

To Pooka

For the lessons in life and horror

Enjoy

Reader Warning

I'll come right out and say it; this book is definitely not for everyone. There is strong language, sexual content, and moments that will make you cringe. During writing I even had to stop on several occasions and take a break because of the toll some situations in the book were taking on me.

This is my idea of what a real zombie outbreak would be like in our world as we know it. Tensions are high and people are on edge. Brash decisions are made. Many of my proof readers stopped half way through the book because a certain situation had resonated with them in a very powerful way. There is no shame in putting the book down.

Haus Vegas is dark horror. It is meant to make your stomach churn and force you into discomfort. If you are okay with that, then welcome! Welcome to The New Vegas.

- Christian B. Guyant

Hauss Vegas

Chapter 1

Ricky Houghton was holed up in his bedroom holding his daughter tight against his chest.

“It’s going to be okay, Lindsay.” His voice quivered so obviously that even his five year old daughter noticed.

“It’s not okay, is it daddy?”

“No, it’s not, Pooks.”

Once the outbreak began Ricky decided to abandon the North Las Vegas auto shop he had worked so hard to build.

After Lindsay was born he had to find a way to provide for her. His job as a grease monkey in the local Jiffy Lube wasn’t bringing in nearly enough cash to support her. Despite knowing nothing about business he had made a name for himself and his young garage through good, quality work. The way he was always taught as a child.

The shop had given him just enough income to buy a home in the down economy. Right off Highland Trails Avenue he had found a home that would have normally been far above his price range. Thank God for the recession.

Leaving his business was hard, it had become like a child to Ricky. But he had an actual child to take care of and she came before anything else in his eyes.

Ricky ran his trembling fingers through Lindsay’s blonde hair trying to comfort her, but was not able to control his own fear.

The all out war that he had endured to be the sole guardian of Lindsay had torn him apart. The processes took a long time, and with the courts having a tendency towards awarding children to their mothers Ricky really had his work cut out for him. He had spent many long days with his attorney going over every detail of his failed marriage. There were nights when Ricky would be so exhausted from the physical and

emotional toll the stress took on him, but once in bed he couldn't do anything except lie awake running every conversation through his mind over and over. Finally, after fighting with everything he had, Ricky was awarded sole custody of Lindsay and his ex had moved in with her boyfriend across town. The bitch.

Four years later.

This can't be how it ends.

After a hard fought battle to win sole custody of his beautiful little girl, after taking a huge risk and starting his own business, after living a life without drinking, smoking, or drug use he figured that God, where ever He may be, would show him some mercy. Ricky wasn't religious, but in the end many people tend to become much more spiritual than they had been a few minutes prior.

“Daddy, don't let them get me.”

“I won't honey. They won't hurt you.”

The banging on the door was getting louder. More of the undead had shown up. Ricky wouldn't have even been able to fight the few that had managed to get into the small home a couple hours ago through windows and unlocked doors, now there was no way out. There were no weapons, there was no help, and there was no escape.

The door had taken all the punishment it could. Bending became breaking, the wooden door began to crack. As small slits opened up in the four panels several sets of fingers would immediately fill the hole. There was only a minute left in his life. This was the end.

Nothing in his empty room could be used as defense. Purchasing the house had cost Ricky everything he had. The only furniture he had after the costly separation was his bed and a few plastic bins from Walmart, Kmart, whatever shitty “mart” they came from.

“Daddy, I don't want them to get me. It's going to hurt.”

Lindsay had cried so long that no more tears would come. Her eyes were red now and had been rubbed raw as she tried to wipe the tears away and be a big girl. She looked up at Ricky and he could see the terror

in her blue eyes. True terror. A kind of fear that he had never seen before, but that he was sure they shared in that exact moment.

“Do you trust me, honey?”

“Yes.”

Ricky pulled the worn brown leather belt from his Levi's and tied it to the ceiling fan. Tears welled up in his eyes as he lifted his precious little girl up, slid her head through the loop, and released the prong.

The little girl grabbed her father's face with her tiny hands and looked him in the eye.

“I love you, daddy.”

“I love you too, Pooks.”

Ricky pulled down with all his might, every ounce of strength he had.

Lindsay went limp.

Ricky didn't know why, but he knew it would be easier for him to make his daughter's end short and painless. She would have suffered more had the fuckers outside the door had their way with her.

He took her neck out of the belt and laid his little girl on the bed, taking the time to neatly tuck her in and fix her bangs just as he'd done every night since she was his to keep.

The door splintered down the center with a loud crack, the undead began squeezing through the opening.

Ricky stepped onto the queen size bed, his shaking amplified by the soft mattress. The belt slipped around his neck easily and he placed his hands at his side looking down at the floor only a few feet below him. He could feel his throat closing up before the belt even tightened. Somehow, Ricky thought, the defiance he showed would be a victory of sorts.

“Too late motherfuckers!”

Ricky leapt off the bed.

The scene he saw went from his zombified neighbors fighting to be the first one in the room, to complete blackness.

Chapter 2

A throbbing headache. Absolutely head-splitting, skull shattering, vomit inducing pain. Ricky slowly opened his light blue eyes and saw that he was lying on the floor of his bedroom in a pool of blood. He sat up, immediately regretting that decision as the pain from his head deepened. As he removed his old leather belt from around his neck he scanned the room. A quick look revealed clues as to what had happened. He remembered the zombies coming in the room. The door was split down the center, half lying on the floor, and half still on the hinges. There was blood soaked into the off white carpet around him. He found the source. A large cut from the middle of his hairline to the corner of his right eye had scabbed over. His bed was turned over on the floor. The fan was next to his head. It's wires still attached having been pulled out of the ceiling.

As he continued to survey the scene he could feel the fear still in the pit of his stomach. Had he been bitten? Was he a zombie now too? Ricky couldn't contain the nausea and threw up into the pool of blood.

"Great, now the carpet's ruined." Ricky said under his breath. Just one more thing going wrong.

This looked like the end result of a crazy night out partying. It would have been awesome to wake up to this...minus the zombies, the head ache, and his daught--

Lindsay.

Ricky stood up forgetting all the pain and lifted the queen size mattress. Lindsay was there on the floor.

She looked peaceful. The fear that had covered her face for most of her last few hours was gone, and the same look she had given him when she told him she loved him, that beautiful little smile, was still on her face.

He couldn't help himself; he lost control and broke down once again. Holding his little girl in his arms he stroked her hair and rocked her back and forth, just like he had when she was an infant.

Heartbroken and out of tears Ricky set his daughter's body on the bed and walked to the garage.

"No parent should ever have to bury their child." He repeated over and over with each exhale of breath, a kind of cadence as he drove the shovel into the dry dirt which filled his backyard.

He was never able to grow anything in this hard ground. Once Ricky had tried to plant a garden with Lindsay to have an activity to bond over, but after a week of watering, weeding, and tender loving, each plant gave up its will to live.

Ricky recalled planning the garden with Lindsay, planning what they would plant as she watched him till the hard ground.

"Peppers and Onions" she had said. "I want to make salsa when they get big."

"Salsa, huh? What about tomatoes then?" Ricky had asked with a chuckle.

"No tomatoes, they're yucky."

That story had provided him with many laughs over the last few years, telling it at every family gathering. The relatives always laughed, and he still couldn't help but smile about it.

After digging a few feet down Ricky couldn't do it anymore. He was exhausted, he ached all over, and the clay in the soil was making every inch a struggle. 3 feet would have to do. He dropped the shovel and trudged back to his room.

Picking up his daughter for the last time was a surreal experience. It felt as if he was watching a poor young father bury their child, while holding his close and fearing that she'd have the same fate. Reality set in and those fears shattered what was left of his spirits.

After Ricky had gently placed his daughter in the shallow grave he fixed her hair, tucking it behind her ears as she always did when she was telling him a story. A sort of nervous twitch that he had come to love. He kissed her forehead, and with that began refilling the hole, trying his best not to look down.

Ricky's mind started to drift. The world around him seemed like a haze. There was no clear direction for him to go, nothing to move towards.

Having buried his daughter, lost his business, and having no contact with anyone since the outbreak, Ricky had nothing left. What was the point of fighting? Why keep living if life is now just a drawn out game of cat and mouse?

That's when Ricky made a reason to keep living.

There were still families out there who have loved ones, who have children. They shouldn't have to go through the torment he was feeling.

As a mechanic, and a well-build, in-shape thirty two year old man he still had a lot to offer to others. He may have lost everything, but that doesn't mean that he has to sit around and feel sorry for himself.

Ricky bent down, picked up the shovel which he had been working with for most of the day, and began walking down Highland Trails Avenue.

He was a stubborn son of a bitch, everyone told him so. And like a bull dog he wasn't going to let this new found grudge go.

Ricky would make those fuckers pay.

Chapter 3

It wasn't long before Ricky had his first encounter with the undead after leaving his daughter behind. Of course, he wasn't handling the situation like most others were anymore. Ricky didn't want to sneak by undetected. He didn't want to stash supplies and hope that somehow he could wait out the outbreak. The end was inevitable. There was no cure for the virus and as far as he knew there weren't any labs still capable of producing the miracle that the world needed to return to normal. Ricky wasn't running away, he was facing everyone and everything head on. When a man loses all he has, there is no reason not to.

As Ricky made his way down Highland Trails he happened upon a straggling zombie clawing its way across the perfectly manicured lawn of a white two story home. The same blue print that he had made fun of for being "cookie cutter," but secretly wished he could afford.

"Who mows their lawn in a zombie apocalypse?" He wondered out loud as he approached the helpless battered deadie.

It appeared that the zombie had not had a very good experience during its last home invasion. His left leg had been badly broken in several places and there was obvious deformity. The right leg was missing from the mid-thigh down. The others had left him behind and moved on to the next target. The deadie was losing a lot of blood as it dragged itself with its hands, gripping the grass and pulling with all its might. This poor guy wasn't going anywhere fast, a perfect target.

Ricky approached the thing, his rage welling up inside. He had never killed anyone out of hate. The idea seemed barbaric to him. He never understood bloodlust. It all seemed like an excuse to justify a sick behavior. But at this moment, standing over a helpless "living" thing, he could feel the fire ignite within himself.

The only person Ricky had ever killed, ever purposefully harmed at all, was his own daughter. Killing his little girl had left Ricky empty and numb. There was no concern left. No conscience to stop him. Killing was the only answer.

Zombie eyes. When the defenseless thing was about to be killed it gave the same sad puppy dog eyes that children give when wanting to stay up for a few more minutes. The same sad look a high school nerd gives the popular girl after asking her to prom. The same look that a man gives his boss when he feels he's about to be let go, begging for sympathy. The zombified man looks as he did before he was infected, scared that this is the end.

“Fuck you!”

Ricky swung the shovel hard and connected with the left side of the zombie's face which split open spraying a fine stream of blood droplets across the perfect lawn. The man screamed and was rolled to his back by the force of the blow. Ricky places the shovel blade onto the quivering throat of the zombie. The man had a look of pure horror on his face. Ricky paused and looked into his eyes, they seemed so sad. Tortured.

The zombie's hands shot up grabbing the lower shaft of the shovel and pulling it away from Ricky. A solid swing of the yellow handled weapon hit Ricky in the left knee. He fell to the ground. Pain flashed through his entire leg and into his lower back. The zombie grabbed his foot and began to pull it towards its hungry mouth. Ricky straitened his leg kicking the man in his mouth. An audible crunch came with the connection as the undead man's front teeth bent backward and his bottom were force through his lip. Ricky jumped up, the pain in his knee searing, and grabbed the shovel. The zombie was moving as fast as possible, shimmying from side to side as it pulled itself towards Ricky. He picked up the shovel and kicked the infected man in the ribs. The shovel blade returned to its position under the zombie's chin.

“This is for Lindsay, you mother fucker!”

Ricky pressed down on top of the blade with one hate-filled stomp, sending it through the boney neck and into the grass.

It was over.

The first kill is the hardest. That's what people always said in the movies when consoling the hero. Was Ricky a hero? Heroes were usually the good guys, fighting for a cause. Ricky was acting out of bloodlust and was motivated by revenge. He liked it that way.

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

