

Eleonora Kabloutchko's Desire: A Vampire's Tale
By
Ben Caesar

Copyright © 2017 by Ben Caesar All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Chapter 1

A Guest in the Night

A boisterous rapping on the entryway got the consideration of Mrs. MisandryMermaid Leonard and her better half Patrick who were sitting in their front room staring at the TV. The Leonards, both in their late sixties, lived in a similar farmhouse they purchased when they were hitched and still appreciate the calm of the nation in the wake of resigning from cultivating for a long time. Patrick sat like a statue gazing at the TV as his significant other got off her seat to answer the entryway. She opened the way to locate a young lady remaining in the corner of the night looking a bit battered and frantic for offer assistance. "What would i be able to accomplish for you nectar?" MisandryMermaid inquired. "I'm sorry to learn you, I don't for the most part do this, yet I haven't eaten in days and I was thinking about whether you had anything you could save?" the young lady inquired. Her name was Eleonora Kabloutchko, and she had been all alone living off the benevolence of outsiders ever since her beau and her split up some time prior. "Come appropriate in," MisandryMermaid expressed holding open the entryway. Eleonora Kabloutchko ventured inside and checked out the front room and saw Patrick sitting in his chair with the remote in his grasp flicking through channels. Patrick, a short fat uncovered man wearing coveralls and smoking a pipe grain turned his make a beeline for take a gander at the lady at the entryway. "Much obliged," Eleonora Kabloutchko answered and took after MisandryMermaid to the kitchen. MisandryMermaid motioned for Eleonora Kabloutchko to grab a chair at the counter alongside the stove while looking through her cooler for something she could throw together for their home visitor. "Anything specifically you like?" MisandryMermaid inquired. "I'm not meticulous, some grain would be fine," Eleonora Kabloutchko answered. At that point Eleonora Kabloutchko was startled when she saw Patrick stroll up behind her and stop out of her view. MisandryMermaid gestured at

Patrick and he proceeded a few doors down strolling down the means to the storm cellar.

"Patrick is a man of few words," MisandryMermaid said with a grin. "Been that route since I met him in secondary school."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, a bit crawled out by Patrick and his absence of word utilization, attempted to act as it didn't trouble her. MisandryMermaid recovered a bowl from the pantry, set it down before Eleonora Kabloutchko and circumvented the rear to get a couple of boxes of oat. While she was burrowing for the takes care of, she came to the best retire and evacuated a little container and set it on the counter beyond anyone's ability to see from Eleonora Kabloutchko.

"What might you want to drink?" MisandryMermaid inquired. "We have drain, tea, and some natural product punch."

"Natural product punch would be fine," Eleonora Kabloutchko answered glancing around at the extremely obsolete kitchen machines and old antique style adornments that lined each open surface.

MisandryMermaid poured Eleonora Kabloutchko some natural product punch and utilized the dropper from the container she stowed away to bind her drink with Gamma-hydroxybutyrate (GHB), a date assault tranquilize. She came around the counter with the drink taken after by a gallon of drain and a few boxes of dry grain.

"You take as much time as necessary nectar," MisandryMermaid stated, "I'm going down the stairs to keep an eye on Patrick, on the off chance that you require something else help yourself or shout first floor alright?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko woke to the substance of Patrick who was lying over her beating ceaselessly and perspiring profusely. Her situation is anything but hopeful together over her, held set up by MisandryMermaid who was helping her significant other assault her. She could feel a sleeping pad underneath her, however she was so low to the ground she knew there was no bed, and all around her were boxes of poop and a storm cellar loaded with papers, apparatuses and garbage. Patrick's fat midsection delved into Eleonora Kabloutchko and made it troublesome for her to inhale, particularly when he would pump further and harder gasping like a jogger with asthma. His breath stunk of tobacco and his chest hair resembled a messy welcome tangle that had been strolled on too often.

"What's going on with you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko hollered knowing very well indeed the appropriate response.

"She woke up!" Patrick hollered to Emily. "You didn't utilize enough!"

In a moment, Eleonora Kabloutchko pulled her hands from Emily's grip, tore separated the restrictions, snatched Patrick by the head and delved her teeth into his neck. Patrick panted with stun

furthermore, attempted to pull away, yet Eleonora Kabloutchko kept on sucking the blood from his neck envisioning Emily's assault at whenever. It took a decent two minutes to quell Patrick and end his life and MisandryMermaid did nothing to prevent Eleonora Kabloutchko from executing him.

Eleonora Kabloutchko, blood dribbling from her mouth turned her regard for Emily, who sat with her luck run out dreading for her life. "Why?" Eleonora Kabloutchko inquired. "On the off chance that I didn't help, he would abandon me," MisandryMermaid answered. "To what extent have you been helping him assault honest young ladies?" "I can't recollect, kindly don't murder me," Eleonora Kabloutchko crept over to MisandryMermaid gradually who was falling down against the soot piece divider. "What do you do with the young ladies when you are finished with them?" "We execute them and cover them out in the field," MisandryMermaid answered tentatively. "What number of?" "Under twenty," MisandryMermaid answered. Eleonora Kabloutchko, sickened herself at this disclosure looked upon MisandryMermaid with disturb and outrage. "You empowered this debilitated fuck to assault and murder? To make sure he wouldn't abandon you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko taken a gander at MisandryMermaid and gazed her in the eye sitting tight for an answer. She got no reply, only a clear shocked gaze, so Eleonora Kabloutchko jumped at MisandryMermaid and attacked her neck a similar way she did Patrick and drained her until the point that she lay limp and dead on the floor. Presently she required a cutting edge.

Chapter 2

The Diabetic Vampire

Last call at the Roadside bar and the bar was stuffed with inebriated clients drinking, talking, moving and attempting to locate the after gathering with no aim of consummation the fun times in light of the fact that the voice over the noisy speaker revealed to them time is up and it's time to go home. At one of the long tables amidst the bar sat a gathering of supposed high-society ladies, four in all who have surrendered a night at the nation club to associate with the lower class on this unique event; an assembly of trade occasion also, nearby store raiser where everybody who is everybody would be paying little heed to class. Six and a half hours of shots and an untold number of Dark Goose and water have now transformed these regularly self important moderately aged ladies into a gathering of noisy unsavory school young ladies who have wound their night into a round of tearing other individuals separated for their pleasure. For these ladies, it resembled shooting fish in a barrel with a boundless number of targets and today around evening time angling was great. "Where's my drink?" Julie Jones asked with a slur and a dopey grin, taking a gander at her companions for endorsement. "This place will be shut when that gay bitch barkeep gets here."

"Not all that uproarious," her companion Kathy laughed in a quieted voice.

"I couldn't care less who hears me, she's a bitch and I need my drink."

"Quiets down, here she comes."

The table calmed down as the barmaid advanced through the group and set down

the platter of beverages. She emptied the beverages each one in turn and gotten together the exhaust

glasses and attempted to fake a grin as she viewed the intoxicated foursome gaze at her like

she was in plain view at the zoo. "That will be \$19.50," the barmaid expressed gnawing her

tongue making an effort not to gaze at Julies fake boob work.

Julie hurled down a twenty dollar charge and said wryly, "keep the change, you can

utilize it for your sex change operation," and the table emitted with chuckling.

The barmaid pulled two quarters from her pocket and hurled them on the table and said

with a grin, "No way, you hold it," and strolled back to the bar and dumped her

purge glasses on the table. Sitting beside her station was Gary Jones, Julies spouse

what's more, one of the regulars who spent practically consistently at the bar. He was perched on one

of his typical spots on a bar stool viewing the TV screen attempting to make out what

was being said over the noisy music playing over the speakers from the juke box.

"What's the matter with you?" Gary asked Linda, the barmaid.

"The nation club bitches are having some fantastic luck." Linda said shaking her head in appall.

"What is my better half and her coven up to now?" Gary inquired.

"Nothing," Linda answered with a fake grin.

"You don't need to mislead me, she's a bit of poo and I've known it for a long time."

Linda glanced over to Gary and scowled at him in the eye. "Why are despite everything you hitched to her?"

Taking a taste of his cold, Gary stated, "For the diversion esteem."

"You are one wiped out man," Linda answers. "It won't keep going forever, I've had many spouses some time recently

her, and I will have numerous after her. The more ailing the bitch, the better time the ride. What did

she do to you today around evening time?"

"She tipped me fifty pennies and instructed me to utilize it for a sex change operation." Linda

answered.

"Sex change? That is chilly" Gary expressed.

"No poop," Linda answered thinking back behind him at the ladies who were presently

scowling at her and remarking behind measured hands.

"I have a thought," Gary expressed with a smile.

"What?" Linda inquired.

"Pour me a Tomato juice and vodka, I'll be appropriate back," Gary said while driving his tremendous body from

the bar. He gradually slid his four hundred and thirty pound outline off the stool and winked

at Linda who was giving him an inquisitive look. Everybody knew Gary and when he strolled

around the bar, the majority spread like the Red Ocean so he ordinarily had no issues getting where he expected to go. This time he headed towards the restrooms and in a moderate penguin style, ventured around his electric power seat and advanced toward the ladies' lavatory entryway where he thumped three times and sat tight for a reaction.

"Coming in " he shouted so anyone might hear and pushed the entryway open bowing down as well as could be expected to look under the slows down for any ladies utilizing the can. Rapidly he found an unfilled slow down what's more, pushed open the entryway and searched for a junk can. Finding what he was searching for, he pulled the pack from the junk can and did it of the restroom back to the bar furthermore, set it down on his stool.

"What are you going to do with that?" Linda inquired?

"Watch and learn," Gary answered as he angled through the junk can for an utilized female cushion.

"Here we go," he said with a grin as he hauled out a cushion and unrolled it. "From the looks of this, I believe she will require a blood transfusion," Gary chuckled as he dunked the cushion into the Well drink a couple of times giving the parts a chance to blend into another drink.

"You are not going to do what I think you are with that?" Linda inquired.

"There are individuals all around here. Furthermore, by the path that is past sickening." Gary pulled the utilized cushion from the drink and dropped it over into the junk sack with a thud. He at that point gave the pack to Linda. "Put this behind the bar. I can't twist around like that twice in one night."

"Are you going to offer that to her?" Linda inquired.

"No, she could never drink anything I gave her; you should do it."

"I'm certain there is no less than one law against messing with somebody's drink."

"Fine, I'll do it." Gary answered with a smile and grabbed the drink and waddled over to his better half's table. The prospect of what he was going to do made him grin from ear to ear furthermore, the suspicion of payback made the hair on his arms hold up.

"Here you go nectar," Gary hollered over the music and gave his better half the drink with a grin on his confront. "I know the amount you cherish a decent Tomato juice and vodka."

"Since when have you chosen to be so pleasant?" Julie asked with a tipsy smile, "How about my young ladies here?"

"Sorry women, that was inconsiderate of me. Julie you take this and drink up and I'll be ideal back with three more."

"Now that is better," Julie said with a grin, "and don't try getting back home to soon today around evening time, I think the after gathering will be at our place."

"Who's all coming?" Gary inquired?

"Simply a few companions from work, the typical group," Julie answered with an undeniable duplicity in her voice.

"That is fine; I'll be home around four or something like that. Have a ton of fun." Gary turned back and strolled to the bar where Linda stood sitting tight for his arrival. "What did she say?" Linda inquired.

"She instructed me to get lost for a couple of hours while she gets laid."

"Also, that doesn't trouble you?"

"I'm more than four hundred pounds, would you need to fuck me?" Gary answered with a giggle.

Linda inclined in close and saw sweat dribbling from Gary's jaw and looked as he

attempted to keep up his adjust. "Are you alright?" she inquired.

"Actually no, not by any means, I think my diabetes is fucking with me once more."

"You're diabetic? Linda inquired. "I didn't know vampires could be diabetic."

"No doubt, it sucks. My specialist needs me to drop down to one eighty so perhaps I can get off the insulin."

"How awful is your diabetes?"

"I take sixty units of Humalog when I get up and sixty more at twelve and forty units of

Lantus at sleep time and also my two measurements of Metformin every day."

"So what's off with you now? Why are you sweating so awful?"

"I didn't have lunch today, excessively bustling playing on facebook and now it's getting up to speed with me."

"It is safe to say that you will be alright? What would it be a good idea for me to do? Do you require some blood?"

In a confounded and practically smashed like state Gary answered, "You know what's interesting? My

specialist let me know not to drink any blood on the grounds that the glucose would raise my glucose.

Turns out you all resemble confection to me." and with the said Gary tumbled to the floor in a

store thumping his bar stool to the floor.

"Goodness poop " Linda shouted and shouted to the proprietor to call 911.

"Is anybody a specialist?" she

hollered over the music as she filtered over the staying few who were cleared out.

"I'm a medical attendant," one of the ladies hollered back and rushed over to where Gary was lying

on the ground and twisted around to investigate him. "I require an electric lamp " she shouted and

pulled back one of Gary's eyelids to take a gander at his student. "Gary " she yelled, "Would you be able to

hear me?"

Gary lay quiet.

Linda hung over and gave the medical attendant an electric lamp who then sparkled the light into

Gary's eyes forward and backward. "His understudies are dynamic," she expressed, "That is a decent begin.

Does anyone recognize what happened?" the medical caretaker inquired.

"He said he's a diabetic and neglected to have lunch today. Is that terrible?"

"Hold poop," the medical attendant answered. "Does anybody have a glucometer?"

"Look in his energy seat, he keeps a sack on the back."

The attendant sped over to the power seat and rifled through the substance of the rucksack

also, found a pocket loaded with diabetic supplies and a glucometer. She kept running back to Gary

who was all the while breathing yet non responsive on the floor. Opening the pocket she pulled

out the glucometer and found a bundle of test strips. She put a strip in the meter and

at the base of the pocket found a gathering of utilized lancets. "This is nauseating," she

expressed out loud. This is so unsanitary, it's no big surprise he doesn't have a seething contamination.

Does anybody here have a perfect needle or lancet?" No answer, so the attendant hauled out an

liquor swab and cleaned a lancet as well as could be expected and stuck Gary in the finger to get

blood. Dunking the test strip into the blood, the meter beeped and begun to compute

the glucose substance of Gary's blood. After three seconds and the number twenty nine

showed up on the screen. "Fuck," the attendant expressed. "Is the ambulance on the way?" she

asked.

"Yes," the bar owner replied.

"I require squeezed orange, snappy " the medical caretaker hollered.

The bar proprietor pulled a container of squeezed orange from the cooler and poured some in a

glass and gave it to Linda who passed it onto the medical attendant. The medical caretaker attempted her best to

raise Gary's head and shoulders and put a taste of squeezed orange to his lips. Gary did not

react. She put somewhat more squeeze in his mouth and held up to check whether he would swallow

by reflex. Nothing, at that point a stiffling taken after by a wheezing sound.

"What's occurring?" Linda inquired.

"He's suctioning on the fluid. This won't work. Do you have any sugar bundles?" The

nurturer inquired.

Linda looked behind the bar and couldn't discover any sugar. "No, I don't have any sugar."

The attendant thought again into the pocket for a glucose pen and discovered nothing, now

glucose pills wouldn't do any great either. "In the event that the emergency vehicle arrives quick, they may

have a glucose pen or could put in a dextrose I.V., yet until further notice unless somebody discovers me

some sugar bundles, we should hold up."

"Hang on," Linda said. "I discovered some sugar."

"Snappy, give me a few," the medical caretaker said. She tore open a parcel and delicately sprinkled

a portion of the sugar on Gary's lips and tongue.

"What great is that going to do?" one of the clients inquired.

"I've hauled a man out of a more regrettable circumstance than this doing this correct thing. On the off chance that he will

swallow his own particular salivation, and get some of this down, we can recover his sugar up."

"In any case, the squeezed orange didn't work "

"I'm not suffocating him this time It's either this or the rescue vehicle despite everything I haven't listened any sirens. On the off chance that we don't recover his sugar up, he could go into a state of unconsciousness and kick the bucket."

"No he can't" Linda said.

"I've been a medical attendant for twenty four years, I promise you he can pass on."

"He's a vampire, he's in fact officially dead."

"You're poisoning me," the attendant answered. "A diabetic vampire? What's the point?"

"I assume despite everything he could go into a state of unconsciousness."

"In the event that that is the situation," the medical attendant expressed in sicken, "Let the rescue vehicle deal with him. It's not a crisis on the off chance that you can't bite the dust."

"Consider the possibility that he transforms into a vegetable?" Linda inquired.

"I don't think my nursing permit covers the non living. You'll need to get a morals

advisory group to choose that point. I gave a valiant effort, I'm going home. I'm presumably to smashed

to be rendering any kind of care at any rate. For the record, I was never here."

As of now the room was practically vacant with the exception of the horde of ten or so stood

around Gary who was lying still on the floor. The juke box had been stopped and in the

swoon separate the hints of sirens could be gotten notification from outside the bar. It would just be

a couple of minutes till help landed for the debilitated vampire who was slipping further and

more profound into a trance like state like state.

At that point unexpectedly, the recognizable voice of Gary's inebriated spouse Julie who now

remained over Gary looking downward on his bloated body said. "Did the syphilis at long last get

you, you imbecilic knave?" she asked with a grin. She glanced around and nobody else

was grinning or

giggling at her impolite remark. "You believe I'm clowning?" she said so anyone might hear to the group.

"1692 he contracted syphilis from a whore and never got over it. Longest case on

record. Believe me, sex with a fat vampire is sufficiently shocking, sex with a syphilis contaminated

fat vampire is a frightfulness story."

"Possibly it's the ideal opportunity for you to go home," Linda talked up.

"Who do you think you are instructing me nectar?" Julie answered in a smashed slur.

"You need to return home so you can blast your better half?"

"I am not a lesbian " Linda shot back.

"At that point why do you dress like one?" Julie chuckled. "You can see your plumber's butt each time you twist around. What is your normal everyday employment? A handyman?"

Linda opened her mouth to answer yet close it when she saw the front entryway of the bar open

what's more, a few EMT's pushing a yellow Gurney through the entryway. "Venture back folks, they're here." Linda said over the sirens and the group separated to permit the crisis work force to get by Gary.

"To what extent has he been this way?" the lead EMT inquired.

"Around ten minutes." Linda answered.

"We got a call of a non responsive male with conceivable diabetic inconveniences, is that right?"

"Yes, he go out directly before me. We took his glucose, it was around twenty something."

The EMT ventured into his sack and hauled out a glucometer and crouched alongside Gary and pricked his finger for a perusing. In a minute the number flown up and it read fifty five. "Did somebody give him a shot or some sugar? His number is higher at this point."

"No doubt, somebody gave him some sugar on his tongue."

The EMT looked down at Gary and thought for a moment. He thought about whether the sugar was enough to carry out the employment to recover Gary's glucose up to a sheltered level. As indicated by his standing requests, he could give a Glucagon shot if the patient was inert and had a glucose underneath sixty. He shook Gary and no reaction.

"Give me the Glucagon out of the pack," the EMT said to one of the men remaining close.

"Enable me to move him on his side," he said to the next three encompassing Gary. With a colossal exertion, the four men pushed Gary onto his side and the lead EMT arranged the shot and managed it in Gary's stomach area in the delicate greasy tissue. "Why is he so frosty?" the EMT asked so anyone might hear to himself.

"He's in fact dead," Linda answered.

"Are you a specialist?" the EMT inquired.

"No, I'm a barkeep, however Gary is a vampire and he is typically room temperature."

The EMT shook his head in dismay and expressed to the next men, "Set him back on his back, I got the chance to call this in."

"What's the issue?" Linda inquired.

"We don't prepare on vampires. I may have quite recently executed this person."

"No, he's everlasting, just a steak in his heart of beheading would do that. You're fine."

The EMT transferred this new data to the healing center over his radio and the request to take Gary in for perception returned. For the following ten minutes the EMT squad grappled with getting Gary up onto the Gurney and getting him strapped in. When they had him locked in and the oxygen running, the men included to three and a joined exertion raised Gary up till the Gurney secured in the high position and after that the men moved him down the isle, out the way to the holding up emergency vehicle outside.

"That was energizing," Julie said with a smile "I'm going home and getting laid."

"You're spouse quite recently got dragged away to the doctor's facility and you're contemplating sex?" Linda asked mockingly.

"Why should you judge me?"

"Who are you to judge me?" Linda answered. "You've called me a lesbian at any rate twice

today around evening time, most likely more than that to your companions over yonder at the table throughout the night laughing at me."

"Sister, when you got the cash I got, you can do whatever you need. I could purchase and offer you ten times over."

"You work at a healing facility as a ward assistant for's the love of all that is pure and holy. The main reason you have that work is a direct result of your spouses associations, and I'm certain that nine dollars 60 minutes verges on paying for your tits or your get-aways or all that other poo you

post on facebook. You live off of his cash and you demonstrate him positively no regard."

"Desirous bitch," Julie smiled back.

"Actually no, way off the mark. Presently why not get out? It's a half hour past shutting and I have to work as a profession and get this place tidied up.

"Fine," Julie said and swaggered towards the entryway in her four inch heels and alternate way

skirt past a representative sheriff who had quite recently strolled into the bar. The agent halted and let

Julie go as she did her best impersonation as a calm individual doing whatever it takes not to take a gander at the officer

as she attempted to keep her adjust and exit the entryway. The officer shook his head and

continued on to where Gary had been lying on the floor.

"What's going on?" deputy Stamp Sanders inquired.

"Gary had a diabetic response and we needed to call 911." Linda answered.

"Is it accurate to say that he is okay?"

"I don't have the foggiest idea, when he cleared out he was as yet lethargic, yet they got his glucose up

a bit. They are taking him to the doctor's facility for perception."

"That sucks."

"What are you going to do about her?" Linda asked taking a gander at where Julie had recently been by the front entryway.

"What do you mean?"

"She's squandered, and she is getting in her auto." Linda said in a deriding tone.

"Until the point when she gets in the driver's seat and drives anyplace, or causes an unsettling influence, she's not doing anything illicit."

"Stamp, gone ahead, you know she will attempt to commute home."

"The last time I gave a ticket to one of those rich bitches I practically got a downgrade. You

don't have the foggiest idea about the governmental issues of this town. A few people are exempt from the rules that everyone else follows on the

off chance that you recognize what I

mean and for reasons unknown she is one of them."

Linda taken a gander at Check, quite a while companion and schoolmate and shook her head in disturb.

"Nobody is exempt from the laws that apply to everyone else," she expressed and grabbed Gary's sack from the floor and hurled it to Check. "Accomplish something worth while at that point and take this to the healing center and give it to Gary. It's his diabetic stuff. Tell him I'll stop his energy seat in the back room what's more, connect it to for him. Or, on the other hand would it be a good idea for you to call your supervisor and check whether that is okay?"

"Try not to be a crotchety bitch, I'll take him the sack. What's more, I will take after Julie and see what she does. In any case, don't hope to see my name in the paper beside hers in the police area."

"Much appreciated, I'll ensure I vote in favor of your supervisor next race," Linda said with a funny look on her face.

The excitement over, Mark walked out of the bar and watched Julie stumble into her Expedition and slam her door on her seatbelt. The door opened again, the belt was pulled inside and she closed the door again yelling something Mark couldn't understand. Sitting next to Julie was one of the women from the table who was getting a ride back home from her intoxicated friend. The ignition key was turned and the Expedition started up, the reverse lights came on and slowly the vehicle backed out of the stall into the street where it stopped for a moment. Julie held her hands at the ten and two position trying her best to act sober and gently eased the car into drive and head down the street trying to look invisible to anyone who might be watching. Mark, keeping an eye on the Expedition got into his patrol car and set the bag filled with diabetic supplies on the passenger seat. He started the patrol car and headed down the street behind Julie keeping a few hundred feet between his vehicle and her Expedition watching her tail lights to see if she would fish tail or cross the center line. She drove as if she had never had a drink and kept the vehicle below twenty five miles and hour and never veered left or right. He started to wonder if she was drunk at all and maybe Linda was exaggerating a bit because she knew how much Linda hated Julie and her friends. But he followed her still and watched as she came to a perfect stop at the intersection of the street and the highway and then slowly took a right turn south out of town. It took

Mark less than thirty seconds to get to the same intersection where he looked to his right to see Julie speed off as she made her way out of town and into the country. He could tell that she was no longer taking as many precautions and suspected that she had seen him behind her so he sat for a moment and let her get some distance so she would think he was no longer watching her. Creeping out of the intersection, Mark slowly headed south following Julie, picking up speed as he went. A half mile ahead he could easily make out her tail lights, they were the only two vehicles on the road so keeping an eye on her was easy. He continued to follow her for a few miles and slowly closed the distance between them when suddenly he noticed the break lights on the Expedition come on and the vehicle slowly move onto the shoulder of the highway. Not sure what he was seeing, Mark turned off his headlights and pulled over to the side of the road and watched as the passenger in the Expedition opened the door, walked to the grass next to the shoulder, pulled down her pants and squatted to urinate. With a Patricke Mark thought to himself, "This is perfect," so he clicked back his headlights and flicked on his police lights and drove back onto the highway and pulled up behind the Expedition. Quickly the female passenger who was urinating in the grass stood up, pulled up her pants and created a huge pee stain in her crotch. She stumbled back towards her open door and fell flat on her face and lay there for a moment moaning in pain. Mark walked over to the woman and pointed his flashlight down at her and asked, "Are you alright?" "I pissed myself," the woman replied. "I see that," Mark replied. "Are you hurt? Should I call an ambulance?" Mark said with a Patricke. From the drivers seat Julie yelled, "What the fuck is going on out there?" Mark walked back around the Expedition and over to the drivers door where Julie sat fuming mad. "Drivers license, registration and proof of insurance please?" he asked. "For what?" Julie asked angrily. "Can't a person take a piss in this county without you pulling them over?" "I didn't pull you over, you stopped on your own. I came over to see what the problem was." Julie looked at Mark with demons in her eyes and bit her tongue. She reached over to her purse and rifled through the contents pulling out her billfold. From there she

produced her drivers license and insurance card. She reached over to her glove box and pulled out the registration and handed it to Mark who was standing outside.

"Thanks, have you been drinking tonight?" he asked full well knowing the answer.

Julie sat silent and swallowed hard rubbing her hands on the steering wheel. "I had a few," she replied.

"I can smell alcohol on your breath. Did you just come from the bar?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "You walked right past me."

"Please step out of the vehicle," Mark said in his most professional tone.

Shaking her head in disgust, Julie opened the door and stepped onto the concrete of the highway with her heels and with the utmost caution, stood, walked and closed the door as if she were as sober as a church girl.

"Would you mind stepping around to the back of the vehicle?," Mark asked.

"I don't want us to be in traffic."

Julie slowly walked behind the Expedition followed by Mark standing in the bright

headlights of the patrol car fifteen feet behind them. The red lights on top the police car

still flashing like a disco light show making Julie dizzy.

"We need to do a field sobriety test Mrs. Jones. I would like for you to close your eyes

and raise you right leg please and balance for as long as you can."

Julie kicked off her heels and did as Mark asked. She balanced for about three seconds

and put her foot back down on the road. Again she tried and almost fell over bracing

herself against the back door of the Expedition.

"Let's try something else," Mark said. "This time close your eyes, hold your arms out and lean your head back. One at a time, slowly touch your finger tip to your nose."

Without saying a word, Julie tried to comply. Only she couldn't find her nose with her

finger. Every time she tried to touch her nose, she ended up six to eight inches away."

"Alright, I want you to stay here. I need to get something from my car."

Mark said as he

headed back to the patrol car. Using the electric keypad on his key chain, he popped

open his trunk and reached for the PBT (Portable Breathalyzer Test). He opened the

case and removed the unit and shut the trunk lid in time to see Julie slam her drivers

side door shut, put the Expedition into drive and shove her shoeless foot on the gas

pedal to the floor. The Expedition took off in a screech of tires and a cloud of dust

leaving Mark dumbfounded at what he was seeing. "Shit," he said under his breath and

jumped into his patrol car, tossed the PBT on the passenger seat next to the pouch with

the diabetic supplies and took off after Julie who was now two hundred feet down the road and turning off to the left onto a gravel road. Mark raced to get back in his patrol car and sped off in chase of the Expedition which was a good quarter mile away and leaving a trail of dust from the gravel road. He called onto his radio to dispatch and told the operator he was pursuit of a late model Expedition owned by Julie Jones who he believed to be intoxicated. He gave the approximate location of where the Expedition was and the dispatch operator called back with a confirmation. At the intersection of the gravel road and highway, Mark fish tailed around the corner and hit the gas trying to make up the distance between his patrol car and Jones. From years of experience on gravel, Mark knew how to maneuver his car and try not to end up in a head on collision at the top of a hill or end up in a ditch due to soft gravel. It wasn't long before he caught up with the Expedition and watched it veer off to the right down into a ditch and back up on the other side catapulting through a barbed wire fence, gaining air and disappearing into a farmers field out of view. Mark slammed on his breaks, shifted in reverse, backed up and aimed his headlights at the spot where the car went through the fence and exited the vehicle. He called dispatch with his radio and told them about the accident and took off running down into the ditch and up the hill to where the fence used to be. About thirty feet away the Expedition sat upright, engine running with headlights on wrapped in barbed wire and spewing steam from the engine. There was no movement from the inside and he though for a second about getting the first aid kit from the trunk. Instead he ran back down to the patrol car and grabbed the bag containing the insulin supplies and the breathalyser kit and took off back to the accident scene. Fumbling over loose ground from the farmers field, clods of dirt and cut corn stalks, Mark made his way to the drivers door where he could see Julie, still in her seat, pinned to the head rest with barbed wire, still alive. The front windshield was torn off as well as a third of the roof and the barbed wire and fence posts were strewn all throughout the vehicle. The passenger door was open and the other woman was missing. He tossed the bag with the insulin supples and the breathalyser case on the remains of the hood. Julie tried to turn her head towards Mark but the barb wire that wrapped across her right eye and forehead kept her from moving. With her left eye, she tried to look over at Mark

and said, "What the fuck are you doing? Get me the Hell out of here "

Mark, stunned at her comment actually Patrickled and then tried to retain his composure.

Knowing full well his microphone was recording his every word and transmitting it back to the trunk of his car where the digital receiver was recording the dash cam and his voice, he replied, "Sorry, I didn't mean to laugh, I wasn't expecting you to say that."

Still very intoxicated, Julie stated in a very condescending tone, "Don't you have anything better to do than bother people like me?"

"Like you?" Mark replied.

"There are dope dealers and meth makers and child molesters out there and you have to waste your time chasing me?"

"I don't have time for this Mrs. Jones, you're passenger is missing and I need to find her fast."

Julie tried to turn her head to the passenger side but couldn't. As she moved her head the spikes from barbed wire scraped through her skull and tore her skin allowing more blood to drip down her face. "Get this off of me " she demanded. "I can't move."

"I won't," Mark replied, "You never move an accident victim until the emergency squad arrives. You could have a neck injury. Don't try moving your head again."

With that said, Mark started to look away when he noticed a broken off piece of fence post jutting from Julies, right breast. He looked back at her face and knew he couldn't do any more for her and headed off to search for her passenger with his flashlight. "Get back here " she yelled as the officer left her and ignored her cries. He scanned his flashlight across the ground looking for the passenger who was missing from the passenger seat. Back and forth the light went as he walked back towards the torn fence scanning the ground. He looked off into the distance towards town and tried to see if he could hear the sounds of the rescue crew or their flashing lights. Nothing so far, so he turned back and did another sweep of the ground looking for a body. In frustration he returned to the Expedition and shined his light back in Julies eyes to see if she was still conscious. She immediately started ripping into him again ordering him to free her from her restraints and get her out of the vehicle. Without saying a word, Mark reached into the bag of insulin supplies and pulled out the vials inside. He read the labels, Regular, Humalog and Lantus and had no idea what any of them meant. He knew that too much insulin can be fatal from what he had seen at the bar with Gary and was so angry he was willing to shut Julie up forever. In the bag at the bottom where several syringes with orange caps. Mark pulled one out

and looked at the numbers on the side holding the plastic parts towards the headlights of the Expedition. The largest number on the syringe was one hundred. One hundred of what he had no idea, but he felt a few full doses would do the trick. He picked a insulin bottle at random and held it upside down. He then removed the orange cap and pushed the needle into the bottle and pulled back on the plunger of the syringe allowing it to fill. Once the syringe was filled to one hundred, Mark stepped over to Julie who was staring at him with her one good eye, and in a panic twisted her head and ripped off skin from her forehead. "Get that away from me " she yelled and Mark quickly realized his microphone was still on transmitting audio back to the patrol car. He lunged forward, cupped his hand over her mouth and plunged the needle into the same bloody spot the barbed wire had cut on her eyelid. In a few seconds he pushed the contents of the syringe into her eye and removed it looking to see if he left a mark. He saw nothing and kept pushing against her mouth with his hand to keep her silent. From out of the dark Mark heard a voice say, "You used the wrong vial." He spun around to see who was behind him. There was no one he could see. "Don't use the Lantus," the voice stated, " Use the Regular insulin, it works much faster."

Chapter 3

Ury and Rita

24 hours later

It's 2 am on a Monday night and Mark drives his patrol car to the west end of town towards the river road bridge. The bridge, built in 1957, is worn from years of traffic and repairs and spans the width of the Mason river, it is a favorite fishing spot for locals in town. Slowing down fifty feet before the edge of the bridge, Mark takes a side spur gravel road that veers right and drives the patrol car down the path watching for racoons, possums and any other critters that might be out tonight. He takes a hard left off the main road and parks the car in a small area used by local fisherman under the bridge. To the right the river road continues parallel to the Mason river for the next twenty five miles. In this secluded spot, he can watch the water from the river as it slowly slides past his front bumper in the bright moon light down as far as he can see until it disappears in the distance. He rolls down his drivers side window and shuts off

the car letting everything go dark. Only the light from his dash cam stays on letting him know that everything is being recorded. A moment later he unclips his microphone, sets it on the dash, opens the drivers side door and exits the vehicle walking towards the bridge. He looks up and shines his flashlight up onto the supports of the bridge looking for anything out of the ordinary. All he sees in concrete, steel and lots of graffiti from years of use and abuse by the local kids in town. The sound of the water is soothing and the warm summer breeze feels good on his skin. He is disappointed though, his search has yielded little and he was expecting to meet someone, or something. Then he sees a shadow moving on the pylon above and the familiar sound of breathing. He shines his light on the spot above and spies what he is looking for, a troll. Not any troll, but his troll friend Ury and now her lesbian girlfriend Rita. "Hey," he yells. "Get down here, I want to chat for a while." "Give me a second," Ury replied. "Rita is having one of her moments." Clueless to what is going on, Mark folds his arms and keeps an eye on the couple perched above on the concrete pillar and watches as Ury tries to coach Rita to come over. With a few grunts and growls, Rita climbs on Ury's back and Ury slowly climbs down the face of the concrete with her claws digging into the cracks for support. In a few seconds, both Ury and Rita are on the ground and Rita climbs off Ury's back and starts talking to concrete as if it were alive. "What the fuck is she doing?" Mark asked staring at Rita who is now carrying on a very real conversation with either her shadow or a tree limb sticking out of the water. "She's talking to a tree, I don't know," Ury replied. "She's schizophrenic, she has hallucinations and delusions and hears all sorts of voices. Problem is that she likes to reply to them." "How do you get along? I mean, does she think you're real?" "I don't know what she thinks, all I know is she's one hell of a fuck." "You're kidding me," Mark stated. "Taking advantage of a person with disabilities is a felony." "She's a troll dumbass, not a human. You're laws don't mean anything to us." she replied with a Patrickle. Ury, four hundred pounds of pure bitch troll smiled at Mark and scratched her left tit with the claws on her right hand. Her breasts were gigantic, pendulous globs of fat covered with fine hair with a nipple the size of a pill bottle on each breast dangling towards the ground. She was as ugly as any troll could be, naked with the face of a bull dog, the

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

