

**S.K a NOVEL**

*"Why? "How could I let the evil flame become a fire?"*

**TO ALL NEVER GIVE UP!**

**R.P**

**Life is a journey of pain and heartbreak.**

**TO: MY WIFE AND SON...AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS...WE DID IT GB00.**

**To My Dad: I love you Pop...I'm leading the way.**

**To: NICK AND DAVID I'M SO VERY HAPPY WE DID THIS TOGETHER.**

**THANKS TO THE LORD ALMIGHTY FOR BLESSING ME WITH SUCH  
TALENT.**

**To: My Mom and brothers and sisters we lost our brother Frank to MRS.DEATH  
HOWEVER OUR BLOODLINE IS STRONG AND GOD ON NO ACCOUNT GAVE UP ON US.**

**INFINITE CONTROL ENTERTAINMENT**

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**Created by Ray Patino under the state of Florida company: outlawz productions Inc 2017**

# THE SOUL KING

By:  
Ray Patino

## DARK EXODUS

### PROLOGUE

**‘These Superheroes will die.  
-Gomorath**

*“I always dreamt of another life besides this misery, but it never came  
At least I could dream, no one on earth could take away my dreams.  
It’s all I had, and when my father was murdered I fell into darkness.  
I was fourteen when he died; I came to know a legacy of evil plagued my bloodline  
Centuries before me- and centuries after me, a war would rage on for infinite control.*

*“I dreamt of another reality. I’d never expected our earth to fall victim  
To the daydreaming wishes of a young boy, but when my best friend turned  
Into a monster and my father’s murder came back to haunt me,  
That’s when **THEY** came: The Monsters. They called themselves “Travelers’  
“Widespread destruction, empty bodies replaced with new blood  
A war between two supernatural beings left us in oblivion*

*So, if you’ve ever wondered if a world beyond your nightmares existed or an invisible wall  
Separating us from the boundaries and uncharted regions of the supernatural or if the light at the end of tunnel  
was in fact a path to darkness, you’ve been right all along.*

*With the kings of Darkness in the great rebellion against divinity the world failed to notice the evil beyond our  
reality and the monsters liberated from the depths of the unknown and with overwhelming force they destroyed  
us.*

*And me, I just went along for the ride until” ...*

*This story will be the craziest shit you will ever read it’s full of violence, betrayal, secrets, and sex and  
it’s the horror of its entirety all true. Try to understand, we’re all locked up in dark subterranean vaults.  
Inside the deep dark depths of our own understanding we’d explain it better except we cannot*

*The dream was over... the year 2027*

**S**corn coffins, empty of bodies, a mockery to the human race, names written on them, lay interspersed with the stripes of crosswalks, wormholes, and blood portals, as resurrected travelers, monsters, and inhuman, brutal and atrocious creatures of the mythical queen of

nightmares and of the **dark-heavens** stretched out next to them: in morbid unity. The cosmic mechanism of iniquity had been unleashed and in majestic and magnificent harmony. They'd marched in celebration and the festivity was a malevolent beauty. *The parade of Monsters* thus had been established on earth since the year **2017** when a murderous battle involving the dark-winded necromancer and the human born archangel of the savage-roads left the world in ruins and neither side was victorious. They'd confronted a destiny of failure and insurmountable pain, heartbreak and lost a war. *The Sky-Keeper* watched with angry eyes as a multitude of an evil malevolence marched deep into the hours of darkness and over the world loomed a darkened radiance of crimson haze- amid by blood saturated clouds of an earth with a depleted, dead sun. They'd chant, and danced, and blew hefty, unearthly gold trimmed trumpets. Monsters which could only be described as apocalyptic, spiteful creatures with a thirst for blood- and an appetite for fatality *in this new globe* the humans have thus: become the hunted.

**A** shirtless, strapping and muscular Youngman standing aloft a colossal rock of mirrors and wrecked glass acquired a WI-FI transmission from an undisclosed and underground broadcast.

**The Dream-drifters** a distinctive and exclusive union of heroes and the solitary one of its kind to prove resilient in opposition to the unbelievable supremacy and power of the monsters from the savage-roads and the unforgettable terror they unleashed on a frail, feeble and fragile human race. These covert and tough assemblies of survivors were led by a legacy: the equivalent type of humans used to turn us against each other in the last days of the war through the whispers among tombstones. Who would've thought?: amid all the man-made weapons and nuclear arsenals our professed and so-called world leaders held in their faded glory, they'd leave us to expire and die so swift -and we'd be so delicate and effortlessly broken.

**ON** the pinnacle of mount **Valstrick** a mountain finished of glass and fragments' from the unfathomable and callous destruction of ruined man-made skyscrapers, devastated chandeliers, windows, and of course the MIDDAY-MIRRORS of the mind, a weapon discovered and utilized in **2016** to combat the invading, interstellar forces. *At the very peak* of the mirrored mountain: the streamline archangel of the transverse stood in complete desolation and anguish and despised what his scarlet, crimson, shimmering eyes observed from a distance. Sweltering with resentment and irritation, the once upon a time, young, innocent, adolescent schoolboy, loathed the new world. Occupied and filled by the new-fangled evil led by the soul master of death itself. The conflict had ended and all that lingered were the traces of an unimaginable, appalling and inconceivable bloodbath. Monsters undreamed of: escaped their celestial penitentiaries and left the doors to oblivion unchained and ajar.

**Legions** of minions whom serve and worship with absolute devotion the Undying Eternal a creature whose factual origin was and still is exceedingly much a great mystery occupied the ruined streets of a U.S. state previously recognized as Florida. The metallic red Motorola Bluetooth roared in his right ear. The device was created by: GORK one of the Dream-Drifters most sophisticated and vastly educated mind-link hackers. A piece of equipment which was

punishable by death if retrieved by the Council of Tombs **RED-DEATH** militia- if found in your material possession. Given that- these types of gadgets were destroyed and by no means prepared or created again following the necromancer apocalypse or what several call: the **Dark Exodus** day of reckoning. The alliance in secret, manufactured a limited range satellite with the aid of the **Sky-Keeper** to make use of these devices. "Griffin." The sexy accent blaring from the reverse side of the apparatus was that of a youthful female. Her tone of voice was high-pitched and kept piercing through the wireless appliance. "This is Victoria, do you fucking read me? Griffin, do you read? Currently in BlackStar area, do you read? Shits super hot down here, Tiff's crew is gathering at the bastards' stronghold." **The Sky-Keeper** kept soundless and hushed- never replied back. The earsplitting beep the Bluetooth generated was strident and bothersome. "Griffin, its Vic do you read? Shit man, it's going to be a bloodbath if you don't acquire your ass over here now, captain!" An anonymous transmission penetrated in Vic's Bluetooth "*Roger that. This is Tiffany in Scarlet hills, I read you Vic... loud and clear.*" A logic of relief crept up within Vic. once she'd perceive the sound of Tiffany Elliot the huntress of legacies. The authoritative, influence in Tiff's tone and the attitude and harden quality of voice the leader of the **Seven7Morpheus** carried, never failed to maintain the secretive, underground network of survivors unruffled and tranquil. Tiffany and her separate, independent squad of resistance unit fighters was a self-sufficient, well trained, ten year veteran crew of extraordinary individuals. Tiff's squadron consists of people linked and allied together by destiny, fate, doom and an inheritance of blood. The New world resistance battalion led by Victoria- answers to the **Seven7Morpheus**-elite of the old earth survivors. **Team: Tiff** previous to uncovering the truth regarding the Dreamkings genuine and accurate identity- and his false alliance, murderous desires, and furtive leadership of a bloodthirsty regime. Tiff, once answered to this fallen hero turned master of dread and sinfulness. Nowadays: Tiffany and company sought after finding the very last ancient **midday-mirror** where the creature **GOMORATH** could be revived, revitalized and brought back to an earthly existence by the EYE of the Saturn lords.

*Jersey Dark, NY. November 40th 2027*

*THE HOME OF QUINN M. CARTER*

*7:89PM 65 miles west from Valstick location*

**The** elevator lurched to a stop, towering above the murder infested, plague-ridden, and blood tainted streets and the impede came at the prestigious thirty seventh floor, The second highest and utmost luxurious condominium- besides the heavily guarded, shielded and secured top level. The elevated gentleman treads by the highly sophisticated counterfeit fireplace paying no mind to the darkness which overcastted his locality. The condominium belonged to the mysterious and ominous enigma **THE 4<sup>TH</sup> HORSEMEN** sovereign of the NEW UNITED NATIONS OF COUNTRIES and was never observed in open public again subsequent to the final clash of Harmony Hill, Florida. The lofty man clothed entirely in a black and red personalized and tailored dinner suit. Whistled by the red lit candles resting on the custom-made burgundy shelves bolted and hooked on the walls. The voices were everywhere,

approaching from the roof, ricocheting from within the walls, the whispers of tombstones from the night of exodus. ten years before were still exceedingly very much active and constructing and composing the identical evil which turned our valiant and brave survivors and possibly the single and only hope we had to be triumphant and win our world back against one another and prepared certain the earlier earth alliance crumbled and persuaded cherished close friends to betray and kill each other. **At the conclusion** of the lavish condominium two massive Victorian windows rested at the far corner: the tall stranger gaped outward with a concentrated stare at the colossal blizzard bombing the dark and devastated city and the whiteout reflected from the lofty man's acrylic eyes.

A towering sapphire glow erupted in the focal point of the condo's central living quarter area. The man, whom was a guest to the carter home kept his gaze steady and continued silent even as the blue flame materialized and an extremely large and menacing figure, appeared at the rear of the elevated gentleman. "Why, have you come to me?" the voice of the darkened shape gave off a sinister and profound echoed tone and following each utterance this creature spoke different voices echoed his every verbalization and communication statement. The life form was a malevolence obscurity all on its own. The Creature spoke a second time: "Did I not crown you, with the kingdom of Jeremiah? Was the inferno of my nightmarish queen not adequate for your pathetic, wretched and piteous?" "People" in addition I' am not convinced the monster is entirely departed- in truth your nation deserve nothing, furthermore if he remains alive not only will I strip the kingdom from you as a consequence I will unlock the very final reflector and have the eater of souls unbounded uncontrolled and unrestrained." "The mammoth and its limitless power will bring awful pain to your entire nation."

The lofty male nodded tenderly, accepting the warning. "I understand master." To my principal awareness the lord of blood remains vanquished." The threatening figure became aggravated with his guests reply and clutched his visitor's upper neckline from the frontage after disappearing and becoming observable in the front view of the elevated gentleman whom appears to be a loyal servant of the dominant monster gripping his servants' neck with extreme force. "Why, do you lie? "The dreams draw closer to me when I slumber; I smell the stench of them in the atmosphere of this disgusting world." the red candles lit up the monsters features to some extent in the darkened and unpleasantly cold condominium. "If they stumble on my accurate identity I will hold you directly accountable." "The monster apparition whispered "Death, will merely be the beginning for you servant." and vanished.

***VALStick location 8:77pm***

*North of the Gog castle*

*Parade of monsters festival*

*Heart of Black Star city*

**AN** eerie and indistinct coldness infected the atmosphere. **The Blood-Moon** lit up the daylight hours and curved the gloominess of the depressing skies into a cloudy, overcast illumination of a red-blooded dusk. *In the new earth-* day after day appeared contaminated by the everlastingly, never-ending, impious, twilight sundown of crimson skies. **The Sky-Keeper** stood at **6.5** in human-being physical structured height. And his earthly embodiment was that of a physically powerful, muscular well-built man and after he'd lose his human father, the lone man whom was chosen to defend, protect and look after his precious son. The passing away of Charles Griffin was a heartbreaking and tragic experience for the young seraph; *however*, in addition: a vital and crucial one and the final portion and fundamental last piece for his transformation into his powerful incarnation and divine, spiritual, earthly materialization of the savage-roads streamline cosmological archangel. Clothed in shadowy navy-blue jeans and simple whitish basketball sneakers lacking a shirt to swathe and cover-up the ciphered, secret wording engraved in his skin. **The Sky-Keeper** scans the contiguous vicinity; his eyes manufacture and produce beams of crimson illumination. His pallid sneakers smudge of: stains of human blood, creature and otherworldly, horrendous life forms which lay putrid and decayed. The Celebrations below, simply angers the archangel to the point where he's mislaid faith and valid *hope on ever-* restoring things back to how they once were, a very long time ago. Before his human father died, ahead of his innocence being destroyed, prior to losing the women he came to love. He felt ache and the unhappiness of calamity and an act of detachment and abandonment against his own dream-drifters assembly of followers grew. The Young angel of the streamline detained grand resentment and bitterness within him. He heard the evil carnival from atop the glass mountain. The enormous black snake rollercoaster's spin there passengers' finished of flesh and human bone with the travelers with their disgusting blood stained teeth and dead purple eyes waved hands in the air in enjoyment. The psychotic party host of a blood tent screamed "Here's Jonny Ax, he is capable of cutting the cranium off any beast." you fetch the humans and transmit the little ones for the sacrifice we got great prizes."

**The** blustery weather conditions were an extreme hindrance at various points of the day and the perpetual ceaseless nights for the few lingering survivors. The fortress of time had been murdered and time and space overlapped and collided with each other. The snowstorms would come and go without warning and black and red ashes fell downward descending from the crimson clouds when the rains of the blood hurricanes would discontinue. It was a world no longer ours, the earth belonged to them- and even with the creature of legend partially defeated the monster was not completely conquered and the warfare between **The Spider-God**, **The Blood-King** and **The Soul Eater of legacy** left planet earth under enemy control. **The Sky-Keeper** watched the ruined tower of the new **VOA** order from a far and this made him suffer greatly. He was confused and introverted his refusal and rejection to assist and aid the very last dream-drifters to overcome and prevail over the unfastened and liberated wayward, unholy regime of monsters from the ancient dark heavens of the *V.O.C Graveyard requiem*. Proved to be the most terrible and most horrifying choice he could've made. **The Sky-Keeper** left humanity to wither away and the small amount of enduring human being survivors were hunted down and executed in

coldblooded transgression. The Savage-Roads were not simply the interstate of the cosmic construction of the streamlines infinite entryway of space and time thresholds although; it was in addition, a hidden arterial highway of the boulevard of nightmares. The barricade sandwiched between our dreams and nightmares was brought down and the elders of the undetectable and concealed walls of nightmares protected by the elemental and traditional Dreamkings were vanquished and killed during the galactic warfare. *As a result* not only were the horrors of dark space unleashed thus, were the creatures which dwelled when we slept. Vigorous and powerfully constructed extraterrestrial life forms made and prepared **the new earth** their habitat. Pitiless and homicidal vampires given the name the **Roaming V's** (roaming vampires) we're merciless killers with no shred of sympathy. **Werewolves** devoid of the capability to switch back into human, superficial features terrorized all helpless and fragile citizens of a deceased and conquered society.

**THE SEAS** of Florida were ice-covered. Frozen, by the evil blizzards and giant iced-stones swelled from underneath the glaciers of death. The oceans transversely around the world had in accumulation, additionally suffered drastically and became an unnatural Aquatic obscurity and oceanic rivers of blood. The gargantuan mammoth kings of the blood-spattered iced up waters were the leviathan monsters. Hence tremendously powerful, magical antique creatures of the netherworlds' the Leviathan creatures were left alone by all other evil and malicious beings nothing and no one could control these monstrous beasts. In the skies the kings of **purgatory:** The Scylla and the Basilisk soar beyond the mountain and the airborne creatures forfeit attention to the elevated and bulky Sky-Keeper the once 12 year old schoolboy filled with immature and unbalanced emotions was currently: a completely, full-grown male with imprinted symbols and soaked to the skin in gleaming and lustrous ciphered cryptograms with polished, pallid skin. The clandestine language encrypted in his covering was of the darkancients, Saturn lords, and the transverse archangels which came prior to him. His stare at the travelers' whom kept arriving for the evil and carnage filled celebration beamed feelings of hatred and revulsion.

**The Travelers** were the most unique yet notorious brand of monsters allowed to scamper free. Once human and abandoning their faith, tarnished by an evil murder pact and an agreement to supply souls to the sovereign of the legacies throughout the trading of souls and human hearts. These armies of creatures formerly human were inaugurate and inducted into the celestial military of the Omen-Alpha savage-roads and baptized in the blood of the Charybdis fatality whirlpools in the secretively and sinister, illicit- forsaken region of the **V.O.C** graveyard requiem. The eerie massive vortex underneath the dark and iniquity graveyards of the requiem were in truth: the Charybdis creatures an evil and animated living whirlpool of the dark heaven threshold. Used for the continuance, prolongation and resurrection of life through the vortex mechanism of **the new evil.**

Serial killers, ruthless criminals, famous celebrities and even presidents thought to be long dead and deceased, have in fact been alive and roaming the endless streamline connection. The Travelers were the hardest adversary to overcome and conquer, subsequent to the *Dark-*



winded dominant and authoritative Necromancer, *the Arachnid* and the Elder *Vampire King*. The Purgatory gates were unscrewed and detached and liberated the creatures of forever torment.

And **DEATH** in legitimacy being a planet not a spiritual intersect of religion. However, an actual world were the Demigod Hell Reapers and the kings of death: the Hell spawns assemble on thrones prepared of human flesh, bones, gold slabs and each grasp wands with an Xadin black 'orb which float aloft the baton in a amethyst smog cloud containing millions perhaps billions of souls. [The Sky-Keeper](#) kept a close watch on the events unfolding below with his aerial examination. It was the tenth anniversary of the night of mass departure. The centennial festivity was the largest ever with each and every one of the interstellar invaders and the queen of nightmare trespassers in bursting attendance. "*Ten Years, and I feel the equivalent rage, the hate festers my pain worsens.*" The Sky-Keeper Said. He shifted his eyes to rotate and they'd spun all around his surrounding vicinity as he'd whispered these words before profoundly within his soul. However never out loud. The visual cortex and optic nerve of the human born archangel connected to an optical mirror of compound eyes and Ommatidium organic otherworldly and unidentified thermal visualization cylinders.

The Celebration was crammed and overflowed with marvelous evil. A few of the dream-drifters were captured and brought to the resurrected Mayans Valstrick tribe's temple. Numerous and countless towers and castles nowadays replaced the once human filled buildings and synthetic construction. *Except*, one castle was perceived and detected by [the Sky-Keeper's](#) magnificent vision further highly developed than anything living in this world. The angel of [prime-earth1](#) can scan the lands up to 5,000 feet and distinguished the Castle Of Gog. A chamber of great power where the Soul-king necromancer prepared and readied his armies to strike on the night of dark exodus and the fortress of Gog became the final battlegrounds for the creature of legend and the transverse **Sky-Keeper** after his incubation in the mammoth beast's Gog chambers. The battle began and the once trustworthy, loyal and beautiful Dramacide assassin and one of our greatest weapons against the dark-bibles exodus plague of monsters betrayed the resistance. He'd watched her die. She'd given her life to fix the mistake and to right what she had made wrong.

**THE BLOOD-KING** appeared behind the [Sky-Keeper](#) on mount Valstrick once sworn enemies the two were still very much entangled in their own conflict. Nevertheless for now- each understood the gravity of the serious circumstances which lingered below. "I see- Still, trying to get a handle on these freaks rioting in your world, they're too many Griffin." Colfax Said. The Vampire Elders red-blooded cloak waived from side to side and wrapped around in the region of the body of the elevated and sturdy **Blood-King**. "What do you say, you and I, we go out and trickle a small quantity of blood, maybe we can murder those white witches." "You deserve it Griffin- I mean, it's been ten years when are you planning on letting that bitch depart your mind." *The Blood-King* said this while his bloodhound paced over to the seraph glanced up and sat beside him. "My inclination, towards mercy for you is fading rapid." The Sky-Keeper Said. The Vampire Master grinned. The Blood-King's fangs had developed and his faithful and loyal **hellhound** *Oden De Law* growled at the seraph. "Did your defeat flavored bitter? I came to tell



you, the mirrors have reacted to the Dustwitch clan, the witch alleges the swine will return on the 4<sup>th</sup> crimson eclipse by the region of Quinn.” the vampire elder responded. The shirtless young, muscular streamline angel never flinched and his eyes kept stirring at rapid velocity. “Why are you here? And don’t tell me- it wasn’t my fault she died, I know that now, it was yours.” The vampire elder shrugged. “Your hatred for the dark winded necromancer has blinded you with rage and I understand to a point; *however* angel gawking at the beasts ruined castle will not repress your feelings of wrath.” The Blood-King said these final expressions of speech and a scarlet steam followed by a detonation of colors and a thunderous echoed thud banged the mountain and a few wreckage of glass broke off. **The Blood-King** was carried by the blustery weather and vigorous airstreams. The lord of blood shot-up in the atmosphere and soared in altitude.

**The** prophecy was complete. *The Dark Heavens* set free the concealed chapters of the manual-script of Voynich. The instruction booklet to guide, map out and educate the travelers coming and going through the blood threshold and the savage-road vortex. The Sky-Keeper kept at a standstill, motionless and balled his fist in excessive irritation when he’d witnessed the executioner of the Council of Tombs the supreme **Excalibur Pryson the Vengeful one** a noxious creature of the Asanbosam vampiric tribe slicing the throats and yanked the heads off the captured dream-drifters and ordered them to be positioned on pikes for the trolls, goblins, witches, lycanthropes, the undead-returned, Orcs, Windigos, Spider-soldiers, and the demigod reapers to eat from the eyes of the beheaded ones. The hostilities between The White Witches and the Night-stalkers had devastated half of North America and the leviathan monsters superior supremacy had consumed the lands with billows of inferno and casualty. *Long*, elongated black tentacles with huge suction cups and infected, emerald puss crammed craters with immense oily and slime saturated darkened fleshy tissue hung upside-down descending from the bloodied heavens. Black and yellow with a stroke of crimson eerie rainbows discharged diagonally in the skies in perfect celestial configuration. A shadowy steam materialized at the rear of the *sky-keeper* and the miasma whirled. “I felt, you’re light give out and the shadows’ gone, considered you dead.” “Nah, I been around Griffin, “I heard you been M.I.A, you down to do this.” “The Shadow killer replied.”

**THE** Shadow Killer some time ago was known to be an unsympathetic and coldhearted criminal. Nowadays, *the Hawkins family* second born son was: an imperative ally to the archangel of the transverse and the new innovative alliance. However, we ought to go back, we be obliged to return to the past. To what went before- to embrace the future which awaited us? *This narrative contained a frightening beginning* and to entirely comprehend it’s magnitude- we’ve must initially examine and study the fear-provoking, depraved and deathly past of **the old earth** and it’s inauguration into the new evil by an absolute complete and intellectual analysis of the dark heavens and the night of **Dark exodus**. “*We Ready*.” Wade asked. *The Sky-Keeper* uncovered his celestial crimson red and lavender wings shooting outward from the rear of the archangel. “**YES.**” He’d reply to his ally.

Consequent to the bloody warfare and the quarrel of the New Gods, the structure of time and reality faded away... **TIME WAS MURDERED AND MIRRORS OF THE MIND WERE RUINED.**

**10 years before the Battle of Harmony Hill, FL**

## **THE RAINS OF BLOOD part 1**

**January 6 2017**

**CHAPTER 1**

**A** Violent, malicious blizzard had compromised the security systems, the metal titanium doors kept unlocking themselves, and the military laptops had initiated to glitch - *Turning OFF, AND Snapping back ON* and displaying messages of threats on their screens, performing akin to possessed technology. The creature of legend descended from the haunted heavens and with the wretched necromancer's supremacy of the *dark-winds* of the legacies' came the travelers and the evil militia of the *savage-roads*. As they'd get closer, the personnel watched and waited in agonizing and unbearable dreadfulness as the mysterious and ominous figures approached, lining up in a military formation in the midpoint of the **threshold** fashioned by the *NEW EVIL*. A puddle of blood with no substructure underneath the wormhole, merely a gateway to the streamline connectors and the requiem of the *V.O.C.* dimension unbolted and one by one they'd ascend from the blood-soaked puddle's portal mechanism a vibrant, animated and vivid detonation of colors shone. *The Council of Tombs* Gasmask Killers stood in unification hugging their weaponry, beneath the downpour of an unnatural, blood saturated snowfall and the howling winds of torment. The monsters reached the perimeter of the building's shadow and stepped out into the crimson moonlight, their horrifying artillery piercing directly down the throat

of Martin Lloyd. In the midst of the hours of daylight transforming into a nocturnal and extensive darkness devoid of warning ***TIME HAD BEEN MURDERED.***

**The** lights flickered inside the **HUB** -*Outside*: the wind sounded like an awful howl, similar to a tribe of witches who screamed in some sort of evil orchestrated symphony of madness. Above the clouds, and the vast seas of our earth orbited the mother-ship for the "*Chapel of Spears*" within these spacecrafts was the fragrance of decaying flesh and organic tissue wrapped around the control system and a vigorous blackheart thumped and swelled from the core of the living mother-ship, a second blackheart rested aloft the secretive subterranean vault putrefying and rotting away. She was protected by a platoon of large spacecrafts. The alien aircraft units had been suspended in the excess of our skies for **thirty six days**. They'd been waiting for *the Nebula* the Lord of deception" to bestow the final order. The streets had been infested by Spider-Serpents, a mystical race of monsters who had managed to crossover through the Savage-Roads. In the skies, additional invaders had completed their way into our galaxy and hovered silently over our earth. The spaceships' were massive in length; the largest, most intimidating mother-ship hovered over BlackStar, FL. Described as: enormous blackened colored, metallic battle war crafts, with diminutive gaps for in-flight view. "The *United States*" alongside with the **UK** and **China** military forces- *Launched* nuclear missiles at the hive of foreign aircrafts but to no avail. In truth, the assault on the invaders brought downward a freak rainstorm which went on for nine days. The religious zealots gave the nine days of the tormenting blood hurricane- a name: ***THE RAINS OF BLOOD*** from the skies it poured blood like an unbolted valve.

**The** ghastly and spiteful **Spider-God** prowled in close range of the Hub and inundated its otherworldly embodiment with the crimson torrential rainfall. The darkened and murky shadows' of the Council of Tombs gasmask killers were sandwiched between the colossal snow-covered palm trees and the automobiles the ruthless committee had arrived in. The red-blooded unmarked, law enforcement vehicles had no imprint, no decals and were absent of sirens. Although, on each side of the transportation motor vehicles of these supernatural monsters with the body of humans to camouflage their factual, outward appearances were operational for battle and every vehicle had machinegun armaments attached to the car doors. This assemblage of homicidal and bloodthirsty bizarre, unearthly purgatory dwellers kept watch and held prisoner one of the resistance lieutenants within the requiem chambers and they'd dug holes in the snow-covered landscape to situate a row of marbled trimmed iron pipes and placed a decapitated head which belonged to one of the **7Seven**. The resistance regiment that emerged from the disarray and conflict, *The Gasmask executioners* fully clad in red-blooded uninformed military fashioned apparel with elongated red and black organic thermo-mechanical tubes and titanium plugs attached to the face protector. This complex organism construction of tubes, wires, cylinders of piezoelectric miniature transformers and neurovascular inhuman tissue containing kinetic energy and piezoelectricity plugs were essential to feed the bodies of this malicious *Territorial Army of death* with human blood and the constant electric charge of *dark-plasma*.

*The wormhole* in which these ruthless and coldblooded eradicators voyaged all the way through space-time and the infinite streamline of the uncharted and unexplored multitude of universes worked similar to an unfathomable, profound tunnel system. However, this tunnel was never-ending. A wormhole is much like a tunnel with two ends, each one in separate points in time and space. Breaking the regulations of physics by blending dark matter, exotic matter, and dark-plasma to configure the ROMAN RINGS a set of four interstellar wormholes which allowed the transmission to connect to our streamline gateway at a velocity of **(-0.7 + 1)** for example: a time-space streamline to an Earth-Moon wormhole whose distant end is 0.5 seconds in the “past” will not violate causality. However, the dark-plasma with elements of dark-matter ignites the *savage-roads* sublunary sphere to establish the causation connection linkage with the arrow of time.

A brawny, gleaming beam of illumination and multicolored spectrums materialize and vehicles emerged from a gloomy, thick and ambiguous otherworldly haze. The sinfulness of the blackened *Fog* consisted of animated and brilliant pasty and emerald green and crimson spherical cones and mysterious *savage-roads* celestial cosmic rings which hovered in excess of the automobiles the **RED ARMY OF DEATH** will employ on earth. State law enforcement squadron cars dished in metallic red paint and the dark cherry red uniforms which these monster-men were clothed in matched and harmonized perfect with the red-blooded combat machinegun readied motor vehicles. Each had risen one by one from the unshielded gateway left undefended and without any protection the visualization was horrific. The world was under the control of the vilest and atrocious interstellar cosmologic militia of the *Soul-King*.

There's only a vindictive and ominous darkness loaming beyond us presently. No sun shined over us anymore, merely a dark, and sinister *GHOST PLANET* rotated our orbit. The planet's dimness enclosed the dominant light of our brightest star. The monstrous new world appeared shortly after the day of “Exodus and the events of “3:15” the planets gravity was superior, and shattered all objects which orbited the world. The gravitational pull of this eerie wraithlike poltergeist world consumed everything around' it. *Red and black* ashes would descend from this phantom globe downward together with the surge of snowfall and generated blood portals amongst the whiteout sopping terrain and the activated wormholes concealed below earth's soil.

**DR.** Doug Bennet pieced the footage together which Daniel Mikael had captured from BlackStar, FL. After the city was evacuated in the aftermath of the 2016 **RED DEATH** catastrophe at the time of the disaster during the Savage era, about 83,000 people died. Armed with his military laptop hybrid DR. Bennet whose hobbies included cinematography explored the remains of BlackStar and Scarlet hills. Knocking back, shots of vodka and whiskey he'd love to perceive these images in his 62-inch HDTV when shit hits the fan it's those creature comforts you took for granted that matter the most in distressing times. The sweeping shots from the footage reveals haunting scenes of empty schools and homes, abandoned buildings, vacant and childless parks with fleshy tissue and desiccated dried up human blood on the swings and

monkey bars. "My God, all I see is dead bodies." how many evacuees made it out? The medical doctor whispered the words to himself. Sheltered up tight in the hub's **WHITE-ROOM** however by no means in actuality protected from the callous and treacherous enemies thriving outside.

*Paranoia* was infecting the facility rapidly in the vein of a black sickness which seemed to enter its heart. The staff could sense the darkness approaching. Through the desolate snow-covered landscape, abandoned snowmobiles ubiquitously, and military tanks buried up to their enormous wheels in flurry of the pasty rain. Through the icy wind he pushed forward, strong, and prepared. 'A red-blooded-cloak waived like a flag in the freezing winds of ice. – *Outside*, a mysterious force had commenced to formulate its way to the facility. Glaciers of **red-blooded** ice surrounded the station. The white, medium sized building with simply one visible window was closely guarded. And the orbs of Xadin had reconstructed the building partially.

Two entry points, only one method of exit, The guards protected the grounds from the inside, two well trained soldiers kept watch on the front entrance- and one female held an *AR-14* assault rifle aimed at the egress point at all times.- The sun was non-existent; the absence of light did not impede the few inside from combating: THE END TIMES. The black and grey clouds slammed against each other and crammed up with blood rain, swirled like tornados and blew throughout the skies in a straight-line position accompanied by red lightning strikes blasting from the heavens.-The crimson red sky illuminated a planet dipped in a bucket of blood. Frosty winds' swept the entire region, howling-winds screamed in the whiteout.

**P**alm trees overflowed with macrobiotic vampire-spiders with human faced similarity's were covered in unsullied snowfall; the beaches of Florida frozen, like the ICE AGE came back for another round of coldblooded revenge on our planet. A dark and vengeful blizzard had traveled with the "**BLOODKING**" a slow burn, blue flame sparked up vibrantly each time his cloak dragged through the arctic terrain. The end tips of his cloak were like daggers piercing the fresh snow. The Cloak' shaped noticeable trails behind him like a drag racer had just flamed through the iced muddy land. - And in frontage of the "**BLOODKING**" paced forward a black HELLHOUND. This one in particular was an ailing black hellhound given the name: "*olden de law*" by the blood-king himself. Centuries in the future of the transverse- streamline, in a sideways multi-verse, and eons' in the past of prime-earth-1.

The animal appeared to be, to a great extent larger, stronger than any wild-dog or wolf and the beast could stretch out to attack prey at a long range distance. They we're impossible to destroy. All hellhounds held the mysterious ability to grow back their hideous heads, and if you managed to 'slice and dice one, two more surfaced. Born in captive breeding in the secreted chambers of planet: "DEATH" and subsequently transported to one of the many "*Hell-Verses or Dark-Worlds*" by the exploit of the streamline connector the never-ending "Savage Roads" dimension gateway. The 'Hellhound who shepherd the **BLOOD-KING** was on elevated alert growling at the wind, and left paw prints of a monster forthcoming in the profound snow. The

unearthly spacecrafts hovered over the dying world like a squad of dead deranged stars planned an attack on the life that dwelled below. The temperature outside was a negative twenty-two below zero, and when the wind squall would come blazing by, it felt a good forty below.

The whiteout swept the facility extending over a wide range of several hundred miles of nothingness. "He's coming, "not far away now, remarked DR.DOUGLAS BENNETT his eyes gazed outside the only solitary undefended window in the building. The rest had been covered up with plastered cement, or plywood. The best effort the undersized staff of four could do- with the materials, and equipment available to them. Douglas Bennet and Beth Cohen each wore traditional white coat doctor garments saturated in coffee stains, filthy food spots and specks of blood were visible roughly around the neckline. Bennet took a deep breath, gazed up from the tablet *l-pad* and leaned back in his chair. "Oh god, Beth I didn't think he'd come." He took another sip of whiskey and popped four additional painkillers. "Do you think Daniel survived? Dr. Bennet inquired with a bothered pitch in his tone of voice. "Perhaps, except Doug, let's not forget what he was and what he'd be capable of given the chance." Beth replied with the equivalent tone.

*Not* a soul touched the subject about supplies, food, and medicine running on empty. And in addition fuel cylinders for the generators were at the RED E line. The single opening was hefty and sufficient in width to acquire a lucid analysis of the outside. However, with the whiteout now at full force, and the entire ground soaked in a murky crimson colored snow field. A freezing death trap, the window's view was that of a ravaged world. A voyage to the outer surface under the conditions would signify death in the most absolute way. *And yet* he pushed all the way through the ice; with the winds constantly against his pale and terribly burned face- each step was silent. He marched at a sturdy pace, following him: were two of his most loyal, and trusted servants, both individuals were equally clothed in eighteen century vintage apparel: "**Black taffeta red velvet hooded medieval dresses**" perfectly shaped syringe fangs were displayed when the beings growled at the large \*UV Lamps\* installed all around the "BASE" the spotlights shone through the whiteout. These UV lights" were bottled up from energy radiation the moon reflected before its transformation into an orbiting ball of blood.

The UV energy was consumed by the moon in small quantities by the sun. The discovery of "**a blood king**" and his ability to stride during the daylight for approximately three hours daily was thoroughly investigated. And when the SUN was replaced by the "**GHOST Planet**" which appeared abruptly subsequent to the earth falling into the wide open arms of oblivion DR.DOUGLAS BENNETT created the TITAN, a triangular object finished from the unidentified components from the ORANGEBOX. the scientific name of the foreign artifact discovered on the surface of the moon on the year '2015 during a routine exploration mission was: "The OMEN-ALPHA BOX" it worked to a large extent, resembling a system that actively gathered, and stored solar energy DR.Bennett worked throughout the misery unleashed outside as a result of the "Travelers" and the war which was brought to earth by two wicked and impious "Dark Gods" with a thirst for the blood in our arteries, and the souls which define us. The Doctor and his awfully petite team were hell-bent on saving the human race from the belly of the dark invading



malevolent forces. The staff worked through the daylight hours and pulled all nighters mostly contributed by the countless Vicodin supply and Oxycontin which pumped adrenaline within the bloodstream.

Without any respite to expand the Titan's pressure to capture even the smallest UV ray's being produced by the moon and it wasn't enough. This facility was the very last lingering outpost on earth since the day of exodus, **THE HUB** like the staff referred to it, Became its last and only column of defense and the one person with the supremacy to combat this massive conquest by the ancient malevolent evil armies of "*The Soul King*" was being detained against his will.

Detecting additional ample spotlights infuriated the master elder recognized by his servants by the name "*The Scorcher*" amid a lengthy road ahead, and the outpost to the fore of the hilltop sheltered in white rain. "**THE BLOOD KING**" made a gesture to his loyal servants to demolish each and every installed UV spotlights simultaneously in the surrounding area. These two monstrosities enthused with such momentum only trails of a thick blackened smoke could be distinguished when these two servants of the blood-king rapidly moved in conjunction with light speed. The artificial Spotlights don't generate sufficient UV radiance to damage these creatures, this supernatural race of monsters have colonized the lands of other worlds for centuries, eons older than earth itself. The gasmask eradicators lurked in the dimness of the pallid rain. Excalibur Pryson and his legion of devastators stood in utter stillness and uncanny silence. *The Council of Tombs* was the ruling body of the graveyard requiem from the darkest sector of the V.O.C a place beyond hell where the wall between nightmares and realism had been unchained from its spiritual handcuffs. The Gasmask Killers were entirely clothed in red-blooded garments and displayed plugs in the rear of their craniums, which fed the body genetic substance and human blood. The tubes and plugged machinery was the hardware this evil military employed to remain partially unconquerable. The spotlights frenzied the Blood-King.

apart from the useless lights were becoming an inconvenience for the dominant and merciless blood-king so he'd watched in extreme delight the speedy destruction of the spotlights and his eyes beamed of hatred and retribution. He stirred in silence, his alacrity allowed him and his small squad of killers to be pounding the gates of THE HUB in just mere seconds- other than this is an aged. Primordial, otherworldly lord of blood he's methodical, patient, and poised. Back inside the station fear was contaminating the air like an invisible infection. Locked inside the "~~WHITE ROOM~~" both doctors, had pushed each other's limits in the thirty six days since the world started to die like a bouquet of dead roses, and the seas of man became oceans of blood. Bennet and Cohen were rapidly getting on each other's nerves.

Painkillers were scattered all around the metal transportable therapeutic tables. "Stop, looking out there, "whom do you think is coming, which one? Said Beth with her eyes fixed on the specimens' "I don't know, "I feel it Beth, "you might not believe in my feelings, "except my gut tells me we won't succeed- his eyes still locked outside, he gazed off staring into the outer surface. "You're going to catch a cold, "standing so close to that damn window, "we're about to bring **PATIENT 49** in, are we ready"? "Asked DR.Beth Cohen"-*The Chief Medical Director*

for the CDC (centers for disease control in Atlanta GA) “Beth Cohen” along with “DR.Douglas Bennett” from Sun Snow, Minnesota. Who served on the state medical board? Known worldwide, for his contributions to the “DREAM DRIFTERS” classified project were both starving, the rations of food were not vastly enough for everyone, the non-toxic water bottles were diminishing. Both still dressed in their conventional pasty white coats since the rise of “The Wicked Ones” on the night of the 3:15 event - the colorless metal door across from the window DR.Bennet seemed to be glued to, began to open:

**FIRST** five padlocks were removed automatically “The Hub’s generators were still operational, a latch from the bottom unhinged, and the grey metal door behind the colorless one began to lift itself upward “PATIENT 49” came rolling in – highly sophisticated computers, bizarre liquids stored in elongated slender tubes, and vials. Some of the vials stored in liquid nitrogen behind “Acrylic glass” (the Plexiglas) seemed to be sparkling. Almost like the liquid itself, knew it was in a small prison, and wanted out. –*Like, it was alive*, and ready to ooze into a human like a parasite. A blend of proteins, liquefied acid, and fluid crystalline DNA, plus *SUB-6* X-ray’s exposed a manifestation of black human like hearts had grown in the interior of these creatures who once upon a time had been human. The “Red Clitellata” worms were kept alive in tanks teeming with mammal blood.-These leeches along with a new breed of PHONEVTRIA spiders, was being tested frequently, and both foreign races required blood to sustain life. The white room was sealed up pretty rigid with tensile strength cables crisscrossing the window DR.Bennett can’t appear to get away from, the cable wires ran all the way to the tanks where the new unfamiliar species were kept in, and wrapped in the order of the pallid glass cages the vials were securely stored in, the cords were used to bind the objects together. gently sloping the bed inside which “PATIENT 49” was handcuffed and strapped to the side railings was Detective “Ray Patterson” a tough cop from “EAST ADVANCED FL”

**THE** tranquilizer was wearing off already on 49 and it was administered merely seventy three minutes ago. “He’s becoming alert; “we can only hope (“he can finally answer some questions thought DR.COHEN. While an out of the ordinary flickering of lights began inside the Hub. Accompanied by an odd signal coming through the *Military IP’s* one undiscovered satellite was still orbiting the earth until now. “You think it’s possible they found X-7243? Asked a concerned Ray Patterson “Never, No, replied Beth. They may be attacking it with Wraith viruses, she’d noticed a compilation of a worm style virus constructing itself “I wish, “I could take off, fly away from this dead world commented DR.Douglas Bennet. Leave? “This is our planet; we must do what we can to save it, shaking her head at the commentary completed by DR.Bennet her eyes shifted to **“PATIENT 49.**

- The light of the ophthalmoscope stung his eyes; his rapid blinking concerned DR.Beth Cohen. She knew all about “Patient49”and his ability. If he remembered how to access this extreme weapon Hell would be unleashed, not to mention, the monster outside, was getting closer, and closer with every passing second. If he did remember-only: milliseconds of thought would take for the complete destruction of The Hub small fragments of the building the staff occupied would

be the only pieces left scattered - like a monster truck carrying fifty atomic bombs blew up dead center in the focal point of the white room. "49, my name is DR.Beth Cohen, "can you hear me, "can you speak? "Please. Her pleas for him to open his fucking mouth were no use; instead he kept a dead locked stare at the washed out roof above him.

"Damn it we need answers" said DET.Patterson with an uneasy stare on his pastel, and bloated face. He felt nauseated, unwell- he managed to avoid the rest of the survivors' until now. "Is that blood? Asked Beth looking at DR.Douglas Bennet" The bodies of the deceased aliens identified and acknowledged as the **"THE GRAYS"** were trapped/stored within huge glass gages shaped like elevated cubes, alongside with the new race of Humanoid Vampire Spiders. The area where these bodies were being kept in was sealed off for now. The CDC doctor kept a theory like a mathematical equation- the doctor was convinced the specimens' were not dead. She sought after the truth. To know about the monsters, the blood-king, the leviathans where they'd come from, why did some inhabitants change during the event of 3:15 and others did not, and who was the soul-king? And why new worlds enclosed and entered our galaxy. Not to mention the 'orbs and **"DEATH"** being a planet not a spiritual crossover, however an actual world where "Reapers" thrived from the dead-souls of earth. And how could dead people become "Travelers" "I'm fine replied Ray wiping the diminutive drops of blood "let's get started. He said.

**"49** do you remember how you got here? "The explosion, "the female who rescued you, "anything you can tell us, would be of great importance. Poised and patient DR. Beth Cohen proceeded to be in command of the questioning of patient 49. "He can switch bodies, did you know that? His stare shifting from the white roof over him, and looking right at DR.COHEN's perplexed and alarmed face, He can't help to think, the small, however curvy doctor was attractive. His rapid blinking settled down exposing his eyes to be heavily bloodshot, and mauve tiny veins outlined the surface of his face. "Who, Tell us, "who patient 49, who? "Listen to me said DR.Cohen "we need to know, why? Why us? "Do you remember anything? She stood over him like a bureaucrat- eager to know why, and hunt for a superior version of the truth.

Her eyes examined his facial reactions, body movements, "I remember everything replied **Patient49** the words echoed throughout the room "why am I handcuffed?" –"pay attention you little shit, the detective had mislaid his temper. Ripping at patient 49's traditional hospital gown "what are these symbols, what do they mean? "He can switch bodies who? Asked the detective" from the exterior a signal was being transmitted. A Mysterious technology was creeping in. Massive interference disturbed the military central processing unit some category of unique energy source began to flow in and flood the group's mainframe. "Not too far away now" said patient 49."Who? , "tell me asked an infuriated Rich Patterson."It's a series of text, "I think it's a message "Who's the incoming message from? Asked Cohen to a baffled Dr. Bennett "I should kill him right here."

Rich Patterson went for his sidearm. **"NO!"** Rich, "you need to relax" Dr. Douglas Bennett pressed in reverse the exasperated detective. "Relax, are you serious? "have you seen the ghost planet hovering over us, "we have an ancient madman after all of us, "a disease turned the human race into ravaging maniacs, should I go on , "wait not to mention, "the fact an Alien

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