

MARTY WAGNER



Morinda's Desire
A VAMPIRE STORY

Morinda's Desire: A Vampire Story

By

Marty Wagner

Copyright © 2015 by Marty Wagner 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. The only exception is by a reviewer, who may quote short excerpts in a review.

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 Visitor in the Night

A loud rapping on the door got the attention of Mrs. Emily Baker and her husband Chuck who were sitting in their living room watching television. The Bakers, both in their late sixties, lived in the same farmhouse they bought when they were married and still enjoy the quiet of the country after retiring from farming for forty years. Chuck sat like a statue staring at the television as his wife got off her chair to answer the door. She opened the door to find a young woman standing in the dark of the evening looking a bit ragged and desperate for help. "What can I do for you honey?" Emily asked.

"I'm sorry to bother you, I don't usually do this, but I haven't eaten in days and I was wondering if you had anything you could spare?" the young woman asked. Her name was Morinda, and she had been on her own living off the kindness of strangers ever since her boyfriend and her broke up some time ago.

"Come right in," Emily stated holding open the door.

Morinda stepped inside and looked around the living room and saw Chuck sitting in his recliner with the remote in his hand flicking through channels. Chuck, a short fat bald man wearing coveralls and smoking a pipe barley turned his head to look at the woman at the door.

"Thanks," Morinda replied and followed Emily to the kitchen.

Emily motioned for Morinda to have a seat at the counter next to the stove while looking through her refrigerator for something she could whip up for their house guest. "Anything in particular you like?" Emily asked.

"I'm not picky, some cereal would be fine," Morinda replied. Then Morinda was startled when she noticed Chuck walk up behind her and stop out of her view. Emily nodded at Chuck and he continued down the hall walking down the steps to the basement.

"Chuck is a man of few words," Emily said with a smile. "Been that way since I met him in high school."

Morinda, a bit crept out by Chuck and his lack of word usage, tried to act like it didn't bother her. Emily retrieved a bowl from the cupboard, set it down in front of Morinda and went around the backside to fetch a few boxes of cereal. While she was digging for the boxes, she reached up to the top shelf and removed a small bottle and set it on the counter out of sight from Morinda.

"What would you like to drink?" Emily asked. "We have milk, tea, and some fruit punch."

"Fruit punch would be fine," Morinda replied looking around at the severely out of date kitchen appliances and old antique style decorations that lined every open surface.

Emily poured Morinda some fruit punch and used the dropper from the bottle she hid to lace her drink with Gamma-hydroxybutyrate (GHB), a date rape drug. She came around

the counter with the drink followed by a gallon of milk and several boxes of dry cereal. "You take your time honey," Emily said, "I'm going downstairs to check on Chuck, if you need anything else help yourself or yell downstairs ok?"

Morinda woke to the face of Chuck who was lying on top of her pounding away and sweating like a pig. Her hands were tied together above her, held in place by Emily who was helping her husband rape her. She could feel a mattress underneath her, but she was so low to the ground she knew there was no bed, and all around her were boxes of crap and a basement full of papers, tools and junk.

Chucks fat belly dug into Morinda and made it difficult for her to breathe, especially when he would pump deeper and harder panting like a jogger with asthma. His breath stunk of tobacco and his chest hair looked like a dirty welcome mat that had been walked on too many times.

"What are you doing?" Morinda yelled knowing full well the answer.

"She woke up!" Chuck yelled to Emily. "You didn't use enough!"

In an instant, Morinda pulled her hands from Emily's grasp, tore apart the restraints, grabbed Chuck by the head and dug her fangs into his neck. Chuck gasped with shock and tried to pull away, but Morinda continued to suck the blood from his neck anticipating Emily's attack at anytime. It took a good two minutes to subdue Chuck and end his life and Emily did nothing to stop Morinda from killing him.

Morinda, blood dripping from her mouth turned her attention to Emily, who sat with her back against the wall fearing for her life. "Why?" Morinda asked.

"If I didn't help, he would leave me," Emily replied.

"How long have you been helping him rape innocent girls?"

"I can't remember, please don't kill me,"

Morinda crept over to Emily slowly who was cowering against the cinder block wall. "What do you do with the girls when you are done with them?"

"We kill them and bury them out in the field," Emily replied timidly.

"How many?"

"Less than twenty," Emily replied.

Morinda, horrified herself at this revelation looked upon Emily with disgust and anger. "You enabled this sick fuck to rape and murder? Just so he wouldn't leave you?" Morinda looked at Emily and stared her in the eye waiting for an answer. She got no answer, just a blank horrified stare, so Morinda lunged at Emily and tore into her neck the same way she did Chuck and bled her until she lay limp and dead on the floor.

Now she needed a blade.

Chapter 2

The Diabetic Vampire

Last call at the Roadside bar and the bar was packed with intoxicated customers drinking, talking, dancing and trying to find the after party with no intention of ending the fun times just because the voice over the loud speaker told them time is up and it time to go home. At one of the long tables in the middle of the bar sat a group of so called high- society women, four in all who have given up an evening at the country club to socialize with the lower class on this special occasion; a chamber of commerce event and local fund raiser where everyone who is everyone would be regardless of class.

Six and a half hours of shots and an untold number of Grey Goose and water have now turned these normally snobby middle aged women into a group of loud obnoxious school girls who have twisted their evening into a game of ripping other people apart for their pleasure. For these women, it was like shooting fish in a barrel with an unlimited number of targets and tonight fishing was good.

“Where’s my drink?” Julie Jones asked with a slur and a dopey smile, looking at her friends for approval. “This place will be closed by the time that gay bitch bartender gets here.”

“Not so loud,” her friend Kathy giggled in a hushed voice.

“I don’t care who hears me, she’s a bitch and I want my drink.”

“Shut up, here she comes.”

The table quieted down as the barmaid made her way through the crowd and set down the platter of drinks. She unloaded the drinks one at a time and gathered up the empty glasses and tried to fake a smile as she watched the drunken foursome stare at her like she was on display at the zoo. “That will be \$19.50,” the barmaid stated biting her tongue trying not to stare at Julies fake boob job.

Julie tossed down a twenty dollar bill and said sarcastically, “keep the change, you can use it for your sex change operation,” and the table erupted with laughter.

The barmaid pulled two quarters from her pocket and tossed them on the table and said with a smile, “No thanks, you keep it,” and walked back to the bar and unloaded her empty glasses on the table. Sitting next to her station was Gary Jones, Julies husband and one of the regulars who spent almost every night at the bar. He was sitting on one of his usual spots on a bar stool watching the television screen trying to make out what was being said over the loud music playing over the speakers from the juke box. “What’s wrong with you?” Gary asked Linda, the barmaid.

“The country club bitches are on a roll.” Linda said shaking her head in disgust.

“What is my wife and her coven up to now?” Gary asked.

“Nothing,” Linda replied with a fake smile.

“You don’t have to lie to me, she’s a piece of shit and I’ve known it for eighteen years.”

Linda looked over to Gary and glared at him in the eye. “Why are you still married to her?”

Taking a sip of his frosty, Gary said, “For the entertainment value.”

“You are one sick man,” Linda replies. “It won’t last forever, I’ve had many wives before her, and I will have many after her. The sicker the bitch, the more fun the ride. What did she do to you tonight?”

“She tipped me fifty cents and told me to use it for a sex change operation.” Linda replied.

“Sex change? That’s cold” Gary stated.

“No shit,” Linda replied looking back over his shoulder at the women who were now glaring at her and commenting behind cupped hands.

“I have an idea,” Gary stated with a grin.

“What?” Linda asked.

“Pour me a Bloody Mary, I’ll be right back,” Gary said while pushing his huge body from the bar. He slowly slid his four hundred and thirty pound frame off the stool and winked at Linda who was giving him a curious look. Everyone knew Gary and when he walked around the bar, the masses spread like the Red Sea so he normally had no problems getting where he needed to go. This time he headed towards the bathrooms and in a slow penguin style, stepped around his electric power chair and made his way to the women’s bathroom door where he knocked three times and waited for a response. “Coming in ” he yelled aloud and pushed the door open bending down the best he could to look under the stalls for any women using the toilet. Quickly he found an empty stall and pushed open the door and looked for a trash can. Finding what he was looking for, he pulled the bag from the trash can and carried it out of the bathroom back to the bar and set it down on his stool.

“What are you going to do with that?” Linda asked?

“Watch and learn,” Gary replied as he fished through the trash can for a used feminine pad.

“Here we go,” he said with a smile as he pulled out a pad and unrolled it. “From the looks of this, I think she’s going to need a blood transfusion,” Gary laughed as he dunked the pad into the Bloody Mary drink a few times letting the parts mix into a new drink.

“You are not going to do what I think you are with that?” Linda asked. “There are people all around here. And by the way that’s beyond disgusting.”

Gary pulled the used pad from the drink and dropped it back into the trash bag with a plop. He then handed the bag to Linda. “Put this behind the bar. I can’t bend over like that twice in one night.”

“Are you going to give that to her?” Linda asked.

“No, she would never drink anything I gave her; you will have to do it.”

“I’m sure there is at least one law against tampering with someone’s drink.”

“Fine, I’ll do it.” Gary replied with a smirk and picked up the drink and waddled over to his wife’s table. The thought of what he was about to do made him smile from ear to ear and the anticipation of payback made the hair on his arms stand up. “Here you go honey,” Gary yelled over the music and handed his wife the drink with a smile on his face. “I know how much you love a good Bloody Mary.”

“Since when have you decided to be so nice?” Julie asked with a drunken smirk, “How about my girls here?”

“Sorry ladies, that was rude of me. Julie you take this and drink up and I’ll be right back with three more.”

“Now that’s better,” Julie said with a smile, “and don’t bother coming home to soon tonight, I think the after party will be at our place.”

“Who’s all coming?” Gary asked?

“Just some friends from work, the usual crowd,” Julie replied with an obvious deception in her voice.

“That’s fine; I’ll be home around four or so. Have fun.” Gary turned back and walked to the bar where Linda stood waiting for his return. “What did she say?” Linda asked.

“ She told me to get lost for a few hours while she gets laid.”

“And that doesn’t bother you?”

“I’m over four hundred pounds, would you want to fuck me?” Gary replied with a laugh.

Linda leaned in close and noticed sweat dripping from Gary’s chin and watched as he struggled to maintain his balance. “Are you ok?” she asked.

“No, not really, I think my diabetes is fucking with me again.”

“You’re diabetic? Linda asked. “ I didn’t know vampires could be diabetic.”

“Yeah, it sucks. My doctor wants me to drop down to one eighty so maybe I can get off the insulin.”

“How bad is your diabetes?”

“I take sixty units of Humalog when I get up and sixty more at noon and forty units of Lantus at bedtime as well as my two doses of Metformin each day.”

“So what’s wrong with you now? Why are you sweating so bad?”

“I didn’t eat lunch today, too busy playing on facebook and now it’s catching up with me.”

“Are you going to be ok? What should I do? Do you need some blood?”

In a confused and almost drunk like state Gary replied, “You know what’s funny? My doctor told me not to drink any blood because the glucose would raise my blood sugar. Turns out you guys are like candy to me.” and with the said Gary fell to the floor in a heap knocking his bar stool to the floor.

“Oh shit ” Linda yelled and screamed to the owner to call 911. “Is anyone a doctor?” she yelled over the music as she scanned across the remaining few who were left.

“I’m a nurse,” one of the women yelled back and hurried over to where Gary was lying on the ground and bent over to take a look at him. “I need a flashlight ” she yelled and pulled back one of Gary’s eyelids to look at his pupil. “Gary ” she shouted, “Can you hear me?”

Gary lay silent.

Linda leaned over and handed the nurse a flashlight who then shined the light into Gary’s eyes back and forth. “His pupils are active,” she stated, “That’s a good start. Does anybody know what happened?” the nurse asked.

“He said he’s a diabetic and forgot to eat lunch today. Is that bad?”

“Hold shit,” the nurse replied. “Does anyone have a glucometer?”

“Look in his power chair, he keeps a bag on the back.”

The nurse sped over to the power chair and rifled through the contents of the backpack and found a pouch filled with diabetic supplies and a glucometer. She ran back to Gary who was still breathing but non responsive on the floor. Opening the pouch she pulled out the glucometer and found a package of test strips. She put a strip in the meter and at the bottom of the pouch found a collection of used lancets. “This is disgusting,” she stated aloud. This is so unsanitary, it’s no wonder he doesn’t have a raging infection. Does anyone here have a clean needle or lancet?” No reply, so the nurse pulled out an alcohol swab and cleaned a lancet the best she could and stuck Gary in the finger to get blood. Dipping the test strip into the blood, the meter beeped and started to calculate the glucose content of Gary’s blood. Three seconds later and the number twenty nine appeared on the screen. “Fuck,” the nurse stated. “Is the ambulance on the way?” she asked.

“Yes,” the bar owner replied.

“I need orange juice, quick ” the nurse yelled.

The bar owner pulled a bottle of orange juice from the cooler and poured some in a glass and handed it to Linda who passed it onto the nurse. The nurse tried her best to raise Gary’s head and shoulders and put a sip of orange juice to his lips. Gary did not respond. She put a little more juice in his mouth and waited to see if he would swallow by reflex. Nothing, then a choke followed by a wheezing sound.

“What’s happening?” Linda asked.

“He’s aspirating on the liquid. This won’t work. Do you have any sugar packets?” The nurse asked.

Linda looked behind the bar and couldn’t find any sugar. “No, I don’t have any sugar.”

The nurse looked back into the pouch for a glucose pen and found nothing, at this point glucose pills wouldn’t do any good either. “If the ambulance gets here fast, they might have a glucose pen or could put in a dextrose I.V., but for now unless someone finds me some sugar packets, we will have to wait.”

“Hold on,” Linda said. “I found some sugar.”

“Quick, hand me some,” the nurse said. She tore open a packet and lightly sprinkled some of the sugar on Gary’s lips and tongue.

“What good is that going to do?” one of the customers asked.

“I’ve pulled a person out of a worse situation than this doing this exact thing. If he will swallow his own saliva, and get some of this down, we can get his sugar back up.”

“But the orange juice didn’t work ”

“I’m not drowning him this time It’s either this or the ambulance and I still haven’t heard any sirens. If we don’t get his sugar back up, he could go into a coma and die.”

“No he can’t” Linda said.

“I’ve been a nurse for twenty four years, I guarantee you he can die.”

“He’s a vampire, he’s technically already dead.”

“You’re shitting me,” the nurse replied. “A diabetic vampire? What’s the point?”

“I suppose he still could go into a coma.”

“If that’s the case,” the nurse stated in disgust, “Let the ambulance take care of him. It’s not an emergency if you can’t die.”

“What if he turns into a vegetable?” Linda asked.

“I don’t think my nursing license covers the non living. You’ll have to get an ethics committee to decide on that point. I did my best, I’m going home. I’m probably to drunk to be rendering any sort of care anyway. For the record, I was never here.”

At this time the room was almost empty except for the crowd of ten or so that stood around Gary who was lying still on the floor. The juke box had been shut off and in the faint distance the sounds of sirens could be heard from outside the bar. It would only be a few minutes till help arrived for the ailing vampire who was slipping deeper and deeper into a coma like state.

Then from out of nowhere, the familiar voice of Gary’s intoxicated wife Julie who now stood over Gary looking down upon his bloated body said. “Did the syphilis finally get you, you dumb bastard?” she asked with a smile. She looked around and no one else was smiling or

laughing at her rude comment. "You think I'm joking?" she said aloud to the crowd. "1692 he contracted syphilis from a prostitute and never got over it. Longest case on record. Trust me, sex with a fat vampire is horrible enough, sex with a syphilis infected fat vampire is a horror story."

"Maybe it's time for you to go home," Linda spoke up.

"Who do you think you are telling me what to do honey?" Julie replied in a drunken slur. "You want to get home so you can bang your girlfriend?"

"I am not a lesbian " Linda shot back.

"Then why do you dress like one?" Julie laughed. "You can see your ass crack every time you bend over. What is your day job? A plumber?"

Linda opened her mouth to reply but shut it when she saw the front door of the bar open and several EMT's pushing a yellow Gurney through the door. "Step back guys, they're here." Linda said over the sirens and the crowd parted to allow the emergency personnel to get next to Gary.

"How long has he been like this?" the lead EMT asked.

"About ten minutes." Linda replied.

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

"Yes, he passed out right in front of me. We took his blood sugar, it was around twenty something."

The EMT reached into his bag and pulled out a glucometer and squatted down next to Gary and pricked his finger for a reading. In a moment the number popped up and it read fifty five. "Did someone give him a shot or some sugar? His number is higher now."

"Yeah, someone gave him some sugar on his tongue."

The EMT looked down at Gary and thought for a second. He wondered if the sugar was enough to do the job to get Gary's blood sugar back up to a safe level. According to his standing orders, he could give a Glucagon shot if the patient was unresponsive and had a blood sugar below sixty. He shook Gary and no response.

"Hand me the Glucagon out of the bag," the EMT said to one of the men standing near. "Help me roll him on his side," he said to the other three surrounding Gary. With a huge effort, the four men pushed Gary onto his side and the lead EMT prepared the shot and administered it in Gary's abdomen in the soft fatty tissue. "Why is he so cold?" the EMT asked aloud to himself.

"He's technically dead," Linda replied.

"Are you a doctor?" the EMT asked.

"No, I'm a bartender, but Gary is a vampire and he is usually room temperature."

The EMT shook his head in disbelief and stated to the other men, "Put him back on his

back, I got to call this in.”

“What’s the problem?” Linda asked.

“We don’t train on vampires. I may have just killed this guy.”

“No, he’s immortal, only a steak in his heart of decapitation would do that. You’re fine.”

The EMT relayed this new information to the hospital over his radio and the order to take Gary in for observation came back. For the next ten minutes the EMT squad wrestled with getting Gary up onto the Gurney and getting him strapped in. Once they had him buckled down and the oxygen running, the men counted to three and in a joined effort raised Gary up till the Gurney locked in the high position and then the men rolled him down the aisle, out the door to the waiting ambulance outside.

“That was exciting,” Julie said with a smirk “I’m going home and getting laid.”

“You’re husband just got hauled off to the hospital and you’re thinking about sex?” Linda asked sarcastically.

“Who are you to judge me?”

“Who are you to judge me?” Linda replied. “You’ve called me a lesbian at least twice tonight, probably more than that to your friends over there at the table all night snickering at me.”

“Sister, when you got the money I got, you can do whatever you want. I could buy and sell you ten times over.”

“You work at a hospital as a ward clerk for God’s sake. The only reason you have that job is because of your husbands connections, and I’m sure that nine dollars an hour comes no where close to paying for your tits or your vacations or all that other shit you post on facebook. You live off of his money and you show him absolutely no respect.”

“Jealous bitch,” Julie smirked back.

“No, not even close. Now why don’t you get out? It’s a half hour past closing and I have to work for a living and get this place cleaned up.

“Fine,” Julie said and swaggered towards the door in her four inch heels and short cut skirt past a deputy sheriff who had just walked into the bar. The deputy stopped and let Julie pass as she did her best imitation as a sober person trying not to look at the officer as she tried to keep her balance and walk out the door. The officer shook his head and proceeded on to where Gary had been lying on the floor.

“What’s going on?” deputy Mark Sanders asked.

“Gary had a diabetic reaction and we had to call 911.” Linda replied.

“Is he alright?”

“I don’t know, when he left he was still unresponsive, but they did get his blood sugar up a little. They are taking him to the hospital for observation.”

“That sucks.”

“What are you going to do about her?” Linda asked looking at where Julie had just been by the front door.

“What do you mean?”

“She’s wasted, and she is getting in her car.” Linda said in a mocking tone.

“Until she gets behind the wheel and drives anywhere, or causes a disturbance, she’s not doing anything illegal.”

“Mark, come on, you know she’s going to try to drive home.”

“The last time I gave a ticket to one of those rich bitches I almost got a demotion. You don’t know the politics of this town. Some people are above the law if you know what I mean and for some reason she is one of them.”

Linda looked at Mark, a long time friend and classmate and shook her head in disgust. “No one is above the law,” she stated and picked up Gary’s bag from the floor and tossed it to Mark. “Do something worth while then and take this to the hospital and give it to Gary. It’s his diabetic stuff. Let him know I’ll park his power chair in the back room and plug it in for him. Or should you call your boss and see if that’s alright?”

“Don’t be a cranky bitch, I’ll take him the bag. And I will follow Julie and see what she does. But don’t expect to see my name in the paper next to hers in the police section.”

“Thanks, I’ll make sure I vote for your boss next election,” Linda said with a droll 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 chuckle 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 chuckle.

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 your 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 thought 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 supplies 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 chuckled 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, your 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 Julie's 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 an 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."

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

