stuff going on at work?”

“The people even though they lost the case in the People versus the Police. They are pushing for the defunding of the force. The people sued the force saying that they have become enemies of the people. As such therefore required the top brass to resign before getting them taken to the courts,” explained Detective Alyssa.

“Not trying to be funny. The people could be right. Things have changed now. There are high chances of being killed by the people you are to protect. Just as the chances of dying at the hands of the people who are protecting you have increased,” she said.

“So, the people lost, how come I thought it was a clear-cut case?” Asked Benjamin.

“The judge accused the people of lies and of funding the police. Meaning whatever they did the blame still goes back to them,” clarified Detective Alyssa.

“What?”

“The very reason why the government insists their wages and salaries come from the people’s taxes. So that the people will never successfully sue them. They are their funders meaning technically whatever happens to them it’s like they paid for it,” elucidated the detective.

“You sound like they are buying services from the police when they are being tortured by the police?”

“That is what is happening. Self-inflicted wounds. Therefore, a coconspirator. Whatever happens to them even if it is suffering the consequences they are partly to blame,” she alleged.

“Damn it. Now I am starting to understand this Tomorrow’s World Order leader. The

system is the fault. But can you see also it could all be an inside thing? To justify keeping the funding on? They might have set up all rotten police officers to get them all cleaned out. The very reason cited by those for defunding the police force. Setting up everyone just to justify funding. Then make the situation look dire. In that without the policing officer's things can be worse," said Benjamin.

"I thought so but this gatekeeper can prove to be the answer," said the detective.

"I am not following," said Benjamin.

"If the government is forced to stop funding the force directly where would they get the money?"

"Print more?"

"Highly unlikely," she suggested.

"Borrow?"

"Borrow from the bank and not from the treasury or reserve bank?"

"Bank? Why bank?"

"The gatekeeper especially this type is that of a corporate manager. The one who dictates who is allowed in and who is left outside?"

"Left outside?"

"The banks have a circle of trust if you like. Where members are secretly listed and where they have special privileges. Like long-term loans at a fraction of what they would pay. All they have to do is pay membership fees," she clarified.

“So, this gatekeeper can decide who should be offered the loans and join?”

“Exactly!”

“But the government doesn’t borrow from the banks for servicing money,” he explained.

“Normally yes. But now that they have no option. They might be forced to join the circle of trust maybe in secrecy,” she added.

Benjamin sat down.

“So, killing the gatekeeper is a message to herald their coming in?”

“Exactly what I am thinking. That it could be the message of breaking in. Shouting we are coming in and trust us or hell will break loose,” she said.

“I read somewhere that this was practiced centuries ago. They sacrificed their own. Shading blood of their own as a sign of desperate measures. So that they are accepted as they remove all gates and their keepers. A message also that means coming in to rob? How could they pay back the money?”

“Are you saying this is meant to mean trimming and downsizing?”

Asked detective Alyssa fear-struck.

“I know it’s common among these development loans and packages. I went to represent my company to a global lender. They put down things first in place. Things we must do to send a clear message that we wanted this loan package. I remember the CEO firing people for little things in the following weeks. That could be it,” replied Benjamin.

Instantly, detective Alyssa looked sad and haunted.

“Maybe I will sue them. I tell the public that it is an inside job in preparation to get this development aid. In case defunding goes ahead,” she threatened.

“But then someone might be listening, and it could be risky because I could be wrong. Or they will come after you. Detective Dexter definitely murdered?”

“Darling I don’t know what to believe anymore. I have never been this scared before. I don’t know what to believe. I was counting on talking to detective Dexter only to find out that he died,” she explained.

“Murdered. Complications are another word for state-sponsored murder. They knew he was going to spill the beans,” she added.

“What beans?”

“Can’t you see what they did?”

Benjamin sat down on the bed nude.

“You said that detective Holly confessed that it was the chief. The big boss who tricked her into this. Arresting detective Dexter. Surely, she might have felt for her life. Watching him driving while sleepwalking. Even if you are put in that situation you will be forced to act. So, detective Holly fearing for detective Dexter’s life and hers. Agreed to know for sure that. That was the only option. Two days and then he is out with pay and gets the rest he needs. When they found out that he was innocent then reinstated him. So, she agreed. Knowing at the moment that this was the best way. But without knowing about this defund issue. So, she agreed and played a part in his arrest. The very time the defund campaign was launched. Obviously,

the boss has corrected an issue already. The culprit is a single rotten egg. Which we know for sure if unchecked will cause all the eggs to stink. So quickly the same day. Or so the rotten egg is behind bars. Instant solutions to the defund problem. A stance sending a clear message that they are serious about all this and can be better,” he said.

“But why get him killed?” She asked.

“Pressure. If they release him. He will be reinstated. So, the issue hasn’t been solved. If left, he as well will talk. This is the crucial part to me. My main concern,” he said.

“How is that?” She asked.

“What they did to detective Holly. They asked the same from detective Dexter regarding detective Frankie,” he explained.

Detective Alyssa started sobbing.

“Oh my God they are setting us all up and getting rid of us,” she explained.

“No way out! Sacrificing all of you to save the Force. Was there another officer who vanished or got transferred during detective Frankie’s time? Before he disappeared too?”

“I don’t know darling. I have to find out. So, you think they tricked detective Dexter? That makes sense and could explain the complications,” she said.

“Now knowing that this was not a game. Having seen detective Holly blasted in front of him. He was going to confess that they had set him up too,” he added.

“So, are you saying he did not pull the trigger?”

“One hundred percent sure. If he had killed him. Why would they kill him? Instead of

charging him? Meaning he was innocent they had to kill him to keep him quiet,” he suggested.

“But I read the doctors report that he was petrified and was sure detective Holly was going to kill him. As he fell in and out of the unconscious. Meaning if he was initially set up. He could have finished him off and knowing that he himself killed detective Frankie. That could explain his fears. That was what he did himself. Detective Holly was to do the same thing meaning; blast him too,” she explained.

“Sounds convincing but then again. He had been stabbed twice. That trauma alone can trigger such panic. So, it’s not a clear-cut case,” added Benjamin.

“I think you should be careful about the officers who killed detective Holly?”

“But they were the hospital police-guards,” she argued.

“I am just saying. What if it was all planned? What if they knew that when she found out that he had been there for more than the two days? Which they promised her. She would decide to go there personally. Feeling responsible to correct the issue? But forgetting that. She had threatened him in public as a joke. Playing hardcore. Him having been stabbed in prison. Now the perceived fears have become real. And now he takes her word seriously, and I bet she had nothing to do with the stabbing,” explained Benjamin.

They locked eyes.

“Did they give you a suspect of the gatekeeper?”

Detective Alyssa nude walked to the window and looked outside.

She breathed hard.

“You must tell me? Work with me and let us try to vet the case first and locate booby-traps,” he pleaded.

“Tomorrow’s World Order leader; David,” she said.

“Why?”

Benjamin nude stood up and paced as well. He instantly stopped.

“I got it. He is the trouble maker. Pushing hard for the defunding of the police force. Forcing the government to get loans. So that one day they are bankrupt. So that it is easy to replace them,” said Benjamin.

“But he does not care about their government,” she said.

“Then for a system change. If they can’t pay and then they are out of the business. No money, no power, no negotiations. Easy conditions for a system change. On top of that. If the police have no salaries. It’s easy to listen to him. That way they can revolt. A hungry man is an angry man. The very reason they will never revolt, is that you are paying them through taxes. If they revolt. It’s an uprising as well,” he said.

“But why would he want the gatekeeper dead? Loans alone? I don’t think so,” said Detective Alyssa.

“Why not? To make it easy to get loans. So that they screw themselves up when they fail to pay? Sinking them in debt,” he replied.

“Maybe I should drop this case and ask for desk duties,” she proposed.

Somehow the sense of fear made her feel hornier than she had before. Or it was just the

reconciliation with her ex-hubby; Benjamin rekindling hidden feelings. And igniting once dormant feelings. She felt so horny and wet that she literally jumped in his arms. Feeling the strong arms lifting her. The moment she thought about the danger. The greater the arousal that she trembled with lust and passion while she was drooling all over.

“But you are shivering?”

“I am contracting hard. The rhythms are great, just hold me tight,” she suggested.

Minutes later Benjamin growled hard.

“Easy, are you trying to trim it or what?”

She laughed as he slumped next to her smiling before he fell into a deep sleep. She got up quickly and slept on top of him while he lay on his stomach. Rubbing her clit on his buttocks hard until she started having continuous orgasms and shivering with lust before he pulled her to the side. Then spooned her taking her from the back. She jerked her head backward, whipping his face and neck with her hair as she threw her hair locks with lust. A loud sharp orgasmic moan triggered continuous growling from Benjamin before spooning her as they sleep after another simultaneous orgasm experience.

## Chapter Ten

A shirtless young boy fell to the ground with a huge thump. But that did not deter him from running toward a man who had just parked the car a few meters away.

“Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!”

Shouted the boy as he got up to continue running toward his father. The man stopped and smiled before kneeling and bending to intercept and carry his son into the air.

“That’s my boy!”

Shouted the man lifting the boy into the sky.

“I am happy to see you, daddy,” said the boy.

“Me too my son. I had already missed you very much. I love you, Ricky,” said the man tickling the boy. He giggled.

“Love you, daddy,” replied the young boy wriggling to be put down.

“I will go and tell mum that you have arrived,” shouted the boy expecting to be put down and run to his mother with a good message.

“Is mum here already?” Asked the man putting the boy down.

“Mummy! Mummy! Daddy is home,” shouted the boy.

“Darling I am home,” shouted the man.

“Mr. President. Wake up. Are you having a bad dream? They are waiting for us,” said Kyle waking up the President who was dozing off on his comfort sofa but talking in his sleep.

He wiped sweat droplets on his forehead and saliva from his mouth. Instantly the doors swung wide open. Instantly three military men smartly dressed entered the office. Two stood on each side as one of them addressed the President.

“They are waiting for you, Mr. President,” he said at attention.

The President sat there for a while pondering about the dream. Kyle repeated what the military man had said. The military man marched out leaving the other two men to escort the President.

The doors of a huge conference hall swung open. Instantly the huge buzz died off.

“The President, ladies, and gentlemen,” shouted the chair.

All the people stood up apart from a few in the center.

Alexander, a young man of medium build, got up and addressed everyone, introducing everyone inside, especially those sitting in front.

“The global President of Tomorrow’s World Order ladies and gentlemen. Sitting among the preliminary hearing panel. That consists of independent Judges from all over the world. On the other side. We have the Executive Branch representing its member countries and acting on behalf of the accused as well,” he said.

A sense of dissatisfaction engulfed the people that they hissed about in disbelief.

“Silence and order,” he shouted.

“We are going to hear arguments from both sides to assess if we can proceed and which way to go about it,”

An instant buzz filled the whole hall.

“This double-faced coward is hiding behind the court. But is killing women and children. Where are your guts? I am here. Why go for my boys? You should have targeted me and not my kids. You bloody spineless son of a bitch,” roared President Rex.

“Silence please!”

“It’s an insult sitting here. Even listening to all this,” shouted President Rex.

The President of Tomorrow’s World Order got up and stared at President Rex.

“I sympathize with you. Mr. President. I feel your pain and I want to make it clear that I had nothing to do with what happened. Directly and indirectly. I am a soldier too and will never attack civilians,” he said.

“Get this lying bastard out of my sight,” roared the President.

Order! Order!

“Let him speak. He is a grieving father, a husband, and a close relative of the deceased. He has the right to speak his mind whether it’s true or not that’s not the matter,” he suggested.

Moment of silence.

“This is not the first time I was in front of a grieving father. A grieving husband, a relative, and I believe that if we don’t address this. This might not be the last,” he said.

There was an atmosphere of displeasure that the hissing went on for some time.

“Silence! Please!”

“I as the global President. Has a duty and responsibility to maintain peace and protect the

defenseless of any society. Mainly the women and children against unfair, illegal killings. I sit not as the Presiding judge or decision-maker of the panel, no. But as a witness and overseer to make sure that the proceedings are fair and are being carried out according to our laws and all other international laws. I welcome everyone here today,” he said.

There was an atmosphere of excitement and euphoria as the crowd hissed and applauded before he sat down.

People took in turns to address the conference delegates. Mentioning who they were and whom they represent and where they are from. Three of the seven Presidents who lost their families were among the accused. A member of the Executive Branch stood up.

“It is in everyone’s best interest to drop these charges completely or to postpone these hearings until further notice. The accused have suffered personal loss themselves. That it will be unfair to them to proceed at this moment. The EB strongly believes that it is a stalling tactic and a way to cover up what happened. By dragging the victims, themselves to court,” she said.

A huge buzz filled the preliminary hearings.

“Rephrase your statement and be careful the way you are proceeding,” advised the judge.

“The EB believes that it is a weakening stance and an attack on us all. And our organization and what we stand for,” she added.

“Council can you substantially prove your remarks. I advise you to paraphrase,” requested the judge.

“From the onset. EB believes that Tomorrow’s World Order and its President...,” paused

Amelia as she pointed at T.W.O's leader.

“Have an agenda to use any means necessary. Setting up everyone and killing our beloved ones as a way for a system change,” she said.

A huge buzz filled the preliminary hearing hall.

“Take that back. Those are damaging remarks. If you don't, we will press charges. We are a peaceful global movement. Therefore, for the interest of everyone including you. We are strongly for the accountability of everyone. If that means dragging all of you to court so be it,” fumed T.W.O's President.

“This is not about accountability. It's about a system change. Meaning destroying us and what we stand for. Destroying our way of life. In fact, an incitement to war. A provocation as far as we are concerned,” she argued.

“You mean killing women and children of others. A way of life?” Asked T.W.O's President. A huge buzz and people started shouting.

“It can only lead to World War Three. You wait and see,” she explained.

The delegates went berserk.

“Silence please!”

“The accused are in a state of mourning and cannot stand trial,” she argued.

President Rex got up and shouted.

“We are standing trial. I am fit to run my country. The grieving process ended the day I buried my kids and wife,” he explained.

There was a loud noise. Instantly the hissings followed.

The judging panel ordered all representatives to approach the main desk.

“Explain your stance?”

“The EB took over temporarily until the grieving period is over,” said Amelia before being interrupted.

“You heard the President himself. That ended last week when he buried his loved ones,” said one.

“We believe witnessing such traumatic events can have a toll on any reasonable man. Let alone a President who is required to pass sound judgment,” said a member of the opposing team.

“So, are you saying that the President is not fit to run the country? That’s why you established this EB? In that case also not fit to stand trial,” asked a member of the opposing team.

“That’s pathetic. Taking the easy way out. If he is still President that means he is fit to stand trial,” argued the prosecuting team member.

“The EB was established to take over and approve the decisions to avoid any future judiciary challenges,” she said.

“You mean they established this EB to protect these culprits and stop them from further killing innocent victims?”

“That’s an insult and a provocation, your honor,” argued a member of EB.

“Let him speak, we must assess all arguments,” suggested the judge.

“We as T.W.O we believe that EB was established to protect the reputation of the organization by stopping these child killers from further killings,” argued a member of the prosecuting team.

“That’s absurd. Retract your remarks?”

“If it wasn’t for this EB. Innocent women and children could be at risk of revenge attacks. If it wasn’t for this EB the accused could have killed innocent women and children by now,” argued the prosecuting member.

“Don’t listen to that, your honor. We believe such attacks on national television are meant to render the surviving relatives temporarily insane. As the trauma of witnessing such an event can be very distressing. We also believe that witnessing such an event can make one make irrational judgments. In the heat of the moment which is open to us. To protect our reputation and welfare of the accused. Therefore, dropping all the charges or postponing this is in everyone’s best interest,” argued a member of EB.

“Your honor if they plead temporarily insane. Then they must also cease to act as Presidents and must be immediately replaced. If it’s so bad they can’t stand trial. It follows also that it’s bad enough they can’t be Presidents,” suggested the prosecuting team member.

The judging panel nodded in the initial agreement.

“What do they say to that counsel?”

Amelia looked at everyone then requested a redress to consult with the EB. President Rex

got up and shouted to Amelia.

“Listen to me. I am fit to stand trial. I am fit to run my country,” he shouted.

Day one in court.

President Rex got up and addressed the preliminary hearing.

“I am a victim in all this. I am a father whose beautiful kids were snatched from unexpectedly and a husband whose stunning wife was stolen from him,” he sobbed.

“The trial is about you. Sir, killing women and children of others before your own loss,” shouted Alexander.

“So, you mean this is revenge now? You are putting me in the shoes of these low-life rebellious terrorists is that it?”

“No sir. Your grievances are being addressed by your EB and after their findings. We can also investigate but today it’s about you Sir giving commands that resulted in the death of innocent women and children,” argued Alexander.

“It was a war. I acted according to the law and guiding principles of the day and I was exonerated,” he argued.

“Yes, but the new laws are in force now. And apply even to the days in question,” he argued.

“This is unfair. I was cleared of any wrongdoing too. Your new laws must apply from the day they came into effect not to date back them,” he argued.

“Did you not know that even then it was wrong to kill non-combatant civilians? Are you

telling me that you didn't know that the lives of these women and children are protected by international laws? Can you declare here today that you didn't know that bombing civilian residents can result in deaths of innocent victims?"

"Son, like I said. I went by the book of the day and got cleared by the book," he argued.

"Stop calling me son. Address me as counsel. Okay, Sir?"

He paused.

"But what does the accused do? They ram down all the dictator's shields as well as the dictator," he explained further.

There was a strong feeling of disapproval and dismay as the crowd buzzed about.

"Silence in the court!"

"Yes, as I said, it's a take no prisoners situation. The Peace Pact can't stop the war or bombings. Or even delay the blizzards. The victims only find out in less than forty-eight hours. With no time to escape whatsoever that bombs will kill them. The bombs fall on the most affected areas with the sickest people to eradicate diseases caused by lack of food due to sanctions," he added.

Day two in court.

"All rise, judge Justice presiding," shouted the usher.

"All be seated!"

Alexander walked to the accused's box.

"Can you tell the court what you do?"

“I am Brian, the head of the Peace Pact. We are a group of organizations and countries that provide peace and security globally,” he said confidently.

“When you say peace, what kind do you mean?”

“All kinds of peace. Peace from wars, fighting, etc.,” he explained.

“Does that mean you can stop wars?”

“Of course!”

“How many wars have you stopped?”

“We are a proactive organization meaning we put things in place to stop wars. We encourage peaceful negotiations. So, to answer. A lot of wars!”

“Even if you claim to stop wars. You failed to stop wars that killed thousands,” he said.

“We did our best,” he argued.

“With your best. Do you mean letting thousands die on your watch?”

“There was little we could do,” he argued.

“Exactly my point. They give a false sense of security. Yet there is little they can do. They are not a military unit. Nor do they have powers to drag to court. So, accusations are justified in that their structure makes them have little effect to stop and wars,” argued Alexander.

There was a huge sense of anger among the people.

“We stop wars and we have worked hard to provide peace and security over the years,” shouted Brian.

“Yes, I do not deny that. Nor say that it is disputed. I am saying that you don’t stop wars.

You are not equipped to stop a war. Secondly, you can't guarantee the safety of the people and as such are guilty of giving these victims a false sense of security. On top of that. We believe you obstruct those who could have helped. Some people ignore because they assume you will stop the wars or at least delay so they don't act because you are there and claim to solve these issues when you can't," he argued.

The people showed strong feelings of disbelief and disapproval.

"Yet honestly there is nothing you can do to stop wars," he added.

"Don't be saying that. That's an insult. We worked our ass off bringing parties to the negotiating table," he pleaded.

"You are not very clever, are you?"

"Objection the counsel is antagonizing the witness!"

"Okay. Who pays your salaries?"

"What does that have to do with the killings of women and children?"

"Goddamn it. Just answers the bloody question. Who funds the Peace Pact?"

He remained silent.

"Goddamn it. Answer the bloody question right now. I repeat who bloody funds the Peace Pact?"

Miles away.

"I can only say that there are a lot of things you don't know," he suggested.

"I heard the court has established its own investigating team as well?"

Hudson looked haunted.

“Another team? Damn it. We must monitor that team as well. I guess I need your authority to assign the Devil’s Eyes assassins on their case,” he suggested.

“But why can’t you wait? It will be good to know who has those balls of gold. To even think of touching and taking my kids away from me. I swear I thought I was the most feared man alive,” he cursed.

“Damn it. Mr. President. You were offered to step down. If you can’t sacrifice for your country, then...”

The President punched Hudson again. His face creased with rage.

“There is nothing more important than my family. The more you say that. The more you make me think that you know something about this assassin who murdered my beautiful wife and kids,” he advised.

“Damn it. Mr. President. I will never do anything like that. I am from the military circle as well. My word is as good as my guarantee,” pleaded Hudson.

The President pulled out his gun and aimed at Hudson.

“I am starting to think that you killed that woman to keep her quiet. The way she looked at you. Made me think that she wanted to say it was you. You have all the motives. You disobey my commands. You wait until it’s a problem to act. Even though you solve the issue, in the end. You are into drama and all that, waiting for the last minute, and sometimes that costs lives. Look now. Nothing we do will ever bring back my beautiful children and wife,” he elucidated.

“Damn it. Mr. President. Don’t talk to me like I don’t feel what you are feeling or what you are going through,” he argued Hudson.

“Son of a bitch. You lost your children the way I did? You lost your wife the same day to a gunman?”

“No sir but. I damn right lost my boys too. I know the pain. I sacrificed for the country. I could have chosen to refuse to go abroad. But I knew I had a duty to the president and country,” he said.

“Better not be an inside job for me. There is nothing national security about my kids. That I would sacrifice them. Make no mistake,” he boomed.

The President walked to the door leaving Hudson nursing his wounds.

“Are you telling me that you will go after the new investigating team put in place by the court?”

“Yes sir. If you knew what is at stake, you would not dare ask me,” argued Hudson.

Somewhere in the city.

Hudson rang again.

Dior looked at the caller ID and it was private again.

“I think it’s that asshole,” she suggested.

“What else can he do?”

“You always do this. It might get you killed,” complained Palmer.

“I guess that’s what makes some of us tick. The thrill is better than an orgasm,” suggested Dior.

“Getaway! There are no feelings on earth greater than climaxing. The ultimate soul-soothing and thirsty quenching feeling ever created by God,” she said.

“I disagree,” she added.

“What? You must be mad. What other feelings?”

“The gods know best about the best feelings, right? Yet they don’t have sex in order to climax as we do. Think about that? There must be another way of getting an even higher climaxing experience than the one you get from sex. Otherwise, if it’s the best ever they would be having sex. Common sense. Right?”

“You could be right. I never thought it that way. Unless...”

Instantly the phone started ringing again.

“I was going to mention him anywhere. Could he also be adding the thrills?”

Dior giggled.

“Why do you cry at night? You realized you are into men, right? You long for a man. You feel trapped. Is that so?”

“He said the same thing. He reckons I am wild because I need a man’s fuck. Isn’t that bullshit? The chasing keeps me alert and on the ball. Somehow indirectly. It increases my libido. I love the tension and the nerves are an arousal trigger but has nothing to do with a man. My body is just designed that when I am very scared, it releases some chemicals and feelings I

would not get normally, and this cripples my senses with such arousal and passion that when I do, I have multiple orgasms that after I fall in a trance. It's that intense," she explained touching herself all over erotically.

The phone forthwith rang again.

"Asshole what do you want? And don't bloody tell me for whacking a mugger. One who was going to kill an innocent person anywhere," she protested.

There was silence.

"How do you know that?"

"Damn it. Do I have to explain everything? I am that innocent civilian. Only lucky today that I happened to have a gun. Otherwise, I could have been his victim. Get it?"

She promptly ended the call.

Instantly the line rang again.

"I have been assigned to find out who killed the president's families? Guess who my prime suspect is?"

"No way this asshole has been given the same assignment as us!"

Shouted Dior looking at Palmer shielding the phone against her chest.

"He said he was assigned by the court," shouted Dior, looking at Palmer.

"What? I thought you said he wants to kill you? The best he could have done was to take me to the police station. But then again, he isn't any policeman. Maybe he knows my fetish and fantasy. Probably he is the one to prove to me that there is no feeling better than climaxing,"

she said giggling.

Palmer felt jealous and angered as feelings of being cheated on engulfed her.

“I think it’s you. As you being you not T.W.O? Or Hudson with his ambitious drive to dominate the world?”

Hudson laughed sarcastically after being given a chance to talk.

“I think you did it. Some people get thrills from doing the strangest things like whacking a man over knickers. Which he can’t even wear which are useless to him,” he suggested.

“So why steal them in the first place?”

“I think he thought you are the commando-type in that you don’t wear anything inside let alone something valuable,” he suggested.

“Commando? Very funny. Maybe sometimes,” she said.

“On a serious note if it was a gunman you fit the profile. Smart, fast, and ruthless. In that case, I am going to blow your head off and pray I find the real killer first. I think time starts ticking for you,” he said seriously.

“Fuck off. I was hired by EB. Can they hire the killer herself? Are you stupid?”

“I think whoever it is. Is so complicated and advanced and not suspected not by even a single person and again only you fit that profile,” he argued.

“The fact that you are so adamant that it’s me and the fact that I know that it’s not me. Make me think that it’s you. Very lucky I was only assigned to identify and not to take you the culprit out,” she said seriously too.

“Same as me. But I don’t see why a bullet in the head of this culprit can become a problem. I think the presidents might actually give me a medal for revenging their families,” he said ingeniously.

Miles away.

A loud sharp knock at the door woke her up.

“What time is it?”

“Four in the afternoon,” she replied.

Quickly Benjamin got up. He walked to the bathroom. She held his hand on his way.

“Who is it? Are you expecting someone?”

“Nope. The delivery boy. He can wait,” she said caressing him.

“Okay just going to the bathroom,” he said leaving.

Two minutes later he came back.

“I have to go,” he said.

“I know but never leave your other half hungry. Always spoil her. I just want to be spoiled,” she said flirtatiously rubbing herself on him.

He knew how he felt in love with her. Partly because she knew what to say and when to say it. That he was always turned on by her. Somehow, she had changed. If it was because of fear. Surely the next minute he had a chance. He vowed to increase the stakes and increase that fear. As long as he gets love-making sessions like these. He touched his penis and thought about the

last time she tried to cut it with her rim. He quickly looked at the dressing table and saw her work-gear and set his eyes at the handcuffs. Tightening like the handcuffs, right? He smiled could that be how they were invented? He threw a quick glance at her pubic region.

“I don’t know if it is because you have found my boy too naughty the last time? That you thought he deserved to be punished. Is that why you were constricting him?” Said Benjamin touching his private parts.

She looked confused.

“What are you talking about?”

“Never mind,” he replied.

He pulled her to the bed. Then they started making love. He felt dizzy briefly before she started making orgasmic sounds. As loud as she started having rhythmic contractions. A sharp knock at the door did not stop them. As they all had reached the point of no return. Letting out an orgasmic moan and a huge howl, respectively.

The moment Benjamin slumped on the bed. He partly saw the curtain closing and a face he thought he knew. He quickly got up and walked fast to the bedroom’s open window. He looked straight into Isabella’s eyes which had turned to red color due to her crying. She sobbed and ran to the car before driving off at speed.

“Why did you not tell me it was her?”

“What difference does it make? I have removed the tension of lying and covering up. She stole you from me. So why should I care? When you go home, you don’t need to say anything.

She will try to beat me and prove she can make you cum harder than you did with me. The more she tries and feels the better for you. If you leave her again, she now knows why. That's why there are no quarrels or fights. Maybe bring her for a threesome," she suggested.

"What? Are you out of your mind?"

"Why not? I can handcuff her and see what she can do to your boy?"

"Are you serious?"

She laughed.

"Just joking. We meet again Friday. I start work tomorrow and I don't want you to wait for me. I don't know what time I will finish but Friday I am all yours. I want you to help me with this case," she said canoodling him.

"I am an Investment banker? Not a detective," replied Benjamin.

She held him by the waist.

"Don't go sleep here. Let's just do it all day. To make up. She will not want sex if you go today. You are just going to lock yourself in the bathroom and wank. When I can take you to heaven right now and bring you back tomorrow. I could be the one dead you know? Imagine missing all this? Do you know that the boss first paired me with this detective Dexter the days Frankie went missing? If it wasn't for Oliver. I mean detective Oliver. I could have taken the assignment. Imagine dying and missing this mind-boggling lovemaking?"

"I know but I have to talk to her," he insisted.

"You know once you have gone there you won't come back. What excuse would you give

and trust me for the next two days she might refuse sex with you? Still hurting emotionally. Why go when you can have all this? Screw me like there is no tomorrow because as things stand, they might not be for sure. If it's this David? Even if I get rid of him. They have a forty days clause," she said.

Benjamin looked at her beautiful toned body and realized what he was missing.

"What forty days clause?"

"You touch Tomorrow's World Order and bad things will happen within forty days to you and your family," she said.

She was always fit and with a libido to match. She looked stunning. Of course, she has to be in shape as a job. He remembered what it was like with Isabella. She had put on weight recently and it seemed that was suppressing the libido as well. He cursed and quickly picked up the phone. He cursed and dialed again.

The phone rung before the voicemail was activated.

"She is not home. Maybe gone to her mother's as she always does when we fight," said Benjamin touching Alyssa's booty.

"What the hell. I will stay. Even if I stay until Friday what difference does it make?"

Juliette woke up in the middle of the night.

"Eli wake up. Somebody could right now be getting killed. Go and check," she sat on the bed and shook her husband.

"Julie getting killed with pleasure are you out of your mind?"

“Why scream like that as if,” she asked. But did not finish her sentence.

“Some of us are still young. You know. So, don’t poke our fresh wounds,” said Elijah upset, stroking himself before getting up. He woke up and went to the bathroom instantaneously before another orgasmic scream startled all.

“Go and check someone is getting killed? Please Eli,” she pleaded.

Isabella who was watching through the window instantly got startled by Alyssa’s orgasmic moan. That she suddenly slid down until she sat on the slab. Now facing away at the road outside detective Alyssa’s bedroom. She leaned against the wall with a gun in her hand sobbing profusely.

Chapter Eleven

“The creators of the organization,” replied Brian.

“Do you mean the very same countries who have invaded and are about to kill women and children?”

He mumbled something.

“Answer! Are these the very same countries that have invaded?”

“We are independent of any nation,” he protested.

Alexander slammed the table.

“Why can’t you answer the question? Are these the same countries attacking the countries you are trying to defend?”

“We are independent,” he repeated.

“Answer the blood question. Yes or no?”

“Mr. Brian. Answer yes or no?” Ordered the judge.

There was a moment of silence.

“Yes,” he said.

“So, is it unreasonable for you to oppose your boss? What do you think will happen if you object to what your boss wants you to do? To get more money to pay you?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” replied Brian.

“Don’t be a smart ass with me. Would you slap your boss in the face?”

“No,” he replied.

“So, is it reasonable also to say that as long as they are the ones funding you? You would not oppose their decision?”

There was a huge sense of anger and disbelief.

“Ladies and gentlemen and members of the court. The reason why they can’t stop wars, is that they were created to actually facilitate the easy way to attack. And bury everything with everyone walking off unharmed or charged. The very people funding them are the same people at the forefront of attacking others. Creaming the world of money and resources to fund them. So as such, it is another false representation that they are capable of stopping wars. As such, Guilty as charged. Common sense. They can’t fight or protest against their funders without the funds being withdrawn. Our arguments are that they can’t go against the funders without being put out of business. In most, they receive huge donations after invasions. If they don’t stop wars. More like bribes to do the wrong things. I tell you this. If the system was perfect and fair. They would be out of play by now. No matter how harsh it sounds. It is clear that there are conflicts of interest. Their sole existence is to their master. Their finder, rather than the innocent civilians they claim to protect. The reason they can’t stop wars. Is that they are created to do what they are accused of, act as obstructers and give the victims a false sense of security only for them to be killed without a warning,” argued Alexander.

There was a lively negative feeling of disbelief in what they were hearing.

“The Peace Pact is to act as a rugby player. To distract and buy time so that no one

intervenes. And if no one intervenes. Then the overall sense is that of exonerating that act as justified. When it is not. A psychological mind game,” he added.

“How is that possible?” Asked Brian.

“You see. Their presence creates a sense of guilt in everyone who might have helped. In that after the attacks. All would have not reacted. The very reason why they are put there. As everyone expected them to act to stop or even delay the attacks. Everyone who did not act because of their presence. Just after the attacks and killings would be in a sense of shock. As to their failure to recognize that the Peace Pact was just a tiny one who can’t even delay the war let alone stop the attacks. Exactly what they want,” he argued further.

“Objection, this is absurd, your honor!”

“This is a psychological game. On their part in that, they knew very well that they needed calm after the attacks. So, this is the only way to get just that. Everyone who might have voiced concerns for the attacks. Would be in a sense of shock and guilt themselves. In that they themselves were deceived by the Peace Pact. Who they thought would defend the weakest. But only to witness the killings. Meaning happening on their watch. The sense of guilt in not noticing then incapacitated them. They won’t voice anger as you would expect in a normal situation. If women and children die like that,” he added.

“They are just lying. We stand for peace,” said Brian.

“I do not deny that. I am saying that the accused are very devious and clever. Even very manipulative, that they used and tricked you too. Above all. The fact that you are the people

who paraded to stop wars. And provide peace and having failed to do so. Tends to soften people also who would rather have reacted to the killings. In that, your presence is meant to calm others after the attacks. In that, they will simply say to themselves, that if you can't stop the war. Then maybe there is little they could have done. But this is not the truth. The accused knew they needed you to stall and avoid revenge attacks. They knew a body like the Peace Pact would command enormous respect. In that, most people would see it as representing the innocent and weak. Until when the funding is concerned. In order to do what they want. They use the funding to control and weaken you and let you not fight their invasions," he added.

"That can't be right," still argued Brian.

"Was the war legit?"

"No, it wasn't," he replied.

"So how come you didn't convince everyone that this war was not legal? Why? Even when you knew it was not legit. You did not stop it?"

Brian did not answer.

"Your honor outright, the Peace Pact is not designed to stop wars. The settings and the arrangements of funding create conflicts of interest and to be honest., without the funding it would not exist. To us. We believe that. As long as their funders are at the forefront of wars. They will never stop wars. As this would be the second as slapping your boss in the face and not expect to be sacked," he argued strongly.

They were in a state of shock and disapproval that they hissed about it.

“Further to that, we believe the peace pack is not a military unit. Nor do they have an enforcement unit to stop wars. They are in no position to declare that they can stop wars. They lack the minimum basics needed for a war stopping body. I, therefore, plead with the court that the accusations are real and fitting. The Peace Pact is nothing more than an optional negotiating organization that tries to put things in place to stop wars in future wars. That I give them credit. But we are talking about the lives of innocent women and children here. Lives that can’t be replaced. Lives that are being lost not in hundreds but in thousands. So, something serious not to be taken lightly. To us. The matter is so grave. That the existence of the Peace-Pact is a miscarriage of justice. This needs to be put in question as a matter of urgency. I, therefore, ask the court to bring the charges argued for and punish them. For all that their bank balance must be used to compensate the relatives of the victims until they are out of business,” he argued.

There was a real buzz about the subject. The people went berserk.

Brian looked down. Then at all the people, especially the relatives of the victims who began chanting and singing.

“Silence and order in the court!”

“Further I argue to bring manslaughter and murder charges too. Against the accused, because all killings are meant to traumatize these who are left. Ones who witnessed the killings in order to weaken them and render them temporarily insane. Brought about by the trauma so that they can’t fight the intended recolonization that followed the invasion. The killing of the innocent is meant to instill fear and trauma and incapacitate them to avoid retaliation,” argued

Alexander.

He paused.

“We believe the whole idea behind these killings is the colony or society collapse strategy. Where in which all leaders who might become threats in the future, are targeted and killed in public for all to see. As to destroy any future resistance? Just like in the scorched earth policy. To kill any sources of help. That means women and children who will be used as a buffer or for bargaining purposes. Then the recolonization takes place, with the society meant to live without the male leaders. As all the potential future leaders are caged e.g. in Guantanamo bay cages or illegally tagged unjustly for life. Being groomed to be killed as on death row. All the establishments like the Peace-Pact, EB, etc. even if they don't know it. Are part and problem of this strategy? A killing machine to eliminate opposition before they become a problem. A genocide killing machine therefore all guilty as accused,” he argued profusely.

The court went berserk with everyone chanting and protesting.

Later Alexander grabbed a beer in the fridge and sat in front of the television.

Someone tried to say something to him. He shushed the person.

“Damn it they are announcing the verdict will you shut up,” he thundered with his heart pounding hard.

“A new chapter in mankind's history. Today the court has found the Peace Pact, EB and all the accused leaders...”

Miles away.

A man flipped in the air. Somersaulting landing on one place and instantly flipped in the air again landing on another area before pulling the gun and fired at the target. Hitting the red bull still in the air. He landed on the ground but instantly rolled to the side. He then fired back-flipping and laying horizontal in the air. Then fired another killer-shot straight to the heart of the bull. He quickly sprinted forward. Jumping in the air and kicking the hanging training bags full of sand. Retracting a knife and throwing it straight at the doll of the enemy holding a gun. Straight to the heart. A beep sound instantly went off startling him.

He quickly lifted his vest and took out his cellphone.

“Yes. How did I do?”

“Not bad. But your time is slow. I bet you can do better than that. I want this to be perfect,” said the man.

“I am ready. I want you to send me right now,” he said enthusiastically.

“Many have failed, and none came back,” he alleged.

“But I understand Aubrey came back,” he argued.

“Left for dead. They still came for her even in that state,” he argued.

“But they said...,” he mumbled.

“Listen to me. You are good but not ready,” said the man.

“Not ready? Damn it. You have been saying that for the past weeks. I know. I am ready. It is not like we are fighting a ghost or something,” said the man not upbeat about the verdict.

Marson laughed.

“I know you think you are ready. But a good student. Is one even the day he is called to duty. Will keep saying he is not ready. You are hastily doing the job. I understand. I know the stakes are high. But if it was that easy. I could have let you go. Remember the best of best have failed. If I have to ask you today. What your strength is over the rest of those I sent. What would you say?”

“This rage is burning inside me to kill this bastard. This is the only job I know. Something I believe in. Trying to stop us. Angers me. Sir. This is a war. Men have been fighting since the beginning of time. What changed now? The rage I feel will make me rip him into pieces,” roared the man.

The man flipped in the air spinning before pulling the gun and fired at the target before landing down.

“I don’t care. If he has the deadliest assassins. I am ready. Even if I die. I swore an oath and I want only to renew my pledge and oath to fight for the regime,” he said, sounding serious.

Marson watched at the wall screen communicating through video conference.

“I don’t think you are ready and angered enough,” he advised.

He instantly roared. Imitating Marson himself, tensing his muscles.

“I didn’t hear you! Soldier!”

“I said I am ready! Sir!”

He roared even worse. Tensing and lurching. Attacking the air. Retrieving the knife and

throwing at the target. Getting up and cursing before standing at attention only in his boxers.

Revealing abs and a six-pack so defined, and a well-rigged body toned well and oiled.

“Until I kill him. It is not over Sir. Meaning I will come back only when he is dead. I don’t know how it will take but I will do the job,” pledged the soldier.

Marson roared himself.

The man imitated and roared even harder this time.

“Now you are ready. Fighting people like these. Need some form of animal instinct and rage. As we all know that they are animals as well. They talk about democracy. So where is our democracy? We as a people have rights too to choose our way of life,” he said upset.

“I will put the record straight, Sir!”

The office door instantly opened.

“Sorry I am late but came as soon as I got the message,” she said looking at the screen.

“What seems to be the problem?”

“The human rights campaigners have become an issue. They have lodged court cases against all our gatekeepers,” she advised.

The man flipped in the air on the other end of the video call as they spoke. Firing shots at the target and roaring. Interrupting them as they watched.

“You think he is ready?”

“You can never be ready for him. He is always thinking about new ways to be on top of things. But I think we need to stall him,” he suggested.

They watched him attack the air in his Carolinadeivid boxers.

“He is something. Ruthless and highly motivated,” she said, impressed.

“Being young can be a disadvantage. Inexperienced. It is a jungle out there,” he said.

“As I was saying they have brought charges against all gatekeepers,” she said looking at Marson.

There was a moment of silence.

“They are arguing that the world is now reacting to them as no one seemed to have acted,” she explained.

“I am not following how that is related?”

“The human rights are arguing that because these have been left to roam freely. When everyone knows they are rotten. That has triggered the revenge attacks,” she explained.

She stopped and locked eyes with Marson.

“What revenge acts?”

“They are arguing that these are secretly killing thousands. Using digital technology; gadgets and weapons. So, they are retaliating as well,” she counseled.

Marson stopped and looked at Sadie.

“You mean the current pandemic is a direct response to the gatekeeper’s acts? That’s absurd to even think that,” resounded Marson.

“They are arguing that the gatekeepers. Even though they are the smallest entities in size. They have been tasked with the hardest and vilest job,” she said.

“What job?”

“Genocide on a global scale. Secretly using digital technology. To torture in broad daylight and them at the forefront of invasions of independent countries,” explained the woman.

“That is bullshit. What about our rights? We have the right to protect ourselves. We have a simple policy. Stay away or enter to die. Surely those who want to live will not dare come in. Unless they have a death wish. How can that be our problem?”

“Tomorrow’s World Order. Is arguing that we are operating in no different to a gangster,” she explained.

Marson roared first and briefly laughed.

“We? A gangster?”

He laughed sarcastically.

“How can that be?”

“They reckon we are at the forefront of causing wars. Spilling refugees everywhere. Yet we would not take them but slaughter them at the gates. Hence calls for genocide. They are even saying it is overtaking the darkest time in history. Even though you are doing it secretly,” she said looking at the man training hard.

“I would not worry about that. We send these little ones to cause all havoc for a purpose. It is obvious they will defend themselves but use force on these. That’s when we step in. And defend the weak as well just like they are arguing that they defend the weak and defenseless. To us, these weak gatekeepers become weak and defenseless. So, it is a perfect match. Why can’t

they send their weak as well? Then jump in to defend them?”

“I know sir, but they are fighting for system change. They have started rallying the courts,” she said.

“What are they going to do? Unless you want to see the judges twitching?”

“They are bringing changes against the judges and the courts as well?”

“How come?”

“They are now arguing that they warned that unless we are checked. We are going to create digital weapons. To kill not just the refugees but everyone. Now that he was ignored and within two years. It is happening, pointing at the current pandemic that has already taken nearly a million people. Therefore, the courts are guilty of not acting. That means they gave everyone a sense of false security. In that sense. They did nothing that meant there was no danger. Yet as of today, nearly a million have died. Therefore, the courts and judges are guilty. First of doing nothing despite the digital evidence supplied to them. Secondly, they gave everyone who died a sense of security that they can protect the people by bringing the culprits to court when in fact they can't or did not,” she argued.

Marson sighed.

“What is the worst-case scenario?”

“Stakes are now raised. If they fail to act that will be two counts and automatic qualification to be served with the Ultima Talionis letters as put by the leader of T.W.O. The courts are now turning against us,” she said.

“Ultima Talionis Orders?”

“Yes! To be served with the Ultima-Talionis. Tomorrow’s World Order license to kill order,” she replied.

“Secondly even the Executive Branch cannot defend us,” she added.

“How is that?”

“Otherwise they become accessories to crimes against humanity meaning they instantly become illegal. That means being served with the Ultima Talionis letters as well. As a Hostis Humanis Generis. An enemy of the people,” she explained.

“But EB pledged to protect and fight our cause no matter what? Innocent or guilty?”

Asked Marson.

“I know. That is why they are closing loopholes. That is the tricky part for EB. If they stand by us that triggers conditions for a World War Three. No one can tolerate gangsters. Ask the 1980s police force they will tell you that there is nothing devilish than a gangster. Especially one with such power and weapons. Secondly, that triggers court cases against the EB as not just an accomplice but as the commanders of genocide. In that doing nothing means part of especially if they are overseers over these culprits,” she explained.

“So, what is their job?”

“They threatened to lodge a case against EB as well,” she said.

Marson roared.

“They are looking for World War Three. Do you think EB is going to take that nonsense?”

Sadie paced for a while.

"They have drafted new laws to close all loopholes," replied Sadie.

"I am listening," said Marson looking at the screen.

"They are arguing that EB is a kingpin, a gangster's boss. We are operating an illegal system. Our system as per T.W.O is a gangster system. Where we make weapons cheaply and then use the weapons to get all the expensive resources, we can't afford things like oil, etc. No differences to a gangster. Sending the weakest of your members to do gross evil acts. Provoking and inciting others to violence. Hoping to trap those who challenge them. By jumping to their rescue as the defenders of these weak ones. The very thing he said the Gatekeepers are doing. So, charges against EB as to weaken it to hand the little nations. The gatekeepers; in to be charged on their own. The new laws will bring EB to their knees as they plan to use the E-laws.

"E-laws?"

Somewhere in the city.

"I am serious about you. Do you know? I have been thinking about you lately," said Landon, stroking Sarah's hair.

"I told you. It was just a one-off. I have a boyfriend and I love him dearly," said Sarah, sipping her wine.

"I wish you knew how you make me feel. If you knew me better. I swear you would love me there and there. Enough to dump your boyfriend," said Landon, hugging her.

"Sorry. Taken. I enjoyed the time we spent together but like I said from the onset it's just a weekend fling," said Sarah checking messages on her phone.

"I swear I will do anything just to be with you again," said Landon, staring at Sarah. Lost in her beautiful eyes.

"Okay. You said anything. I want to hear from you the most hidden secret you ever heard," said Sarah, getting up and taking her coat and putting it on as he quickly helped her put it on.

There was silence for a while.

"Yes. Now you don't know what to say, right? I thought so," said Sarah, taunting him.

He looked at her perfect curves and instantly he had a flashback of this Friday gone.

He quickly walked very close to her and canoodled her.

"I am the most important man in the city. I tell you that every one of these richest people once in their lives passed through me," said Landon, his heart pounding very fast.

"Why are you whispering as if someone is listening?" Asked Sarah.

"But you asked for a hidden secret, right? So how can I shout to everyone something so hidden and a secret?"

"Okay. You got me there. So is this the secret," asked Sarah, hugging Landon and putting her head on his chest. She could feel his heart pounding fast and his voice patterns filled with both nerves of lust and fear at the same time.

"The secret I can tell has never been revealed to anyone since the beginning of time, and what that means is that. That requires also more from your part. If I tell you, then you got to be mine forever," said Landon seriously.

She laughed.

"I don't get you. If you are that important then you sound like you are begging for me. Makes little sense," said Sarah, locking eyes with Landon.

"I have everything I want but all my life I have had dodgy women who want me just for my money. But now, for the first time. I found someone who wants me for who I am. All my past women knew what I did before they went out with me. And the relationships lacked what we had between the two of us. We just met and got on. The chemistry was like no other. The attraction was the ultimate. The lovemaking was out of this world. I felt like the first time I made love. Even now I can remember every bit of that day. How she smelled. How the wine after tasted and above all how I felt. Meeting you rekindled everything, or is it just me?" Asked Landon, kissing Sarah.

"Tell me? My love. Was that just me or you felt the magic as well?"

"I felt the magic as well. But I must say I hadn't had sex for months. Three months, to be exact. That could explain the passion and lust and why I really enjoyed it," said Sarah hugging Landon standing in front of him.

"Even so I want this forever," said Landon.

A few days later they were in the city hotel after making love. Landon in his briefs only.

Walked in the hotel room as Sarah ogled him.

"You are one of the hottest men I have ever seen," said Sarah touching herself.

"If you have money, you can be anything you want. But money can't get to buy you love, my lovely Sarah. The woman I have now after a long time. And still giving me sleepless nights, you my love," he said.

He quickly walked to her and sat down on the bed.

"Do you want to know a secret?"

"Fire-it up," said Sarah.

"I received this," he said, showing Sarah an envelope.

Sarah quickly opened the letter and retrieved a blank card. She looked at Landon.

Landon rolled his finger. She quickly turned the card over.

"666," said Sarah, reading the card.

"Is this a billionaire club?" She asked him flipping the card over.

"Is there a billionaire club called 666?"

"Not really but there is this, 888 Billionaire Bachelor Boys Club? I think," said Sarah, not sure.

"Ever since I received this card. I have been very worried, you know," said Landon pushing his hair backward. Sarah looked at him for a while, lost. He was handsome. Very handsome, she thought. His body was well-toned with abs protruding and the tight briefs made him look

like everything was squashed in that when he takes off them things might come to her flying in the air. She smiled at the thought. It had been a long time since she was so intimate with someone. I mean someone rich and drop-dead handsome. She thought about Ernest for a while. She agreed he was not even half the man Landon was. He looked a billion dollars and acted like a billionaire.

"So, what makes you worry about this card," she asked to calm him down as she had expected to see things getting up since the time she walked around just in her thong.

"Does my bum look big in this?" She asked him while touching her buttock's edge, lifting it up and turning around.

He smiled and ogled her for a while.

"Sweet-Pie you look hot. The way I like it. Not too big and not too small but just the perfect size for my hands," said Landon squeezing air in his hands.

She laughed as she walked like a model to the door before quickly turning and flipping her long hair backward and laughing.

He roared like an animal, showing her his teeth.

"You want to eat all this, right?"

"Not eat but lick everything up until you squirt some hot....," said Landon before she interrupted him.

"666? I remember. It is known as the Mark of the Beast," said Sarah, quickly walking to Landon.

"That is what I heard," said Landon cupping her breast.

"Are you a devil worshipper? Or the devil himself?" Asked Sarah laughing.

Landon did not reply but looked scared.

"You worry too much about nothing. You tell me I am the best you had. Yet you waste time worrying about nothing when you should be having all this?" said Sarah pointing at her lovely curves.

"I guess you are right. But I want you to know what I do? My job you know?"

"But I said that is not important. I just wanted someone to cuddle with for the weekend before my boyfriend comes back," said Sarah.

"I am serious about you. All my life I have wasted time with short-sighted women. Look, time isn't waiting for me anymore. I want someone..."

"But you are married. I checked," interrupted Sarah.

"Was married very early. At nineteen years old. I had a wife already. Then came a time I thought I wanted to know what life was and until today we haven't got back together but we have separated too. But that is not an issue. A check-in post will settle everything. I want someone I can talk to and tell the darkest secrets in the history of mankind," said Landon, pulling Sarah to the bed.

Sarah ran her hands on his ripped body, pulling the brief's elastic and slapping his buttocks.

"Listen to me. I am going to show you the most hidden secret of all time. To prove I really want you in my life. As long as the secret stays with you. You must promise me right now that you will never tell a living soul. This secret. You must take with you to the grave," pleaded Landon.

"What if I don't?"

## Chapter Twelve

Everyone looked attentive to hear the verdict of the court.

“The courts have found the Peace Pact, EB and all the accused leaders guilty of a range of crimes. All ranging from tricking and impersonating a war stopping organization to murder charges and giving the people a false sense of security. Compensation fines will see the end of the Peace Pact and some leaders to be hanged. It’s a sad day today. For most as what yesterday seemed a norm has been ruled by the courts as illegal and inhumane. Changing the institutions, the way we know them today. But most say it is a victory day for justice. But some see this as the trigger for the Third World War. As EB has been reported to disregard the decisions of the court. As they walked out before the passing of the judgment. It is believed also that they vowed to protect their members by any means necessary. That can only mean one thing; World War Three,” said the news reporter.

Later that day.

Tomorrow’s World Order’s leader was in the office before a knock startled him.

“Come in. What can I do for you?”

Alexander walked to the window, looked outside.

“The EB went back to the judging panel and asked the preliminary hearings against their members. To be postponed as they cited that there is no evidence of the effects of witnessing such an event. Unless the preliminary hearing can provide evidence that the accused did not

suffer much and are fit. They are forced to cancel all hearings and take over. Any issues from now on are to be directed to the EB, as they are now acting on behalf of the victims. The global leader stood up, raged by what he had just heard.

“Can they do that?”

“It’s what we can do about it, Sir,” said Alexander.

“Good point. Bring the whole crew?”

“More like it, Sir,” he said.

“What do we know about this EB? What do we have against this EB?”

“Can we hold it accountable for the acts of its members?”

“Sir. Are you trying to start World War Three?”

Somewhere afar.

A huge white bird circled above the river before diving, picking up food floating on top of the river waters before flying off to the nearby trees. Instantly a smartly dressed man in a suit appeared on the bridge. He stood in the middle of the bridge. He looked down at the cold and icy water river waters. He smiled, but the smile was quickly erased by a sad face. He quickly inserted his hand in the jacket pocket and retrieved something. That directly attracted the huge white bird that it flew toward him at a fast speed. The appearance of a bird trying to steal what the man was holding in his hand startled him. That he staggered a few steps backward. Rapidly he acted as if he had thrown something into the deep icy river waters. That alone sends the huge white bird diving after the object down the river. He immediately looked down at what was in

his right hand. Straightaway a teardrop splashed on the red heart-shaped padlock he was holding in his hand. He immediately smothered the initials that were on the padlock. He raised his head and instantaneously a teardrop rolled down his left eye, down his right lip-ridge and down his chin before splashing on the heart shaped-padlock. Suddenly a white gloved-thumb wiped off the tear to reveal the initials E&A. He caressed the padlock in his hand before turning it to reveal the other side with names written on it; Evelina & Alex encircled in the heart-shape. The bird in a flash flew up from the river. Then hovered on his eye-level in front of him before making a U-turn back down the river bed as the man imitated throwing something into the river. At once with his other hand, he retrieved something from his trousers pocket. That something was a small shining golden key Which he quickly inserted into the padlock until a thumb sound caught his attention as the padlock opened.

“My love for you is forever,” he whispered.

Immediately his heart started pounding. Instantly he had a flashback.

[Beginning of flashback.]

Alex jumped over the bridge. Splashing deep into the water. He swam fast. Midway, he stopped. His heart was pounding. He felt his world falling apart. He thought about Evelina and felt like crying. A sad feeling engulfed him. He felt gloomy. Walking away from the love of his life was the hardest thing to do. He could still hear Evelina calling his name.

“Damn it. What am I doing?”

He had a flashback of Evelina when they were young. A huge lump of feelings of sadness

filled his heart. Tears rolled down his face.

“Alex!”

He could hear Evelina shouting his name at the top of her voice. He cursed as he felt like his heart had been pierced with a double-edged sword. He cried profusely, and the next time Evelina shouted his name. That triggered him into action. He swung back to the bridge as fast as he could. He reached a point where he could see her. There she was at the bridge. Distressed, calling frantically and looking everywhere for him. She instantly ran to the other side of the bridge the moment he was about to call her name. Instantly he remembered the death of his father. He remembered the manhunt put on for him. He had a flashback of the manhunt appeal. Evelina was said to be his hostage. He knew if found with her. They would shoot him before asking questions. That would be a loss. He realized that his first plan was the best. At least for now. Staying alive was more important. He knew to love her meant to let her go. At least for some time whilst he aimed to divert the search from her to him. He believed if alone he could easily talk his way out. Instantly she appeared and shouted his name as if she had seen him. Somehow, he found himself diving deep down fully emerged into the river water before slowly raising his head out of sight and out of the water. Now hiding behind the weeds. She instantly looked in his direction for some time. She stopped crying and the shouting. But simply stared exactly where he was hiding. His heart started pounding. He started crying silently. The woman he loved to bits in despair. All because of the pain he caused her. He cried.

“I love you very much. If you know how much I am dying to be with you, my love, you

would understand. I would give up everything to be with you. But,” he paused and cried profusely.

“To love you at this point in time is to let you go. If I stay with you. We are both going to die. I wish I had a choice. You know how much I would choose you a thousand times even if we lived two lives. I would still choose you in your second life. You are stunning and beautiful, my true love. I believe I was born to love you to bits. We are meant to be together. This my love. This is just a test and I believe we are unbreakable? Our love was cemented before we even met. No matter what they do. They will never break us up. I must be strong for now, but I want you to know that this is temporary. I can see you. I can hear you. I can hear your cries. I can see the pain in your heart. I can feel the pain and distress engulfing you right now. But it’s just temporary, my love. I wish I could come out and be with you, but if we stay together at this point. I believe both of us won’t make it. I know the pain of losing someone special, even though not as special as you. The circumstances in which I lost my father are the same. My father perished in similar circumstances, and with you. I am not taking any chances. The stakes are high. If we are together, so are the risks. But I am doing this for you, for us darling. So that forever we will be together. I wish you could hear this, but I am happy because for sure now we will meet again and be together forever,” whispered Alex.

She instantly shouted his name again in desperation and started crying standing on the bridge. Instantly she disappeared to the other side of the bridge.

Alex cried before sinking deep down and swimming away. As he swam away. He could

hear her still calling his name. His heart was filled with sorrow. The more he swam away, the more he could feel pained in his heart. Relentlessly he could still hear her calling him now even louder. That made him cry profusely that he stopped. Instantly, a strange feeling overwhelmed him. He thought it could be easy, but even now further away he could still hear her voice frantically and desperately shouting his name. He felt the panic and distress in her voice pattern. He realized that he might have made a big mistake. He cursed.

“She might not forgive me for this day?” He whispered to himself.

“Damn it. Why me!” He shouted.

Instantly Evelina stopped crying.

“Alex,” she whispered.

“Alex,” she shouted, but not loud enough as a shock but also relieved somehow to have heard his voice. Not sure she heard correctly. She instantly sprinted where the sound came from and ran through the flower field falling and instantly stood in the flower bed next to the river.

“Alex!”

She shouted at the top of her voice.

She looked eager, wiping off tears from her eyes.

Days later.

Alex the day he arrived home, his hopes of seeing Evelina had faded. He realized he might have caused her even more pain by now. The trauma could be too much. His only fears were

that the trauma could have wiped off her love for him. He got up and started searching on the internet. He cursed when he saw an article by Carolinadeivid.

“Damn it. I can’t believe crying could eat out love, especially if she finds out that I faked my death,” whispered Alex to himself before the news bulletin interrupted him.

“A reward has been offered for the information of the whereabouts of one Alex who is believed to be armed and dangerous. The authorities believe that he is holding a hostage by the name of Evelina. He is believed to be dangerous and must not be approached. Anyone with the information about his whereabouts should contact the authorities,” said the news reporter.

He instantly froze. A cloud of gloom and fear blanketed him. He felt so sad. This was a new manhunt. He realized that they might never leave him alone. His heart felt like it had torn as he thought about Evelina. A lot of questions were running in his head. Was Evelina okay? Was she still alive? What could this mean? He instantly thought about the manhunt appeal and briefly smiled.

“If she was dead how can they say I am holding her as a hostage?” He said to himself. He had a flashback of his father. He remembered the old days with Evelina.

“My love for you is forever,” he said to himself whispering.

Instantly he started crying. He got up and went into the basement. He opened a cabinet door. He kneeled and pulled out a cube box. Quickly he used a combination of numbers and unlocked the cube. He held his face and started crying profusely. He carried the cube box to his bedroom. He sat on the bed. He looked at the bedside and saw Evelina and himself in the photo.

He quickly reached for the photo frame and instantly and fast kissed the photo, then put the photo frame against his heart and slumped on the bed crying.

The next morning, he opened his eyes and instantly got up and sat on the corner of the bed. He realized that he had slept with his shoes and jeans. He smiled briefly to see the photo frame on the bed. He picked it up and looked at it. He French-kissed Evelina in the photo. He wiped tears from his cheeks.

“I miss you so much. I wish I can just cuddle you right now. Is that asking too much? Why does everything have to be this hard, my love? But don’t worry, I have a plan. A plan that will put us together forever,” he whispered.

He instantly grabbed the photo frame, hugging it. Instantly he saw the bottle of whiskey and squinted his eyes. He placed the photo frame on the bed and walked to the cube box.

Immediately he had a flashback of him and his father. He felt a sudden gusty wind of pain suffocating him. He cursed.

“I wish you were here for I need you more than ever,” he said before sobbing.

“I want you to tell me what to do. I love her loads. Father?”

He picked the picture of his father carrying him on his shoulder.

“If you were here today. What would you advise? I am so lost. I am scared, but honestly, Evelina has been on my mind ever since. I don’t know if I can forget about her. I thought since they were after me they could leave her alone, but now I don’t know,” he said.

His heart started pounding.

“If they were after me, they could have come for me by now? Isn't that correct?”

He lifted his father's shirt, the one he was wearing the day he died.

“Every time I look at this shirt. I have a vivid flashback of the day you died, father,” he said before sobbing irrepressibly.

He broke down crying.

A sense of fear struck him instantly.

He remembered the day he died.

Beginning of the flashback.

“Alex come here, son. I want to talk to you,” said Alex's father.

Alex walked to him and sat next to him.

“Son life is tough. Sometimes, no matter how you plan, some people will try to decide what to do for you. That my son is something you must fight with all your guts. Never let anyone dictate what to do. Go for whatever you want. Trust your heart and your instincts. When I met your mother. I had nothing, but I knew I was rich. Very rich because my life was complete. With love my son, anything is possible. Look, now we are happy, very happy. Blessed with two beautiful kids; you and your sister. I can't ask for anything else. You are at your command. Nothing can stop you and don't let fear stop you. Okay?”

End of the flashback.

He instantly walked back to the bed. He took the photo frame and removed the photo and folded it and shoved it in his pocket. He flipped the curtain and instantly walked back to the

cube box. He lifted his father's shirt and instantly he saw his gun. He quickly took it and searched underneath the clothes for bullet cartridges.

He sat on the bed and took out a photo of himself and Evelina.

"I am hereby re-pledging my love for you. I think so now. That leaving you was a mistake. I should have stayed with you through thick and thin. But my love. You must understand also that I thought they were after me. I now think that it was just a trick to separate us. They might have succeeded, but I want you to know that this was temporary. My greatest fear now is that maybe they were actually after you and not me. I just hope you are all right. If something is to happen to you. I don't know what I would do. My quest now is to find you; my true love and this time love you forever. Never to leave you again. My love for you is forever. I pledge never to leave you. My love for you is forever. This time I will use any force necessary. I can't live in fear anymore and no one shall stand in the way. I repeat, no one will ever separate us again. I promise not to rest until I have found you, my true love. Yours Alex."

He instantly stopped the phone recording and played the message again. He slumped on the bed and cried himself to sleep.

Alex later that day.

"This time it is forever. I will love you until I die and will never leave you. I am making my pledge to be with you forever," said Alex, whispering to himself.

He took his father's gun and a few items before jumping in his sister's car and sped off

with no clue where to start. But that does not put him off as long as any road takes him to the woman he loved; Evelina.

A gun on his trousers' belt made him feel like he could do anything to get his love back. This time he promised himself that nothing was ever to become between them ever again.

Somewhere in the city.

Marson was sitting in his office when the phone rang.

“Marson speaking!”

“I have a gentleman with me right now. He said he wants to see the President, and it is important. He said his name is Alex,” said the man.

“The wanted Alex?” Asked Marson, surprised.

“Yes Sir?”

Marson looked shocked.

“What does he want from the President?”

“He said his girlfriend sir; Evelina,” replied the man.

“The wanted Evelina?”

“Yes Sir.”

Marson thought for a while.

“Send him away for now until we know where Evelina is. But track him, we can also know when he finds her,” said Marson.

The line instantly went dead.

Alex walked out of the office a bit shocked and surprised. What was all the manhunt about, but that thought sent a shivering feeling down his spine? Was Evelina going to be okay after all this? They had no interest in him, which means Evelina was their target after all. He couldn't believe that they had let him walk away. He smiled and instantly frowned. His heart started pounding. Could it be that they haven't found Evelina yet? Or maybe they are putting a tail after him. He instantly stopped and looked behind him. No one was following him. He instantly removed the sim card and discarded it, putting a new one in his phone and switching to to-flight mode. But instantly removed the flight mode. He then dialed a number to the secret services.

“Is there a reward for the information leading to the discovery of this wanted Alex? I want to know also who authorized the manhunt appeal.

A crackling noise startled him briefly.

“There is no reward and the President himself authorized the manhunt,” advised the woman.

“The President? Isn't that strange?” Questioned Alex.

“Do you think killing the secret service officers is not strange enough? Can I ask who is calling?”

Alex instantly switched the line off.

Days later.

Alex looked nervously. He paced before the sound of a car engine immediately startled him but also made him hide around the corner of the building. Nervously, he waited until the car

came to a halt. He instantly rushed to it and instantly opened the back door of the SUV, his heart pounding.

“Who are you?” asked the man in the back seat.

“I work for the hotel sir. Will you?”

The man got out suspiciously.

“Where is Dominic? I have specific requests. They know only the people I have personally requested usher me. Damn it. Where are the guards?”

“I had specific orders to deal with all your requirements, but if you disagree then suit yourself.”

The man cursed and shouted at his bodyguards, who ushered him inside instantly.

Alex disappeared immediately as the men entered the hotel. One of the bodyguards stopped and looked around for Alex.

“That was so fast.”

He stopped and started walking backward-looking everywhere, pulling the gun in the process. He went back to the parking lot and looked around before joining the others.

Later.

The man who is the President answered a call.

“What I don’t seem to understand is that with all these men I have. Why can’t they find this lady; Evelina?”

He instantly cursed and slammed the phone down.

He got up and walked toward the bathrooms. Two bodyguards instantly started following him.

“You should be looking for this lady as well rather than following me everywhere,” he cursed.

“Mr. President your safety comes first,” said one of the men.

“But what does it matter if I have to lose everything?”

The president entered the bathroom after making sure the bodyguards were standing at the doors. As he entered, he stopped and listened. As he had heard something. He instantly kneeled to see if someone else was inside the bathroom. He checked underneath the cubicle doors. There were no feet. He thought of calling the guards to check first but quickly rubbed off the idea. He started whistling before pulling his pants down and sitting down. He got up and walked out of the cubicle and stood in front of the huge mirrors.

He washed his hands and looked at his face. He opened the tap water again and with both hands took water and dosed his face. When he opened his eyes. He saw in the mirror Alex pointing a gun at him. Startled and scared, he quickly turned around and about to shout for the guards when Alex pointed the gun at his head.

“The time they come in, you will be dead. Leave the water running,” said Alex.

“What are you doing here? I thought my men are outside? So how did you get in?” Asked the President.

He looked carefully at Alex.

“Aren’t you that chap who opened the SUV’s door for me? Why are you pointing the gun at me? Do you know who I am?”

“I am Alex. The-wanted-Alex. You put a manhunt for me, why?”

The president laughed.

“If you are acting like this pointing guns at the President, why even ask? After all, you killed two of my men. The secret service personnel. On top of that, he kidnapped that lady; Evelina,” he said.

Alex quickly took out the photo of himself with her.

“Hardly a kidnap Mr. President. She freely French-kissed me. Meet my true love. The reason for my existence. The one I love forever. My beautifully stunning and gorgeous; Evelina. Just to clarify before you ask Mr. President. This love goes a very long way back and honestly as it stands no one even you. Can stop me loving this woman or be with her. So now that is clear, and some misunderstandings clarified, I ask you again Mr. President. Why did you put in a manhunt appeal for me?”

The president quickly reached for the water tap to close it as it was swallowing the voices that could have alerted his men outside.

“Don’t be a smart ass because I have nothing to lose you are going to kill me, anyway. I will blast your brains out and paint this bathroom with your gray brain matter. I ask you again,” said Alex trembling.

“Have you been drinking? Why are you shaking so much?”

“Son of a bitch. Do you know what the manhunt you put did to me for the past weeks? I couldn’t sleep or even eat for weeks. You have guts to ask that stupid question,” thundered Alex now upset. The president instantly realized that Alex was on the edge and could do anything. Instantly his heart started pounding.

“Tell me the truth or I will blow your head off. The time your men open the door, you will be kissing the floor. Once again, I have nothing to lose. I know for a fact you want to kill me, so I might as well kill you first unless,” said Alex without completing the sentence.

“I am listening,” said the President.

“I want you to declare on national television that I am innocent and call off the manhunt. I want you to do the same for my love; Evelina,” said Alex, shaking and pointing the gun at the President.

“The stakes are high, and the risks raised as well. Your life is hanging by a thread. What goes around comes around. The power shift has just happened and trust me right now. The man with the gun. Is the one with the big gold balls. Trust me, I can feel how heavy they are, and I don’t think I can hold the gun as well for a long time, so don’t waste my time,” said Alex.

For the first time in a long time, the President felt like a victim, powerless and waiting to be abused by this deranged lunatic according to his thoughts. He saw Alex aiming the gun straight at his heart and at one point he felt like he was going to shoot and that he covered the heart with his hand.

“You know son, it does not work that way,” were the unpredictable words that came out of

his mouth. That triggered a heart-pounding that at one point he cursed at himself for taking such a risky stance. Alex was right, the man with the gun was king, yet he was hoping to delay and buy time so that maybe his bodyguards might just open the door and blast this crazy fool. He thought to himself.

“So, you left me with no option but to blast you right here. I am not afraid to die. Your men could have killed me by now at the Devil’s Eye Island on Evelina’s birthday,” he explained.

That triggered the president into thinking and revived his hopes. That reminded him of the dream he was trying to achieve. He instantly stretched his hand to close the tap water.

“Nope. I wouldn’t do that,” said Alex aiming at his head.

“Listen to me,” said the President with a voice full of power and authority. That startled Alex as to what had happened that a man who was in a begging mood instantly became the man with power even though he had no gun.

“If I am not out there in five minutes, my men are going to open that door and it won’t be good for you. So, let me go now. There is nothing I can do for you,” he said seriously.

Alex started shaking with rage.

“You bastard!”

“I beg your pardon. Do you know who you are talking to?” Asked the President checking the time.

“Some damn asshole who killed my father. Now who is after me and my love,” roared Alex hysterical.

The president looked shocked.

“Your father? Whom did you say?”

He paused lost in thought.

“Alex Smith? As in Silas Smith?”

“So, you knew my father?”

“Just like your father, you will never get it. The system can’t be changed. We will change you instead, and that can only mean one thing: your death. A universal language that all can understand!”

“But I have nothing to do with the bloody system neither is Evelina but still you want to kill us why?”

“You killed my special servicemen. And sorry I can’t pardon you if that is what you are asking me to do!”

“You bastard. Damn right. You know we did not kill anyone. Now I know what you are after. After you mentioned my father by his name, it hit me. You are a member of the Devil’s Eye Cult,” resounded Alex shaking.

The president was shocked and left fear-stricken by those words. His face flushed in rage and embarrassment. His heart started pounding fast.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” said the President.

“The real reason you killed my father is that he was going to expose everyone on the

Devil's Eye Cult's list as the devil worshippers. Your name was the second one from the top second only after that of the leader of the cult; Hudson," thundered Alex sobbing silently.

"Where is the list? I wouldn't play with fire my son. Don't act like a virgin. If a child sees fire for the first time. She or he is attracted to the dancing yellow-red flame that triggered his or her intuitions and raised his or her curiosity that he or she advances toward the fire to touch it. Until he or she is burned and knows that not all attractive things are to play with he or she will never stop. But you can't be a virgin son. You know how painful the fire can make you feel. I am like that fire to you. Learn from your father's mistakes. I wouldn't go down that road of exposing that list again!"

"That is not all. The fact that you want Evelina makes sense. This is not about the dead servicemen because we both know none died. So, it's about sacrificing Evelina. The real reason you sent your men after her. But why?"

Alex was filled with rage as he started sobbing. The president's heart started pounding. He realized that Alex had a grenade of words in his hand. A grenade so dangerous that if it explodes will shatter all his dreams. To make things worse, he had a gun in his hand. The words were like a sword slicing through his heart. He saw his dream crumbling.

"It's about your nephew, right?"

That felt even worse, like a double-edged sword piercing his heart that he staggered backward as he felt his legs like jelly. His face looked haunted and pale.

"I don't have a nephew," said the president unconvincingly.

“Don’t bloody lie to me!”

Alex shook and aimed raising the gun.

“Okay don’t shoot. We can talk this through,” said the president.

He quickly checked his watch.

Alex quickly moved backward and hid in the cubicle, leaving the door open slightly but pointing the gun at the president.

Instantly the door opened and one of the guards stood at the door with a gun in his hand.

“What is taking you too long?”

Alex remained aiming at the President through a slight gap in the door. The president quickly moved to cover the mirror image of the gun pointing at him.

“I won’t be long. I am coming out!”

The door instantly closed.

“I saved your life just now. If my guard had seen the gun, he could have blasted you dead. So, give me time as well, okay. If I happen to hear anything about Evelina, I will send my men to find you and tell you. So, let me go,” he said, now sounding understanding.

Alex dropped the hand holding the gun as the president walked to the door and opened it at the same time his guard stood at the door and peeped in. The president looked as well as the guard. Checking in the bathroom while standing at the door.

The guard walked away. The president remained and looked to see where Alex was. He was nowhere to be seen. He smiled and closed the door behind him.

Alex waited five minutes hiding and then stepped down from the toilet seat. He checked his time again and walked out. He stood in front of the mirrors. He started crying before putting the gun away. He took water and dozed off his face.

He looked at his face in the mirror with tears trickling down his cheeks.

“I want this second chance to prove my love for you forever. I want to win your heart again forever. I want to heal and mend the distraught I caused you. I need this chance, Evelina. This means a lot to me. I want the chance to prove my love for you, to love you, and never let you go again. means a lot to me. I believe you and I are never too late for our love to be. You mean the world to me. I promise this time we’ll be together forever,” he whispered looking at himself.

He took more water and dozed off his face. When he opened his eyes two guards stood behind him pointing guns at him. He tried to reach for his gun before something hit him. He passed out.

Miles away

“Yes Sir. Empathy laws,” said Sadie.

“But this has been going on since the beginning of time. What has changed today?”

Sadie sat down.

“This is the main issue. They are saying that unless these are punished. Those who are obviously guilty and are still torturing people and carrying out genocide and stirring others to violence as they ball-roll pain are brought to justice. The whole world will start making lethal

digital weapons in retaliation to kill as many too to match the number they are still killing even today,” she said.

“It can’t be serious,” suggested Marson.

“They cited the presence of EB as a threat to future peace. In that EB will keep defending these while they keep killing millions. Knowing that nothing will be done. That will trigger other superpowers to make even more lethal digital pathogens to wipe out everyone and not just the refugees. This is the main concern expressed by Tomorrow’s World Order,” explained Sadie.

“Are you saying that the current pandemic is a man-made direct response to our gatekeeping strategy?”

Marson looked at the man on the screen still training.

“They have submitted written documents saying that we have armed everyone, even kids. Which we are using as attacking weapons remotely. All loaded with digital attacking gear,” she explained.

“How would they know that even if that was the truth?”

“Technology favors no one, neither is it discriminatory,” they argued.

“The more it favors us so does it favor them? Somehow, they have obtained footage circulated to the courts around the world showing beyond doubt that human hacking is real. The talk about hallucinations has been thrown out of the window by the courts. That whereas before out of nearly two thousand cases against the regime. About torture and abuse before less than

twenty cases would be upheld by the courts. But with this evidence the last time I checked one thousand seven hundred cases had been upheld. And the compensation claims would bankrupt us,” explained Sadie.

“How did that happen?”

“Some of these gatekeepers have gone afar doing great harm in broad daylight to unimaginable levels resulting in massive movements in humans’ bodies that can be observed with a naked eye. On top of that, they argue that the current pandemic was created as a direct response to us loading everyone with attacking digital electromagnetic weapons. Meaning we started it first attacking anyone who comes within 1, 5 meters of our people,” she said.

“Still that can’t be serious enough. Look, we have men who are willing to die for the regime,” said Marson.

The man on the video flipped in the air attacking and firing bullets viciously now.

“One man went too far, but it’s something we can control,” she added.

“They launched genocide and crimes against humanity cases with the courts,” she explained further.

Marson laughed.

“Genocide my ass. We are protecting our people and we will do whatever it takes to keep our beautiful and unique gene pool even if it means killing all these refugees. Our God-given right!”

“They are arguing that the digital watermarks are destroying the people and there shall

come a point when all must be destroyed,” she suggested.

“Destroy how come. Damn it. We have God-given rights too. Who cares about what we want?”

“They are arguing that they understand our concerns of preserving our people but the fact that they are loaded with attacking digital electromagnetic weapons means they are regarded as hostile to normal humans,” she added.

“Damn it. You bitch!”

“But sir. I am just a messenger!”

“I don’t give a toss. Who said we are not the normal ones? Maybe we ought to destroy them!”

“Exactly what they have argued that in the end, no one will know who should be called normal. But they are sure that the digital watermarks use radiation in operation. A threat to life. A time-bomb if you like. Secondly, they lower quality of life, and that alone will mean their people are not the normal ones,” she explained.

“Son of a bitch. If I get my hands on that bastard, I will strangle him!”

Sadie looked at the man training.

“He could be our only answer. Let him go on a quest. Let him fulfill his quest and hunt T.W.O leaders,” she persuaded him.

Marson for the first time he realized that the ball could easily slip from his hands. New things were on the cards every day and the stakes were high.

There was a moment of silence.

“Are the fears perceived and therefore remote or for real?” Asked Marson watching the man training on the big screen.

“I read the case. Their fears were remote but as the killings continued the perceived fears have become real. They argued that the break-even point has been reached. The killings have risen over the months that now it will be stupid for a man given the current situation with thousands of dead to not act. Hence the fears that most now will resort to deadly digital pathogens to kill as many as we have done in retaliation in a short time,” she laid it bare for him.

“Who made these pandemics causing pathogens? My team concluded that this is natural?”

There was a moment of silence.

“Real to whom? Where everyone has been digitalized who can tell if it is real or not?”

“Maybe you arrange a conference,” suggested Marson.

“The greatest fears are that this pandemic is designed to wipe all our people who are digitized as they are attacking others,” she said.

“What? Talking about genocide. Who has the right to tell us what we can and cannot do?”

“Just rumors are saying that the courts agreed that our people have become unsafe for others and must be destroyed.”

“You better be joking. That is a direct attack on us. This is the only way we can protect our people. You mean this pandemic is designed to kill us?”

“All those lethal to the rest of the world mind you? It is not only us in this world,” argued Sadie.

“I will bloody obliterate everyone if they touch my people!”

“The death toll is rising, and the figures also suggest that,” said Sadie.

“I am listening,” said Marson.

“All the old generation and our gatekeepers all are dying in large numbers. So, it can’t be a coincidence. For now, it might also be affecting others, but we are the targets,” she explained.

“Of course, any pandemic affects the old,” argued Marson.

“Among the new generations, all those in the new system have either died or affected. So, for sure not a coincidence,” she explained.

Marson felt scared for the first time that he sat down.

“They have attached the pandemic to all digital values of our people just as we use this digital agent to accompany money as part of the money. They have all agreed that we are a threat to humanity’s existence,” she explained.

Marson picked the coffee mug on his desk and threw it at the wall spilling the contents and watched the mug break into pieces.

“They are a threat to us. How can we be a threat to anyone? We never invaded their territory, it’s them coming to ours!”

“We started the war. So, they have no option they thought because we want labor or something. Another way of inviting them but now that most have been left to die outside the

gates. They have launched crimes against humanity and as a threat to all humanity. In that if unchecked then we will destroy the normal people. And in the end, the digital watermarks we are loading our people will kill them, anyway. In that way there is a high probability of human extinction,” she explained.

“Summoned the EB straight away!”

He looked at the man training on the big screen.

“Brianna. You are ready. You deserved it. I like your resilience. But remember you might not come back and obviously if he is not dead that means your assignment isn’t finished!”

“I promise I will take him down!”

“I was like you at your age. I kept training and training. My quest even still is to rule the world as a man, not like this lunatic who wants to act as God. I know one day if I keep my eyes on the ball, I will achieve my dream. But first, to realize that dream we must remove wood and thorns in the way and clear the path of victory and success. I today have sent you on a mission or a quest if you like. To put this son of a bitch out of his misery. I didn’t know the odds are now against us. I can’t believe that the courts would listen to him. But I can deal with the courts myself!”

“I will fulfill my quest sir!”

Marson looked at Sadie.

“Go on?”

“The courts have accused the gatekeepers of doing the same as you. Going around killing

people senselessly. They accused them of being taught by you and copying you. They have argued that the time you killed some of them you were ball-rolling and delegating duties otherwise under you,” she explained.

“They must be stupid then if they listen and if I am teaching them to self-destruct. How can I teach them how they can get killed? Who on earth would do that?”

“The courts argued that you are guiding them. Therefore, mentoring them. So, under your authority,” she explained.

“To their deaths and they listen?”

In the city somewhere.

Wilson walked nude in his flat before the door opened.

“Jesus! I thought you know we share this flat?”

Wilson laughed.

“Last time I checked I am sure you stripped too. I am just checking what it feels like,” he explained.

“Mine is a profession. I strip for artwork. That is different. Jesus! I don’t want to bring a friend and let her see you dangling things. Why can’t you be like others and wear boxers?”

“Hey, why are you so early at home, anyway? I thought you didn’t finish until five in the afternoon?”

“The hall has been assigned to other functions,” she replied.

“What could be more interesting than nude artwork?”

“Some guy talking about Tomorrow’s World Order.”

She handed the leaflet.

Wilson quickly read the leaflet and turned it.

“Who is the lady?”

“Why should I care?”

“Maybe just jealous that she is prettier than you,” he suggested.

“Oh please, where are your clothes I can see things rising. How can a picture of a woman’s face get your thing up? Or? Are you picturing me naked? Oh my God! That is so gross.”

“If that was that bad. Surely you could be shouting in your bedroom. The fact that you are still here means something else,” he advised.

“Damn it. Don’t try to justify a wrong. I take clothes off as art. Nothing to be embarrassed by that. But just imagine supposed I had things that rise and lift that in the middle of-the-art session. That will be wrong. Just like you are doing right now?”

Wilson instantly turned the leaflet covering the backside where the leaders of Tomorrow’s World Order were. Surprised that Wilson’s thing suddenly slept she picked up the leaflet and looked at the back.

“I must confess I did not check. These are the leaders of Tomorrow’s World Order?”

Wilson quickly researched about Tomorrow’s World Order.

“System change?”

“Is that what they stand for?”

“It is like campaigning to change your genitals. Why can’t you be happy with what you got? This political correctness has gone out of the window,” said Wilson.

Lyla read the article.

“It sounds like a good idea. If it’s the cause of the problems in the world, why not change it?” She handed the leaflet to Wilson who looked at it. She quickly looked at his groin.

“Huh! I got you? Checking and all that!”

“So, it was not the picture of that lady. Yak I can’t believe you fantasize about me,” said Lyla teasing Wilson.

“It is natural. You see someone nude it might trigger a response, but it depends as well. Last week at work this woman stripped nude in her office and invited me,” explained Wilson.

“I bet you were hanging all over!”

“No. I was like what the hell? Put on your clothes!”

“Really?”

“It is like that. That thing called attraction is a tricky thing you know? There are some people that when you see even just her hand, you feel like... you know? I think beautiful women get me turned on whether they have clothes or not. Having seen this woman, I think if I come face to face with her I will fall in love,” said Wilson.

Lyla was shocked to hear Wilson talking about falling in love. She quickly took the leaflet again.

“You reckon she is prettier than me?”

“She is beautiful. I think if you find someone like her surely why would you look for another woman? She is that type that when you see her, she reminds you of all the women you know and instantly also reminds you that there is none better than her.

Lyla started crying.

“That is so sweet. I wish someone could feel the same way about me. It was so touching. I have never seen you so serious. I thought you were going to ask me to take off my clothes,” she sobbed.

“You know what? I think I will go on a quest. Find this woman. Then make her mine. My better half. My true love. Someone whom I can spend the rest of my life with. She is gorgeous,” said Wilson.

“She is a global leader? What can she see in you? Maybe the other two leaders have eyes on her. How can you get near her?”

“I can change from being a nude artwork artist,” he said before she interrupted.

“Are you a nude artwork artist?”

“Same building upper floor?”

“So, it was you?”

“What do you mean?”

“One day in the middle of the session the artist asked me to go and get something from the fifth floor. So, I asked him if there were people upstairs. He looked at his watch and said they

had already gone. So nude, I sprinted the stairs and when I passed the fourth floor, I noticed the door was slightly open but somehow, I saw a nude male pace from one side to the other.

Curiosity got to me, so I walked stealthily to the door and I was about to peep in, so I could see what it was when the lift door suddenly opened. A man standing in the lift looked at me and guess what he asked me?"

He shrugged.

"Are you looking for me?"

I felt embarrassed that I ran upstairs to the stairs. Got what I went to collect and pulled the curtain down and wrapped it around me," she explained.

"I remembered that day. The woman had an appointment and rescheduled for noon," said Wilson.

"Just strange you told me you were a model," she said.

"Of course," he replied.

Wilson stood up and walked like a model.

"I will quickly get my boxers. Not sure why my boy is so excited today?"

Wilson quickly dashed to the bedroom and came back in boxers. He stood at the door.

"This is the only day I hadn't stripped nude for the past three weeks. I might as well stripe for you. But it's just art. Give him a reason for getting excited," she replied.

"I am still going on my quest to find the woman of my dreams. I think this is the challenging but exciting part that I hardly know her yet I long for her. To make the challenge

interesting. She has more power than me. Probably richer too but still, even those two powerful leaders won't put me off in my quest. What are the chances of them getting involved also personally? That leaves her available but not for long.

“Damn it. If you don't appreciate me, I will go,” cursed Lyla, feeling jealous.

“What did I do or say wrong?”

She picked up her clothes and entered her bedroom flat slamming the door closed.

“What a jerk!”

She started sobbing.

“I am beautiful, and my body looks great too,” she shouted. Wilson stood outside her door.

“Sorry I was just saying after we finished talking, I will go away for some time. I know you are beautiful and hot. Come out let me see you again!”

She instantly opened the door.

“Really?”

“Of course, the most beautiful and hottest of all,” said Wilson.

Later.

“How come you ended up doing artwork modeling?”

“I was chubby as a kid and never appreciated my body. Now that I am slim, I find myself unashamed that I can walk to the city nude,” she explained.

“Guess what I found out?”

“They are recruiting for assassins?”

“Who?”

“Tomorrow’s World Order.”

She started laughing sarcastically.

“That would be hilarious. If seeing a nude person would kill? Please, Wilson,” she taunted him.

“I can go for training. I think this is not a profession for men. I should be killing people and getting laid by the woman I will love for the rest of my life,” said Wilson.

Lyla lifted the couch cushion and threw it at Wilson.

Another side of the city.

A convoy of SUVs arrived outside a highly protected building in the city. Men in suits and military uniforms got out securing the place before an old man came out with a walking stick breathing hard. He stood there out of breath and that attracted the other men to quickly open the door as he ran to the rescue. Holding the man, he stood outside looking everywhere.

“Things haven’t changed since the last time I came here,” he explained.

“Things don’t change but people change,” replied the man

“I was a young man then. Full of hopes and dreams. But at least I can’t complain,” he sighed.

Immediately they walked to the huge doors. They entered inside.

Hudson stood at the window when the old man entered.

“Elder what can I do for you? It is a long journey. What brings you here? It has been a long time?”

The elder acted as if he did not hear a thing that he kept looking around.

“What a beautiful well-decorated office you got,” he complimented.

“Thank you. But surely you did not come all the way here to compliment on that?”

“Something happened that is of great concern to us,” he sighed.

Hudson sat down leaning forward.

“I am listening,” he said, sitting comfortably.

The elder took his time wearing a sad face.

“The Gatekeeper was murdered,” he sighed.

Hudson felt relaxed and sat resting his back on the comfortable sofa.

“I heard. I thought something else happened. This is just a formal announcement, right?”

The elder moved forward breathing hard leaning on the walking stick coated in gold.

“It came to light that the safe was broken into,” he whispered.

“So, money was the motive for them. How much did they take?”

The elder looked at him for a while.

“No money was stolen. The money, gold, and everything was there nothing stolen. The gold. The diamonds and all bond certificates are all still in there,” said the elder wearing a serious face.

“What? I don’t get it?”

“The list is gone?”

“What list are we talking about?”

“With all the names. Names of all current members,” said the elder scared.

“What can they possibly do with the list?”

“This was protected. As the survival of the organization depends on it!”

“Can it be that important? Who can be behind this? What does that mean to the organization?”

“Very critical to the survival of the organization. The last time something like that happened is also the last time this organization existed as far as I know. Everyone on that list was murdered in the last forty-eight hours of darkness and the gold scriptures were stolen as no one was left to protect them. So, lost from that time until discovered again years later,” said the elder.

Hudson got up. His heart beating swift, scared, and confused about what all this meant.

“We are under attack?”

“That is why they appointed you, we, and everyone else to prevent that from happening again,” explained the elder.

“Who could be behind this?”

“Someone determined to bury us and everything we stand for,” he replied.

“Who can be that person?”

“That is the question of the century. Not only should we find out fast, but we must protect

everyone on that list as well. Or we are all finished,” said the elder.

“I am listening,” said Hudson.

“The last time. They killed everyone on the list. That meant losing all the seats and hours of the day. Obliterating the kingdom of darkness forever. If it wasn’t by luck that they found the gold scriptures two thousand years ago we could be finished by now,” he explained.

“Who could be behind this?”

“God himself?”

Hudson looked scared.

“The son of man or the sun of man as some say,” he sighed.

Hudson’s heart started beating fast, scared, and confused.

“Are you saying that the stealing of the list heralds the second coming of the son of man?”

“In the bible, they believe that Christ in the form of a man will rise again to take his place and destroy the kingdom of darkness forever,” he replied.

“You mean the end of the days?”

“You can say that. Only the son of man or God himself can do that,” explained the elder.

Hudson’s heart started pounding.

“How is that possible? I thought this would happen years ahead of us. When we have become so advanced to resemble heaven here on earth?”

The elder struggled to stand up with Hudson coming to the rescue.

“That my friend is why I am here,” he added.

“You must at once protect us and everyone on that list,” pleaded the elder.

“To restore the kingdom of those who are good. They will kill everyone on the list in the forty-eight hours of darkness. This will be the first act,” he said, staring at Hudson.

The old man looked shocked and scared himself.

“They have to kill all on the list to free seats so that they can declare the restoration of the kingdom of the son of man,” he emphasized.

“You mean everyone on the list?”

“Everyone. That frees the seats and hours,” he said adamantly.

Hudson, scared, sat down.

“My name is on the list?”

“That is why I am here. As you will be the first target,” he said softly.

There was a moment of silence.

“Who else is on the list?”

The elder sat down too.

“Every powerful man and woman in this country,” he said.

Hudson’s heart pounded fast.

“Who else is on that list?”

“The...”

The president instantly entered in.

“I heard the elder came to see me,” said the president walking in.

They all looked haunted.

"Why do you all act and look like you have seen a ghost? It is just me," he said smiling.

Somewhere in the city.

"Then you are not serious about me, about us," said Landon holding her top arms.

Weeks later.

"I told this jerk that I did not take any loan before. I can't understand why they would deny me a loan? I qualify. I showed him my key. But he said someone used the key to take the loan. I had this key all my life, and no one has access but me. That is my house we are talking about!" roared Gavin.

"I understand, but he must have good reasons," said the bank manager.

"There must be a mistake," said Gavin adamant.

"I told him the key has been used already," said Gavin, standing at a huge window looking outside.

The manager quickly checked.

"But there are no loans against the key," said the manager.

"I told you he is playing dirty games," roared Gavin.

Landon instantly walked to his sofa.

"Written off and we have to wait for the cooling period at least three months," said Landon.

"Oh, I see," said the manager.

"I am afraid he is right. Come back after three months and try again. Our system won't allow us. Okay?"

Gavin cursed before he walked out.

"I think he is playing dirty games. Getting the loans himself, denying us. This dirty crook," shouted Gavin. The office doors opened one by one as other people listened as Gavin shouted in the corridor.

Later.

Gavin cursed, pacing in his house.

"Who else could have access to the key?" He asked himself.

Instantly his relative uncle Nathaniel parked his car outside the house. He walked to the window and looked.

He thought for a while.

The door instantly opened up.

"What seemed to be the matter, why drag me so late?"

He twitched with rage, like a dog about to bite.

"I am a father who lost a daughter. I had all my life planned. Now even the bank won't look at me in the face. They pushed me away like a dog. I feel hurt," said Gavin.

Uncle Nathaniel looked worried too as he looked down.

"I know what you are going through, my brother-in-law. Losing the woman, you love in such circumstances will drive you crazy," he paused.

"Just a woman. What about my daughter? What about my life? I died the day my daughter went missing. I died when...", he broke down and started crying.

"She was not as strong as you. My sister was weak. Taking her life was hard for all of us. But as for your daughter. I don't think she died," he said shaking his head.

"Nearly six months now since her birthday. The day she disappeared. Who on earth ran away on their birthday? They had a little argument with her mum," said Gavin crying.

"It must have been more than that. That her mum could take her life as well over it," said uncle Nathaniel.

"Damn it. They were getting on very well. How many mothers out there fight with their daughters? If she had run away why didn't she come back at her funeral?"

There was silence.

"So, what did the bank say?" Asked uncle Nathaniel sipping tea.

"The bank reckoned someone else used her to take the loan," said Gavin.

Uncle Nathaniel instantly blew out the tea in his mouth.

"What? Who could do such a thing? My sister would never do something like that," protested Uncle Nathaniel.

Instantly Gavin stopped pacing and looked at him, thinking deeply.

He had never thought that before or expected to hear that.

"If my wife had got the loan then where did she put the money? Unless she did not kill herself," he stopped. His heart started beating fast. He looked at uncle Nathaniel.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Where is my daughter?"

"What? How should I know," protested uncle Nathaniel?

"Where were you the night my wife died?"

"I don't know and what does that have to do with all this?" Asked uncle Nathaniel.

"Have you ever taken my daughter to the bank?"

"What are all these questions leading to?"

"Where did you get all the money to pay for the hospital?"

Instantly Gavin disappeared before coming back with a gun in his hand.

"Answer me, damn it. Did you ever take my daughter to the bank? Did the bank give you a loan?"

Uncle Nathaniel now shivering in fear stood up, raising hands.

"Easy now, brother-in-law. Let's talk about this," he said.

"I asked a question. Did you kill my wife? Did you kill your own sister for money? Where did you get all the money?"

"Put that away, let's talk. Okay?"

"Damn it. Did you kill my wife? Where is my daughter?"

"I did not kill your wife. She killed herself," he protested.

Gavin started cursing and shaking, pointing the gun at uncle Nathaniel.

"The money? Where did you get it from? I am going to count to three!"

"Did you kill my wife? Did you kill my daughter? Did you use my daughter to get a loan?

One," shouted Gavin.

"I didn't!"

"Damn it. Tell me the truth. Answer honestly. Did you get my wife and daughter killed for money? Two!"

Gavin cocked the gun. Uncle Nathaniel started crying.

"Yes! Yes! I did not mean too," he broke down crying.

"What? Yes, to what? Did you kill my wife?"

"No."

"Did you kill my daughter?"

"No!"

"Did you use my daughter to get a loan?"

Uncle Nathaniel sat down and covered his face, crying.

"You don't know what I was going through. My wife was dying and there was nothing I could do," he cried.

Gavin cursed and remained pointing the gun at him shaking with rage.

"Someone told me that you were sitting on money. So, I came home and cried to my sister. I deliberately asked her to sell the house, so I can raise money for the hospital; for my wife's treatment," he cried profusely.

"After selling my own house and still with no improvements and the hospital still demanding their money. I took your daughter to the bank. I said nothing," said uncle Nathaniel.

"I am listening better be telling the truth," roared Gavin shaking with rage.

"The manager simply looked at her and invited us to his office. There was this golden book. The minute she touched it. It opened and all he asked was how much I wanted," he cried.

"So, what happened?"

"I called the hospital doctor treating my wife and connected him to the bank manager. I authorized it to be transferred straight to the hospital. All I wanted for Sasha was for her to get well. I would do the same for her even now. That is how I loved her, and how I still love her," said uncle Nathaniel crying.

"So, what happened?" Asked Gavin.

"That's how it started. Instead of my Sasha getting well. She got even worse, but the doctor kept asking for more money," said uncle Nathaniel looking at Gavin.

"So, I kept going to the bank until they had to use the security guard to drag me out," he cried.

"I had no option. I loved Sasha, the love of my life. There she was in pain even worse now, crying like a baby," said uncle Nathaniel.

"Damn it. You are not telling me everything," roared Gavin, aiming at his head.

"Okay. My sister when she saw me distraught. She told me about the loan," he said before sobbing.

"So, you killed her to keep her quiet? As you kept going for the loan. Right?" Asked Gavin.

"I swear. I will never hurt my own sister," pleaded Uncle Nathaniel.

"But she ended up dead. And my daughter ran away. Now see it's your fault," roared Gavin.

"I wanted to help my wife. I didn't want her to die. One day I came back to my sister telling her that the bank refused us any more loans. She couldn't believe it. She was so scared and distraught," he said.

"You are lying. That can't make her kill herself," roared Gavin.

"Two million dollars! All taken by the hospital. I didn't care then. It only hit me when she died. Then my sister showed me the letter she received from the bank. I had only requested five hundred thousand dollars to cover the cost for the time she spent in the hospital and the best medicine. The time she died the bill was over two million dollars," he looked at Gavin.

"I swear it was an accident," he started crying.

"We had a fight," he said, getting up.

"Damn it. I knew it you killed her. She was full of life and never suicidal," he cursed sobbing hard.

"I had never seen her so scared. She was scared of you. She kept saying you should not know, or she is dead," said uncle Nathaniel.

Gavin instantly broke down crying.

## Chapter Thirteen

He stood there and looked further downstream from the bridge and saw that big white bird flying toward him. This time the bird flew toward him, aiming at him. He stood still as his heart started pounding, calling the bird bluffing. The bird as if angry flew toward him like a bullet. The man stepped backward and quickly glanced to see how much space was behind him to retreat before ducking in case the bird did not divert. His heart increased the pounding. He forced a smile. As it felt like a dream, but the moment he recalled sending the bird down the river on a false account. He knew why the bird was mad at him. He quickly looked at the padlock in his hand and briefly stared at the engraved names. He smiled, but the sound of the angry bird as it approached startled him. Instantly that wiped off the smile. He quickly planned what to do if the bird did not divert.

“You can’t take this from me. This is mine. My love for this lady is forever,” he said softly as the bird headed straight at him. He smiled and mumbled something to himself. He stepped in front now back to his original position. This time the bird was making threatening sounds as it neared him. He stood his ground. He could feel sweat droplets forming in the hand holding the padlock. That only made him tighten the grip. He smiled and locked his eyes with the bird’s seconds before impact. His heart rate elevated as the bird showed no signs of diverting.

He cursed and braced to duck but kept his stance. Choosing the bird to divert instead. The huge gasp of fresh air hit him in the face. He closed his eyes and suddenly ducked.

Instantaneously, that as well triggered the bird to divert that it shot all the way up to the skies. He smiled in disbelief, still getting up the padlock gripped tight. He at once looked upwards, trying to locate the bird. He saw the bird hovering up above him. He opened his hand and looked at the opened padlock with an inserted golden key. He smiled, but sudden bird noises startled him that he instinctively closed his hand and looked up. He smiled in disbelief as he saw the bird jetting down straight at him from above. He pretended to have thrown the padlock down the river, but the bird flew down still until it was meters away from him that it flew high up. Tilting to the side and disappearing.

“You can’t steal this from me, from us. It is forever. For-Eve!” He shouted. He smiled at his wit with rhyming words.

He checked again for the bird, but this time the bird had disappeared away enough angrily that it had been tricked once again.

He smiled as he opened his hand to reveal the red-heart-shaped padlock.

He stepped on the bridge’s side rail and climbed to the middle-level rail and held the top hanging rail. The thought of the bird startled him for a split second that he paused and looked around. Surely the bird was nowhere to be seen. He looked at the padlocks hanging on the bridge’s rails. He reached over the hanging side rail and locked the padlock there and retrieved the small golden key. He climbed down and opened his hand to reveal the gold key.

“Our love is the bridging of two beautiful hearts to make both into one lovely heart, one that connects and joins the two forever. My love for you is forever. Yours, truly,” he folded the

golden key in his hand tightly.

He looked up and over the beautiful flower gardens that surrounded the bridge.

“Beautiful!”

He smiled and closed his eyes.

He reinforced and stiffened the grip. Even more, until he felt the key hurting his inside hand.

He threw the golden key down the river and instantly a huge gasp of wind blew in his face, causing him to jerk forward and backward.

He saw the huge bird fly over him after the small golden key down the river.

That startled him.

This bird must be starving or just playing games with him, he thought to himself.

He quickly stepped forward, leaning over the bridge to see the bird flying down the river after the key.

The bird flew just above the river waters for a while and shot up all to the top.

He smiled and looked at the padlock now locked on the rail of the bridge hanging over the side river. He looked at the initials.

“E & A. My love for you. My Love. Is forever. Inseparable,” he said.

Miles away.

A huge man in a suit that clings to the body showing all the muscles and biceps. Walked

across the carpet and into the huge conference room but soon escaped through a passage to the backstage room.

“I feel good. I look great too. And I am all high-spirited and enthusiastic. Guess maybe why the world loves me?” Arrogantly explained David looking in the big mirrors.

“It’s your day young man. Go and shine!”

“I want to sweep the whole world off its feet and fall in love with it. Then after that. Make everything all mine!” Explained David with a huge hoarse voice. He straightened his suit jacket, did his hair, and posed in the mirrors.

“Did I tell you that I feel brilliant? I mean bloody exuberantly good!”

He clapped hands and danced.

“I have a plan for mankind. A plan that will eventually change the course of history. A plan that will make every one of you rich. I mean so rich that you will realize that you have reached another stage of development more advanced and better than this one,” he smiled upbeat and sky-high.

“Do you mean a plan that will make you the greatest person who ever lived? A plan that will make you the richest man who ever lived? A plan that will make you the first global leader?”

David smiled.

“If that makes you and everyone else richer and better-off what is wrong with that?”

Asked David pointing at his friend with both his hands and both index fingers smiling and

correcting his suit jacket's position.

"How do I look?"

"A Squadrillion dollars," he replied.

"Reading my mind again my friend," said David boastfully.

"It's time. Go. They are waiting," he advised.

"Hm!" growled David like an animal before opening the door stage. Walking arrogantly.

The cheering and clapping of hands were deafening as he took center stage.

"Thank you for having me. I can't thank you enough and it's a pleasure being in your presence!"

The cheering and chanting kept going on for a while every time he tried to speak. All he could do is stand and look as the crowd started standing up until it was a complete standing ovation.

"I love you too! All of you. I mean we together we are going to do what is best for all mankind. Take you all to the next level of development!"

The cheering intensified. He looked everywhere, every corner as people clapped hands. That went on for some time, and when they gave him the chance. He did what he always does best. Pitch to the world and win pledges. The enthusiasm and passion on his face and whatever came out of his mouth, heart, blood, and veins were enticing that he was guaranteed to win pledges to his cause. People always like his charisma and energy.

"Campaign after campaign I have found energy and even more reasons to pitch the world

simply because my plan is the right and best plan for mankind!”

The crowd went berserk, cheering and clapping hands with groups standing up as others sat down.

“Thank you. I am euphoric to know that some people among us believe in mankind. Who believes in humanity as I do?”

Another loud crowd cheering swallowed all other noises.

Someone in the crowd asked a question.

“Come forward. I think that is a good question!” Requested David signaling to the person who had asked the question.

A nervous woman walked in front and looked straight at David.

“Fire the question!”

“I am not trying to be funny but with all due respect are you trying to be God?”

Somewhere in the city.

"Tell me how did you kill her!"

"I was distraught as well. I felt cheated. I only asked for \$500 000 dollars from the bank. So, I refused the \$2 million value. They said that was the value, including repayments. So, I took the bank to the court. I argued that even though they had given me the loan. They had abused my position. As I was traumatized by the illness of my wife that it was a misjudgment

on their part. The court agreed with me that they forced the bank to write off the loans," he explained.

"You said you had an argument with my wife? Tell me about that? I want the truth, or I will blow your head off!"

"That is when the harassment started. They constantly threatened me. One day I visited my sister and found her crying and fighting with her daughter," he sobbed.

"They said their lives had been turned upside. People threatened them constantly. I was adamant the bank was wrong as the court had agreed. So, I told her that I will tell you," said uncle Nathaniel before sobbing.

"So, you killed her and my daughter?"

"No!" he cried.

"It was a mistake. It happened so fast. I had threatened to visit you at work. So, we struggled," he paused and looked at him.

"I swear it was a mistake. She fell down and hit her head on the corner of the pavement," he cried bitterly.

"You killed her in the tub! She didn't drown, right? Damn it! Tell me or I will shoot you!" roared Gavin.

"Damn it. Stop threatening me. I am not afraid to die. You know? Shoot me! I have nothing to hang on to. My wife is dead. My sister is dead. My grandniece is missing, and I am in debt. Go on! Put me out of my misery. Damn it! I cried and still now I can't stop thinking about her.

She fell and hit her head hard. Then she went to take a bath. I guess she developed complications in the tub and drowned and died. I guess your daughter blamed herself and ran away. I love her. But it was a mistake. Look, I lost in every meaning of the word. Shoot me! Damn it! Shoot me! If that makes you feel better. The hospital faked the autopsy report. She did not kill herself. They told me what to do," he explained.

"I placed the sleeping pills next to the tab. I just did what they told me. I swear this is the truth!"

"So, the hospital put you up to this?"

"Damn it. Yes! I phoned the doctor of my wife. I didn't know what to do. I came back and found the door opened. But the water was running out. Flowing everywhere. Straight away I knew something had happened. I went upstairs and found her floating in the tub upside down. I tried calling you, but I had promised her that I would not tell you about the loan. I didn't know what to do. There I was, sitting next to the tub with your dead wife. Then, my niece, your daughter entered, she screamed shocked and scared that she sobbed uncontrollably," he explained. He wiped off tears.

"I think she panicked and ran away. I tried running after her but then the doctor phoned and said I must put the pills by the bathtub otherwise you will start digging about the loan and all that. I swear I know I should have told you. If I had, your daughter could be here,"

Gavin cried profusely as uncle Nathaniel explained what happened. He pointed the gun at him and when he thought about it he covered his ears with his hands even the one holding the gun. Instantly he stopped crying. His eyes were now red with grief.

"The name. The name of the doctor now!"

"Doctor Chausse!"

Miles away.

Detective Alyssa parked her car and got out.

"Detective, you must see this. The doctor has been cut into small pieces. I don't think you have ever seen anything like this before," said Detective Primrose.

The detective felt like throwing up at the shocking sight.

"This is not just killing. Its inhumane torture. It seems whoever did this was trying to extract some information from him," she suggested.

"That is so gruesome. All the fingers sawn off. The hands and legs all cut off when he was still alive. Detective Primrose., a very tall and slim woman, looked at Detective Alyssa.

"I guess the doctor had so many enemies, but to me, one who stood out is this one," said the detective handing a file to her.

"Nathaniel Tiptons!" Said Detective Alyssa, reading the file.

They locked eyes.

"What do we know about him?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"Tried to shoot the doctor for putting him in debt after the loss of his wife.

Misrepresentation and inflating the cost," replied Detective Primrose.

She quickly read the file.

"I think we must go to the bank straight away. Start with this case first," she said.

Later.

"I can't believe the same person involved in these loans is linked to the dead Gatekeeper,"  
said the detective.

"Is it linked?"

"What is the link between Mr. Gavin and Mr. Nathaniel Tiptons?"

They all looked at each other.

"Are you thinking what I am thinking?"

"Not really?"

"What if they are related and Mr. Gavin was denied the loan? As the reports suggested that  
the key had been used already. To get a loan that was written off already?"

"Bingo!" Said Detective Primrose.

"They are related. You could be right," she said.

"So, does that mean the killer of the doctor is the same killer for the gatekeeper?"

Next day.

Gavin sat on his bed with tears running down, soaking the bedsheets. He smiled and wiped  
off the tears from his eyes. He looked at his wife's picture and his daughter's.

"Where are you? Are you alive? Darling, talk to me? I can't take it anymore. I can't go on like this," said Gavin, looking at his daughter's photo.

He looked at his wife's photo.

"I made the bastard pay. Trust me, it was not all in vain. I made this world a better place. I am afraid they killed our angel. My daughter. I tried darling, but he won't tell me anything. But trust me," he smiled.

"I made him pay. For all the pain you suffered. Even when he was dead. I made sure that even in death. He would never tamper with anyone else. I will finish his kids too. They all must feel what they have put us through. This is the only way this will stop. It was hard for us. But I wish you had trusted me. That means I wasn't good enough for you," he felt very emotional and cried profusely.

"What happened, to 'through thick and thin? In sickness and in happiness?' I am afraid I wasn't a good husband to you. That you will hide something like that from me. I can't go on knowing that you hid that from me. The fact that our own daughter could not face me or even attend your funeral," he cried intensely.

"Can only mean that I wasn't a good father. That alone is eating me away. I can't live in pain anymore. Life without you is hard," he cried.

"I was about to blast your brother, but I guess he was in pain as well. I understand now what he was going through. I was just too blind to see his pains and what was going on. But I promise if you forgive me and give me another chance. Next time we meet. I will make it up to

you. I love you. life without you is not worth living. I am afraid that my daughter. Our angel might be dead too. I can't seem to get answers. Just know I will find her if she is alive. I just don't know what I will do without her," he sobbed uncontrollably.

"Mr. Gavin!" shouted Detective Alyssa.

"I know you are in there. Come out now with your hands in the air. I know you butchered the doctor. Come out now or we will come in with serious consequences," she shouted.

"Go fuck yourself!" Roared Gavin.

"We know why you killed the doctor. He stole money from you. Got you in debt," she shouted.

"No! Not just put me in debt! He murdered my wife! To make things worse, he tried to make it look like she killed herself. Falsifying the autopsy so I won't know about the loan!" He roared through the open window.

The detective looked at each other.

"His alibi checked. He was miles away when she died," shouted the police.

"Ask my brother-in-law who will tell you what this doctor put him up to. Exactly what happened that day. What I don't forgive him for is the fact that they hide all this from me, and because of that. My angel ended up running away. If he had not interfered. I could have lost just my wife. My daughter could still be here. I am thinking right now that they killed my daughter too. The way my brother-in-law said it sounded like he was to take care of my daughter too. But

I'll tell you this. No one even messes up with my family and not pay for it," roared Gavin standing at the window behind the curtain before closing the window.

"You can't take the law into your own hands," shouted the detective.

Gavin laughed.

"It's funny hearing that from you!" Shouted Gavin.

"Come out now! We must take you to the center. Don't make us shoot you too because that would be tragic. We want you to be tried in court. We will find your daughter!"

"Go then. What are you still waiting for? I filled a missing person report months ago. Up to now no one ever came to me and told me about the progress. But you have nerves to come here asking me about a rogue rotten doctor?" Shouted Gavin.

"It's not just about the doctor. It is about the Gatekeeper as well?"

There was a moment of silence.

"Who?"

"The Gatekeeper!" Shouted Detective Primrose.

"What about him?"

"He was found dead. Shot in the head twice. We believe you threatened him as well!"

Shouted Detective Alyssa.

"You mean the banker?"

"Yes. Mr. Landon!"

"I have nothing to do with him. He denied me a loan. He said someone had taken the loan already. It made no sense then. But my brother-in-law can explain everything to you!"

"What brother-in-law?" Shouted the detective.

"Nathaniel Tiptons!" Shouted Gavin.

"Tipton killed himself yesterday!"

The detectives heard the largest roars of anger and a single gunshot sound.

Days later the detectives were in the office.

"Coincidence or not. Of all the people given loans, there is a pattern developing. Three relatives. All girls went missing near their eighteenth birthday with the loans written off just after their eighteenth birthday," said Detective Primrose. sitting on the desk.

"Gavin could have told us more about these loans. Nathaniel took the easy way out. We have no one to ask about these loans," she said.

"But they were all written off that can shed light on this case? Does it sound like purchases of these people who went missing? Or that the missing people covered as in settled the loans. That is more than a coincidence to ignore," said Detective Alyssa.

"I think let's find out where they went missing and see if there is a pattern," suggested Detective Primrose.

"One at the Devil's Eye Islands. The other two at home just ran away," said Detective Alyssa.

The next day the detective investigated the disappearances and all the deaths. Gavin was adamant that he had nothing to do with the death of the gatekeeper. That left a lot of questions unanswered.

The detectives were everywhere from the bank and to all leads before they sat in the office brainstorming.

"I think there is more to this than what we are seeing," said Detective Primrose.

"Obviously that is why we are here," said Detective Alyssa.

I think we need to look at the bank as a whole first. The death of the gatekeeper and the doctor are all connected to the loans and the money from the bank. I checked Mr. Tiptons' financial records. Trust me. He was in no position to get that loan. The very reason used by the court to demand the bank to write off the loan," said Detective Primrose.

"What are you saying?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"What if there is more to it than meet the eye?" Detective Alyssa read the statement from the bank as well as one supplied by Gavin.

"I think we need to pay Gavin a visit," said Detective Alyssa.

Later.

They entered the hospital straight to a room guarded. They flashed the badges and were allowed in.

They looked at Mr. Gavin hooked on the tubes and to a beeping machine.

"Mr. Gavin. Its detective Alyssa and Detective Primrose. We would like to ask you a few questions!"

"Leave me alone," he said after opening his eyes.

"You are very lucky to be alive. At least you must thank us for helping you bring you here fast. So, you owe us," said the detective.

He forced a laugh.

"Piss of crap. I should be somewhere nice with my wife and daughter," he said before sobbing.

"You mean you are better off dead. Right?" Asked, Detective Primrose. agitated, pulling a gun and aiming at him while detective Alyssa placed a gun in his hand.

"The gun better has some bullets," he whispered, lifting the gun.

"Why should I do that? We don't wish to die but you do," she suggested.

## Chapter Fourteen

Everyone laughed. David smiled and walked forward.

“You are?”

“Evelina!”

“Beautiful name!”

He walked toward the crowds.

“I want you all to tell me what you think if there is a God just for argument’s sake, then what is mankind’s purpose in the eyes of God?”

A lot of people answered at the same time.

“I heard a lot of different answers. To pray to him forever. To look after earth? To die and live in paradise? But Evelina, what do you think is God’s purpose for humanity?”

“Since he created mankind and doesn’t need mankind so as a favor to him so that we all worship him forever!”

“Creator, favor, worship, forever. Okay. You may sit down!”

Evelina left the stage as people clapped hands and cheered. The atmosphere was excellent. The halls were packed with some people outside listening to big screens.

“Ladies and gentlemen! There are two kinds of dilemmas! One it’s what I call mankind’s dilemma and the other. The second one is the one I call God’s dilemma! I instead believe that just as we humans spend a lot of time and money trying to create a robot. That is as good as us,

humans. A robot that can think, walk, dance, or even make love!”

People cheered and laughed.

“Yes! Just as we endeavor to create a clever robot. That can one day think like us and do like us. Is what I call mankind’s dilemma. Can mankind ever create a robot as clever as humans?”

He paused. Everyone listened attentively, a few coughs at the back sliced the silence.

“God’s plan as well was to create humans that are as clever and that can evolve so that one day, they became like him!”

They clapped hands and whistled.

“This is what I call God’s Dilemma!”

“Well said. God’s dilemma!”

The crowd started chanting.

“Amen!”

Shouted someone in the back and that was welcomed with applause and laughter as the crowd went berserk.

“On a serious note though! Believing that there is a God, even if you don’t believe in God. Whomever you think created the world had a plan for us all. I believe that God created humans so as for them to evolve and become like him one day. An idea supported by Genesis 3v27. Mankind must understand and eat the fruits of knowledge so that one day we know what is wrong and good to become gods. That one day we live here on earth forever!”

“Yeah! Woo!”

Chanted the crowds while applauding. The cheering was deafening.

“So, it is a challenge open to all mankind to act. Think like the gods to oversee the world just as God does right now!”

Evelina asked another question.

“Why has mankind failed? As no one has ever raised this issue before as far as I know, and this is something I am hearing for the first time about God’s Dilemma?”

The crowd applauded.

“I think mankind failed to understand God for the past two thousand years. The reason why we failed. Is the same reason why robots will take time to be as good as humans? Let me tell you this. God thought it was easy when he created man for mankind to evolve to God’s standards. God realized that through Eve that mankind will always choose the wrong path. Opting for the easy road. The reason is that mankind is mankind and cannot be God. In that mankind will always think like a man and distance himself from God. Instead of moving forward toward God. It is mankind’s nature that he will never know what is right or wrong in the prerequisite of becoming a god. Again, this is supported by Genesis 3v27. So, to correct this problem God realized that a fusion or mixing is the only answer. Mankind will never think like God unless some of God’s character is instilled in mankind. So, what does he do?”

The crowd shouted a lot of answers, but all were not the ones David was after.

“I will tell you. He engineered a fusion between his spirit and a human being in Mary. To

create someone who understands God's Dilemma as well as mankind's purpose on earth. There is no other way. As mankind alone is destined to act human. While the challenge requires mankind to think godly as well. That is why even the bible declares that the answers are through Jesus but not literally but hinting on the fusion. So, mankind must think as evolving toward God. Again, I emphasize here that I am not playing or wanting to be God. God himself knew mankind alone will never understand. Unless there is this fusion. So, he sends his son to show you what to do. If you want to think like God that is going to heaven? Then think like you are fused that way, then you can solve God's Dilemma!"

The crowd went berserk, clapping hands until there was another standing ovation.

"To answer you, Evelina. Being a god or acting like a god is the intended mankind's destiny. Whether we embrace it or not. All I am doing. Is what God is expecting of us. To be clever and to understand the forces of the world. Then come up with a plan that is best for all humanity!"

Another standing ovation.

This time his jacket and tie were off his shirt unbutton a few buttons down. Sleeves neatly folded now with a cloth for dozing off sweat. He knew it hadn't started yet.

The crowd loved him especially now flashing his perfect masculine body. He knew a certain percentage of women attended just to ogle his physique and fantasize about him. He knew and had mastered how to influence others to pledge to his cause.

"Tell us about your plan! We want to hear about your plan. David!"

Chanted the crowds over and over, cheering and applauding, and all this time David was smiling. This was his best time, something that triggered all this. He knew and believed that even if he had to pitch a thousand times. This will still be the best part of the pitching.

“Tell us about the plan? Your plan, our plan; the all humanity plan. The plan that will make all of us rich. Tell us about the plan!”

“Oh yes, tell us about that plan!”

Chanted the crowds now all standing. David had a glass of water before he did what he does best. Charm and fall in love with the world.

“Yes, my plan is simple! Yet probably the most important plan in all history devised by man. A plan to change the course of history and take a new road. This plan came out of the simple realization that. For the past thousand years, mankind is still stuck in the defensive economies. Where with the little resources he has. He builds weapons. Which he then uses to get all the resources he can’t afford. Like oil, land, minerals, and labor all at gunpoint, through sanctions, invasions, and assassinations. Ask yourself. How many wars followed long petrol queues, financial crises, etc.? Yet we all can take a route that will see all of us better off. I mean a plan to make everyone rich. Continuously through the coming years!”

The cheering was deafening.

“Is it not just a fantasy, Sir? If all men had failed for the past two thousand years what makes you special?”

“It’s a huge task I know. If it’s that you are referring to as a fantasy. Trust me, but the plan

is real. It requires real guts and a lot of convincing. As it hints a complete change from what we know today. Changing completely from the current system!”

“Can you explain how your system is different from the current system?”

“The current system is designed to give you. When you are young and take everything as you age. The haves will one day be the have-nots. You never hear people speak about wealth forever. This is because there are things in place. To give you just to keep for the government. Until they take all the wealth back as you age. So, my system will give you and let you keep forever saving for all generations to come. The current system will let the government steal back the money. Through high medical costs and other donation tricks. Including collections of the deceased wealth by the government. But above all, the greatest difference is through taxes. In my system! All the money you work for is yours. You don’t pay taxes or insurance, etc. All money collected will go to your individual savings account. One held by us which you have access to. At a certain age or when the balance reaches a certain figure!”

The crowd applauded.

“That is a great plan!”

“Our plan. Stops the current give and take scheme by the government. In which they share your earnings with you through taking taxes. Money for medical bills, inheritance money, etc. Our system banned these takings. That means maintaining wealth in the family. Our system fights the take mechanism so that it’s giving, giving, and more giving forever. That is the only way wealth is to grow!”

“Yeah!” Chanted the crowds.

“Riches to us all!” They continued chanting.

“You can already see our system in play. We stop the takings. And what are these takings?”

“Taxes!”

“National Insurance!”

“Wealth left by the deceased!”

“Capital gains!”

“Donations to hospitals and other government institutions!”

“Unclaimed wealth as no relations found!”

“Now imagine all the money you have paid as taxes. over the years being yours in your government-held savings account? That means you have two savings accounts. A boost to your wealth. Your own savings accounts and the one we have!”

“It does stop there. We aim to make everyone have all the basic things while you are young. Say at 25 you have your house and a car in your name. How does that sound? Just imagine as a basic human right. I am not into this situation that you take a mortgage and pay for the rest of your life and when you are old. Then lose that. Or situations that you fail to do anything because you don't have money. So, you wait until you have the money and that takes you to old age. Now you have the money but lack the time and youthfulness to do everything. Then the government with their shitty-doctors. Murder you knowing that you were part of their

secret eugenic plan. You have no kids as a copper rod was inserted in your ovaries without your consent. So, you can't have kids. Now when you die. The government takes all your money. So, in fact. All your life you have worked for nothing. Does that sound evil?"

"How then are you going to provide all these?"

"That's the most asked question and rightly so. We collect a percentage of your wages. Straight to your savings account. Just like a transfer from a wages account to your own savings account. But one we will hold for you. Say until you reach a certain age. Or the balance reaches a certain account. Then you have access to the funds. So, we use this savings account. As collateral to gauge how much you can afford and get as loans, a mortgage, a deposit to a house, a car deal, a house deal, etc. The more the deposited balance. Then the more things you can have. The more money you can borrow. But the greatest aspect of this system. Is that it values age? The younger you are. The better if you stay healthy. And you have a risk-free life. Because we want you to contribute to this savings account for many years to come. This is easy. I ask all of you to check your pay-slips and calculate how much you pay as taxes. Also, as national insurance over say ten years. Then twenty years. Then all your lifetime. This is exactly the money that will be in your savings account!"

"Health plans have always been a huge debate topic. How do you deal with health in terms of medical insurance and bills?"

"Again, the magic word is the savings account. One held by us which we will use as collateral. The greater the balance. The more health cover you get toward medical bills. Health

insurance, etc.”

“Sounds good! What are you waiting for? Give us more? Make the plan come true!”

Chanted the crowd.

“All your plans are to take from the government. Does that not put the government out of business?”

The crowd cheered.

“That is a very critical question! A crucial one. Where then do governments get their money from in the first place? Printing new money. As the true source of growth. All other sources like borrowing from the IMF, the World Bank, etc. are risky in that the country will lose its fundamental right. The right to be a sovereign country. So, governments simply use ink and paper to print new money but must manage inflation. This is where we come in. All the failures which are associated with the printing of money. Are due to poor methods of dealing with inflation. Most countries have failed to master this. Simply because they all failed to think like God. Mankind has failed simply because he has failed to think like God. And solve God’s Dilemma. But we have solved that riddle. We are to create a global central control. That will manage inflation. If you look at it globally. It’s the same principle, and it works. It’s like a human body if centrally controlled. It will work for the whole body. Countries are like individual parts of a body. Say one country is the hand. The other the leg. Then what has been happening is that. The hand creates extra money to carry. But did not coordinate that with the rest of the body. So, the legs refused to walk. And the hand became very heavy. Until it breaks

off. A waste as the money is lost. But now imagine us. Tomorrow's World Order. Being the brain behind all this. We have the resources and means to communicate with all body parts. So now we simply say to the right that the left hand has extra money. So, we ask the right hand to take some. And tell the leg to go to the next place. So that both hands can put some money down or exchange it for say. Food to feed the mouth, which in this example is another country. After eating then, the chewed food goes into the stomach. Which will be another country in this example, until the food reaches the anus. Which in this example is another country too? Again, you can see that a lot of conversions are needed, and you can see that if individual countries do this by themselves. They will simply fail. But if there is central global control. We know the conversions needed. The mouth can take solid food. But other countries in this case the intestines for instance, will require the same food as soluble elements dissolved in water. Only we can know and understand what is needed. Only we can and will be able to convert into the right type. For the next country for a smooth operation. Again, it is understanding the whole process and picture. Just like God and create a system. No other mankind has ever come up with!"

Everyone stood up.

"Now that you have explained in layman's terms, we understand your system!"

"So, to answer you whether we are to put the government out of business or not. The body controls the growth and size of everything. It controls this. By the shifting of say fat. When not needed and burning this into carbohydrates where energy rather than fat is needed. Taking

oxygen and changing this into carbon dioxide. Absorbing oxygen and changing this into the water, etc. We will have a printing-of-money plan. One for every country and as the central leaders. We will control the flow of this money. We will introduce our digital currency globally. Which will be used by all countries as well as their own national currency. So, countries will use two currencies. One of their own and the other our digital currency. At other times they can use three currencies. Their national currency. Our digital currency, and a fusion of our other digital currency and their parameters!”

“Where have you been all this time? We could have been rich by now!”

Shouted one in the crowd and that sends the crowd into applause.

“I say to you all to buy my book Tomorrow’s World Order for all the answers.

“One last question before you go?”

“Is it wrong to bail-out the banks like the previous governments?”

“Of course. That is a crime to us. It’s like bribery. Why on earth does the government bail-out banks? There is no background link to this. Other than as bribery for future loans that will be written off all increasing corruption? Let me tell you this. The people create the government. It’s not the other way around. The people create the government as a favor. They then put it in power over them to act as overseers. That creates the ‘I owe you clause’ by the government. As a way of saying thank you to the people. For creating me and putting me in power over you. For that. I am forever indebted to you. This is the background relationship that makes it a law and a fundamental right. That the government must bail-out its people whenever they are in

difficulties. And not bribe banks. I think you all know that bribery is a crime. So, the government when they print money. This new money is owed to the people. Its citizens. So, in the ledger books is to enter another entry as the national treasure of the people. Every time the government prints money. It owes the people that value. So over time when the people become into debt. The government must pay that 'I owe you' clause and bail-out the people. Then provide mortgages and loans, etc. and write off the debt. That cancels the 'I owe you' it owed the people. After bailing-out the people. In ledger balances, the balance will be zero on all sides. Meaning the government will have paid the debt. But every time they print new money. They owe the people, not bloody banks. So that relationship of forever indebted to you starts again. Every time they print new money that triggers that I owe you clause. Now you see why in our system the people will become rich?"

Nobody answered.

"Okay, I will explain. The government to grow must have a free source of income. The only free source is through the printing of new money. But every time it prints new money that triggers the 'I owe you clause. So, it owes the people. To grow therefore the government must forever print new money. But that makes it owe the people automatically. So, the printing of new money boosts the local people because to settle that I owe you the government must bail-out the people forever. So, wealth to the people forever. The main reason why our system will work. The current system is fucked. It is simply a misconception to bail out banks and a wrong for that matter. The wealth is not channeled to the people. But transferred continuously between

the government and corporations. Like banks and institutions like the IMF and World Bank. Skipping the real people who are owed this money. The citizens. So, I tell you the government is committing a crime. I will get it arrested for siphoning the people's money to their banks and institutions. All stolen money. This is because all this money belongs to the people. Money laundering charges. For all the time the government has bail-out banks. The crimes will see the current government bankrupted and sent to prison if I take over. To understand all this, you must first understand my God's dilemma principle. Once you master it. You will see that the current governments all over the world deserve to be in prison. For the theft of the people's money laundering all this to banks. All banks will be closed. Leaving only our Global Reserve Bank as the only legitimate bank!"

The crowd stood and clapped hands cheering.

"Thieving bastards are stealing from us for decades if not centuries! But we have solved God's Dilemma! To hell with the current system!"

They all chanted vigorously now.

"Another victory campaign," whispered David to himself.

"One last question!"

"Okay fire it!"

"Sir, is this a money scheme for you? Or a power and control thing? The hungry game? As far as I can see you are poised to be the richest man that has ever lived. And possibly the most powerful one. What is the catch?"

“It’s you again, Evelina. I am starting to think you might be against my system or want a slice of the cake. Which one is it?”

Somewhere in the city.

He instantly roared.

"They killed me the day they killed my wife. The day they killed my daughter. I have nothing to live for. The pain is killing me alive," he said with tears running down the nose bridge.

"Damn it. I don't want to hear all that. Why are you so sure that they killed your daughter? As far as I know. She ran away because of your anger and you throwing tantrums at them," said Detective Primrose.

"They killed her. The main reason they gave Tipton's a huge loan so when they take my daughter we won't complain. The very reason they killed my wife and make it look like she killed herself," said Gavin.

"What I want to know is this? The bank even if they knew that the girl he had was yours. Why did they go on to give him a loan? Instead of you? That is not normal. Is there something about this daughter we don't know about?" Asked Detective Primrose.

Detective Alyssa took out a copy of the report he wrote.

"You said that they denied you a loan even though you had a valid key. What key were you talking about? Is it a serial number or a digital key to a wallet or something?"

Gavin sobbed before he looked at the two detectives.

Later that evening the detectives were in the office very late at night.

"If the bank was founded on this gold and the value was not the gold. But what was written in the gold? Then how is this linked to all the deaths and murders? We have a decomposed body of the gatekeeper. We have a missing daughter. We have a butchered doctor and I am starting to think that even the missing President has something to do with this," said Detective Primrose.

"World's First. Power games?"

"You mean the book by David, leader of Tomorrow's World Order?" Asked Detective Primrose.

"I don't know what to think. There has been some stuff going on. So bad that it could only be the hand of the devil. I think the bank has the answers we need. A beep sound started all over. They looked at the facsimile machine.

Detective Alyssa took a paper and read it.

"Before this world was created another world existed. A world so dark. That they killed even presidents to protect the secrets. The worse thing. Is that the world revolves around it? Or should I say that it makes the world go around? Your anonymous admirer."

They all looked at each other.

"We have an admirer. You or me? We share this office?"

"Could be you because you were here first. So, who could it be?"

"Detective Oliver. We had a fling. I think he is feeling bad about the way he treated me," said Detective Alyssa.

"I think we should analyze the role of the gatekeeper. First, he controls information to and from the bank. He controls membership as well but above all. He controls who gets a loan and why. The main reason he is regarded as the most important man in the city. The man with enough power to make and break-even the dreams of even presidents. That makes him the number one target of everyone. Especially those who feel sidelined. So, anyone could be his enemy. Apart from those who were given the loans to be written off," said Detective Primrose.

"Is it a fact? That every rich person in the city has passed through him?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

They read his activities from his last day in the office.

"He went to the vault. The last day at work and to my surprise. No record was entered. Why he had been to the vault. All the past visits had been recorded down. Or maybe I should say what is in the vault?" Said, Detective Alyssa.

"Obvious money, bonds papers, gold, and even the gold scriptures assuming they are with the bank," said Detective Primrose.

"But I think it's something he can take out secretly. That could explain why he could not write why he had been to the vault. All past visits. He was either depositing or taking gold or diamonds from the vault. It must be something that led him to get killed. So, what could that

be? Was someone blackmailing him? Is this something to do with the missing President?"

Asked Detective Alyssa.

"I think we should write one by one who had a strong motive to kill him?"

One. Gavin after being denied the loan. Tiptons could have killed him too after feeling trapped into debt. Other persons denied loans as well. That includes the president as well," said the detective.

"You mean the missing president? How come?" Asked Detective Primrose.

"The president was an alcoholic. He had strong views against a system-change. Yet behind everyone's back. He was buying digital currency at the height of the government crackdown of digital currency. Secret documents that were faxed by our secret admirer. State that he was denied a loan by this gatekeeper," said Detective Alyssa.

"The bank has more power than any president do you know?" Asked Detective Primrose.

"Are you saying that the bank got the president kidnapped? Why?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"He threatened to go public," said Detective Primrose.

"Go public?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"I guess he threatened to expose the bank. That they were using the gold scriptures to gain a competitive advantage. Knowing all secrets and selling this information. So, he threatened to go public. As they had threatened to expose his addiction. And his dealing in the government

forbidden digital currency. Otherwise. He was one of them. Vehemently against a system change," said Detective Primrose.

"So, to silence him the bank organized his kidnap?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"So, you are saying he might have ordered the murder of the gatekeeper who knew his secrets. Then the bank after discovering this, they then planned his kidnap and possible death? That is remote but possible. Thirdly any religious person true to good could have killed him knowing that he was a devil worshipper himself. That goes the same as well with the president," said Detective Primrose.

"Penelope, his girlfriend, told me that he had met someone the day before his death. A one Sarah," said the detective.

Maybe we should pay her a visit. They looked at each other.

Later the car parked outside huge offices in town.

The detectives knocked at the door after hearing commotion. They knocked again before a woman's voice shouted.

"I am coming. Hold on!"

"Is everything okay? We had a commotion in that office. Who else is there?"

Sarah, she looked like she wanted to cry. She touched her throat and looked behind.

"Chili dish," she said.

"Sarah, right?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"Correct. How can I help you?"

"Landon. The Gatekeeper. What can you tell us about him?"

Sarah instantly closed the door behind her.

"Nothing really, we just met one Friday and spent the weekend together," said Sarah, touching her throat.

"You can't lie to us. His phone records showed us that you met again just before he left or the last time he was seen. Or you want to come to central with us?"

"Okay, I will tell. Someone sent him a card written 666. That rattled him. That he never concentrated or showed interest much in me," said Sarah.

"Mark of the beats!" Said the detectives all at the same time.

"Did you ask him if that meant someone was suggesting he was a devil worshipper?"

"Exactly what I asked him. But he shrugged that off," said Sarah.

They locked eyes.

Later they were back in the office.

"Big suspect still Gavin. After losing your wife and daughter and loan he might have tried to blackmail him into giving him the loan. But also, the president could be responsible. After he was denied a loan, he might have sent him that as well," said Detective Alyssa.

"But did you read the report? The report said all the rich and powerful people had at one point asked his services. Meaning if he had helped them in the past. Whatever he is. They might be as well. Meaning if he is accused to be a devil worshipper it can't be by someone he had already helped. Who are now also members? So, we ruled the president out. Or assume he had a

little part regarding this but still involved. Because if he is a member he can't say the gatekeeper is a devil worshipper when he is one too," said Detective Primrose.

"The list! Members must be kept on a list maintained by the gatekeeper," shouted detective Alyssa excitedly.

"That could explain the reason why he was in the vault. The reason why the bank did not question him," said Detective Alyssa.

"The list!" They repeated at the same time.

"So, let's say the president after being denied the loan. Threatened to expose all devil worshipers including himself. He as a well-known alcoholic that he did not give a toss. As people already knew he was no angel," said Detective Alyssa.

"The religious cult. Can kidnap and kill even the president to protect the cult. One they believed existed even before this world was created," shouted Detective Primrose.

"The regime as well. If the bank and the cult control the world and are also politically active. That means the leaders also can kill everyone. Threatening to expose the list. That contains all the powerful people in the world," said detective Alyssa writing down the regime on the board.

"But we need to find out why the gatekeeper would want the list anywhere?" She said.

"Impress a loved one? You know for a fact that from experience. People in such positions are meant to have broken relationships, anyway. As a security measure. If they can't trust their partners the safer the list and everything remains safe," suggested Detective Primrose.

"Could that explain why he was unlucky in love?"

"The interesting thing is that. They blamed Tomorrow's World Order leader. For the deaths and the disappearance. They reckon Tomorrow's World Order is sending a powerful message. That they are breaking in. Symbolized by killing the gatekeeper and they are entering to change the system. And start a system change. Overshooting the runway! By removing the president in mysterious circumstances. Direct power challenge. They reckon he suggested that in his book; World's First: Power games," said Primrose.

"A way to herald breaking in. Signaling the end of the system and hinting at the need to expect change. By removing the two most important people of their system; the gatekeeper and the president at the same time. Picture a system without the gatekeeper and the president? A direct challenge of power," said Detective Alyssa.

Detective Primrose. rose up and instantly stopped.

"Do you know also that the gatekeeper is secretly responsible for the assigning and release of digital weapons and watermarks to accompany the money?"

Detective Alyssa looked shocked.

"Really? That would put him on a direct collisional path with Tomorrow's World Order," said, Detective Alyssa.

"Are you thinking what I am?" Detective Primrose. asked her partner.

"That 666 card he received could be the mark of the beast. A death threat by Tomorrow's World Order. Disguised but actually the Ultima Talionis?" Said Detective Alyssa.

“How come?” Asked Detective Primrose.

“My secret admirer sent a fax confessing that Tomorrow’s World Order’s secret license to kill that is dedicated also as 666 is referred by David the leader also as the Ultimate-lion-is. The beast; a lion.

"Damn it. That could explain it but hang on. Check when he received this and the day he died. If within forty days, then it was a mark of death. That will reduce our suspects!"

Detective Alyssa quickly dialed Sarah.

She answered straight away.

“When do you reckon Landon received this 666 card?”

“It was dated 10 October!”

“Anything else you want to add?”

"Nope!" said Sarah before the line went dead.

But the detective instantly phoned again.

"Yes," Sarah answered instantly.

"What can you tell me about the list?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

Sarah felt her heart pounding. The detective could hear her breathing into the receiver but without a word.

"Hello, are you still there?"

The line soon went off.

## Chapter Fifteen

The crowd cheered.

“If it’s easy money, why not?”

“Let me explain the easy money part to the audience. She reckons it is easy money. Simply because all the governments. All they need is ink and paper. Then print themselves enough money to make me very rich. By the way, all they must do is print new money, fresh money, and then give the money to us. To our Global Reserve Bank for safekeeping. We give them the equivalent value of the money as our digital currency. To use as well as their currency. The cumbersome managing, planning, and distribution and managing inflation surely do not make it easy money! I tell you this,” he said.

The crowd clapped hands.

“Satisfied?” Asked David, looking at Evelina.

“I have not even started!”

The crowd laughed and cheered.

“Evelina. Evelina. Evelina. Do you know why God’s plan failed in the first place?

Anyone?” Shouted David, looking in the crowd.

“Mankind’s dumbness!”

“No!”

“Failed to solve God’s dilemma!”

“Maybe but not what I am looking for, maybe I paraphrase. Who started the fall of mankind? Who started the greatest sin?”

“Adam and Eve!”

“Exactly! Now we have this Evelina! Now she has a chance to redeem herself out of God’s wrath. And maybe save mankind to correct her first mistake. Or even worse to cause another fall with God!”

The crowd went berserk. They stood up and cheered.

“I bet it’s the same version. But could there be an Adam in the audience? Or maybe I play the god to forgive and solve God’s Dilemma and take mankind to the original God’s plan?”

The crowd laughed, chanted, and cheered.

“Okay, I will answer your question. Yes! If the plan goes through. I will have solved God’s dilemma. That means I am not saying I am God. But that I have mastered what is needed to be God again to refer to Genesis 3v27. I have done what God would otherwise do. Bring the whole world together as one. And control and manage it from the center. Then facilitate and install a smooth flow system from one place to the other. Joining all body parts; all countries through nerves and vessels etc. through excellent roads, planes, etc. and make all body parts coordinate. Then make all countries cooperate and exchange knowing what each country needs and what each body part needs. That knowledge and how to convert different elements and energy sources from one point to the other. Will give you the qualities of what it means to be God. Who created the human body and the world around us? Again, don’t try to get me into trouble

with the churches and other religions that I am saying I am God!"

"Sir, I have nothing against you or your plans. I just don't like monopolies. I think what you are trying to do is monopolize the world. Something associated with self-centeredness and greediness. Do you know being greedy is a sin? You sound like a power-hungry mad-lunatic. One who will do anything until his plans are achieved?"

"Sounds more like it. Only that the people say it in a good way. So, it sounds sexy and charming like a leader, visionary, charismatic person, but I guess it means the same!"

The crowd laughed and applauded.

"But I can say that I am not in this alone. I have a dedicated team of people who believe in me and, in the dream. In the system which I have created and in everything we do. Ladies and gentlemen meet Mr. Bogdan. Ms. Carolina, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Jeffrey's, Mr. Nicodemus, Mr. Isaiah, Mr. Moses, Ms. Elena, and others, etc. I trust these people to do a great job with the world's money," he said.

"I understand Sir, but I am against so much power in one person and I am sure that is the reason why people are already protesting outside," he said looking outside.

That startled David as his heart started pounding.

"Not again. These demonstrators end up getting physical with everyone. Very lucky to escape unhurt last time," he said.

David walked to the window and looked outside before opening the window. Instantly the people started throwing in eggs and all sorts. He quickly closed the window.

“All I can say is that it is a great plan. A plan to make all of you rich. I am destined to be the richest,” he paused.

Instantly the door opened, and his bodyguard stood at the door.

“Sir, we must go right now. I don’t think it’s safe anymore here!”

“Wait, a minute. I have never left the conference without answering all questions. It can’t be that bad!” A firebomb instantly smashed the glass window as it entered the conference hall. Screams of fear and panic caused everyone to run around looking for the exits.

“Danger of stampeding and being burned alive! Let’s go sir now!”

“That’s blasphemy calling himself God!”

Shouted the crowds outside.

“Sir this is a strong orthodox religion area and they are assuming you are claiming to be God or pretending to be one!”

“Damn it. I am not. I just happened to have a great plan!”

David looked outside the window.

“So, who are the others at the back in suits and uniform? Are they the government backers?”

“No sir, they are the anti-monopolists angry that you alone are going to take over the world!”

Instantly another petrol bomb. This time near where they were standing. Screams of fear and panic tore the skies.

“How are we going to get out of this mess alive?” Shouted David.

Somewhere in the city.

The detective thought for a while before putting the receiver down.

"10/10. That means he was discovered six weeks decomposing. That means it was within the forty days of the Ultima Talionis. The fact that he is not just a gatekeeper to Tomorrow's World Order. But he is a pain as he is responsible for introducing these harmful things into the world. Definite just waiting to be blasted off.

"The regime might have done him. If he took the list to other people or sold it for a price. What did Sarah say about the list?" Asked Detective Primrose.

“Nothing, not even a word but simply hung up. I could hear her breathing heavily,” she explained.

"So, could he have used the list to impress a loved one or win a heart; Sarah's?"

"Phone her again and ask about the last meeting. Whether she attended or not. Because his diary states that he had scheduled a surprise meeting with her. Before he left on a vacation?"

Detective Primrose. phone this time.

She listened and asked questions before putting the receiver down.

"She did not attend. So, if the regime knew he was about to trade the sensitive information for the love they might have intervened to stop him. I reckon when the president went missing a task force was set up and this might have intervened," said Detective Primrose.

"You mean kill him?" Asked Detective Alyssa.

"Why not," replied Detective Primrose.

"What if Sarah did not attend, but the task force attended and found him with the list?

Killing him there and there?"

Quickly the detective got up and started going through the evidence box before retrieving a small wooden tag found near the decomposing body.

"Mark of the Beast," said the detective.

"What is that?"

"A lion carved on a piece of wood. The beast. Tomorrow's World Order secret logo," said Detective Alyssa.

"You mean left it to tell everyone that he had been found guilty by their courts?" Asked Detective Primrose.

"Why not? If they are vehemently opposed to the use of digital weapons and watermarks to accompany money. Who is the best to take out first? The gatekeeper loading the system with dirt?"

"You are right, but I don't think they left that there. It could have been planted there to implicate them. The religious cult might have sent their assassin. To get rid of the gatekeeper. Knowing that he was about to give the list away. Compromising the security of everyone. Or the last possibility could be accidental. A mugger after seeing him in the park. Might have stolen his briefcase as the witness said that the last time he was seen he had a briefcase. He might have pushed him then shot him when he fought back.

A few weeks later.

Detective Alyssa remembered the death of detective Holly and Dexter. Her heart started pounding fast. The same day detective Olive phoned her. Announcing that he was no longer interested in their affair. As he had confessed about the relations to his fiancée. She came back from work sad. She slumped on the bed and dialed detective Oliver's phone. His fiancée answered, scolding, and calling her names. She sobbed. She dialed her ex-husband Benjamin. He did not pick up the phone. She quickly took her gun and her jacket and jumped into the car. A car rolled to a stop outside the house. This time parking closer to the house than before. She cried for a while and jumped out. She looked at the house. She saw curtains open. She phoned his phone, but the phone was switched off. That rattled her. She panicked. Since knowing him his phone was never off. Her heart started pounding fast.

Days later.

“You must understand why you have been served with this Ultima Talionis order. Our courts found you guilty. For helping the regime kill its own people. You helped set up people who ended up getting killed using digital weapons. You hacked people, even kids, and helped groom them. All so that you have a job. Using child soldiers to get you the people you wanted. You helped the government attach digital weapons to money. And that is not allowed. You are destroying the human race. As such I am hereby serving you with an Ultima Talionis. Our final word and warning that death is instant after reading you this. Do you understand?”

That startled the officer that she cursed and turned around as if to go but suddenly turned aimed and fired a single bullet. The man instantly kneeled on one knee in the middle of the road.

"I did nothing wrong. I was doing my job," said the officer. She started walking toward the man as he slumped down with his sunglasses down next to him. Blood started oozing out of the man as he growled in pain. She walked to him. Up close she kicked the gun on the floor away from him.

"Who are you? Who sent you?"

The man growled in pain.

"I am UT," said the man.

"Do you have the mark of the beast?"

"I am not assigned to kill if that is what you are asking but...," said the man before she interrupted.

"So why me? It's not like I was alone?" Asked Officer Alicia, aiming his heart.

The man forced a laugh and tried to reach for the gun she had kicked away.

"The world is a better place without you lot. Too much pain because of you," she smiled.

That felt like a double-edged sword piercing officer Alicia's heart that she felt all the pain rushing to the finger on the trigger. She aimed and looked at the man's eyes and squeezed hard. She jerked as blood splattered on her legs.

"UT put out of his miseries," she said, rubbing off the blood.

Instantly Detective Alyssa came from the back of the car and aimed a gun at detective Alicija. The sound of the cocked gun alarmed her.

"Well, well, well. He is just an impersonator but for sure there is an Ultima Talionis on your head," said Detective Alyssa.

"I don't care. I didn't do anything wrong either. I just couldn't believe what I heard. That you killed your own ex-husband and his girlfriend. She lowered the hand holding the gun. She instantly turned away and started walking away leaving detective Alyssa holding her gun aimed at her.

"Stop or I will shoot you," shouted Detective Alyssa.

"Like I said. I did not do anything wrong," she shouted, still walking away.

"I said stop! You helped the regime use digital weapons to kill its own people. You tainted the force, so you must die as UT said," said detective Alyssa aiming at her.

She instantly stopped.

"You put UT up to this?" She fumed pointing the gun at her too.

"World's First. Power games. Self-cleansing the force," shouted Detective Alyssa.

"Is this about David and his defunding calls? I don't have time for this," she fumed before walking away.

Instantly detective Alyssa started crying.

"I can't die. Stop please and fight!"

She stopped and looked at her.

"Damn it! Can't you see what is happening? They are trying to trap all of us. Get everyone dirty so that it's easy to get rid of all of us. But I can't help you destroy yourself. Rule number one for me. Is self-preservation. They have triggered a clause to void that first rule. Sorry, I can't help you. I must stay clean," she instantly turned and started walking away.

"I must hand you in," pleaded Detective Alyssa.

Her heart started pounding fast. She felt nervous as well. But officer Alicia counted on the fact that she would not shoot her from the back. That she walked fast even though she was now filled with fear. She knew also that if she stopped. It would end badly, and she continued walking. Staggering with fear and hoping for the best. Tears rolling down her face. Detective Alyssa aimed and squeezed the trigger. As officer Alicia walked away. A bullet pierced her right rib backside. A split second later another pierced just beneath the first and as she fell, she tried to pull out her gun. But another burning sensation left her unable to do that, and she found herself on the ground breathing on the ground. She saw UT by the corner of her eye. Now laying across the road. Instantly she saw multi-colored shining floral and gold-colored shoes. That soon appeared in her view walking fast toward her. She instantly started thinking about the shoes. That those shoes were the worst shoes to wear with the police uniform. She noticed that she hadn't even checked this officer.

"UT. Ultima Talionis," she whispered to herself and forced a smile as that was all she could do. But her brain was telling her to roar like a lion with rage. But she was too weak to do all that.

"World's First. Power games," shouted detective Alyssa the minute she arrived.

Officer Alicia saw the small sandstones lifting off the ground as she breathed hard. Fury gave her some energy to say a word or two.

"Bitch," she whispered enough for detective Alyssa to have heard.

"What did you say?" Roared detective Alyssa cocking the gun.

Officer Alicia started crying with tears running down the nose bridge as she lay down on her stomach.

"You shot me...", she paused.

"You shot me from the back...", said officer Alicija.

"Bitch," she said faintly.

A bullet sound rocketed in the skies.

"Headquarters I need back up right away officer down!" She shouted. We have approached the fugitive UT. He is armed, and I need back up straight away," she instantly hung up after giving the location.

She sat next to Officer Alicia's body and started crying.

"What can we do to survive? Survival of the daring ones. I am sorry the force needs strong and daring people. Officers change as the world changes as well. I guess you were too good for this force. This World's First: Power games idea is going to see us kill each other until there is no one left," she sobbed hard, touching officer Alicija.

She fired shots into the air and lay down crying profusely next to officer Alicija. As the sirens' sounds became audible, she got up and started going through the forest running away from the scene. Leaving UT's car there. She stopped in the woods and leaned against a tree before slumping down and sitting down.

"The gatekeeper was killed by the regime but why? I thought it was by Tomorrow's World Order. Now I doubt that. I must find out myself," she said to herself.

The sound of barking dogs alarmed her that she got up quickly and ran in the woods. Petrified.

## Chapter Sixteen

“Everyone evacuate right now!”

Instantly the backdoor opened as soon as a huge black SUV packed outside near the back door, they jumped in.

“Let’s go! Let’s go!”

The car made a screeching of sound tires before coming to a halt. David had been shouting at the driver to stop.

“What is it, Sir?”

“Get that Evelina girl. Find her and make sure she is safe. One of his bodyguards got out. The SUV sped off as a huge fireball rose to the skies as the hall caught fire.

“Everyone is after us trying to stop us. I mean everyone!”

“What is this place?”

“There is only one way to find out if you are that eager to know maybe you give me a hand as well,” he said.

“I told you I don’t know anything about this stuff,” he pleaded.

“Then let me do my job, will you? Stop asking all these questions,” he said seriously.

“Easy for you to say. If you were in my shoes, you would understand what I am going through,” he advised.

“I know what you are going through that’s why I am here to help you,” he said.

“Goddamn it. You have no idea what is going on with me,” he thundered.

“Why did you ask then?”

“Look at me how can I go from twenty to fifty?”

“Pass that box I gave you. See if we can open this,” he asked.

Dominic passed the box after trying to see what he looked like, his image on the shining sides of the box.

“Stop doing that it’s not like it’s going to change,” he cursed.

“They better reverse this, or I am going to kill all,” he threatened.

Frank struggled to open the huge door. Try after try but they had no luck.

“I know someone who can help,” he suggested.

“You are telling me now why you didn’t tell me earlier?”

“Don’t pick on me. You never asked. I assumed you know what you are doing,” he said.

“Who is this person?”

Frank and Dominic parked the car outside a huge flat in the city.

“Who is this person?”

“Let’s just say a friend of a friend. She tried to help me once,” he said.

“You mean help you with this or help you as in help you?”

“Always making jokes?”

Dominic took off his hood and looked at Frank in the eyes.

“You think this does not make me tense enough?”

Frank instantly wore a sad face.

“All right, maybe I went too far. That’s so wrong man. It feels like yesterday when we were kids and suddenly,” he stared at him.

Frank did not finish his sentence as a woman came out and waved at Dominic.

“Come let’s go,” shouted Dominic.

Frank walked fast behind Dominic who walked fast like a druggie going for a fix staggering all over the place.

“Oh my God,” Shouted Bertha.

“Tell me about it!”

“I think they are aging you fast to kill you fast too,” she said.

“As if I want to know all that. I came here so you tell me how to reverse or stop all this,” he said upset.

“Get in the car, we talk on our way,” she said.

For the first time in his life, Frank saw Dominic so frightened and sad as if he had hours to live. All along it hadn’t sunk in. He recalled Dominic had been graying fast and wrinkling as well. He was adamant that this was natural. Somehow someone out there was poised to ruin his life. Posed to cut his young life short. Aging him faster than what is normal. If it wasn’t for his childhood friend Frank. No one could have believed him that he was young. The car stopped outside a huge tall building in the city.

“Just do as I told you and follow me okay?”

The three got out of the car into the lift that took them downstairs to a huge bunker.

“I think it is so blood evil they are allowed to do that. There must be laws to safeguard us don’t you think?”

“They argue that they must protect and control the flow of money. But they are killing people you know. Those are murder charges and ought to be in prison. That’s so wrong. You think if all these people knew they would even keep the money?”

“Knew what?” asked Frank.

“I used to dye my hair when we were kids. The Dumb-face here thinks it is catching up with me now, but I told him it’s more than that,” he said.

“What am I missing here?” asked Frank sincerely.

This was Bertha’s favorite topic. Educating people about money and how the current system controls and protects and monitors the flow of money.

“The current system is cruel to mankind. You know that?”

“But mankind created this system,” he said.

“You mean the few and the rich who are immune to all dirty tricks?”

“Maybe yes,” she said. She paused.

“Let me tell you something you never heard before. This is the current system. For every money that is printed. There is an equivalent of digital weapons created as well. To protect this money as part of the money,” she said.

“I am not following,” said Frank.

“The current system. Makes it compulsory to use digital weapons to accompany every money transaction. Every time you receive the money. You also receive these digital weapons. That are linked to this money, she said.”

“You must be joking?”

“Not joking, my friend. The current system was created, so that money flows freely and always one way back to the government. Leaving everyone with these digital weapons. Creating jobs for those they call the cleaners. The hospital and doctors, etc. The idea was that no one can and must keep the money. The idea is that when you get the money. You have to spend it to maintain the circulation of money,” she said.

“It is so fucked up man,” quipped Dominic.

“Every time you get the money. You also get these digital weapons linked to the money. You keep the money. The digital weapons play tricks on your body and health. Lowering life expectancy and killing you,” said Bertha.

“You mean even get you old, graying and wrinkling?”

“Whoever created the system initially thought that people would give away money. Valuing life more or using it and not keeping it as to avoid these digital weapons working on them,” she said.

“Is it the case?”

“But it’s not the case. They realized that people wouldn’t mind the effects of these digital weapons not because they don’t care about life. No. Overtime money becomes more valuable

and people would not worry too much about their health and life as they believe there is still a lot of time. Until it's too late. When they realize that years have been stolen away from their lives by this system," she added.

"I don't think so," shouted Dominic getting up.

"People don't know that this is happening. Most assume it's the natural aging process as the effects are not noticeable over time. I swear. If they knew surely, no one would be using this money," he pleaded.

"If I may ask? Clarify what these digital weapons are?"

"A lot of money has been put into digital research etc. and the government to trace the money and make the people pay taxes etc. created all kinds of filth. That are harmful to humans. They created digital agents. That targets various aspects of the human body over time. These include wrinkle making weapons. Ones that make your hair gray faster than normal. Ones that give you all kinds of pain. Ones that make you have difficulties having babies of your own, cancer-causing, all kinds. Most imitate all diseases, so they can cause anything," she said.

"But how does this work?"

"The digital age meant advancement in medicine and the need to digitize all humans," she said.

"Are we digitized?"

"Everyone at birth is assigned a digital medical record, a digital gadget that measures all

your vitals, blood pressure, temperature, breathing rate, etc. A chip is implanted at birth and lasts a lifetime. This is linked to a satellite somewhere with your unique number as the identifier.”

“Holy stuff,” said Dominic.

“Yes. So, to protect money the government manufactured a lot of these digital weapons to attach to money. Every time you get the money you get these agents as well. So, every transaction you get money plus its equivalent digital weapon so that you can’t keep the money. This is based on double-entry bookkeeping.”

“Oh, I see. You keep the money; you keep the digital weapons as well,” said Frank.

“Yes, but a clever person or a reasonable person. Would rather part with money as they can always get more. Than to keep the digital weapons that reduce the quality of life and life expectancy and something that they can’t remove,” she said.

“So, if you don’t want to age faster or wrinkle faster, or have gray hairs faster, blemishes, pains, or other diseases then you must use the money as well. Buy something and the digital weapons go to the next person who receives the money. Or in terms of paying taxes if you don’t want all the above then pay taxes. Once you have paid taxes. They then remove the digital weapons as it goes back to the government,” she said.

“So, are you saying that these rich people have more digital weapons as well? Makes no sense,” said Dominic.

“That’s the tricky part. They have the money to afford the best doctors and can go to their

doctors more frequently. Most people don't know. They keep the money and digital weapons with the resulting early onset of all kinds of dirty stuff, aging fast, wrinkling, cancers, etc. The trick part is that everyone must save money for the future. So, what do you do? You need the money, but you don't want the digital weapons but the two are inseparable. To keep the money means a reduced life span and reduced quality of life?"

"Over time this has become the norm. No one questions why and how come this is going on?"

"So how do we reverse all this or stop all this?"

"For most the chip can't be easily removed without damaging vital organs or nerves because it is fired into the body at birth and overtime is embedded into the flesh and becomes part of you," said Bertha.

"Unfortunately, the new batch of digital weapons are permanent and stick to you until you are dead becoming part of you. The reason why Tomorrow's World Order has started giving-out the Ultima Talionis. Arguing that they have signed already death certificates of all civilians and therefore must be shot," explained Bertha.

"This is murder in broad daylight," said Frank.

"I don't think they can get away with this," she said.

"How can you prove it? Just mention the digitalization of people and they call you crazy. Let alone proving that they are using digital weapons to control the money," asked Dominic.

"There must be a way?"

“Was there a way before? These digital weapons could easily be transferred to another upon payment of money back to the organization or government,” she added.

“Oh my God, are you saying that they are blackmailing the people. Pay or die?”

“Even worse now, pay and still die anywhere,” she added.

“Initially was meant for tax dodgers and all those who abused the system. But over the years it has gotten out of control. Before it was like if you don’t pay then these digital weapons will make you pay anywhere with your health and life. If you don’t you find your hair graying fast etc. or developing strange cancers until you pay. Your death is guaranteed because these remain attached to your chip,” she said.

“So why now it’s everyone? You can’t tell me that all these people are not paying taxes?” asked Dominic.

“A lot of factors. The government has no money. The people are living even longer healthy. The pension wage bill is now an enormous one. Mainly of the unproductive aging population group. Huge rise in migration and few people paying taxes. All these have seen the government invest all their money in these digital weapons. To deliberately age faster the pensioners and kill them fast. To reduce the pension bill. Mainly to kill what they refer to as deadwood or oxygen-thieves.”

“Deadwood and oxygen-thieves what is that?”

Somewhere in the city.

Detective Billy paced in the office before he stopped instantly. He picked up the phone and dialed it. Soon after he cursed and slammed the receiver down.

"Where is Caden?"

He thought for a while before getting the key and his coat and going out of the office. A huge SUV left the police station heading to the city. Detective Billy dialed Caden's number again using the SUV's phone. The phone went to voicemail. He cursed and radioed headquarters.

"It's detective Billy. I need a backup. I am going to Caden's given address. The man who is supposed to help with the hunt for the missing president as he did not turn up as scheduled," said detective Billy.

"Roger that!"

The line went dead.

The SUV turned a corner into the street of the given address and suddenly stopped. Detective Billy's heart started pounding. His car was stopped outside a house in the suburbs. He got out and checked his gun and walked into the yard. A quick knock at the door. Nancy opened the door.

"Caden?"

"Was here this morning to collect his gear but advised he was to pick more gear from his friend," said Nancy.

"His friend. Who? Police business. I must know?"

"Adam!"

"Address?"

Later.

The sounds of sirens and a long queue of cars alarmed the detective. He used his SUV's siren to stuff cars out of his way until he was closer. Soon after he entered the street. He cursed as he realized that the cars were all outside the given address.

"Adam's place?"

He asked detective Oliver Svent who was coming out of the crime scene.

"What happened?" He asked.

"Bodies scattered everywhere. All with gun wounds. A deadly gun battle left all dead. All ex-soldiers most who work for or sometimes assigned by the regime but as private assassins.

Detective Billy's heart started pounding.

"Caden?"

Detective Oliver felt haunted.

"Come with me," said the detective.

"Why do you look haunted?"

"Mentioning that name made me realize something so gruesome that I haven't seen anything like it before," said detective Oliver.

"Is he dead?"

"Dead? Is an underestimate. Sacrificed. I bet died a very painful death," replied detective Oliver.

The man cursed removing the cloth covering one of the bodies. They both shook their heads in disbelief.

"Among the dead. This must be him. Stabbed to death after being shot. His blood drained out," said the detective.

The detective got up and looked around scanning the place.

"Devil's Eye cult?" He asked.

"Pardon me?"

"This kind of killing is associated with the religious cult. The devil's eye cult," said the detective.

"I don't see the link. All ex-soldiers," said detective Billy.

He thought for a while.

"He was selected to lead the hunt for the missing president. In fact, he was expected to start today," he said.

"Are you saying that the religious cult has something to do with the missing President?" Asked the detective.

"I never thought it that way," he said.

He paused.

"But why would they want the president dead? He was their champion fighting hard against system change and all that?"

"The way he died; shot and then stabbed to death in such a way is associated with revenge attacks. If it's the Devil's Eye cult they believe they must drain his blood to quench his victims," said the detective.

"Are you saying that he might have killed their members?"

"It is a possibility. Probably given a task. Ex-soldiers would do anything for money," he said.

"Wait, a minute. Could he be the gatekeeper's killers and how is this related to the religious cult?"

"An assassin probably hired to kill the gatekeeper," he suggested.

"It seems like a gun battle among the same team. Friends all ex-soldiers," he said.

"He was leaving them to join the specially selected task force to find the missing president. That could have triggered the jealousy or fear that he might betray them in the future," he said.

"So, they killed him to stop him going?"

"That makes sense. But why?"

"Might be the ones responsible for doing the gatekeeper. Maybe together as a team. Now that he is going to work on the missing president's case that might have made the others not trust him," he suggested.

"Could his team have done the president too?" Asked detective Oliver Svent.

"Then he goes on to apply to lead the investigations of the missing president he had killed?  
I don't think so?"

"Why not? Just for all that reward. A very good reason to make the others nervous. Afraid he was turning them and getting all killed for a reward," said the detective.

They looked at each other.

"What really happened to the president detective Oliver?"

"That my friend is a mystery. But you must have hunches. That gut feeling that it could be the bank. Just a wild guess. Or the religious cult. Or even the regime itself in that he was an embarrassment to them. An alcoholic and a digital currency dealer at the height the regime was cracking down on this," said detective Oliver.

"Or it could be because he refused to sign the system change petition. I think alcohol was just an excuse," said the detective.

"Enlighten me," he said.

"He had an evil fetish," said detective Oliver.

"I am listening?"

He had a thing for dead women," whispered the detective.

"Dead women?"

"Watching them nude laying on the metal push tray getting opened up with a huge knife without even a drop of blood," said the detective.

"Female autopsy?"

"He had a huge collection," said detective Oliver.

"Are you saying that the butchered doctor is linked to this missing president?"

"The butcher as in performing the female autopsy became the butchered," said the detective.

"Something I don't know about?" Asked detective Billy.

"Could also be a lead for the missing girls. He once worked at the Devil's Eye Island and actually owns a holiday house there," said the detective.

The detective looked scared but excited as this was a promising lead.

"The huge rise of missing persons at the Devil's eyes Island could be the doctor killing women for the commercial autopsy to sell the video to the president?" Asked detective Billy.

"That is shocking," he said.

"You should have seen how he was killed. Cut into small pieces whilst alive. That means it could be by the relatives of the victims or of the missing persons. Any suspects?" Asked the detective.

"I had a lead. A one Gavin. Is believed to have butchered him after his daughter went missing and his wife killed herself," he said.

"What does that have to do with these doctors?"

"Has the body of the missing daughter been recovered? How could he possibly say it was the doctor?"

"There was a loan from the bank that was taken in Gavin's name and paid to the hospital through this doctor?"

"I thought his wife killed herself as you said," he said.

"He believed she was murdered at the request of the doctor to cover up for the loan that was given to his brother-in-law. Whose wife was the doctor's patient," he replied.

Detective Billy cursed.

"That must have been awful. Could be the brother-in-law?"

"He indirectly confessed somehow. The day he was approached and accused of that he tried to kill himself," said detective Oliver.

"Maybe we'll pay him a visit too later?" Suggested detective Billy.

"Could the president be responsible for the missing women?" Asked the detective.

Detective Oliver walked close to the detective.

"I think this is just the tip of the iceberg. There could be more to it than meet the eye. I think this missing president was just a player in all that as he did all this to cover the even devilish religious cult; the Devil's Eye Cult," suggested detective Oliver.

"What more evil can be killing women for autopsy videos?"

"I don't have proof of what I am about to say but do you know the Devil's Eye cult believes they were there first even before God created," he said.

"I heard so but isn't it just a myth or legend?"

"Imagine at the beginning of time even the bible confessed that God those days ordered the sacrifices of people, sons of the men who worshipped him. Recall Abraham's ordeal? Now imagine if God asked for human sacrifice openly what more would the Devil ask as a sacrifice?" Asked detective Oliver.

"Sacrifices of women most of them virgins. Pure even better than what God requested. My line of thinking is this. If God destroyed the devil and his kingdom, then ordered the sacrifice of firstborn sons that means if this is better than what the devil was doing, that means the devil sacrificed angels. So, the missing president might be taking the blame for the devil's eye cult. That if anyone links the missing women to sacrifice no one looks at the devil's eye cult but at the missing president. Protecting the cult.

## Chapter Seventeen

“Everyone who costs the government is deadwood or an oxygen-thief. These are normally useless people that simply take a lot of space. Without any benefit to the government in return. The government’s system calculates the value of each person to the system. How much you earn or contribute to the economy. Then gives you an index. If the index or score is above a certain level. Then you are okay but below a certain level then you fall into this group. That means now you are on ‘death-row’ as the government would rather kill you. Than to waste their resources on you. So, if it is a natural process. Then you will be on the government’s books. Say benefit books or pension books for years as you will live longer. Which means you will be given more money by the government over the years. So, to the government. You are a cost. So, the government has this digital weapon thing. Say you are jobless and on government benefits. The government instead of paying for the next forty years they would rather use these digital weapons and save money. So, they load you with life reducing agents that cut your cost to them. They gray you faster. Let us say they take ten years out of your life. Then when you ‘look’ old it’s easy to believe that you got some old age disease no one would question that. Even the police if you die it can’t be a suspicious death. See what I mean? So, over the years, they load you with these agents. Instead of them paying you state-benefits or pension for forty years. The agents reduce your life by twenty years, so they can only pay you for twenty years.”

“I don’t care if they are saving money or not it’s a crime. There must be people who can

safeguard all these people?”

“Who?”

“I don’t know there must be some laws that protect people from governments like this,” protested Dominic.

“Even the police have no power to stop them otherwise they end up on ‘death-row’ too. The main reason why they are eager to digitize everyone?”

“I don’t care if it’s wrong. Its murder. Crimes against humanity. There must be laws,” said Frank.

“Even if there are laws, how do you prove that people are digitized? Let alone that they are causing all this?”

“To make it worse, the government has decided to play God and kill anyone at will, and now it’s easy and that could explain why now it has become a problem,” said Bertha.

“Everything you buy nowadays has a digital weapon attached to it,” she said.

“We must sue the government for crimes against humanity and mass murder,” said Frank.

“You must prove it first. Can you?”

“Dominic is here. Living proof of how evil this government has become,” said Frank.

“Special case even though he doesn’t pay taxes he lived most of his life abroad. They will simply say it happened abroad,” he suggested.

“But it only started when I got back here,” he argued.

“I do not deny that but how can you prove it?”

“It’s like someone stealing your life. We can’t let them get away with this,” he said.

“What can you do is the big question?”

“Shoot all of them,” he suggested.

“Okay, still that does not stop it. The next people will take over and continue on others.

The system is designed to do just that now to kill all,” she said.

“So, are you saying the system is the problem?”

“They argued that digital weapons constitute the money system. Easy to collect taxes etc. and to control the population and maintain a healthy ecosystem as they can play God and reduce the number of people easily. Remotely without even being detected. They argue that digital weapons carry out checks to maintain the balance. As without them, they would be overpopulation, crowding, poverty, etc.,” said Bertha.

Dominic found it hard to believe that the government can be allowed to do this.

“It’s a money-saving machine for the government. It’s cheaper to invest in these digital weapons than to invest in new houses etc. Cheaper to kill you faster than build a house for you. So, it’s the system,” said Dominic.

“Is it why we have seen a rise in movements calling for a system change? People like David of Tomorrow’s World Order argue that the government, if not stopped, is going to cause the extinction of mankind. Imagine if everyone is now digitized and everyone has these digital weapons. It’s only a matter of time before people self-destruct. No one will be left with good normal genes. In the end, the government destroys everyone. We as humans have obligations to

protect humans from governments like these. We have the right to act for the sake of humanity. The main reason according to David is that all these digital weapons are all disease-causing and all destroy good normal genes. Check how many people in their twenties or thirties with gray hairs. The scale is shocking. It can't be because of their genes. These governments have crossed the line. Someone must take all to court and let everyone shoot them in the head. It's barbaric can't be tolerated," protested Frankie.

"Mankind's stupidity trying to destroy himself. Why not prove they can be God and eliminate everything bad and let mankind live to 200 years?"

"They have no money to let people live that long," said Bertha.

"But they have money to build weapons? Do you know how much is put in weapons etc. globally? It runs in \$trillion yet we are all friends globally who are we going to use the weapons on? Imagine now every country joining the Executive Branch? So, all this is a waste. Right?"

"Is that why David is calling for a Third World War?"

Somewhere in the city.

A huge knock at the door woke up the elder.

"Who is knocking at 2 am?"

The elder got up but cursed hard.

"Better be important!"

Khalis all dressed up in black with black gloves stood at the gate. The elder peeked out before the automatic gates started opening up. She looked at the packed SUV. Someone opened the window of the car.

“Do you want me to come with you?”

“It is okay. I won’t be long?”

Instantly she entered the yard and looked around. Instantly the two huge dogs came out to meet her but stood their distance, growling as if to attack.

“Come, boys!” Dori in a see-through nightdress shouted at the dogs standing at the door.

“I must see the elder straight away,” said Khalis.

“Okay. Wait in the studio, he will be with you,” she replied.

The huge double doors instantly opened a few minutes later. The elder in a long gown came in.

“Why call this late?”

She breathed hard.

“Someone has broken the gates,” said Khalis.

The elder’s heart started pounding very hard. Scared to death.

“Broken the gates? Are you sure that has never happened before for the past two hundred years? And the last time that happened is also the last time that this cult existed until the gold scriptures were found again.”

“The list has been stolen from the vault,” said Khalis.

“It must be an inside job then?”

The elder thought for a while.

“The gatekeeper?”

“Yes. We believe so,” replied Khalis.

“So maybe nothing to worry about,” said the elder sitting down.

Khalis walked to the elder.

We believe that it also has something to do with the missing president and the death of the president’s families,” said Khalis.

The elder thought for a while.

“The death of the president’s families? How?”

“We believe that the attack is not only to render the presidents as temporarily insane only but to follow up all one by one after and kill all,” suggested Khalis.

“Are they all on the list?”

“Every one of them except for President Maureen,” he replied.

“Who might be behind this?”

“Strong reasons to suggest that it is Tomorrow’s World Order,” she said.

“Tomorrow’s World Order? But I thought they were against the killings of women and children?”

“That is what we thought initially. But they believe also they are the equalizers. Whatever you do, they will do it to you too,” she replied.

“So, you think they killed the families of the presidents?”

“Yes. We believe so,” she replied.

“But what do they have to do with the missing president?”

“Advocating for a system change. Since all members on the list also have positions within the regime. Getting rid of these will enable an easy system change,” she explained.

“What could be the gatekeeper’s motives? I think we must find him fast before he loses the list. I can’t figure out what got into him. We must find him at once. I have to go and alert the leader and the presidents that there has been a security breach. Until the list is recovered or destroyed if it ends up in the wrong hands we are all finished. The gatekeeper can’t be trusted anymore. We must protect our secret and way of life. If it’s Tomorrow’s World Order, then the best form of defense is to attack. We must therefore get rid of them,” he said.

“There is another lead. We intercepted a call that suggested that the gatekeeper might have stolen the list to charm and impress a romantic interest,” suggested Khalis.

You mean he would destroy all of us just for love?"

“If the cult is imposing sanctions on his love life for the sake of maintaining it we believe he might also use love to destroy it,” she said.

“But he has everything. We even supply him with women for pleasure. He is married, and he has kids, so I definitely see why he would try to destroy all of us?”

“Married at nineteen years old but separated just before reaching twenty-five years and ever since separated from his wife but not divorced,” added Khalis.

“So, who is this romantic interest? What do we know about her? Threat or friend?”

“A one Sarah. But she recently separated from her boyfriend and she works for the research and medical development company that used to be funded by the government. We also know that the company had recently applied for a loan that was denied by the bank,” she added.

“I see. Trying to get acquainted with someone from within? But why the list if they are after a loan? What kind of medical research?”

“To read the mind. Translate and convert thoughts to written word or audio,” said Khalis.

There was a moment of silence.

“Could they be against us?”

“Not clear but if they can read all our thoughts and we control the whole world and if linked to these new institutions crying for system’s change then we might be in big trouble,” she explained.

“I see. So, it is a possibility they could have sent this Sarah to try to infiltrate our organization. Right?”

“Yes, Sir,” replied Khalis.

“In that case, the gatekeeper must be eliminated before she gets her hands on the list. In case we are too late she must be eliminated too,” he suggested.

“Another thing is that they are also involved in medical research to find out how best to achieve the best of health and the fact that the regime uses digital pathogens and watermarks set up a collisional path with Tomorrow’s World Order? The gatekeeper is also responsible for the

releasing and attachment of these digital weapons and watermarks to the money that makes him a target for Tomorrow's World Order," she added.

"Are you suggesting that probably Tomorrow's World Order is blackmailing him?"

Yes Sir. We believe they might have threatened him with the UT. The Ultima Talionis unless he can get the list for them? All this Sarah saga could simply be a decoy," she said.

"That makes sense. I doubted the love argument. All women are the same at the end of the day," said the elder.

Miles away.

"Mr. David, can we speak to you it's important?"

"Only if it has to do with Tomorrow's World Order. Who are you?"

"We work for the bank; fraud squad. We believe you must have something to do with the missing list. We do believe that you know Landon? The gatekeeper," said Avery.

David stopped.

"Missing list? What list?"

"There has been a break-in at the bank. The gatekeeper is missing, and some important documents are missing. A list of all the powerful people mostly politicians and presidents are on the list. We believe you might be blackmailing the gatekeeper to give you the list. We believe you need the list to affect a system change. The gatekeeper is the man with the license to attach digital watermarks to the money he might have become your target," said Chuck.

“We don’t need a list and we are still putting things in place to worry about a gatekeeper?”

“The president was on the list? The missing president Mr. Herbert. We have every reason to want him dead?” Said Avery.

David looked lost.

“Remind me again whom you work for? I thought you said you work for the bank?”

Weeks before.

Sarah slumped on the bed next to Landon. She raised her head and kissed him passionately before sleeping next to him. That was out of this world. She smiled before falling asleep. A few minutes later Landon was woken up by snoring sounds. He raised his head and supported it with his hand. He ogled at Sarah as she lay fast asleep snoring.

“The lovemaking was so satisfying that after that the body wants to just sleep. The first woman who has an orgasm first before me and not just one orgasm but a chain. I mean multiple times that she falls into a deep sleep after that. I must be very good, or she is just meant for me. The chemistry between us during lovemaking is out of this world. My perfect match in that department and to make things worse I just can’t get enough,” whispered Landon stroking softly Sarah as she lay on the bed nude.

“Sarah,” he whispered, waking her up.

“Sarah darling,” he whispered.

She moved a bit, and the snoring stopped.

“Sarah wakes up,” he whispered, running his fingers on her tummy kissing her gently. Sarah instantly opened her eyes. Disoriented she looked around. When she saw his face, she smiled.

“Landon. Landon. Landon,”

she said very softly and passionately.

“You seem to hit the right spots. I just want to make love and sleep the whole day,” she said, raising her head and looking at him.

“That is music to my ears. I am going on holiday tomorrow and I will be back in two weeks. Like I told you,” he said.

“Shouldn’t you be going with me as well?” Asked Sarah joking.

“I thought about it but it’s not just a vacation. I am going on a business trip. You know the lifestyle of the rich and famous every vacation is a business opportunity. Deals signed whilst on vacation,” said Landon.

“I was just kidding. I have a lot of work to do myself,” she said.

“This is what I want you to do,” said Landon.

Sarah sat on the bed then lay on his hairy chest caressing it.

“Meet me tomorrow in the park around the Altar Statue exactly noon. I have something to show you. I have bought plane tickets for you, booked a holiday for you so after a week next Friday exactly you must visit me and bring something I am going to leave with you tomorrow.

You must without failure fly to meet me. Just for a few hours but you can stay if you want,” explained Landon.

“But I told you I will be busy at work. So, I can’t,” said Sarah.

“I know that is why I called your boss and told him that I need you next Friday. He said it will be okay as the one Victor will cover for you,” said Landon seriously.

Sarah got up and sat on the bed fuming with anger.

“No! You didn’t. Just because you are rich doesn’t mean you can control my life too,” she said upset.

“You asked me to tell you a secret and I will do that and that means going beyond protocol just to prove my love and commitment to you. I think this is the least you can do for me. Come tomorrow to the city park exactly at noon. You must be there. I will tell you a secret that has never been revealed even before this world was created,” he said seriously.

She looked at him and got lost in his eyes.

“That is so romantic. I think. Some women get goosebumps and cravings for flowers, rings, chocolate, and all that but for me this is it. It’s like hitting the G-spot of the heart-of-love that is if the heart was designed like a vagina. It is trickling the right spots of the heart’s spots that trigger love feelings that engulf me leaving me so aroused and lusting for you Landon my love,” she kissed him passionately all over.

“I have a confession to make,” said Sarah canoodling him.

“Okay my darling Sarah I am listening,” replied Landon.

“This is the first time I have had a quick orgasm and multiples ones soon after that. I mean a chain with one after the other before falling into a deep sleep waking up disoriented,” she said.

“I think the first time too, you have made love to someone with so much power not forgetting filthy rich, well-toned and drop-dead handsome,” he said charmingly.

“You can say that,” she replied.

“See darling all these things I have mentioned above help trigger your body’s erogenous zones firing all upsetting all on fire at once in a coordinated act triggering a propulsive explosion that will engulf and cloud all your feelings leaving you trembling for out of this world intimacy. That can explain why you orgasm fast and so intense before sleeping so deep that you start snoring,” he said.

She laughed and surprised she looked at him.

“No. I don’t snore. Never did,” she protested.

“Probably the first time but I know we can even multiple your orgasm experience by a hundred percent,” he said.

She giggled.

“A hundred times better than this?” She asked in shock.

“Of course. This is my new business plan. I have discovered a way of making every woman on earth and even men reach the highest level they can experience during lovemaking. I believe with this technique even women who have never had an orgasmic experience will have

intense orgasmic experience. I have patented already a product I call the orgabelt. It's simple to use as well. He quickly got up and walked to the hotel's wall cupboards. He took out his briefcase and opened it before retrieving a small cubed box. He quickly walked to the bed.

“Orgabelt?” Said Sarah reading the writing on the box.

“Orgasmic belts! Yes. These make your orgasm experience so intense and everlasting,” he said.

He quickly took the two small belts about sixty centimeters long.

“Lay down and spread your legs,” he requested.

## Chapter Eighteen

“Mankind’s actions over the centuries have always been justified. People make weapons because they know the war will come one day. As there were enemies everywhere so then huge military budgets were justified. But now all countries are on talking terms. So why still the emphasis on weapons? Unless they are all doing it for the major World War three, the war to end all wars. Give the boys a chance to play with their toys once and for all and after that. Ban all weapons and wars. What do you think?”

“We think you are making a big mistake. Rolling everyone against our tax system makes you an enemy of the state. A lot of people were beheaded for lesser crimes,” he roared.

“The system is cruel. It’s evil just like you. You are destroying mankind. If not stopped, you will cause the extinction of humans. Soon there won’t be any people with normal genes. This digitalization of people has gone bonkers,” he argued.

“How can you say that? This is the only system known to man. The only system from the beginning of time. Everyone must pay taxes,” shouted President Rex hitting the table sending papers flying in the air.

“Don’t patronize me. What system? Do you mean this cold-hearted cruel system? You are lucky you are not behind bars or hanged for that matter,” he threatened.

“You must be out of your mind. Being put behind bars? I don’t think so. For what?”

“For being enemies of the people. Hostis Humanis Generis. You are destroying humanity.

That's self-destruction and we cannot let you kill your own people and everyone else," he thundered.

"What is he talking about," asked President Knox.

"How can we collect taxes and how can collecting taxes be brutal?"

"Old man don't be a smart ass with me. Everyone knows that you are using digital weapons. You very well know that it's a crime against the people. You are in a position of trust and you have betrayed that trust with the people. You are abusing the people. You must be hanged!"

"Bullshit. It's a perfect system. Follow the system and you have no issues at all. But if you don't, then pay the consequences. Everyone is free to choose either to keep the money at your expense or move it around. What would you rather have? Money or a good healthy and long life. It's not rocket science you know. I truly don't see the problem with that system. Clever people will part with the money and keep their good health and have a long life. But try to be a smart ass and keep the money then it will take you to your grave early. It's common sense. After all this money is not theirs. You heard even Jesus said to give Caesar what's Caesars. Look whose face is on the money? So why should they keep it? The money is ours and we are only giving it to them, so they use it to manage their life but it's not for them to keep. We have a duty as a government to control and monitor the flow of this money. Tell me how we can do that if they keep it as well?"

"It's their money they have earned it. Now you are doing it to everyone even those paying

taxes that is blackmail. Holding your citizens at ransom. That is a crime. We can't tolerate that. My main worry is that you are destroying humanity. Destroying a good gene pool. Who on earth would make digital weapons that imitate diseases that nearly caused the extinction of humanity? See why I think you are all bonkers and must be stopped?"

"You don't understand how the government works. If we let nature take a lead, we have huge pension bills, huge medical bills, population pressure, poverty, high unemployment, etc. Even God would intervene here and there with an earthquake and a flood to kill the people. This is common sense. We must maintain the balance. It is our duty and can't leave that to nature. Your interfering is a big problem. You are sabotaging our system. How can you rally people to avoid paying taxes?"

"Are you bloody stupid? You said it yourself that you are using digital weapons to make them pay taxes. Can you see if there are no taxes to pay? That means clean people without any digital agents? A people with the best of health with the best of genes. No one would load them with digital weapons until they have paid taxes. They will have the most beautiful healthy lives and live longer. That is the purpose of life. No taxes, no destruction of humanity. No one must be aged faster or be put on death row because you can't afford to pay their pension or benefits. You would rather spend money on weapons and get everything at gunpoint, but our system is perfect. No one will be loaded with things they don't want. Who wants to die young? Maybe you? Who wants to age faster?"

"Listen! All they have to do is pay taxes and any money they owe and still have everything

you are talking about,” he protested.

“You are not listening to me, you bastard. It’s not practical. You are abusing them. Look at the figures. Look at the number of people trapped now in your system with all these effects? That alone means it’s not working. You are cheating these people. Stealing years off their lives. It is just not practical. How can almost everyone be trapped if they are paying taxes?”

“I can’t be asked. They know the drill. It is straightforward. Keep the money moving and it’s not yours. You keep it then be prepared for these gifts as well. Clever people would not keep the money but choose life and good health!”

“You son of a bitch tricking people. Why do they have to choose between keeping it and moving it around? It’s theirs, they worked hard for it and can keep it without these effects. You can’t trick them anymore we will take you to court. Making these digital weapons alone is a crime, using these on your people is another crime, distributing harmful things to humans, and especially your own is a crime. Blackmailing and extortion are crimes. If our laws pass in court, neglecting your people choosing to make weapons is a crime too. Giving people, your own, a false sense of security is a crime too. In that, they trusted you to protect them and their health and life. Yet it’s you making these weapons to destroy not just their health but their genes and life. A case of genocide and murder as you are destroying what is best in them in the name of this so-called protection. We will argue hard in court that it has gone out of hand that most are attacked with these weapons for basic things like food, etc. You as a government was put in place by these people. So, you have a duty of care to these people, and as far as it stands you

have breached that duty. You must be ready for the consequences for we will take you to court on behalf of them and trust me we will ask the court to hang all of you,” he bellowed.

“Bullshit you think if they don’t understand this we would still be in power?”

“You are still in power because you are blackmailing them you will see after we are through with you,” he threatened.

Weeks later.

“Your honor, ladies and gentlemen and members of the court I am here today to defend my system as the only one and true system to bring wealth to all mankind. A system that will guarantee prosperity to all mankind, good health to all and longer fruitful happy lives in youth, and maybe one day live forever. Today I am going not only to tell you why the current system is bad for humanity but also to sue and bring charges against all current leaders for acts against humanity. The current system links money to digital weapons. When you get money, you also get these digital weapons. You keep money then you keep these digital weapons as well. At first, the digital weapons were meant to drive tax collection and were meant to push tax dodgers to pay up what they owed. I guess then it was justified but now these are used to kill, age faster and worse blackmail, and rob the people of their savings and wealth. To make things worse, it’s now everyone, even those who pay taxes, etc. The government has decided to play the devil and kill for no reason,” he argued.

“Objection your honor that can’t be substantiated with facts!”

“The current system is a threat to humanity. The system is a Hostis Humanis Generis. An

enemy of the people because it is destroying the people. Damaging good-gene-pools and killing in large numbers. Just because these leaders can't think of a way to find extra money to pay pensioners, those on benefits, or build new cities, new houses instead what they are doing is make and stock weapons. As such we all have universal duties to remove this system and get everyone to be hanged or shot. This is because if left in place the system will cause the extinction of humanity. The system relies on all kinds of unwanted things. That are harmful to humans to function properly. Now even the tax collected is not enough as cost-of-living keeps rising. They are robbing people using these agents to blackmail or even kill people. This system attaches a digital weapon to every money transaction. That means every time you use the money you give away some of your life as well. That means that the system is literally killing you. Aging you faster than normal. All this is against humanity," he advised the court.

He stared at everyone.

"My system will reverse and eliminate all these evil digital weapons in the current system. Our digital currency is not just a currency but also a medium that will trap these digital weapons within the blockchain. So that we will remove these overtime. For every monetary transaction. We will provide a digital currency that will fight the current system's digital weapon. To neutralize it which means good health to everyone and longer lives for everyone," he argued.

The court went berserk, cheering, and clapping hands.

"Order and Silence in the court!" Shouted the judge slamming the gravel hard but still the hissings continued.

“Order! Order! Or I will hold you in contempt of the court!”

“That means no more aging faster than what’s normal. No extortion or blackmail. No premature deaths. No diseases, no early wrinkles or deformations whatsoever but healthy and beautiful people. Above all no greedy self-centered governments to steal and abuse their own people. The very people who put them in power,” said David.

“That’s what we want! To hell with these. Hang them in the process!”

They all shouted with one voice.

“Order! Order!”

“That means increased life expectancy in good health. That means no one stealing years off your life. Or making you look old before your time. No one making you older before your time. You know why? Because all these motherfuckers will have been hanged!”

The court went berserk, shouting and screaming.

“Hang them even now! Hang them!”

“Order and Silence in the court!” shouted the Judge.

“I today bring charges against the current system and its leaders for acts against humanity. It means the system is meant to destroy humanity. In that even though they can say that is not their intended aim. No one in actual life will give away money to avoid the accumulation of these digital weapons. They argue that if the people are clever. They will choose health and life and part with the money. But we argue that in actual life. That is not the case. It’s human nature to want to grow with time. After years of hard work. Everyone expects to prove work in terms

of a vast accumulation of money and wealth. It's not true that people chose money. Over their health and life. These two health and life they believe are basics and mandatory and as they trust the government. They never expected the government to trick them and try to trade their health and life for money. So, everyone expects their health and life never to be traded for anything, let alone money. So, we argue that automatically there has been a tremendous breach of trust and that duty of care. Mind you, the government is in power because of the people. The government has a duty of care to the people. That means doing everything to protect their health and life and never for the government to trick them and assume that if they are clever, would they part with money? This government should not be in power as they don't understand what it means to be a government of the people. The government has breached all trust by making lethal digital weapons. Worse and using them on their very own people. Digital weapons that imitate deadly pathogens that nearly wiped out humanity. That alone suffices that we have not just an irresponsible government. But an ignorant one that should never have been put in power. As it is dangerous as it threatens the future existence of its people. Who would use lethal weapons on their very own to control them and collect taxes? Not just a breach of the duty of care but a gross breach of international laws. Our system values everyone and will never induce early aging, wrinkles, etc. Or kill its people to maintain a good ecosystem. But will find other ways if that means building cities. We will do that because we will have the money. We will not waste on weapons. We must ban wars, weapons-making, etc. In the end, we will have pure people free from digital weapons as there will not be any paying of taxes," he resounded.

“This David is obsessed by playing God. He thinks he can create paradise here on earth. Get a reality check. How can you pay the huge pension bill or the huge benefits bill? Tell me?”

Somewhere in the city.

“Think of these as the wristwatches of the knees but the purpose of these is to tighten the knee’s back muscles. For any woman or even man, it’s all about the elasticity of the knee’s back muscles. The tighter they are the easier men get an erection the quicker the woman gets very aroused leading to intense orgasmic experience,” he said.

She giggled.

“Place your hand around the knee and tighten hard. Start thinking about getting aroused and keep tightening the grips,” asked Landon.

“Okay. I will put these orgabelts as we make love. They are remotely controlled and here is the remote control. A small watch’s size. While we make love keep adjusting the grip tighter or loose depending on how you feel and the comfort level you want. Landon quickly lifted Sarah’s leg and fastened the orgabelt tightening it. The couple then started making love with Sarah adjusting the grips on both legs. They started smooching then caressing with Landon stroking her while Sarah tightened the grips. She started experiencing huge rhythms the more she tightened the orgabelts.

“Everything is so intense,” she whispered clouded by passion.

“Wait until I am inside you,” whispered Landon.

“I can’t wait, you might just jump in the suspense is killing me,” she whispered.

Landon jumped on top of her as they made love. Landon for the first time saw Sarah’s cheeks blushing so much that he could see red patches mapped on her face.

“I am going to cum,” she said kissing his hairy chest passionately.

She kept repeating that as he thrust hard.

Benson and Daina entered the hotel reception and asked to check-in.

“Name please, bankcard, ID, or booking reference?”

Instantly a loud orgasmic scream by a woman tore the reception ceiling. Daina forced a laugh covering her mouth.

“Someone beat me to it, Benson,” she giggled.

Benson looked at this gorgeous receptionist who looked up the ceiling and giggled too hearing the orgasmic moans.

“Are you sure everything is alright upstairs? That’s so loud and some intense to be just... you know? Someone might be in trouble, maybe ask someone to go and check?” He suggested.

“Why not go and check for yourself? Learn how others do it and then come and make me feel that way too?” Saud Daina slapping Benson.

The receptionist handed Benson back his bank card. He thought for a while.

“Is there Viagra for women? Maybe I might get you one as well, Daina my love?”

She slapped him.

“It’s not Viagra. The man just understands the buttons to press and when to press them,” she advised him.

He looked at her with the corner of his eyes.

Next day.

Sarah snapped open her eyes and quickly got out of the bed. But the sight of the orgabelts on the dressing table made her lay down fast. She quickly wore them and took the remote and placed it in her mouth between her teeth and pressed slightly. As orgabelts tightened her knee’s muscles she started pleasing herself, rubbing and pulling the skin around the groin. As the speed of the hand increased so as the grip on her knees and soon she was making the orgasmic moans. She started murmuring something and instantly the phone rang. Somehow, she knew it was Landon and the thought of him calling at this moment sent her in a propulsive mood heightening her senses and intensifying everything, and a flashback of the day before on top of her made her let out a loud orgasmic moan that tore the skies. She giggled soon after as she used the remote she had placed out just before she climaxed. She giggled just the second Landon left a voice message.

“Darling Sarah. Meet me in two hours as planned in the city park at the Altar Statue. Trust me you won’t regret it, yours Landon. I love you, end of the message.

She smiled and removed the orgabelts. She quickly took the bedside alarm clock and set the alarm time to ring after one hour. She took her knickers and just shoved it between her soaked legs and fell asleep.

Miles away.

Landon nervously quickly drove to the city center in his most expensive suit having shaved clean and after wearing his most expensive aftershave the Carolinadeivid brand. He looked at himself in the rearview mirror and smiled. The thought of him making love to Sarah the whole day was mind-boggling. Something out of this world so he thought. He thought to himself. That could be really a money-spinner considering that statistics say a third of women out there never had an orgasm. Surely how many people would part away with any money he asked to experience an intense orgasmic experience like that? He smiled. But instantly that thought was replaced by another thought and quickly that erased the smile on his face. His heart started pounding hard. Fear struck. He quickly used the car phone and dialed her number. The phone rang several times, but she didn't pick up.

"Maybe she is very busy with work or taking a bath or still sleeping," he whispered to himself.

He left a message. The time he looked around he was outside the bank. He parked the car outside and waited in the car. His heart was pounding. He quickly got out and made his way

staggering with fear. He quickly walked to the security gates. He scanned his identity, touched the screen, got his eye's iris scanned, and then supplied his voice. A temporary pass was issued.

“Temporary?” He queried.

“The system reckon you are on vacation. You have fifty-nine minutes left!!”

“One hour only? Might not be enough?” He whispered to himself quickly entering the bank's protected area.

Later.

The office door instantly opened.

“I think you might want to see this, Sir,” said a man in a white suit.

A man in a black suit instantly got up and followed the man to a secret security monitoring office full of screens. There was a frozen screen with a picture of Landon exiting the bank security gate. The man in a black suit looked attentively.

“What is he doing here? Shouldn't he be on vacation?”

He has been to the vault?”

“Has he? Well, well, well. What are you really up to now Landon?”

Miles away.

Sarah received the call from Landon. They spoke for a while. There is still time. I will meet you there, she said before disconnecting the line. Minutes later she arrived in the park. She

started hearing music playing. She looked at the time. Her heart instantly started beating fast, she started running toward the direction the music was coming from. There were a lot of people in the park dancing to music.

“Excuse me,” she said, waiting for the people to give her way. The alarm instantly went off. She checked her watch and cursed.

“Landon. I have a meeting with Landon,” she whispered now pushing the people out of her way edging forward.

“Excuse me! Excuse me. Out of my way. Damn it! People!”

She shouted, pushing people advancing. She switched off the alarm but after a few minutes, it started ringing again. She ran as fast as she could. She pushed the people out of her way heading to the meeting point. Now in front of the stage, she looked to the right side and instantly saw Landon. She smiled as he stood there holding a briefcase. She stopped and smiled.

“Come! Sarah my love! Come!”

He shouted.

Instantly she started sprinting toward him but as she approached, he ran behind the stage, she instantly thought about the secret he was going to reveal to her. She sprinted even faster until she reached where he was. She stopped and looked around. There was a narrow path covered on each side with trees and hedge flower beds.

“Come Sarah. Come!” She heard Landon calling. She pushed the flowers and branches to the side to reveal Landon standing ahead looking at her. She sprinted hard through the narrow

path as some of the flowers and branches slapped her in the face causing her to giggle. Instantly she heard two gunshot sounds that rocketed the skies one after the other. She stopped fear-struck and soon she felt warm blood flowing her forehead and she touched her forehead and checked her hand. They were covered in warm fresh blood. She felt a strange feeling. She touched her chest and looked in her hand. There was blood too. Soon she saw her dress developing a patch of blood that grew in size fast. She walked forward pushing the branches aside. Instantly she saw Landon standing in front of her with a gun in one hand and a shining knife in the other.

“Landon why?”

She asked him wiping off the blood from her forehead and chest. Landon instantly burst into laughter.

“I have to kill you first before I tell you the secret. That way it still remains the oldest secret!” He shouted.

He instantly lunged and started stabbing her repeatedly until she fell down. She let out a loud scream and snapped open her eyes scared and disoriented touching her forehead and chest. She felt dampness that triggered a panic attack. Unable to breathe she quickly checked her hand. She sighed.

“just sweat. A bloody nightmare!”

She smiled. Instantly the ringing alarm sound caught her attention. She quickly canceled the snooze and switched it off. She quickly looked at the time. Instantly her heart started beating up. She cursed.

“Three o’clock! Oh my God! Landon. Landon my love!”

She quickly picked up the phone and saw twenty-seven missed calls and voice messages. It instantly sunk-in. The music in the park in the dream was her ringing tone.

“Damn it. I was so deep in sleep my brain made the phone calls seem like a music concert in the park,” she whispered to herself.

She quickly dialed Landon’s phone. She cursed as it was switched off. She listened to the messages.

“It’s me! Darling, I called to tell you how excited I am meeting you today. Not just because you are stunning and gorgeous, and the best I have ever had but also because I am going to reveal a secret that has never been told to anyone outside the circle of trust since the world was created,” end of the message.

She played the others and listened to the last one.

“I love you, where are you? Please babes don’t do this to me. Please come. Your presence means a lot to me. I love you a lot. Your Landon,” end of the message.

She started sobbing tears rolling down her face.

“I am very sorry. I overslept. I had set the alarm but decided to pleasure myself having an intense orgasmic experience that I didn’t hear the alarm nor the ringing phone calls. I have just woken up,” she sobbed trying to dial his phone.

Instantly a Carolinadeivid song started playing as she switched on the radio.

“It is never too late for love,”

“It is never too late where love is concerned,”

she sobbed uncontrollably.

“Could he still be waiting for me? Could he still be there in the park?”

She quickly dressed up and took her car keys and jumped in the car and drove off. On the way, her heart was pounding but knowing Landon she knew he had better things to do than wait for her. She drove fast all the way there just in case he was there. She arrived in the park and sat in the car as she instantly had a flashback of her dream that her heart started beating up. If it wasn’t for the dream, she could have sprinted there but somehow her body was unable to link what the brain wanted. Her heart now pounding she opened the car door and instantly Richard walked from the direction she was about to go. Confused, she looked around to make sure she was not dreaming. Her heart felt like it was torn apart. She initially ducked but the way he walked was as if he was scared too. She blasted the horn the second he opened the car door to get in. She noticed that he was carrying a briefcase. Not just a briefcase but exactly like the one Landon was carrying. Could Landon have left the secret with Richard after all he had contacted him regarding Sarah after he didn’t get hold of her? She thought and instantly blasted the horn.

Richard did not look but threw in the briefcase and quickly drove off. She noticed also that she had not seen that blue car before. She quickly got out and sprinted to the Altar Statue calling Landon's name.

“Landon! Landon!”

She expected to see him going away. She looked around and saw a man dressed like Landon. She felt very emotional and sprinted staggering at one point as if to fall down. Like a kid, she sprinted smiling.

“Landon! Wait-up! Darling!”

She ran after the man who instantly turned a corner. She instantly reduced her speed as a flashback of her dream turned the happy feelings into fear but the love that had grown for Landon made her sprint after the man. She shouted his name as she approached the man. He quickly turned, and she stopped instantly,

Landon,” she said softly.

She cursed.

“Sorry good luck with your search.” replied the man before carrying on.

he cursed and instantly wiped a tear from her left cheek only.

She started walking to the Altar Statue. he sat down and looked around. He must be enjoying his holiday now probably with another woman. She smiled thinking about the day before and all the love-making. He was a man in his own class she thought. She thought before

walking back to her car. She had canceled her day at work but after feeling bored she decided to drive to work. She wanted something to take her mind off Landon.

Later

She entered the office at work just before Victor knocked at the door.

“What are you doing here?”

He paused.

“I thought you were off today?”

“Bored at home,” she replied.

“Does the boss know you are here?”

“Is he back?”

“What do you mean? Is he back? When you were not here? What are you trying to pull Sarah?”

“Nothing Victor. I saw him in the park,” she said.

“His car has been there in the car park since morning. He is in the office,” said Victor.

“I saw him this afternoon in the park driving a blue car,” she protested.

“He drives a huge white SUV, and it’s still in the car park,” said Victor.

He walked to the window to check.

“Hey, I am telling you what I saw. He had a briefcase wearing a white tracksuit one by Carolinadeivid. I saw the logo,” she said.

“Are you out of your mind? He doesn’t have any briefcase. He was in a suit the whole day. Is something wrong with you? You come to work when you are supposed to be on holiday?”

“I can choose to take holidays and when to come to work,” she insisted.

“Yes, of course, but when you have booked a holiday, then stay at home don’t come to work,” he said.

“I just thought well, that it was busy. I might as well come in and then take tomorrow off,” she said.

The office phone instantly started ringing. They threw a quick glance at each other. Victor then quickly looked at the caller’s identity.

## Chapter Nineteen

“Simple. We don’t take money from them as taxes and squander it on government ministers or invest it in weapons or waste it somehow, but we will keep it for them as savings in our government held savings account. When they retire, or the balance has reached a certain level then give them access. So, they would not look forward to a pension handout when they have money in another savings account you fool!”

The court went berserk.

“Sounds excellent!”

“Bullshit. Just on paper where would get the money from in the first place?”

“Where do you get the money in the first place?”

“Loans, taxes, or printing?”

“Printing. Exactly why you find it hard because with loans you will have to pay them back with huge interests. Taxes are stealing the people’s money. As I will explain and printing well, but hyperinflation will destroy the value of printing because of your settings. Our system deals with all these issues. No one will borrow from others or loan sharks but only from us and mostly we will hold each country’s savings account. Which we keep and maintain, and they have no access as well until a certain time. We are a global power and we can easily control hyperinflation,” he explained.

The audience cheered and applauded.

“What he doesn’t know is that we are born to die. All this talk about paradise if daydreaming,” he argued.

“So, you speed up the process? Right. A crime against humanity and simply murder. Just because these law enforcement institutions are lux doesn’t mean you are on the right side of the law. Our system will get you hanged. And paradise just to clarify to us. It is a stage of development here on earth. One we must achieve at one point. We must work hard until one-day diseases and death are so remote that we might not need doctors or hospitals. It’s a sad picture that these institutions are just like they were in the 1940s when we knew little about the most diseases, etc. That brings me to the next charges,” he explained.

He walked to the table and retrieved documents.

“The current government is being accused of creating deliberately. Lethal digital weapons to justify the huge budgets of health and huge numbers of hospitals, nurses, and doctors. They are creating lethal digital agents that imitate real ones. It’s beyond comprehension that a responsible government. Would create something that nearly wiped out humanity. Who on earth would use these to lower life expectancy? Age faster their people and kill them all early because they have no plan to provide for them?”

The people went hysterical and a sense of discontent and anger filled the atmosphere.

“We are talking about death sentences here,” he warned.

The current leaders booed.

“They planned from the word go to steal money from the people. Through taxes and

instead of saying thank you. They then load everyone with these lethal digital weapons. Being short-sighted like them. And being in office is a crime itself because every time they had printed money. They owed the money and ignored the people's needs. Then chose to shorten their lives. This is not just wrong but a crime," he argued.

"Easier said than done. I think you are wasting our time," he protested.

"I am going to get you hanged for sure if that is what you are referring to wasting your time. Wait until the courts are through with you," he bellowed.

The current leaders all got up and walked out. The people booed them and cheered for David who handed documents to the court.

David placed the house keys in Evelina's jacket, but Carolina took the jacket and searched it only to find keys before going to David's mansion.

So many questions were going inside Carolina's head. As she drove to David's house. Surely there was a lot still unclear about David's plan. Especially her roles in all this. Everything seemed too good to be true. Life was great and out of the blue. She had become one of the three global Presidents. Her car soon approached a mansion on a hilltop. Surrounded by beautiful scenery, a river nearby, and a large swimming pool. From afar the mansion looked as if it was stuck up in the clouds in the skies. It was beautiful from afar. For a while, she stopped and looked admiring the view and thinking about what she knew about David. She had changed. She also knew how David treated her. Sometimes like his sister or daughter of some

sort. Many nights out celebrating previous success over champagne, wines, etc. never yielded anything romantic. Not that she was single but just because David was known to be a lady's man. Some attributed this to his training. They believed his training regime had a lot to do with this. Than anything else. Carolina was now happy with the new man in her life and everything seemed okay. Discovering keys in Evelina's jacket. The keys to his mansion raised a lot of questions and curiosity. What was David after? What was the big plan in terms of her? Slowly the car came to a halt. She got out and sighed in anticipation of what she was going to find. She checked her pockets to make sure that she still had the keys. Instinctively she walked nevertheless hesitantly toward the mansion. Her heart started beating fast with each step. She chuckled the keys not knowing which one was for the front door. After a while trying. The door suddenly opened to her relief.

“David! Are you home?”

She looked at the letters on the table and entered the lounge. The lounge was the most beautifully decorated and furnished she had ever seen. The carpet was that fluffy and comfy that she felt like she was walking in the clouds. She never realized how materialistic David had become. It seemed he had splashed a fortune just by the paintings and decorations and all the furniture in the lounge. She threw herself on the comfy sofa and sighed with amazement. She recalled David saying that his mansion was like heaven on earth. She instantly knew what he meant. She realized he had probably squandered every country's \$ millions to have such a lifestyle. She started feeling sleepy and realized that the couch was secretly massaging her

nerves causing her to feel sleepy.

“Ouch” she shouted laughing as the couch started vibrating shaking her buttocks.

“I guess you don’t want that either!”

“A speaking couch?” she started laughing surprised.

“Maybe some music. What kind of you like?” asked the couch through the wireless speakers on the table.

“Surprise me,” said Carolina.

“Okay, I bet you will love this!”

A Carolinadeivid song started playing called; I love you.

She sat down all emotional.

“I never understood you,” she whispered.

Instantly she started searching everywhere, opening drawers before heading to the bedroom. The bedroom was even more decorated with furniture that made it look a million dollars. Gold decorations and painted white. Giving the illusion of floating. There were mirrors everywhere even on the cycling of the bedroom.

Immediately she stopped and screamed.

“What the bloody just happened?”

Somewhere in the city.

It was from Richard.

“Sarah if Victor is there with you I want him in my office pronto!”

“Sir, just to clarify were you in the park this afternoon?”

She looked at Victor who instantly switched to a louder speaker.

“I am afraid not. I am too busy. I haven’t been to lunch let alone talk about leaving this office. Please tell Victor to come to my office. Okay?”

Sarah looked confused for a while. She instantly touched her chest and forehead and all her body. The fact that she could tell between the alarm and her phone ringing and the music in her dreams made her sit down silently. She looked at Victor before he left the office. She sat down thinking.

“Definitely I wasn’t dreaming, and I saw Richard in the park,” she whispered to herself. Instantly her heart tore part thinking about Landon and his secret. She remembered the conversation they had the day before. He had implied that he was to give her something that she was to send to him the next Friday. Something in a briefcase. She also remembered seeing Richard carrying a briefcase. Had Landon changed his mind after she failed to turn up and chose Richard instead? She tried to dial his phone again.

She cursed and dialed again.

“Yes, Sarah How can I help you?”

Victor instantly opened the door.

“The boss said you can take time off all weekend,” said Victor smiling.

“What did you tell him?” Asked Sarah covering the mouthpiece of the handset.

“I told him you were hallucinating and deserve a paid break,” he said laughing.

“You bastard!” She cursed.

“Did you bring a briefcase to work?”

There was silence. She could hear Richard breathing hard into the mouthpiece.

The line went dead without a reply.

Weeks later.

Sarah dialed Ernest’s phone in the office.

“Pick up darling please!”

The phone went to voicemail.

“Darling please ring me back as soon as possible. It is important!”

She couldn’t concentrate in the office. She paced around touching her stomach. She smiled.

“I am pregnant. I hope Ernest would be excited,” she whispered to herself, but she dialed his number again.

“He said two weeks only, now it’s nearly six weeks. Maybe he found another woman or got back with his wife. I feel used and dumped when I had fallen for him,” she whispered and cursed. She picked up the phone and dialed it. Instantly a woman’s voice answered the phone.

“What do you want! You bitch! I told you to stay away from my boyfriend! I am pregnant!”

She felt her world falling apart. She cursed and threw a tantrum as she threw things around. Victor was watching all this time from the office window. Not far away Richard was listening

to all this through the secret spying speakers. A beep sound startled Victor as a message was left without the phone even ringing. He straightaway played the message.

“Node thirty-two need a replacement. And just to let you know this morning I have sacked Sarah. Her performance was very bad, and she was hallucinating lately. On several occasions, she kept phoning me asking if I was in the park wearing a tracksuit and driving a blue car. That showed me that she was not good for this job,” said Richard on the recorded message.

Later.

Victor finished work very early for the first time in a year. He went home. Shelley, his fiancé was now pregnant and all she could talk about was the baby. Sex was out of her mind to an extent that Victor was fed up with all the asking and begging. He started fantasizing about Sarah. He quickly went to the bedroom and wore his tracksuit.

“I am just going to the park,” he said to Shelley.

“I will come back late and don’t wait for me. Okay?”

“No, darling! Didn’t you hear?”

“Hear what?” Asked Victor.

“A body of a man was found today in the ark badly decomposed!” She said fearfully.

Instantly his phone started ringing. He looked at the caller’s identity.

“Yes, Richard. How can I help?”

“Were you in the park wearing a Carolinadeivid tracksuit?”

“What?” Asked Victor confused.

“Damn it!” Cursed Richard.

“I said we need a replacement for node thirty-two?”

“What is wrong with node thirty-two?” Victor said, upset.

Richard cursed hard before he started explaining to him.

Instantly Victor switched the news channel.

“A badly decomposed body of the gatekeeper had been discovered in the park near the Altar Statue...,” said the news reporter. Victor’s heart started pounding very fast.

Weeks before.

Richard sat in his office before there was a huge knock at the door.

Hudson entered the office.

“What brings you here sir?” Asked Richard. He pointed to the seat in front of him.

“I am a man of results. I measure success in terms of results from this part to justify the funding. If you can’t demonstrate how useful your research is, then I guess I have to pull off the plug,” said Hudson.

“No, you can’t! I mean we need the funding. This is a critical time for us. The project is going well. What we are doing here is not only very vital but critical too. I would say the most important research ever,” pitched Richard.

“I am listening,” said Hudson.

“Imagine being able to read people’s minds exactly what they are thinking?”

“But Richard as you know this is not something new?”

Yes, I know but our research enables you to convert thoughts into the written word. To convert thoughts into audio. That has never been done before. I mean everything a person is thinking. This is simply converted to the written word. Imagine knowing exactly what your enemies are thinking and planning to do? I bet some people would kill for such technology. Technology can make you rule the world literally. When they said knowledge is power, this is the kind of knowledge they were referring to. Imagine a person in a sleep telling you everything that happened in his or her life and what he is planning to do without even knowing. I tell this that this is different from all the methods you know. Where people are hypnotized and asked to tell you everything. With this method they don’t even know they have told you and whether you know. That sir is the trick that will make all world leaders want this technology. Imagine listening to everyone’s thoughts? That sir is power! Power to rule the world. If only God can do that surely that will put you on such a footing as him. You can command everyone without anyone suspecting. No need to interrogate anyone."

He smiled.

“Even better imagine knowing exactly what a person did and is thinking without that person even telling you or suspecting. Imagine a dodgy president confessing indirectly all that he did and is going to do? That is something?”

Hudson listened.

“This kind of research no matter how enticing it is years away from us and with the possibility of a third world war looming I think it will be best to use the resources somewhere else,” said Hudson.

“But sir! This is only what you need to win even the world war three,” argued Richard.

“I don’t doubt you. But I am just saying the practicability of it is in question. How do you know what they are thinking without kidnapping them or violating international laws and human rights laws? Now with Tomorrow’s World Order pressing hard on violations of these laws, this will only put you on a collisional road with their assassins. I am not prepared to be blasted in public. So, unless you can show me a way you can tell what they are thinking and all that without breaking and violating these laws their human rights then I am afraid I am going to pull off the plug. Until you can answer me that then I am stopping funding. Sorry Richard,” said Hudson before leaving the office.

Victor heard a huge roar of anger and anguish coming from Richard’s office. He quickly left his office and headed to Richard’s office. He opened the door and saw Richard standing at the window cursing constantly.

“He pulled the plug. At the critical point. Guess what?”

“What?” Asked Victor.

“I just got the bank’s reply. They have denied us the loan,” he said upset.

Instantly Sarah stood at the window.

“Don’t you think it would be easy if we knew someone inside. Look what a waste in Sarah. Imagine if she had to know someone from the bank. Things could be better for us. It’s whom you know nowadays,” said Richard.

“It can’t be that hard. We can find donors you know?” Sais Victor.

“Who?” Asked Richard.

Miles away

David sat in his office before a quick sharp knock at the door startled him.

“Who is it?”

“It’s me, David. Do you have a moment?”

“Sure, always welcome. How can I help you?”

“You seem quiet on your own in here. What is happening? What are you thinking about?”

“Honestly this time nothing. Just listening to the world,” said David.

Carolina laughed.

That is so funny. I know you want to be a global leader but listening to the world? Is something new the first time I had someone say something like that," said Carolina.

“I meant literally listening to the world,” he said seriously.

he laughed.

“You are funny sometimes,” she said.

“No, I really mean it. Listening to the world. Over the years I have known that there is this research that translates thoughts to the written word and now to audio. They can tell what a person is thinking then these thoughts are automatically converted to written word or audio and all I have to do is listen to their thoughts,” he explained.

“Holy ghost!” Said Carolina shocked.

“This has been around for years but in secrecy. Talking about the regime stealing ideas and murdering people. There very reason they had gone undetected for such a long time. Ambushing people after disadvantage gained such insights into someone’s plans. Speaking of human hacking and all that kind of violations,” he said.

She cursed.

“I knew that there is something bad about these people,” she said.

“They are blood hackers and go on telling people that they are telling him or her what to do,” said Carolina.

“Until the moment they realize that the regime is worse a threat to freedom and human rights, a blood murderous government that is when they will know what we are talking about. This technology was mainly designed for the severely impaired, but the regime has decided to hack everyone. In order to know exactly what they are up to,” he said.

“They must be stopped especially if they go on violating people’s rights and abuse them. I see why you are giving away the Ultima Talion’s,” she said.

“I had thought that that technology was years ahead of us?”

“Money can make you achieve anything,” he replied.

“I see,” she replied.

“For weeks I have been listening to most of the president’s thinking. I swear most think so bad about us. The dislike out there is unbelievable. Most of them are sure we are responsible for the killings of their families. Some even think that we killed the gatekeeper and kidnapped the missing president,” said David.

“What is the most thing people think about?”

“Everyone wishes the world was a better place. There is so much suffering out there and most think bad about their leaders and the regime,”  
he said.

“What is the weirdest thing you ever heard people thinking about?”

“People think much about sex. I mean lovemaking, etc. But then again, I think it’s because of too much trauma and suffering as our bodies are designed in such a way that if traumatized to breaking point they tend to cushion itself from the traumatic experiences. That could explain the giggling or involuntary laughter. It’s the way the body protects itself from the effects of trauma and pain,” he explained.

“What do you think happened to the missing president?”

“Very controversial man and if you live like that surely someone is bound to do bad things to you. He had so many enemies and who might have kidnapped or killed him? That is the question of the century. But we might have unconsciously killed him. Since a system change is

our priority and to herald our entry in to change the system how else is better to do that than without their hardcore president and the troublesome gatekeeper? The fact that the decomposed body of the gatekeeper has been found sends a clear message to everyone that not only is the system now rotten with evil it is also obsolete and not fit for purpose therefore must go. A system without a leader or control point and gates to prevent the unwanted are good as a bad system. Unfortunately, it is not us responsible for the kidnap or death. Someone beat us to it. Who is anyone's guess," he said.

"David but you must have a few suspects? Right?"

"Could be the religious cult doing this and getting rid of their threats and setting us up in the process. They have everything to lose and very genuine grounds to want the President and the goalkeeper dead. They are against the digital currency as they say is equated to the presence of God. The missing president was dealing in it," he said.

"That can't be serious for them to consider killing him," said Carolina.

"But do you know that after being denied a loan by the gatekeeper who later ended up dead. He had threatened to expose everyone on the list after they kept taunting him about his alcoholism. The list that later went missing. His argument is that how can they taunt him about little things when they are all devil worshippers?"

"Okay, I see?"

"To the religious cult, he was not only exposing the members but threatening the existence of the cult itself simply because if identified the people had to kill all devil worshipers. That

will result in all the people getting killed and the gold scriptures destroyed like the last time. Now they will do anything killing the president as well as the gatekeeper. The very reason why there is this secrecy,” he explained.

“David are you suggesting that the religious cult ordered the kidnap of the president to keep him quiet and the killing of the gatekeeper to prevent anyone else getting the list?”

“I have no doubt, but the thinking tapes might prove otherwise only time can tell. We have to wait,” said David.

“Who do you think killed the gatekeeper and kidnapped the missing president and why?”

“I think the regime ate its own eggs meaning behind all this to enforce a tight strict control to deal with the ever uprisings and Tomorrow’s World Order. I think they outsourced. Found someone we will not even suspect to do their dirty work then put tough laws to deal with any uprisings and the president is then regarded as sacrificed for the country,” she said.

## Chapter Twenty

She looked in the mirrors on the walls and the ceiling. To her shock. The image; her reflection had disappeared. Replaced by a spirit like-resemblance to her. She could see herself in the mirrors as a floating slow-moving image. She tried to touch herself looking at the images and saw her hand displacing the spirit image. Fear struck her. Quickly she left the bedroom and entered the bathroom.

She couldn't stop giggling.

“That was spooky,” she whispered to herself.

She dosed her face with water and left for the basement then the study room, but the study room was locked.

“Open,” she commanded the door.

Expecting the door to open.

“Incorrect phrase,” replied the voice over from the screen next to the door.

“David’s house,” she said.

“Incorrect phrase!”

“Evelina and David,” she suggested.

“Incorrect phrase!”

“David, Bogdan Carolina,” she suggested.

“Incorrect pass-phrase!”

“Tomorrow’s World Order,” she suggested.

“Incorrect pass-phrase!”

“Oh my God,” she screamed with frustration.

“This guy with the pass-phrases?”

“Incomplete pass-phrase!”

Her heart started pounding. She quickly looked around and saw the book cabinet with several books. She walked to the cabinet and took out Tomorrow’s World Order. She opened it and saw the Meet the team page. There were only three members. Himself, herself, and his best friend.

“David, Bogdan and me,” she thought out loud.

“But I have already tried that,” she whispered to herself.

She quickly walked back to the study room door.

“David Carolina Bogdan,” she said.

“Incorrect pass-phrase!”

She quickly remembered what she had seen in the bedroom. Herself as an imageless spirit. She also remembered the incomplete pass phrase message she cursed.

“God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!”

The door suddenly opened. Instantly her heart started pounding as she pondered what had just happened. It was not the opening of the door that troubled her but the fact that she was the

holy ghost in this triangle. That sends a shivering feeling down her spine. What was this guy up to? Was she good as a spirit in this world? What was her role in all this? Even worse was he planning to kill her, maybe make her a spirit forever? Fear struck her. That triggered an alert mood. She entered the study room and saw huge gold-plated frames on the wall. There was a huge frame on top with David's photo. At the bottom was Bogdan's. On the right side was Carolina's and on the left side was Evelina's image. Under David's image was written the Father. Under Bogdan's image was written the son. Under her photo was scribbled the Holy Spirit but crossed to Holy Ghost by hand and under Evelina's photo was formerly written as Holy Ghost but now written by hand as the Holy Spirit. She froze in fear. She recalled how David had introduced his best friend Bogdan as his friend and son. She recalled how upset he first found out that she had a boyfriend. She noted also how he always had called her special and pure and how all that changed the day he met her boyfriend.

“What is this guy really up to?” she asked herself not expecting any answers.

She looked everywhere for anything that can shed light on what David was up to but could not find any. She remembered seeing a strange key on the keys bunch. She looked at the huge picture frames and beside the frames and noticed a small hole that fitted one of the keys. Nervously she inserted the key and turned it. The frame opened to reveal a safe. Instantly she shouted.

“Trinity.”

She had remembered David talking all the time about the trinity as the key to the world of

the father.

The safe instantly opened and a propeller instantly started rolling and as the revolution per second increased a projected reflection soon appeared on the wall. A recording of David appeared on the wall.

“Congratulations Evelina. The fact that you are watching this means you have succeeded in all tests and that you are still the surviving one. That means Carolina is now in the spirit world as the Holy Ghost.”

“Oh my God” whispered Carolina, finding it hard to believe covering her mouth in disbelief.

“He is trying to kill me and turn me into a spirit forever,” she whispered laughing but scared.

She started crying. The video continued.

“I think by now you understand what I call God’s Dilemma. The difficult task he set to create a human being that is as good as him. A human being who will evolve and understand what he is about. I know you might be wondering what has all this to do with you?”

“First God is holy and pure. The trinity was complete. It was a perfect trinity with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,” he paused and cursed.

“Until that bastard came and ruined my plan. Now you see why the Holy Spirit is now changed to Holy Ghost. She is still part of my plan just not like the Holy Spirit that means as you are watching this video, she is in the spirit world. Therefore, your role is to replace her but

as well you must die,”

Carolina cried.

“God is one in three. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. This is the world that is perfect to God. The father represents the head of the house, me the leader of all the world but here on earth. God is also a spirit, the very Holy Spirit that impregnated Mary so that he bears a son who later died and was raised to heaven. To conceive a baby, you need a mother and a father. God overtook Joseph’s place and pregnant Mary with his holy spirit to bear a son. God is holy spirits as well, so the trinity makes sense. In my global plan, I shall represent the leader and our digital currency shall represent the Holy Spirit that is everywhere and very vital for the survival of the economy. I shall roam the world monitoring and checking progress. The son here who is also a god a leader as well representing the sun we absorb that is needed shall be another digital currency that stems from our FutureGoldcoin but that belongs to the individual nation concerned in that it is tailored to suit that country’s requirement. Just like the son, it is a by-product of our digital currency and the country concerned. We give them rights to use and mine this digital currency just like the Holy Spirit borrowed Joseph’s wife to make a baby. They shall borrow rights to this digital currency and use it as theirs but for half, the day from six am just like the real sun that sets at 6 to 6 and operates half the day,” he said then paused.

Carolina tried to make sense of all this.

“This digital currency shall be called Calycoin and will be used in rotation as per specified time frames below for maximum results. For every five years. In the first three years, only two

currencies must be in operation. Our digital currency FutureGoldcoin and their own national specific currency. Then after three years for the next one and third years. They will use three currencies. The trinity that is their own currency, our own, and a fusion of our Calycoin but specific to their country. So, for the time when there is the trinity in play other currencies can also be used as we offer rights as well to make other currencies, but this is to be allowed only for one and a third-year after that then revert to two currencies only,” he sipped red wine.

“Okay, I said you shall die as well, but it was just to get your attention no one dies. But the truth is that you shall be...”

## Chapter Twenty-One

“You shall be the next global leader,” he said.

Carolina found it hard to believe, especially that David hardly knew this Evelina. She couldn't understand why she had to take over and not her. Carolina only felt relieved that she had foiled the plan. She couldn't understand why she had to die. But the last message said that it was just to catch her attention, did that apply to her? But then how can she tell the message was not meant for her in the first place. The video carried on.

“You must read the book I wrote titled; God's Dilemma David's Plan.”

“Where is the book?” whispered Carolina to herself, looking everywhere.

“Damn it, I can't believe why he would choose this brat to be the next global leader and not me. She opened the cabinet and found a password-protected cabinet.

“I am exhausted of these passwords' she whispered to herself.

“Incorrect password!”

“God damn it!” she cursed.

She paused and thought. She then smiled. An easy one.

“Evelina!”

“Incorrect password!”

“What! If it's not Evelina, then who?”

“David?”

“Bogdan?”

“Trinity?”

“T.W.O?”

She tried several passwords, but all retained the incorrect password.

“Carolina?”

The cabinet suddenly opened.

There was a message in front of the book that read;

Read immediately and destroy after reading.

“Oh my God, I don’t have time for all this. What should I care about that’s not meant for me anywhere? The moment she closed the book, a beep went off. That startled her.

“Self-destructing activated. The book to self-destruct in thirty minutes.”

Instantly, a countdown clock was initiated.

“Oh my God! What is happening?”

Quickly she took her phone and started taking pictures of the plan in case the book self-destructed.

Early years flashback.

A cow mooed from one corner and a wolf-dog barked, running toward the horse stables. Instantly the boy appeared from the back of the stable. A whistling sound started as he suddenly turned and saw a girl standing there with hands on her lips. Slowly the boy squinted his eyes

and walked straight and upright with hands in the pocket to face the girl. They looked at each other in a straight line but meters apart, face to face. For the girl, the sun's rays made her squint her eyes. The barking of the dog startled both, but one look from the boy and a hand gesture from the girl promptly caused the dog to stop barking and only to make a scared like sound before sitting down. The dog eyed the boy and his seriousness did not amuse it. So, it turned to look at the girl who looked even worse and more serious. Instantaneously both girl and boy looked over to the fields where stacks of hay rolled into rolling balls were stacked all the way up like a pyramid with the top roll a bit higher. One bark from the dog saw the boy and girl run toward the stack of hay. The dog rapidly sprinted toward the girl first then diverted toward the boy. Then toward the girl again before heading toward the stacks. The boy stopped as he cursed. A few steps back and he picked up something and shoved it in his pocket and continued. This time the girl was climbing up the stacks as they rolled back a little. The boy breathing fast tried to make for the lost time. This time the dog was barking, going on all sides, trying to climb the haystacks as well but being told off.

“No. Stay down!” shouted the girl.

Each time they climb the top stacks, the bottom stacks rolled backward sending both into uncontrollable short panic laughter searching for balance. The boy straightaway as he urged upward took out a long rose plant and put it in his mouth. Quickly removing it to talk.

“Come on Evelina higher,” he shouted.

“I can't. It will roll back,” she giggled uncontrollably as the stack directly rolled with the

top stack jerking sideways.

“You can do it,” shouted the boy.

Then inserted back the rose in his mouth. Hesitantly the girl jumped to the top roll and instantly the bottom moved to create an opening in the middle as the boy jumped too to the top stacks of rolls. On their stomachs facing each other. They held hands as the girl tried to grab the bottom side of the rose plant by her mouth, but the stack jerked that she missed the grip.

“Hm. Hm!”

Murmured the boy.

“What? I can’t hear anything you are saying?”

The girl stopped trying to bite the rose plant.

“What?” shouted the girl, but the look on the boy’s face said it all.

No time to talk, just hang on quickly

The girl when she was about to bite the rose plant onto the stack, they were jerked as the stack on both sides slid in opposite directions.

“Woo!”

Screamed the girl. The boy talking with his face signaled as he bites the rose plant in his mouth. He held the girl’s hand firmly in talking eyes as if he was saying.

“Now or never!”

The girl stared in his blue eyes and understood the message. If his face could talk, it could be saying;

Meet me halfway. Do your part.

She squinted her eyes and stared at the rose branch and instantly bit the other side, but the stack jerked again. The boy held her hand firmly and pulled her close, facing each other. Now all holding hands and biting the rose plant could feel the stack jerking uncontrollably forward and backward as gravity takes a toll. Soon the whole thing became unstable as the dog tried to climb the stacks too. With the corner of their eyes, they looked at each other and held hands firm before the whole thing became unstable and started collapsing.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

The dog barked before running for it as the stacks rolled toward it. The boy and the girl were on their stomachs, bouncing, being thrown from stack to stack. The stack collapsed until a few remained rolling, leaving the girl hanging as it rolled back to the boy's direction. The boy fell and pulled the girl falling onto him before the stack rolled on both leaving them laying in the field. The girl released, biting the rose plant, but they remained holding hands. They both burst into laughter as the dog barked hysterically, circling them. Evelina looked at Alex and plunged a kiss as he removed the rose plant from his mouth. They lay side by side in the field, laughing as the dog hysterically barked at them.

A barefooted Evelina rubbed the tips of the flower buds with both hands side by side as she walked in the beautiful flower fields. It was sunny but with a cool breeze that made her lace scarf dance to the tune. She shook her head sideways to correct the locks of her hair.

Instantly she turned back to look at the following Alex. He smiled as he saw her beautiful face and she smiled instantly before starting to run. The lace scarf flew in the air as she ran away giggling, looking backward here and there to see if Alex was catching up. Instantly she threw herself on top of the beautiful flowers and lay down upside looking up and laughing. Alex arrived and dived on top of her as she laughed uncontrollably.

“It's so beautiful and sunny. I just love it.” Instantly she looked at him.

“Oh! And you are the most beautiful Angel I have ever seen here on earth,” he

complimented her.

She rolled on top of him and placed her head on his chest before looking at him.

“I treasure the time I spend with you. I wish even when we have grown up, we will be like this. Together forever.”

“For-eve-r my love.”

They both laughed.

Evelina shaped her hand into a half heart shape and raised her hand. Alex did the same, and they completed the heart shape.

“You complete me,” she said.

“Our love for each other is forever,” he confirmed.

“I think when we are young, we have a taste of what true love is like,” she suggested.

“You are right, there can never be true love other than this,” he agreed.

Evelina raised her head and passionately kissed Alex.

“I love you,” she said.

“My love for you is real now and forever,” said Alex canoodling her.

“I don’t like to be like all these miserable adults. Over years love dies too. They start fighting, quarreling, and all that until they separate,” she said.

“To be honest, I think pure love exists. You can love someone unconditionally forever,” said Evelina, cuddling him.

“I think for love to be forever, I think one of us must love the other more,” he suggested.

“But I gave you half my heart and half of yours that means equal love,” she suggested.

Alex sat up straight.

“Yes, but just analyzing the world system for the love to be forever, I think one of us must go the extra mile of love for it to work. Don’t you think?”

Evelina looked at Alex. They locked their eyes together for a while before locking lips, mouths and started snogging each other.

A ladybird flew and landed on Evelina’s hair as they kissed, sitting side by side. They stopped kissing, and she pulled the flower and started pruning the leaves to reveal the middle bud, and instantly Alex looked at her.

“Don’t move!”

He captured the ladybird into his hand.

“Close your eyes, your lucky day. Lucky has visited you today, and it’s your day!” Shouted Alex mimicking wrestling commentators as he opened his hand to reveal a ladybird.

She opened her eyes.

“A ladybird. A symbol of luck and love and true love according to Greek mythology,” he told her.

“True love, I agree,” she admitted.

Instantly the ladybird; a small insect with red and black wings opened its wings as to fly. Instantly revealing a heart-shaped shape as its wings.

“Hey Look!”

Shouted Evelina.

They both stared at the insect.

They immediately shaped their hands into a heart shape and joined them.

“If it is true love, it must be fifty-fifty. Your theory about one going the extra love mile has been thrown out of the window and the ladybird is a witness to that,” explained Evelina. They stared at each other for a while before kissing passionately. A few minutes later they looked in Evelina’s hand before snogging again as the ladybird had flown away.

“It must have decided to give us some privacy,” she suggested.

They both laughed.

Years later.

Alex opened the door, hiding roses behind his back.

“Honey I am home!”

He shouted, entering the house. Straightaway there was a faint voice from the bathroom.

“I am at home,” she replied.

He shouted, leaving his jacket on the couch.

“Where is my beautiful better-half?”

He went into the spare room with his hands behind him.

“She is not here,” he whispered to himself as if in shock and surprised by her absence.

“I am in the bathroom,” she shouted.

He stopped as if it was new information before proceeding upstairs straight to the bedroom.

He could hear her giggling with sounds coming from the bathroom. In a flash, he looked toward the bathroom and stealthily walked toward the door.

“She is in the bathroom. The woman I love is in the bathroom!”

He sang as he slowly opened the door. Going straight to where she was before kissing her passionately.

He placed the roses in the bathtub, still holding them with the other hand.

“These beautiful flowers are for you,” he said, stroking her.

“Alex! Why dunk them in hot water and foam you must have killed the ladybird. I don’t see one,” said Evelina looking at the roses, turning them as if looking for something.

“I was in the bedroom first, so don’t jump to conclusions,” he advised, smiling flirtatiously.

Instantaneously she got up and looked at him.

“Ok. I believe you. You lead, and I will follow you,” she suggested.

“No, I have a better idea,” said Alex before lifting her and carrying her to the bedroom and gently laying her on the bed.

“In case I lay on the ladybird,” she said, landing softly.

“I think no need to look for the ladybird. I just need to do my thing. Give me your best kiss and make love to you. I bet one will fly straight here. So, without wasting time. Allow me, my love,” he suggested.

The pair locked into each other’s arms.

Alex opened his eyes and felt Evelina on top of him with her head on his chest. He hugged

her and kissed her head then on the lips. At once his heartbeat increased and could see his chest lifting her head up and down as his breathing increased and intensified.

“Darling. What is bothering you?”

Asked Evelina, lifting her head to look at him before he replied.

“Unless you are as excited as me about the romantic trip of a lifetime?”

Instantly in excitement as her heartbeat as well increased with every thought of the trip.

“Oh, the trip!”

Replied Alex, but with less enthusiasm.

“You should be excited. We waited for this for a long time,” said Evelina, sitting up.

“I know,” replied Alex.

Evelina sat on the bed.

“What seems to be the problem that you don’t sound happy?”

She stared at him. He got up and walked to the window and opened the curtain.

“I think we should postpone the trip. At least by a week or two.

She looked upset. She got up and walked to him and hugged him from the back.

“Darling I don’t see why we should delay it now. What changed now?”

He turned and faced her. Alex looked at her before their eyes locked. He looked at her lips and leaned down to kiss her.

“Nothing to be afraid of. I will give you all you want and more. Just like the old days forever. Remember?”

Alex hugged her tightly and kissed her passionately and he lifted her up and walked to the bed. They spooned and started talking. Later she raised her head and looked at him.

“Is it those dreams again?”

### Chapter Twenty-Three

He looked lost for a while. He got up and walked to the window. She raised her head while lying flat down.

“I had a call yesterday,” he said.

Evelina flipped and stood up, standing on the bed.

“Don’t start about this phone-calls talk again. These people expect exactly what you are about to do. They just can’t stand us being happy and you and me as a couple. So, don’t make excuses. Okay?”

“That is exactly what my mother said and look at what happened to my dad?”

She got off the bed and walked toward him.

“Darling. I understand, but what are the chances of that happening again. You said it yourself that it was an accident. Right?”

She hugged him, and they started kissing.

“Don’t stop living because bad things happened in the past. This is exactly what these people want,” he advised him.

She held his hand and dragged him to the bed.

“What did they say?”

Alex looked a little lost. He tried to conceal it.

“Okay. I will tell you.”

“They suggested I stay local where they can protect me. They said risk levels have been increased to high,” he told her.

“Just because a President has gone missing does not necessarily mean everyone else is at risk,”

said Evelina, playing down the fears.

“I wish I could say that. But you know they told my father the same thing before the accident?”

She got up and walked to the window.

“I heard a lot about these people. Most of it’s not good. Some say they play down your fears and are the ones behind all this,” she told him.

Alex got up and sat next to her.

“Darling start making sense. If they are the same people giving me protection, why would they wish me harm?”

She kept quiet for a while and flipped open the curtain. The sight of a man in a black suit and sunglasses looking at the bedroom window startled her.

“We were young Darling. This is real. I don’t know what I would do if something is to happen to you,” he said fearfully.

Evelina’s heart started pounding with fear.

“Happening to me? Where do I fit in all this? I thought this had everything to do with your family?”

“There are certain things you don’t know about. My love. Come?”

He pulled her hand to the bed.

“Tell me?”

He held her passionately and kissed her.

Evelina sat on the bed.

“To them, it’s a business plan. Target the rich and force your services. If they refuse. To do whatever it takes until they accept it. Then start milking them and controlling them. They stage threats to justify offering their services. If you refuse accidents happen. If you accept you are a victim forever. They control everything. Your movement. Your life and your happiness,” he looked at her troubled.

“Happiness as well?”

“If you are happy then there is no need for their services. So, they drive the misery agenda and in serious cases. Traumatic episodes simply to justify their existence and worthiness to you,” he told her.

“Where do I fit in all this?”

“Two hearts joining to form one,” he said.

Straightaway a ladybird flew to them.

“Switch that off. Be serious,” said Evelina as immediately as a drone- ladybird dropped onto the bed. Instantly Alex picked it up.

“I was saying that if something happens to you, I don’t know what I will do. They rely on half the heart breaking to cause irreparable damage,” said Alex hugging her.

“Traumatic episodes?”

“Exactly my love.”

“But in your case, it was your father and not your mother?” She asked.

“My father was regarded by them as a cash cow. Ripe and ready to be harvested. I am just young. No life insurance premiums that have matured. No pension money. So, to them, no monetary value but they might try to get to me through you,” he said.

Evelina felt very afraid.

“Did you report them to the police?”

He got up and laughed for a bit.

“Just imagine a President disappearing just like that? That means a lot of powerful people are involved. I never agreed to anything. They are trying to enroll me into their slavery program,” said Alex caressing her.

“The only frightening part is that they will target loved ones to crack the heart and cause the trauma to justify stepping in.

A cold shiver of fear trickled down Evelina’s spine. She walked to the window and slowly flipped the curtain open. She looked at Alex with talking eyes before she looked outside the window again.

He walked to the window and hugged her from the back and kissed her.

“The base nodes monitoring team member,”

whispered Alex.

“Base nodes?”

“You are right, we must go away from here. Far, far away for now at least!”

He admitted.

The couple hugged.

Miles away.

“Damn it. I can’t believe it!” screamed Carolina, looking at her monitoring screen.

“We are running out of time!” she shouted as feelings of danger suffocated her.

“What seems to be the problem?”

“Booby trap! Deactivating the digital weapons triggered the release of the digital weapon’s Protecting Squad. Trust me, they are ruthless. Have strict orders to kill and clean up the mess. There is one for each,” she advised.

“Holy Ghost! What is the use when their agents are now deactivated?”

“Evidence now as with our digital currency we can prove that digital weapons exist. Above all, with our global court orders, we can trace and eliminate the source. A no-win situation for them.!”

“Hence the deadlines. Take no prisoners,” she said looking at him.

Mark stopped what he was doing and looked at Carolina.

“You mean our new digital currency?” She simply looked at him. He sensed danger.

“Give me numbers. What are we talking about here?”

“One for each,” said Carolina sitting down with a giving up helpless look.

“You mean twelve? But it’s only the two of us?”

Carolina placed the monitor down.

“If I hadn’t looked for you, it could just be me. This is bullshit. No one is as good as every one of them, let alone twelve. This is a suicide mission. What was he thinking? Sending me into this?”

“David?” Asked Mark.

“Sometimes I feel like I just...”

“I worked hard. Saved a lot. And now I have nothing. Setting up an impossible challenge.

It’s suicidal!”

Mark stood up and paced in the office.

“What are we missing? We could have missed something. Let’s go over this again?”

Carolina pulled the gun and aimed at the target picture in the office.

“Even the best assassin has no chance,” she told him.

“What are they like?”

“Instant death. Not just death; horrific death!”

“Not humans?”

Mark stopped and looked at Carolina. He could see the fear across her face.

“Religious thing?”

“If David was here, he could be talking about the Devil’s Dilemma,” she said.

Mark sat down.

“What’s that? I am not familiar with that,” asked Mark.

“When it’s only the two of us? Unless if they come one at a time. Meaning we have to deal with a single threat at a time,” she cursed.

Carolina did not say anything but took her pocket diary. She started reading it.

“Depositing of the received money into the Global Reserve Bank entitles you to exchange this for digital currencies. You must divide the digital currency into twelve equal parts and find twelve buyers to buy with double the value. Note the effect of this procedure. Is to suppress and neutralize the digital weapons attached to this money. The other effect is to increase the value of these people as they will be free of any digital weapons. This is because all the digital weapons are deactivated and trapped within the blockchain. This stops further degeneration of genes and the aging process. This reverses some effects. So, these people’s lives have become better. The rejuvenation occurs to some and growth rekindles again. The effect is to send an alarm to the makers. The source that the weapons have been deactivated and not to expect any collections. Meaning out of business. Source of revenue and power to the maker. But now their code can be broken as the digital weapon is trapped in the blockchain. It will be easy to expose. Once the court approves acknowledging that a crime against humanity has been committed and must be punished. To avoid being identified. They not only destroy the evidence. But also, the hosts of the newly founded members,” she read to him.

“Holy Ghost. All are destined for destruction?”

Mark paced in the office.

“Unless we are to find ten more people? How are we going to defend unless they release one at a time?”

“It is not clear whether they are released at the same time,” she told him.

“Ok continue?”

“Each digital assassin is linked to each digital weapon. In that, you must identify which digital watermark matches which digital assassin. They remove the digital weapon and recruit in sequence. Once the sequence is initiated. It can’t be stopped or changed.

“How do you know the sequence?”

“Every time I exchange the digital currency for money each individual gives me a digital code. The last two-digit of the wallets that receive the currencies,” she said.

Mark got up excitedly.

“So, no matter how many are released at one go. They go one after the other in sequence. Meaning they can’t kill the individual with the sequence that follows. Before eliminating the earlier individual holding the previous sequence. All we need to know are the time frames from the first sequence to the next sequence and total frames,” said Carolina.

“Have I not shown you the piranhas feasting?”

Mark’s face turned to gloom in an instant.

“Oh. It’s like that?”

“Once deactivated. The initial reaction to clean up is activated. Thirty minutes to a maximum of twelve hours after complete deactivation,” she looked at him.

“So, the earliest possible activation time of the initial phase is thirty minutes. So, every hour an assassin is released. Or if released at the same time is expected to have killed the receiver. So, if I am correct. They expect one to be dead within twelve hours of deactivation,” Carolina got up and paced. She stopped and cursed.

“This is all fucked up. I was supposed to zone all the recipients of the first wave of our digital currency,” she said.

She screamed and fired a shot. Mark quickly covered his eyes.

“I am not following?”

“How was I supposed to know this?”

She looked at Mark.

“We have twelve hours only and the spacing between each is just one hour, but they are all spaced out,” she commented.

She got up and from the monitor projected a map that soon filled with twelve flashing dots.

“Okay, I have given each a correspondence code so let’s see,” she looked at the map.

Mark stared at the board.

“Check sequence five and six are two hours apart in terms of traveling and we must be together all the time. How do we overcome that?”

“Yeah, that is an issue,” said Mark.

“But if you are supposed to do this on your own. How could you have achieved this?”

“Damn it!” She cursed.

“All my life savings and I can’t give up now,” she said.

“Yes, you can. You doubled the money. So, I don’t see the problem. Walk away from all this,” advised Mark.

She got up and cursed, aiming at the target board.

“The reason why we use the digital currency is for us to identify the source origins. The people behind all this. So that we get a court approval that as the reason behind these digital weapons is to harm and destroy perfect genes. A genocide cases. A crime against humanity. The judge will then remove immunity etc. and classify such acts as against humanity. That person is labeled an enemy of mankind. A Hostis Humanis Generis because if left to continue he or she will cause the extinction of humanity. So, everyone must protect our future existence. So, the main issue is to expose these people as committing gross crimes. Against the whole human race,” she said.

“I get it. That places responsibility on all humans on earth to defend and to protect humanity’s future by killing these?”

“So, they send assassins who are to kill all recipients and retrieve also all the codes and address wallets. That will identify the exact source of the digital weapons. This will mean stopping court orders. Meaning remaining anonymous,” she explained.

Mark's heart started beating fast. He knew the risks were very high. They are up and have already established institutions with enough resources to throw the best killers out there to stop anyone from exposing them. He felt a shivering feeling run fast down his spine. Leaving him with a tingly feeling in the back of his head and everywhere. His face instantly looked haunted. Even though he tried concealing this look Carolina noticed.

“Now you know why I showed you the piranha's feastings?”

Mark cursed.

“When you told me about this. I assumed it's one of those jobs you go in, get what you want, and get out fast. Trust me, this is more serious than you portrayed when we meet. Damn it. Carol, I feel like you withhold information from me,” cursed Mark fear-struck.

“Damn it! Mark. I was in the dark as well. You can still walk out. I am scared too. You know?”

Mark looked gloomier than ever before.

“As I said, you can still walk away. You will be safe,” she advised him.

“I know,” he replied.

“But we are in this together. Right?” She asked

“Quickly enlighten me. Why can't we split into two groups?” He asked.

She cursed.

“David should have thought it through before he assigned me. The whole mission is suicidal. Okay, the twelve recipients and all the codes are linked to one key. A digital key. You know?”

“But can we split the key into two?”

“There is no other way. You take one of the keys and deal with code five. I will take the other and wait for code six. Once you eliminate the assassin for code five. I will then go to eliminate the assassin for code six. Then you have to move to that assassin for code seven,” she said but not convincingly.

Carolina looked at Mark straight into his eyes. Their eyes locked for a while. She quickly took the diary and started reading it out loud.

“Make sure you don’t double or even worse treble the digital keys. One key for every twelve recipients,” she read aloud.

Mark got up and paced.

“Now I understand your fears. It’s like you have signed your death certificate,” he said.

“Very high stakes. The risks are unbelievably high. It’s a matter of life and death. I can’t just think of a way. One can pull this out without paying a heavy price. The guys we are after have in the past been getting \$billions from these digital weapons. Serious money to do anything to defend that.

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