

# TORTURE POBORN

JOHN PUTIGNANO

Eighteen  
tales of  
Extreme  
Horror



# Torture Porn

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Written by John Putignano

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I dedicate this book to my wife Patricia. I know you refuse to read my stories because you are afraid  
know horrors my mind can produce and for that I truly love you.

In memory of Sharon Putignano

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## WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT THE STORIES IN THIS BOOK

“Description was amazing. It painted the grim and disturbing mood of a literal hellhole effectively. And it created some horrifying scenes.”

“That was horrifically amazing. The author gave me all the detail I needed to set the scene but then let me picture how the twisted characters would look. That was literal art.”

“Rings like Clive Barker's novella "The Hellbound Heart," a.k.a. Hellraiser, but more erotic and less cerebral. Thematically, both had a similar theme of exploration of taboos and pleasure.”

“It was foreign and beautiful. It reminds me almost of a horror fairy tale.”

“This is fucking disgusting. How can you write something about this and not be ashamed of yourself? Shame on fucking you”

“John has raised the standard, each and every story was well written, thought out with a perfected blend of morbidity, filth, or just down right deranged seasoning.”

“Wow! Talk about extreme, this is THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE of literature! I almost feel bad giving this book a favorable review, but I will because this is the first book I ever read that came with a warning. If you like sick and twisted, you will love this book...if not, you were warned!”

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“Our sales were up from last month and our stocks have increased quite a bit; up 2.96. I see a lot of great news coming in and I am sure we all have secured our quarterly bonus.”

The meeting room all applauded as Max Rutten modestly held his hands up.

“I couldn’t have done it without all of you. Honestly, your hard work and sacrifices have all paid off and allowed me to bring this good news to the table.”

He felt the phone vibrating in his pocket. He smiled at his co-workers as he made his way back to his chair. A man next to him gripped Max’s shoulder and gave him a thumb up. Once he sat down, he pulled out his phone. He had a text message.

2435 Hazy Creek Edge

8:00 PM Sharp

As his boss continued the meeting, Max obsessively read and re-read the text message. All morning he had been excited about this conference, to deliver this good news, but now he was impatiently waiting for the minutes to count down. Tonight everything was about to change, he just hoped he didn’t get cold feet.

As soon as the meeting concluded, Max made his way to the bathroom. With a well-manicured finger, he scrolled through the contacts of his cell phone and dialed a number.

“Hey Max honey, how was your meeting?”

“Baby, it was amazing, nothing short of it.”

“When will you be home?”

“Well, we are having a few drinks at the hotel bar so I think it might be a late night. I wouldn’t wait up hun; you know how these meetings go.”

“Yeah I do; cocaine and hookers.”

“Please baby, my days of hookers and cocaine are long behind me.”

“I know sweetie. Well, you be good. Don’t get too drunk, and if you do, make sure you take a cab home .”

“Ok. Goodnight sugar.” Max anxiously ended the call and stared into the mirror. His hair was perfect, parted on the right side of his head in a perfect line. His Versace eyeglasses sat perfectly upon his well-defined face. His skin was flawless with a smooth shave. This was the face of a wealthy, successful, all-American businessman...but the mind inside was far from normal.

He needed to find a way to duck out of this place. He needed to get to that address...he couldn’t afford to miss this night. It had taken him months reach out to those who shared his fetish;



his obsession. Tonight, he finally got to indulge.

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The bathroom door opened and in walked a fit, young man named Clayton Kettler. He was a rising star in the company, a real prodigy at only twenty-seven-years-old. He walked over to the sink and like a magician he revealed a small clear tube full of their favorite white powder.

“Want to do a line, bro?”

Before Max could answer, Clayton already had some of the powder dumped out. He used a corporate credit card to form the small pile into four perfect lines. Max shrugged his shoulders as he reached for the rolled up one hundred dollar bill Clayton handed him. Like a vacuum, he snorted two lines and passed the bill.

“I definitely could use it.”

“Hey bro, your hard work keeps bringing me the money to buy this magical white powder. Want to go get a woman in town? My treat.”

“Na, I got to leave. My wife is expecting me.”

“Listen to you man. I offer free strange pussy and you want to go home to the wife. You’re whipped man.”

“When you finally get some pubes, you will understand.”

With this Clayton laughed as he bent down to snort his two lines. Max made his way for the door where Clayton shouted behind him.

“You don’t know what you’re missing.”

He couldn’t help but laugh. If only Clayton knew.

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As he pulled his car into 2435 Hazy Creek Edge the guard at the front gate checked his ID. After examining the license, he nodded. “They are expecting you Mr. Rutten. At the front door, a valet will take your vehicle and a butler will lead you in. Enjoy your evening.”

Max nodded as he drove his silver Mercedes up the curving driveway, his way illuminated by small glass globes of light... As he approached the front door, he felt an overwhelming excitement.

“Mr. Rutten, I will take your vehicle. I assume the title is signed over and inside?”

“Yes it is.”

“Very well sir.” As soon as Max stepped out, another man greeted him.

“Welcome Mr. Rutten. They are waiting for you. Please, come this way and we will prepare you for the event.”

“Very well, lead the way.”

They entered the house. The main hall was breathtakingly beautiful. Hanging in the center was a crystal chandelier. The shadows it cast jumped all over the room. The carpet was amazing, a Persian import for sure. He walked across it in his leather Italian shoes and let his feet sink into the

soft fabric.

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The butler led him to a room. “This is where I leave you, sir. Please get undressed and meet the rest of the guests in the main hall. When you are ready, simply walk out to the left and follow until you see the party. They are anxiously awaiting your arrival, sir.”

With this, the butler left and Max walked over to a vanity. Reaching into his pocket he retrieved his phone and searched for his wife’s number. He dangled his finger over the call button, but stopped short of pressing it.

He wanted to call her, but knew it would be a bad idea. Hearing her voice would bring him back to reality. He would realize the insanity in all this. He would go home and return to his mundane world wondering what he gave up this night. He loved his wife, but his obsession pushed him.

Instead, he put down the phone. He began to take off his expensive suit. With each article of clothing, he neatly folded it and placed it in a pile. On top, he placed his leather shoes, the ones with the perfect shine. Now, completely naked, he looked at himself in the vanity mirror.

He had muscles, tone, a perfect stomach; he was well-endowed and always had a year-round tan. His wife back home was a gorgeous hard body herself. She was a gym rat and nutrition nut. Their house was full of all the things anyone could ever want...his life was perfect, yet why was he here?

He knew that after tonight many lives would change, including his. He knew this whole thing was insane; no normal person would come here. This fetish, which began as a titillating search on the internet, had developed into an obsession. This macabre fascination drove him mad with sexual arousal.

He knew there was no turning back. He had to commit.

He made his way into the hallway. The air was full of drunken laughter; people having a good time. He continued on, following the sounds.

In the main hall were nearly two dozen men and women. They were all well-dressed and each one wore a beautifully decorated Venetian mask. They all froze as he entered. Silence fell over the crowd.

“Our guest of honor has arrived. Are our appetites strong?” A man asked. To this they all yelled out in joy. The man approached Max and held out a hand. “Please, take my hand and let me show you something.”

Max reached out and gripped the man’s gloved hand. He allowed the man to lead him deeper into the room. Many of the guests were licking their lips and one woman nervously sipped her wine to hide her excitement.

The host brought Max to a wall. On it were pictures of good looking men and woman. In each the person was naked and standing in this exact room.

“You see this one here. It is dated 1923. This is the year our Order of Tantalus was formed. Her name was Natasha Vates. She was a Russian immigrant who worked at a cat house. She was depressed, and one night, she tried to kill herself. Then she met a man who understood her sorrow.

“My great-grandfather, Irwin Leishner was a wealthy man and rather extravagant. He

discovered early in life that he had a taste for human meat. You see, during World War One, while in the trenches, he came across a German man. This soldier was a casualty of a flame thrower. Irwin was trapped in the trench for three days. He ran out of ammo, food and water. In an act of desperation, he used a knife to cut away the burn exterior to where it was more...tender.

“When he met Natasha he expressed a desire to eat her. At first, she was disgusted, but after a few days, she warmed up to the idea. My great-grandfather took this picture of her just moments before he laid her on a table and ate her...alive.”

Max couldn't hide his erection. The conversations all around proved that they welcomed his arousal. “So now, this leads to you.”

A woman approached them with a camera and took a picture of Max. She smiled as she looked at it in the digital display.

“This came out perfect.” She spoke in a soft voice. “You look very nice, Mr. Rutten.”

“Thank you.” Max responded.

“Max, this night we both will indulge in our fetish. We, the Order of Tantalus, will indulge in devouring you alive. You will enjoy being eaten alive. That is what separates us from criminals. We do not need to force people to fulfill our needs; willing sacrifices are everywhere. We are not criminals; we are not thugs. We are the ones who run this country's corporations, military, government and banks. We are professionals just like you.” Max looked at the wall. There was a picture for every month of every year; willing sacrifices. Soon, he would be added to this wall.

“I'm honored. How do we do this?” Max asked. The host could barely hide his smile as he grabbed hold of Max's arm and brought him to a table.

The table was short, the length of a body, and made of African Blackwood. Upon it Max took his place.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the Order of Tantalus; this month, our feast will be Sir Maximilian Rutten. This fine young man will go down in history among the likes of the great and beautiful Natasha Vates. Now get your cutlery in order.” With this the masked guests all reached into their pockets and eagerly pulled out silver forks and knives. Looking at Max, the host said, “These forks and knives have been with the order for many years now. This cutlery has cut and pulled apart the meat of men and women and tonight the tradition continues. Mr. Rutten, I ask you to lie down in the center of the table.” Max dropped down and spread out upon the table. The guests all gathered around him. “Now, let us indulge.”

For the first time that evening he felt guilt. He thought of his wife and children. He imagined the misery and sadness as they wondered what had happen to him.

He felt an urge to flee as he stared at the shiny cutlery. He battled it, fought with the good sense to get up and run from this place. This fetish the internet called Vorarephilia had destroyed his life. And now here he was. He knew there was no turning back.

The group feverishly began to stick their forks into his body. He felt their knives cutting into his flesh. He screamed in both pain and pleasure. He looked down and saw chunks of his meat being pulled away from his body and shoveled into the mouths of those too eager to even chew it before

swallowing. All around him were bloody masks as arteries were nicked and blood began to pour heavily out of his body.

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A fork jammed into his eye. He felt the metal inside the jelly-like material as the partaker scooped it out like it was ice cream. Max watched with his good eye as the woman sucked it down. Around him they devoured, feverishly pulling meat, and now entrails, from his body... As the room began to fade to black and he began to die, he imagined his meat inside all their stomachs, being digested.

The butler walked down the hall and into the room where Max had changed. He emotionlessly picked up the clothes and placed them in a plastic bag. A vibrating sound captured his attention. It was Max's phone.

The butler picked it up and saw that he had received a picture message. He pressed accept and opened it. In the picture was a beautiful brown-haired woman sitting on a couch with two cute children; one boy and one girl. Below the picture, the text read Daddy come home soon mommy and us miss you so much.

The butler closed the phone and tossed it into the bag. He exited the room and made his way to the front door. Outside he handed the bag off to a man posting security. The man took the bag down a walkway which wrapped the house. He made his way to what looked like a mausoleum.

Inside this stone building there were hundreds of bags containing various personal articles. The man took the belongings of Max and tossed them on the pile, and secured the door.

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## Torture Porn

The sun shines through the window. I close my eyes and feel the warmth upon my face. It feels magnificent. I let the rays penetrate my soul and I'm at this moment the Zen master. Nothing will ruin this instant for me. All chakras are in perfect alignment, all is centered and I'm the focal point of my own universe.

She screams...maybe I should have sewn her mouth shut first.

I'm pulled from my relaxation and back into the hell I love so much. I was at Zen, I'd given up to nature and accepted the fact that I am but a morsel within the cosmos...not now. Now I am god almighty and I control this domain of death before me. It is nothing short of awesome.

This is a little whore laid out before me; a smorgasbord of tender flesh and wondrous organs to explore. This pathetic slut bag tramp was just hours ago slinging pussy to buy crack rocks. The cunt had a stem in her purse which was still hot. Now the naked and busted bitch was tied down tight with an expensive leather bondage set I purchased online. It is amazing the things the internet provides for you.

I once bought a book on cannibal cuisines.

I once bought a shrunken head, authentic.

I have heard it all so many times it makes me sick.

Please mister, let me go and I promise not to go to the police.

I swear, women these days have no pride and no dignity. Granted, I've never been at knives edge on the verge of losing my very existence, however, I wish to believe I wouldn't be as pathetic. The fact is they are going to die regardless, and they know this. This little slut whore hasn't begged much yet but she did give me the sob story about kids at home. News flash for you sweetheart, your kids are better off in foster care.

I run my hand down the right side of her face. She's crying, my skin soaks up some tears. I feel her pain, her agony enter my flesh and run throughout my blood like heroin. I feel my legs get wobbly as I close my eyes. When I do this I'm at peace, I feel all is in control. Order has been restored and soon all will be synched with perfection. I have solved all problems within my life and the world has been fixed. I am god and-

With my other hand I bring the hammer down hard. It's not really a hammer, more of a rubber mallet. The impact on her jaw is quite severe nonetheless. I feel the mental foramen turn into bone rubble as the coronoid process of mandible breaks off the zygomatic arch on the left side. Three incisors, a canine, and a bicuspid tear from the gum and shoot like a bullet down the back of her throat. She gags and gargles as the shards of teeth rip gashes. She vomits and spits out the teeth as she saves herself from choking to death.

Stupid bitch, you could have gotten out of this easy.

I once bought a chemical called 5-methoxy-dimethyltryptamine online.

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I once bought a series of medical books online.

She is trying to ask me why I'm doing this. When I was younger explanations really got me hot. That was nearly three decades ago now and how I have I matured, thus I ignore her. Now don't get me wrong, I still see the artistic integrity within the mind fuck and can appreciate the impact of psychological torture; but it just doesn't get my dick hard anymore. I am a physical kind of guy now. I love to get my hands filthy.

I walk away to my record player. I always liked vinyl. This new age of digital music, it lacks greatly. When I drop the needles upon the record I feel bliss throughout my body as every sense is awakened by the classical work Orpheus in the Underworld. This wonderful work was written by none other than Offenbach. I hear the string instruments, the brass, and the screams of my victim and one word comes to mind...grandeur.

I once bought a embalming kit online.

I once bought a dildo with a knife attached to the end online.

I turn with an diabolic grin upon my face. She sees this and I see panic throughout her body as she pisses all over my table. She's terrified for she knows that I'm truly getting off to this. And now the song is picking up it pace and I feel the energy throughout my own body. My mind is flooded with images of Roman gladiator battles, burned corpses in the trenches of World War 1 and the bloated bodies floating around in the flooded streets of New Orleans after Katrina. I reach down and grip hold of her lower jaw, my thumb tucked within her mouth and my other fingers now pressed hard against the mental protuberance. It takes very little effort as I yank it free from her face.

Her tongue flaps around like a fat slug, and her eyes begin to roll around like a slot machine. She unleashed a grotesque sound of gurgles and distorted screams. Denying her a second to react further I took the jaw and began to beat her with it. Each strike made fresh gashes into her skin. After a few jaw whippings the little bones crumbled to nothing and now my raw meat mitts were pounding away at her face.

I once bought a book on Jeffery Dahmer online.

I once bought a snuff video online.

Beneath my force her right supraorbital process cracked along with the ethmoid bone. This caused that eye to now float a little within the socket. I jammed my index finger over the top of the eye, thrusting it down into the jelly of the retina, tearing through the choroid, and felt for the optic nerve. Once I felt a good grasp on it I tugged, tearing her eye free.

She went into convulsions as her tongue flopped wildly in her mouth. This was it. This was the end. She had enough and her body was going into shock. My god it is so beautiful.

I once bought a knife set online.

I once bought a hooker online...and now she's on my table and dying.

I fucking love the internet. That's why I do this, that's why the camera in the corner is connected to a live feed. Somewhere in Japan a man in a business suit is jacking his cock and

watching me destroy this fucking broad. I am someone's internet purchase.

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As she dies I imagine my bank account increasing by six figures. When she goes silent I slowly walk over to the camera and shut it off.

My work day is complete.





# Hell Birth

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A putrid reek filled the aura of the room. A network of ancient pipe work dripped slowly into overflowing pails of water. The wood was swollen and water-logged, bowing from the excessive moisture. The ground was made of cracked and tarnished concrete. The walls were covered in mold and grime, adding to the filthiness of this cellar. This was a revolting, all-encompassing atmosphere of woe; a woman shrieked.

Her extremities strained as she pulled tight against the ropes that bound her. Like a fish she flopped and flailed, her naked body smacking against the old wooden table. She cried out. "It's coming!"

He emerged from a dark corner in the cellar, appearing devilish in the light of the swinging hook lamp. He wore a filthy white undershirt tucked into old blue jeans. He was whistling a soft tune as he approached the nude and pregnant woman. At the base of the table he bent and picked up a large leather apron. He put it on.

She continued to push and strain, hollering out as sweat poured down her face, neck and breasts. "Help me!"

"Shhhh, breathe sweetheart." He whispered as he ran his fingers through her soft hair. He pulled up a metal stool and positioned himself between her legs.

"Daddy, it hurts so much." She managed to get out before more screams took over. He held back tears; he hated seeing her in agony.

"I know hun, I know." He reached a hand out and gripped her knee. She continued to cry as the labor pains shot throughout her body. He reached down into a toolbox which rested next to the table. He rustled inside it a little. "Ok, I need you to push sweetie."

"Daddy..."

"Push darling. You need to push."

"I want to go to a hospital."

"This is not an option sweetie. You know what the hospital will do. We take care of our own, now I need you to listen to me and push."

"Oh god!" She pushed. Her wails pierced his eardrums. He felt his brain rattling inside his skull. The head began to crown. A smile plastered his face. He positioned his hands in place as the birth continued. He allowed the child to fall into them.

The baby cried out. It flailed its little arms and legs as it sucked in its first breath. She raised her head, desperately trying to see the baby. "Daddy, let me see."

He ignored her, reaching into the tool box. He pulled out some garden sheers and snipped the umbilical cord.

"It is a boy. Your first child is a boy." He said excitedly. His daughter leaned up and smiled at her father.

"You mean our child."

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"That's right baby...our child."

"You can do it if you want, I know how much it brings you pleasure."

"No baby, you should do it." He shook his head. "It is your first. With childbirth come great responsibilities."

"We should do it together." He didn't need any more convincing, and like a child in a candy store he nodded.

"Ok." He stood up and carried the baby over to a small steel table. He placed it on the cold surface as he returned to his daughter. He reached down as he began to cut her ropes. "It is amazing to see you on this table. Your mother has given birth countless times on this exact table, as has your sister. Now you have become a woman, my sweet little girl."

When the restraints were gone she pulled her sore body off the table. She eagerly walked barefoot to the metal table. Her father was right behind her, his arms wrapping around her. She reached a hand back and rubbed his face as he kissed her neck. They looked at the little crying infant.

"He's so beautiful." She tried to hold back her tears.

"He is." He wrapped her hand in his as he slowly pulled it across the table. They rest on a metal hammer. She smiles as she runs her fingers over the small metal object. She felt a jolt of excitement throughout her body, similar to sexual arousal.

"I am wet." She whispered as he blew into her ear.

"It is your first time. You will remember this forever."

She wrapped her hand around the handle of the hammer as she raised it. She felt his hand still wrapping hers. Together they raised it high in the air above the crying infant.

"I love you daddy."

"I love you baby."

And with this the two of them slammed the hammer down, onto the baby. Its cries instantly ceased as the skull cracked open. Blood and brain matter spilled out from the hole and onto the table. They raised the hammer again and when it came down the abdomen burst like a piñata. The blood sprayed all over her nude body as she laughed hysterically. They brought the hammer down a few more times before dropping the weapon. She turned in his arms and looked excitedly into his eyes.

"I did it."

"You did. And next time you can do it yourself."

"I can't wait for my next child." He held her in the dark cellar, kissing her beneath the glow of the hook light.

Upstairs, in the kitchen, the mother hummed a soft tune. She was cleaning dishes when she excitedly turned to the cellar door.

"It's done. My little girl is now all grown up."

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# The Shut-In

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Virginia's Nissan Altima pulled into the gravel driveway. Anxiously she hummed an upbeat melody to divert her mind. It wasn't working. The small rocks which made up the driveway crunched beneath the weight of her slow moving tires. She continued to hum, a desperate attempt to hide her angst from both herself as well as Jeff.

She put the car in park and killed the engine. With her hands gripping the steering wheel she closed her eyes tight. She shook her head and let out a deep breath while whispering to herself "He'll be fine. It's just three days. I'll be gone and when I return things will be fine."

She briskly shook her head as if somehow this would empty her mind. She imagined her fears and insecurities falling free like dandruff from her hair. She imagined an overwhelming sense of calmness flowing over her body like water from a shower head. She took a deep breath and let out an exaggerated exhale. She then reached a shaking hand to her car door handle and jerked it open.

Jeff watched from the window. He watched Virginia's queer behavior. Thoughts began to develop in his paranoid mind. He knew something was wrong and being as sick as he was he expected the absolute worse.

Cancer, Sickle Cell Anemia, Multiple Dystrophy, AIDs

He decided it was better to wait the four or five seconds until she reached the front door. Maybe it isn't that bad? He shook his head, disappointed with himself. He hated acting like this, hiding in the shadows and watching. He wished he could greet her at the door like before. Greet her with a smile, meeting her halfway. He imagined the world as it was before, before his mental breakdown.

It seemed like forever to him but it had only been three years since his agoraphobia isolated him from the rest of the world. Three years since he lived a somewhat normal life as an average man with a decent job making decent bank. Three years since he would smile and be the social epicenter among peers. Three long years have passed since the day he couldn't get out of bed.

He remembered that day well. Had it been two days before someone noticed? He was catatonic lying in bed muttering incoherent sentence fragments. He was unable to move. He urinated in his bed and lay there in his filth for two days, that is until a concerned Virginia came to his rescue.

She called the paramedics, and they took him away to the hospital. He spent a week there before he would be released back to his home. His home; this turned out to be a prison sentence. It was here he remained since, not so much as stepping out the front door. He segregated himself from the world and it was within the confines of this house where he found solace. This was his world, and the only outside influenced allowed was Virginia.

Virginia was a true friend. She made sure to visit him every day and bring him groceries once a week. The love he had for her was strong, an unbreakable bond like brother and sister. Jeff was ignorant, however, of Virginia's feelings.

She saw their love in a much different light. Where Jeff saw sibling love, Virginia saw a potential for long, everlasting romance. She understood he was unable to commit to any relationship right now, but

in time. He was ill, damaged yet salvageable. His vulnerability amplified her feelings for him as she set a foundation to build passion; one day when he's finally healed she would be there.

And they lived happily ever after...

She knocked softly on the door, careful not to knock too hard. To knock with aggressive force would send Jeff into a panic, and he would retreat to a safe spot in the house. Days would go by before he could be convinced to come out. Batting her lashes she cleared her throat before calling out in a soft voice "Jeff, It's me Virginia."

Now came the routine; the deadbolt would open giving Virginia her cue to open it. Jeff never opened the door. His phobias wouldn't allow him to. He would retreat from the door to the entranceway of the kitchen as he awaited Virginia's safe entry.

"Hey Jeff, how are you?" She called out, closing the door behind her. He emerged from the shadows timid yet excited to see her. She had a calming effect on him, sort of like a drug.

"Oh, you know how it is. It's just another day in my mental little world." He joked. Virginia forced a laugh although she was uncomfortable with it. She understood that his jokes which made fun of his ailment were a defense mechanism to help cope with the situation. She didn't have to like it though.

He led the way to the living room. It was bare with the exception of a couple leather couches, coffee table, and a television sitting on a stand. As always his house was immaculate.

Of course my house is clean I'm locked in here every goddamn day. Even a shut-in is capable of developing cabin fever. If it wasn't for the cleaning surely I'd have fallen off the deep end a long time ago.

Jeff motioned for Virginia to take a seat. She followed, obeying the laws of Jeffery's World. Jeff decided who entered his world, as well as how they behaved in it. He always led the way from room to room and gave permission to sit, lean, eat and drink; or whatever else. Virginia only one time in the past sat down without permission. For the next two weeks Jeff sat in a mind shattered catatonia because he lost control of his world.

"I was watching an amazing documentary earlier." Jeff took a seat in the couch opposite of her. He leaned back sinking into the cushions. "It was on string theory. Are you familiar with it?"

"Yes I am. It involves a lot within it but the bulk of it is the theory of extra dimensions."

"Yes. I found the documentary very exciting yet frightening. It sure is terrifying to know privacy is an illusion." Jeff could read the puzzled look in Virginia's face. He smiled. "What I mean is that in this theory there are other worlds overlapping our own. We share this space with others in another world. I might be next to another being right now or inside one. Perhaps those strange feelings we sometimes get, that sensation that we are not quite ourselves, is because we fused two beings together. Our worlds separated by a thin ethereal fabric. I may not like it but I cannot deny the compelling evidence."

"As I recall many scientists consider it junk science." Virginia responded shaking her head. "I mean it is a theory not a law."

“Yes, but hasn’t all science at one time or another been called junk science; Witchcraft or black magic sometimes? Before something becomes law it must first be theory.” It wasn’t what he said that troubled Virginia but how he expressed himself. He was getting more eccentric, wilder in his expressions. His hands madly flailed with his eyes as his tone took erratic jumps and dives. He looked like a conductor leading an orchestra.

“Well that’s real interesting.” Jeff could tell she was distracted. He studied her and noticed she refused eye contact. She looked at her feet as if somewhere in that general direction was an escape for her; a back door where she could slip out.

“What’s wrong? I can tell something’s wrong.”

“As usual you’re right. I do have something to tell you. I got a promotion at work.”

“Well this is fantastic news, but why the sullen look? There’s more isn’t there?”

“Jesus Jeff, I swear you should become a psychologist when you-” She looked up at him. She didn’t want to finish the sentence. She made it a point to not mention his condition. He held a hand out letting her know it was alright. She continued. “I’m now the regional assistant director of marketing research.”

“Wow, quite the title but I don’t see why the melancholy.”

“I need to take off for a few days” She shot her hand out in a stop motion to prevent Jeff from over reacting. “Don’t worry, it’s only three days and I’ll be back. I’m going up to New Hampshire.”

Jeff twitched slightly, forcing a giant smile as a pathetic way to hide his disappointment. Fear and sadness overwhelmed him. “Ok. Then go.”

“Oh Jeff, don’t be upset. I wish to god I could call or email you.”

“No way are you getting one of them goddamn computers or phones in this house. They carry cancer and allow the CIA to listen in on your conversations.”

“I know Jeff, I know you don’t trust them I just worry about you and wish I had the means to check in on you.”

“Listen, you go. I’ll be fine. Christ it is only three days, you think I’m that crazy?” Jeff laughed. This time Virginia also laughed. She had to. He motioned for her to stand and she did. He hugged her tight as he whispered. “Now not another word about phone calls or emails.”

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After Virginia left Jeff quickly dashed off to the kitchen and reached for the drawer. In the drawer he keeps a collection of pills. There were bottles of paroxetine, diazepam, clonazepam, buspar; and then he found it hiding in the corner, alprazolam. He pulled off the top to his favorite little anti-anxiety and popped two into his mouth. He shook his head.

“Three days. Three days and she’ll come back. She has to. But what if she has a car accident? What if she’s kidnapped or raped? If she was raped she could develop a major phobia of males, thus she would stop seeing me altogether.” He shook his head as he softly hit himself with a closed fist. “Stop it, you are doing it again. The what ifs always make you lose control. TV! Got to watch TV!”

He stumbled back into the living room and plopped himself down on the leather couch. He reached for the remote and turned it on. It was the news. The newscaster looked into the camera with a stern look.

“A young woman was found today murdered in the Raintree Village projects in Brockton. The woman was believed to be a police informant responsible for a raid on a drug house on Winthrop Street last month. The woman was found execution style with four gunshots from a .22 caliber handgun. Her hands were tied behind her.”

“And I’m the crazy one for not leaving my house. Terrorism, shootings, gang banging; the whole world goes to shit but still people flock in record numbers to buy more bullshit, yet I’m the disturbed one.” As he talked to himself and the pills began to take hold he heard from upstairs the patter of small feet running across the floor. He shook his head, ignoring it as a side effect from the pills. It was the undeniable laughter of a child which made him shoot up. “What the fuck?”

Terror overwhelmed him. He felt his heart speed up considerably. He pulled himself from the couch and slowly made his way toward the staircase. The sounds of the feet ran back and forth accompanied by the laugh of a little girl.

“Hello? You’re not supposed to be here.” And the running stopped just like that. He gripped the railing with a shaking, white knuckled hand. There was nothing now, nothing but empty silence. He shook his head letting out a nervous laugh. “These fucking pills, I’ll tell you-”

“You’re not fun anymore Jeff.” A girl’s voice yelled behind him. Spinning around he lost his balance and fell to the floor. He scanned the area but saw nothing; no girl.

“It’s the pills; don’t freak out. There’s no one in this house, especially not some child. You’re tired. It’s been a long day and you just took two real strong pills.”

Of course it’s just the pills you dumb shit. Look at you.

Jeff laughed as he pulled himself up. “These fucking pills will-”

Suddenly something whizzed past his head at a high velocity; smashing against the wall into a million pieces. Jeff spun around to see no one behind him, just an empty end table where there once was a ceramic vase. Jeff walked across the room and looked at the broken object.

“Just the pills? How the fuck can you blame the pills on that?”

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Don’t worry Virginia, you’re almost there. Check into the hotel; take a shower and then crash. A good night sleep is all you need to get you through tomorrow.

She desperately tried to trick herself into thinking that the source of her worries stem from the class; anxious over the promotion. She could be nervous over the economy, the war, terrorism, fucking aliens...but she could not admit that she was worried about Jeff. To admit this would raise panic. She cared too much for him.

The mountains of New Hampshire were overwhelming. They looked like massive sculptures carved by the mighty titans in Greek Mythology. The sun had already begun to sink behind them. As the daylight began to disappear and make way for the night, a sense of dread tore through her. She felt



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